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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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VOL. XXXV.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE POPE.

THERE was a time when it was open for argument, even among Catholics, whether the temporalities of the Holy See were necessary to secure to the pope the free exercise of the spiritual functions of his high office.

But events of late years bearing on this point have succeeded each other so rapidly and of such a serious character that now there is hardly any room left for its further discussion or for honest doubt. Long ago, when the chief pastor of the church, Pius IX., with her bishops, gave expression to their convictions of its necessity, Catholics had pretty much made up their minds on the subject. Whatever may have been the honest personal views of a few to the contrary, they, for prudential reasons, at least kept silence. But the additional light which recent transactions have shed on this question has made the conviction, one might say, unanimous among Catholics of the necessity of territorial sovereignty to the Holy See for securing its normal and salutary action in the church of God.

Non-Catholics as a body were sincerely averse, or pretended to be, to seeing the head of a spiritual kingdom exercising temporal authority. One of their standard objections against the Catholic Church has been her possession of temporal domain. Let the pope, they were wont to say, give up his temporalities and confine himself to his religious duties, and the whole world will be more willing to respect and recognize his spiritual prerogatives. Now, for a decade of years or more he has been deprived of all of his territorial possessions, and what has been the

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result? Result! One would be puzzled to point out a time, running back for several centuries, when the sacred rights and liberties of the church have been more deliberately trampled upon almost everywhere than precisely during these last ten or twelve years. What have these champions of an exclusive spiritual religion and universal religious toleration during this period said or done? Have they expressed their indignation against the persecutors or oppressors of the Catholic Church? Did they condemn the infamous May Laws of Prussia when they were enacted? Has a word of sympathy escaped their lips when her bishops in Prussia were banished for upholding her sacred rights and liberties, or when her priests were imprisoned for administering spiritual consolation to the sick and dying? Not even a whisper has been heard of condemnation. In France associations for the propagation of infidelity, secret organizations with political revolutionary aims and worse, are allowed to exist, are fostered, and men holding high offices in the government exert their influence in their behalf. Everybody is at liberty to associate for the defence and spread of his convictions, be they what they may, under the republic in Catholic France, except Catholics! The political party now in power forcibly broke up Catholic religious communities, and, in several instances with ruthless violence, dispersed their helpless members from their homes. For the moment we keep silence concerning the republics of Switzerland and Equador, and the kingdom of Belgium; further on we shall speak of Italy; and we ask once more, Where was there a voice raised among the pretended friends of universal religious liberty in vindication of the rights and liberties of religion violated in the person of the Catholic Church, and that, too, when the pope held not an inch of ground over which he exercised territorial sovereignty? In every instance—we know of no exception—the non-Catholic daily newspapers, magazines, and reviews, secular and religious, took sides with the cruel persecutors, the tyrannical oppressors, and the sacrilegious plunderers of the Catholic Church. The force of recent events compels us to say, with unfeigned regret, that whatever credit for good faith Catholics were disposed to concede to those who differ from them in their religious belief, that this has been dissipated, we fear, for one generation at least, beyond the hope of recovery.

But this is not all. The spirit which animates the opponents of the Catholic faith is further betrayed by their conduct in the city of Rome. When the gates of that city were thrown open by the Italian government to the exploitation of the countless

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sects of Protestantism, they flocked from all quarters like birds of prey to get possession. And why? Was it to display their Christian spirit by insulting within his hearing the venerable and enlightened pontiff who inhabits the Vatican, when they knew it was no longer in his power to protect himself against their impudent assaults? Or was it to indulge in the wretched satisfaction

> "To fool a crowd with glorious lies,
> To cleave a creed in sects and cries"?

Why, it may well be asked, should these folk spend their zeal and bestow their money upon Rome when, according to their showing, their own churches are by diminishing attendance becoming empty, their ministry for lack of candidates is failing, and the danger is staring them in the face of impending extinction? What pharisaical hypocrisy to encompass sea and land to make one proselyte and neglect their own homes and countrymen!

These sects have no excuse for their conduct, for they acknowledge that one can save his soul and be a Catholic. Why not, then, if they will not look to their homes, expend their fiery zeal and superfluous wealth on those who are in darkness and the shadow of death? Two-thirds of the inhabitants of this globe—say, at a low estimate, eight hundred millions of human souls—know not the Gospel, are not Christians. Judge, then, unbiassed reader, what spirit animates these sects which display so great interest in proselyting those whom they acknowledge to be Christians, when there is open to the efforts of their uncontrollable zeal such an immense field among the heathen! To suppose these evangelical preachers and their abettors are in good faith is, with open eyes, to stultify one's self. Is the Protestant portion of the people of the United States, we ask—for we are jealous for our countrymen—so ignorant, or so easily gulled, or so fanatical that they should above all others play so conspicuous a part in this disgraceful religious masquerade at Rome?

How can those Protestants who invite Catholics to make common cause with them in the defence of the great truths and moral principles of Christianity against the attacks of rationalism, pantheism, and agnosticism reasonably expect Catholics to believe in their good faith, unless they raise their voices in condemnation of these manœuvres of their associates against the Catholic religion? It is the shameless conduct of the fanatics among Protestants in Italy, and more especially in the city of

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Rome, that has served to produce an unanimity of conviction among Catholics of the necessity of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See for the welfare of the church.

To entertain the idea that the liberty and independence of the pope, which are inseparable, are a matter to be left dependent on the arbitrary will of an emperor, or a king, or a nation, is to ignore the solid conviction of Catholics and to leave out of account the state of things in the practical world altogether. There is no political power under heaven in which those who hold the Catholic faith are willing to place such a trust. Let Italy make a *casus belli* on this point, as the threat contained in King Humbert's speech on his New Year's reception seemed to throw out, and she will speedily learn that no government in Europe or the continent of America would venture to express a word of sympathy in her behalf or lend her the least aid in such a warfare. The world would rally around the cry of liberty and independence for the pope, and Italy's isolation would be complete. It was a sad day for the pride of the Italian people when King Humbert was made the mouth-piece of a Mancini. The king was led by the prime minister into the false step of placing himself in conflict with the convictions of the population of his own kingdom, and in opposition to the common sense of the nations of the world without exception. For no political government, whatever may be its form, or its creed, or its geographical position, will allow the consciences of a large portion of its population to be seriously disturbed without a determined effort to remove the cause of their trouble and restore to them tranquillity. If, then, the settlement of the independence of the Holy See is to be rendered satisfactory and stable, the interests and welfare of the Catholic peoples throughout the world must be considered. No portion of the Catholic body, in this age of electricity and rapid transit, can be left out without danger in any arrangement fixing the permanent conditions of the free exercise of the autonomy of the Holy See.

As for the so-called guarantees offered by the Italian state to the church of God, they are as pieces of pliable wax or ropes of sand in the hands of the politicians who happen for the time being to obtain control of its government. Guarantees! Since when has Christ failed to keep his promise to be with his church and be her protector? Guarantees! Whence have these upstarts received the authority to secure the independence of the Holy See, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs and the struggles of its popes for close on twenty centuries? Gua-

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rantees! Who imposed upon these mortals the protection of that church whose divine Founder declared that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her? Guarantees from these unscrupulous adventurers! Well, the offer is at least cool. Entering by force with an army into the city of the popes, without even the formality of a declaration of war, robbing the popes and the whole Catholic world of their legitimate possessions, and then to have the face to offer to their victims protection, guarantees! *O tempora, O mores!* The successor of St. Peter has too retentive a memory and is too far-seeing to accept the promises of Italian popular factions. The examples of his glorious predecessors present to his mind quite another prospect and an issue different from that offered by hypocritical promises.

When wolves approach clothed in the garb of shepherds, let the sheep look out!

Rome once entered, the rapacity of these protectors of the church knew no bounds. Such buildings as suited their purposes, or for which they could feign a plausible pretext, were sequestered for public uses. The next step was to abolish religious communities indiscriminately, whether devoted to charity, education, or the service of God. But by what authority was this done? By that of force! Then they plundered these communities of their property by driving out their rightful owners and transforming their peaceful homes into soldiers' barracks. Those not converted to these and like purposes were sold, and from the money received a small pittance was given to their former inmates, now dispersed, for their scanty support; and what did not stick to the fingers of the government agents was swept into the coffers of the state. But what right had the state to this private property? Right? O holy simplicity! to suppose that these men stop to think of rights, public or private, or of sacrileges, or of excommunication. Right? Why, ask them; perhaps they can, or will make the attempt to, inform you. If not, then inquire of the wiseacres who edit our sectarian or secular press; they ought to know, for, if not all, we know not how many applauded these official Italian banditti.

This violation of the rights of property, both personal and ecclesiastical, by the Italian government would be none the less unjust and an outrage were none but the rights of Italians concerned; but when you consider that these religious institutions are in a great measure the fruits of the piety and industry of Catholics of almost every country under the sun, the injustice and outrage becomes obviously much greater. After such a sad ex-

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perience, to suppose that the perpetrators of these injuries would hesitate a moment from scruples of conscience or sense of honor to lay their hands upon the treasures of St. Peter or the Vatican, and sell them at public auction, argues a credulity beyond all bounds.

But it may be said in defence of the Italian government that in its guarantees it had not in view the protection of the temporalities of the Holy See, but only its spiritual independence. That is, like her religious foes, the sects, they would strip the church of her possessions as a preliminary step towards her destruction!

What the Catholic Church claims is not guarantees in either or in any sense from Italy or any other nation; what she demands as her prerogative is respect for her divine rights and her sacred liberties, and that from every nation, from Italy no less than from all others. Pio Nono, of glorious memory, whose mortal remains were allowed to be publicly insulted recently by miscreants in the city of Rome while on their way to their final resting-place, is reported to have said when alive, apropos to the sentence, "*La chiesa farà da se*"—The church will take care of herself—"Yes," he replied, "and the church can take care of herself, and the church will take care of herself."

The Italian government, in its attempt to degrade the Catholic Church to an Italian sect, will fail. The Catholic Church, in the sense of its being subjugated to the political control or dictation of any nation, never was and never can be made a national church. National churches have been made, and perhaps can be made again, by political power. For instance, there is the Anglican Church as established by law; and there is the Russian Church, with the czar as its head, and also the Evangelical Church of Prussia as organized by William III., the King of Prussia; and there are several others, as those of Holland, Sweden, Denmark, etc. But these were first sects before they became national churches, and bear the ineffaceable brand of their nationality on their brow. The church founded by Christ is one, and her unity no human power can break; she is holy, and suffers no dictation from the state or human interference; she is universal, and, in the nature of things, can never be reduced to a sect or degraded to a fractional state church. Let the powers of earth and below know that he who delivers a blow against the Church of Christ strikes in vain. The arm of man and the strength of Satan combined are powerless to destroy what God has made.

Rome is not the capital of Italy, and the Italian government

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will never make Rome its capital. Rome is the capital of the universal Christian republic. Italy has no right to Rome, for Italy did not make Rome. The Catholic Church, not Italy, made Rome. Whatever remains in Rome that witnesses to the genius, art, literature, jurisprudence, or grandeur of the old Romans is due to the popes, the representatives of the Catholic religion. They preserved Rome from the frequent incursions of the barbarians into Italy; and were it not for the popes Rome to-day would be a heap of shapeless ruins and pestilence would reign over the whole region.

Rome is not only due to the Catholic religion, but it is to the same inspired source that the Italian people owe their distinction of being the pioneers of modern civilization. The following are platitudes, but it may do some persons good to hear them again: it is the Catholic religion which made both Rome and the Italian people, and not the Italian people which has made Rome, or Italy, or the Catholic religion. Were it not for the popes at the head of the Christian republic who fought a battle, continued for a thousand years, against Islamism, the people of Italy and of Western Europe would be followers of the false prophet; their countries Turkish provinces under Mussulman rulers; and this continent, undiscovered, would be to-day roamed over by its savage inhabitants. Who knows, after so many centuries of conflict and suffering, when human obstructions shall be removed and the machinations of the enemy of souls restrained, that the Catholic Church will go forth unimpeded to accomplish her divine mission for the entire world?

But Prince Bismarck has effectually estopped King Humbert's assertion by subsequently declaring that the question of the independence of the pope is an international concern. Whether this deliverance of the German chancellor was in earnest or not does not alter the question in the least. It is not certainly flattery to credit a man of his political fame with the sagacity to see the bearing of the point, and the ability to understand, after his recent and not sweet experience, its full value. Our non-Catholic readers can be sure of one thing, and that is: the independence of the Papacy, upon which depends the liberty of the popes, is a live question, and it will be found that the force of its vitality is too great to be diplomatically buried.

And were King Humbert a docile and apt scholar, of which there are reasons to doubt, and were he to cut loose from the worthless politicians who environ him and give his attention for a moment to the chancellor of the German Empire, he might

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receive some profitable and salutary lessons—lessons drawn from his vain efforts, made under most promising conditions, to transform the Catholic Church in Prussia into a German national church. He might learn the lesson which historical events have not seldom demonstrated: that the spiritual kingdom of two hundred millions of souls knit together by a divine bond in one body, however widely dispersed, cannot be attacked or disturbed without disarranging the affairs of the whole world. Without going beyond the record of his own experience, he might say that all Europe and the continent of America will suffer from a state of febrile restlessness until the independence of the Holy See is disposed of satisfactorily to the Vicar of Christ. The prince-chancellor might whisper into the ear of his royal pupil that, from lack of appreciation of these and similar truths on the part of those who have controlled of late years the political affairs of Italy, they have fallen into a series of egregious blunders in their treatment of the Catholic Church, and unless their course is radically altered, and that quickly, they will end in making a conspicuous *fiasco.*

It is true that the prelate who occupies St. Peter's chair is the Bishop of Rome, the Primate of Italy, and the Patriarch of the West; but it is well for political rulers to understand the reason why the Bishop of Rome, and Primate of Italy, and Patriarch of the West is named Leo XIII., for none of these titles gives the authority for the assumption of that name. Leo XIII. is the successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Blessed Peter, the chief pastor of the universal church by the appointment of Christ, whose spiritual jurisdiction is not limited to Rome, or Italy, or Western Europe. The successor of St. Peter may be an Italian—not, however, necessarily so—but his primacy extends equally over all the earth, Italy and Western Europe inclusive. The chair of Blessed Peter and his successors—and never let it be forgotten—was by divine appointment lifted above the region of national and local influences or that of political partisanship. And no practical statesman need be told that it is of primary interest to the state that a man who, by his providential position, wields a spiritual power like that of the pope in the guidance of the consciences of so vast an empire as he does, should be secured as far as possible from the bias which environments of this nature are wont to exert. It is plain common sense that the pope must be free and independent, in order to exercise impartially his primacy over the whole church and thus ensure the welfare of all its members.

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Hence no nation whose population is largely composed of Catholics, such as the leading nations in Europe and on this continent, are or can be indifferent to the treatment which the pope receives from the hands of emperors, kings, presidents, or peoples. A blow delivered at the head of the church vibrates throughout her vast body, and, such is the divine solidarity which exists between her members, it is painfully felt by them wherever they may dwell. And the time is speedily coming, if it has not already arrived, when, treating of questions in which the common interests of Catholics are concerned, the controlling powers in Europe will have to take into consideration that one-fifth—perhaps nearer one-fourth—of the members of the Catholic Church dwell on this western continent.

If the Italian government only knew when it was well off and how to profit by its opportunities it would, while it is yet time, respect the divine office of the Holy See and set about repairing the grievous wrongs it has been led to commit against its sacred rights and liberties. It is yet time for Italy to escape the united moral force of two hundred millions of Catholics which is now about moving against her—a world-wide moral force that no secular government can withstand for any length of time, none except bent on destruction would venture to encounter, and which, if Italy persists in her present course of wrongdoing, will sooner or later overwhelm her on all sides.

How long will Catholic Italians indulge in lethargy and faint-heartedness, and leave their fair country in the hands of the men who are either blind to the perils of its situation and the menacing danger that is now hanging over it, or are surely betraying it? Both true religion and genuine patriotism call upon them to unite in defence of their highest and best interests!

There are no geographical or political reasons why Rome should be the seat of the Italian government. Reasons of this nature would have pointed out another locality as more favorable. Any one of the principal Italian cities would have been preferable to Rome for its political centre; for instance, Florence, Milan, Turin, or Venice, Bologna, or Genoa. It was not enlightened statesmanship, or genuine patriotism, or geographical position which determined the transferring of the seat of the political government of united Italy from Florence to Rome. What prevailed was the radical wing of the so-called National Liberal party, with Garibaldi as its leader, aided by secret political societies. These forced the government of Italy to transport itself to Rome, and by their threats and menaces keep it there

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in the vain and foolish fancy of turning the kingdom of Italy into a red republic. These infatuated men openly avow their designs, publish them in their newspapers, and unscrupulously seek to undermine and overthrow everything, no matter how sacred, which threatens to impede or they fancy will thwart their fell purposes. If barking dogs were wont to bite there would be some reason for fearing the threat of seeing Rome in ruins and ashes rather than suffer the return of the authority of its legitimate ruler.

Is it a delicate question to ask how long King Humbert will occupy the seat of the throne of Italy between these two existing and opposite forces? Were he to follow the path marked out by justice, patriotism, and the best interests of united Italy, he would, relying on the enlightened views of the Sovereign Pontiff, the loyalty of his Catholic subjects, and the obedience of his army, make peace with the church and have a fair prospect of maintaining an united Italy under the dynasty of the house of Piedmont. By such a stroke of policy he would awaken in his favor the sentiment of the greater and better portion of the Italian people, and achieve a victory much more to his renown and credit than ever his father achieved.

If, on the contrary, the actual government continues its license to the radical faction to propagate its revolutionary schemes and to insult religion on all occasions, it will not be long before King Humbert will hear the tocsin sounded for his own downfall. The first stroke of his knell will be the departure of the Holy Father from the doomed city.

It is not for us to proffer advice how matters might be adjusted between the Holy See and the King of Italy. The successor of St. Peter, Leo XIII.—may his reign be long and prosperous!—knows what are the rights of the Catholic Church, and knows how to maintain them, and with becoming dignity.

But we have the right as well as the duty, as one of the members of the Catholic Church, to voice what we know to be the unanimous conviction of our fellow-Catholics on this continent, who are no idle spectators of passing events at Rome, who do not listen with deaf ears to one whom they delight to call by the endearing name of Father; and when the government of the King of Italy makes, or allows others to make, his position in the Eternal City "intolerable," or the attempt is threatened to reduce the Catholic Church in Italy to an Italian sect, then we have the common right and the common duty to raise our voice and in the unmistakable tones of sincerity to warn him—*beware!*

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DR. WOOLSEY ON DIVORCE.*

Dr. Woolsey treats of three distinct topics, though not altogether separately of each by itself—divine, ecclesiastical, and civil legislation concerning total or partial divorcement of parties once validly united in marriage, and incidentally of the nature of marriage and the legal annulling of invalid matrimonial contracts. The Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Christian codes of law are successively reviewed, and the later legislation of several of the States in our republic is examined with particular minuteness. The doctrine of the New Testament, as understood by the author, is set forth; the doctrine of the Catholic Church, the opinions more commonly held among Protestants, and the views of several ancient and modern writers of eminence receive also an exposition, and the dreadful evils resulting from a lax doctrine and practice concerning the permanence of the bond of wedlock are enlarged upon. The scope of the work is eminently practical. Its bearing is on our own time and country. Its immediate object is to propose and urge a concurrence of all American citizens in a general and active pursuance of lawful efforts to reform public opinion and to ameliorate legislation in respect to marriage and divorce. Many statistical tables exhibiting the proportion of divorces to marriages and population in several States and countries at different epochs, and setting forth with especial and alarming clearness the frightful frequency and increase of divorces in certain parts of the United States, have been prepared with great care and accuracy.

A critical analysis and review of this learned treatise in all its parts would require a series of at least three articles of the length allowed by the rules of this magazine. Two articles on the "Indissolubility of Marriage," which were suggested by papers in the *New-Englander* written by Dr. Woolsey and incorporated afterwards into the first edition of his present essay, were published in the numbers of The Catholic World for July and August, 1867. They present sufficiently the one point of difference between us respecting divorce *a vinculo* under the Christian law. Passing over this and every other question

* *Divorce and Divorce Legislation, especially in the United States.* By Theodore D. Woolsey. Second Edition, revised. New York: Scribners. 1882.

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of controversy, we aim now chiefly at finding the common terms of agreement in religious and moral teaching, and the common method and aim in reference to the reform of popular sentiment and civil legislation, which our venerated author proposes.

We find, then, that Dr. Woolsey distinctly affirms that marriage is not a mere civil contract. Criticising (on p. 205) the language of the Civil Code of Louisiana, which defines marriage to be a civil contract intended to endure until the death of the contracting parties, he remarks:

"Whence can this indissolubility be derived but from moral and religious considerations? The truth is that marriage is not a contract properly speaking, the terms of which can be settled at the pleasure of the parties, but is a natural state or condition fixed by the God of nature, the entrance into which must be by the consent or contract of those who are able to give their consent."

The author in this passage teaches that marriage is not a human institution but an ordinance of God, under the original and universal law which precedes all human law and is supreme in its authority and binding force. Its terms are fixed, *i.e.*, established and determined by God, and cannot be altered by those who make the matrimonial contract, which implies that the legislative power cannot alter them any more than the private parties themselves. It is implied, and elsewhere clearly stated, that marriage is by the divine law in itself indissoluble by the voluntary act of the parties or by any merely human authority.

"Looked at from the Christian standpoint, marriage is in its nature and idea indissoluble" (p. 263).

It is the law of God implanted in human nature, but positively promulgated in divine revelation, and re-enacted with supreme authority by Jesus Christ our Lord, which the author sets forth as the governing moral rule to which all are bound to conform, and according to which all legislation which is not unchristian and heathenish or atheistical must be framed.

"Looked at from a heathenish or atheistical standpoint, marriage is a contract which persons badly joined together ought to be able to break" (ibid.)

"The modern divorce legislation of nearly all Protestant countries is *unchristian*." "Would not a large part of the community say that they have learned by experience the inefficiency of law without religion, and desire to have religion protected by a new code of laws, so that, if possible, the state might be saved from ruin?" (p. 263).

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The author maintains that divorce granted by the civil law is never valid before a properly instructed Christian conscience when it is contrary to the precept of Christ. If the Lord gives no right to break the *vinculum*, no human power can break it. If the civil law and the Christian law are in opposition, the Christian law is supreme and must be obeyed. Consequently, in conformity with his doctrine that there is only one exception to the law of Christ which forbids all divorce *a vinculo*, he must and does maintain that only those divorces can be recognized as really undoing the bond of wedlock which are granted for this one cause. All others, though they may, if the cause is sufficiently grievous, justify separation *a mensâ et thoro*, leave the parties still incapable of contracting a new marriage which is a true marriage according to the law of God. He even holds that, in the case of divorce *a vinculo* under the one exception which he admits, it is only the innocent party who is allowed by the law of Christ the right of remarriage.

Here, then, is the term of agreement in religious and moral doctrine with the teaching of the Catholic Church which Dr. Woolsey proposes to Protestants. It comes short, of course, but it suffices, if the great body of the Protestant clergy will come up to it in word and action; and especially if the laymen of influence will come up to the same mark, even on purely ethical grounds; for a concurrence of all friends of Christian morality in efforts to place a breakwater against the tide of heathenish and atheistical immorality which is rushing in upon us.

The measures which Dr. Woolsey proposes concern partly only the Protestant ecclesiastical bodies and their clergy. The most practical and efficient of these measures is the withholding of all ecclesiastical sanction or tolerance from remarriages of persons civilly divorced, and the parties to them, by refusing to perform any religious ceremony at the wedding or to admit the parties to communion. There can be no doubt that such a discipline, rigorously and generally carried out in the most numerous and powerful denominations of our country, together with the influence of sermons and publications, would go very far to make divorce, and the connubial relation of divorced persons with new partners, disreputable. Four times as many persons would be reached by the influence of such a strict and wholesome moral discipline, as the actual number of communicants. And among these there would be so many persons of high social standing, and of influence in the legislative, professorial, and literary circles which have great control over public opinion,

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that divorce might come to be relegated in all decent American society into the same category with Mormon polygamy.

The immediate and direct efficiency of purely religious teaching and of ecclesiastical discipline, however, supposing that these come up to the mark required by Dr. Woolsey, is only felt by those who hold both in reverence. The remainder are affected merely by the moral and social arguments and considerations which affect the temporal well-being of the state, of society, and of individuals. On this basis, prescinding from our purely ecclesiastical relations and offices, the members of separate religious societies can concur together, and with all other citizens of our common country who agree in deploring the facility and frequency of divorce, in endeavors to prevent legislation from becoming worse than it now is, to make it better if possible, to check the abuses of courts, and to counteract the influences which demoralize the sentiments and practice of the people.

The efforts of Dr. Woolsey and other distinguished gentlemen in Connecticut in this direction are most praiseworthy, and, we are pleased to learn, have not been entirely unsuccessful.

We are informed (pp. 279, 280) that in Connecticut, in 1879, committees were formed, composed of members of several religious societies, Catholics among the rest; that these united committees continue to act together, and that a more general league has since been formed. In Connecticut a small amelioration of the divorce law was obtained through the efforts of these gentlemen. We have not found any statement of the precise change alluded to, but in 1878 an amelioration which we consider to be a very important one was effected. From 1849 to 1878 a Connecticut statute allowed divorce for "any such misconduct as permanently destroys the happiness of the petitioner and defeats the purposes of the marriage union" (p. 214). It is stated (p. 227) that during fifteen years after the passing of this statute four thousand divorces were granted in that State, more than half of which were secured by means of this general-misconduct clause. This clause was repealed in 1878—certainly a very great change for the better.

In discussing the question of the possibility of united effort on the part of Catholics, Episcopalians, and other professing Christians for the reformation of the divorce laws, and the probability of success, Dr. Woolsey does not express himself very confidently, yet seems to hope that all may agree in this: that many existing laws are bad and intolerable. He says: "We are not Catholics, but we admire their firmness in standing by an ex-

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press precept of Christ which governs all the separated portions of his church, and in seeking to *change law rather than let things go down the stream*" (p. 281). He deprecates giving up the contest and in despair letting things take their course. In the end he expresses a conviction which we think is one worthy of his great wisdom, and in which we fully concur: that if a change for the better in public opinion and in civil legislation can be effected, it must be through religious, moral, and patriotic sentiments, which are brought to bear upon laws and the practice of courts at last and efficiently "by the enlightened convictions of *reforming and philanthropic statesmen.*" This is hitting the nail on the head. In a somewhat foreboding tone, as of one who "at an advanced age does not expect to live into a time of large reform," Dr. Woolsey adds: "This is too good almost to be hoped for." Finally, he proposes the system of divorce legislation existing in the State of New York as "worthy to be followed within our borders, unless something still better and wiser and more accordant with the teaching of Christ and the dictates of the purest morals be found out" (p. 299).

Chancellor Kent says that "for more than one hundred years preceding the Revolution no divorce took place in the colony of New York, and for many years after New York became an independent State there was not any lawful mode of dissolving a marriage in the lifetime of a person but by a special act of the Legislature. At last the Legislature, in 1787, authorized the Court of Chancery to pronounce divorces *a vinculo* in the single case of adultery. This is now still the only offence for which divorce *a vinculo* may be granted. It was forbidden, since 1813, to the party guilty of adultery to marry again until the death of the innocent party. But in 1879 special permission was given to the court to grant such power of remarriage after five years from the divorce, provided that proof of good conduct was furnished, and that the defendant (the innocent party) had contracted marriage." Mr. Murray Hoffman says that the law "is imperfect and censurable for not absolutely prohibiting the marriage after as well as before the death of the innocent party." *

The effect of this law is to a certain extent nullified by the opportunity of evading it which is afforded by the laxer laws of other States.† If the same law existed everywhere it would be

* Quoted on pp. 204–5.

† There is besides a fraudulent administration of the law: "Notwithstanding the important reforms which have been made in our judicial system and methods of legal procedure in the course of the last ten years, the subject of fraudulent divorces still remains practically untouched.

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a strong barrier against the worst evils following from divorce. It is to be hoped that New York will not follow in the wake of other States by changing her laws for worse ones, and that all good citizens will be on the alert to prevent any attempts at such alteration which may be made from being successful.

To return to the point, that our great reliance must be on enlightened and philanthropic statesmen, and on the convictions and moral sentiments of the better, sounder, and more virtuous part of the community at large. It is vain to expect that the body of legislators in our country will act on the principle of conforming their enactments to the law of Christ, formally as such. Neither can public opinion or the moral standard of the multitude be efficiently controlled and regulated by any such high and religious motive. The Christian law of monogamy and the indissolubility of marriage, as a law of the state and of society, to which obedience is enforced by civil and social sanctions, must be maintained and defended as founded in the law of nature, in reason, in the actual constitution of the state and society under Christian civilization, and as necessary to our temporal well-being, both political and social. Hence it is that sound lawyers like Chancellor Kent, popular authors like James Fenimore Cooper, eminent physicians, able publicists and writers for the press, statesmen, and others, who teach and advocate and disseminate wholesome ideas and pure moral sentiments, and resist the tendency to atheistical and heathenish demoralization, are the most efficient auxiliaries of those whose special office it is to teach religion and administer ecclesiastical discipline. Hence also every person, old or young, as a member of society and of the commonwealth, in view of the common good, of the interests of his own family, of his own happiness, whether practically living for the sake of the future life as his chief end or with little or no thought beyond the present, is vitally concerned in the protection of marriage from the vitiating influences which are corrupting its integrity. Those who are insensible to such considerations deserve to be relegated among barbarians or animals.

Our legislators, our press, our public opinion are awake to the importance of opposing the inroad of simultaneous polygamy through Mormonism. But successive polygamy is even worse and more deadly in its results.

Fraud is as instrumental as ever in procuring a large proportion of the divorces which are granted in this State upon the failure of the defendant to appear or answer" (the New York *Sun*, Feb. 7, 1882)

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Dr. Woolsey's facts, statistical tables, and warning expostulations ought to be enough to open the eyes of any one who will pay attention to them to the mischief which has been wrought, and the worse mischief which is threatened, by the divorce legislation of the New England States and others which have imitated them, and by the moral depravity which was the source whence this foul stream originated.

Dr. Woolsey, though calm and measured in his language and manner, is very severe in his judgments, especially on the people of his own State and the descendants of the Puritans generally. No one is better qualified than he is to admonish them, or more worthy to be listened to with deference and respect by those to whom his earnest appeal is chiefly directed. Indeed, he is a man who deserves and enjoys high consideration among all American citizens, without respect to their religion or distinction of origin and residence. In New England, particularly, he is a high authority. For the efforts which he and several other eminent men in different professions have made and are making in behalf of that essential part of morality which is connected with marriage and cognate matters, they are all entitled to universal gratitude, sympathy, and co-operation, and prominent among them is the venerable ex-president of Yale University. He has lived long enough to remember a better and purer age among his own people and co-religionists of Connecticut and New England, and to have heard from the former generation their still earlier remembrances. It is to be hoped that his serious and weighty words will be listened to with deference and will have effect in bringing about that reformation which he has so much at heart.

The question returns continually, when the necessity of such a reformation is made apparent by constantly increasing and cogent evidence: What can be done to bring it about? That the first and necessary means, from which all others depend, is religion—the Christian religion, pure and undefiled—we hold as an axiom. The amount of moral vital force which can be awakened to expel disease and expand into vigorous health is identical with the quantity of intellectual conviction in the common mind, pure sentiment in the common heart, and virtuous determination in the common will, which is either formally or virtually Christian. A number of those who have been even leaders in the departure from formal Christianity have shown how much of its virtual influence lay dormant in their souls by drawing back as they became old, and turning, if not their faces, their wistful

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glances back toward the religion of their ancestors. The prospect ahead is too dismal to be contemplated by those who have not become hopelessly possessed by the spirit of cynical pessimism. We have heard an early friend, an Unitarian minister, say that he believed the followers of Theodore Parker, who was then considered as the leader of what is called in Boston "advanced thought," were moving on a re-entering curve. If this be so we may hope for "a revival of religion," bringing with it a moral reformation in New England. We do not mean a revival of Puritanism precisely. This would scarcely be looked for or desired at Yale any more than at Trinity or Harvard. The descendants of the old colonists do, and we suppose always will, respect their ancestors and give them credit for what they were and what they have done, whether they agree with them in religion or not. So also will citizens of another origin and a more recent immigration. But the Puritan type of religion, whatever its excellences or defects may be, in the opinion of different minds, can never again become the type of religion which is common to the whole population, or unite all in one common profession of Christianity.

In order to regain, to preserve, and to increase its ascendency over the whole people, religion must be suited to the multitude, to young people, and to children; who were segregated and driven off by the working of the Puritan system in the long run. By a general and violent reaction the modern generation have rushed by a common impulse after the enjoyments which liberty of thought and action held before them in alluring prospect. Some have followed the pleasures of the mind and the æsthetic taste, some have pursued wealth, elegance, and the more refined luxury of living, some have gone after whatever amusements and enjoyments of the senses were the most enticing to them and were within their reach. The greater mass have become earthly, animal, and indifferent to everything except their commonplace, every-day business and interests, and such sensible enjoyment as they can extract out of their condition of living. Positive impiety or atheism, or a grossly vicious life, are not necessarily involved in such a kind of un-religion. But from all these unregulated impulses of mind and heart, these passions and desires striving irregularly after temporal and sensible good, these downward and animal tendencies, mental and moral deterioration must follow, the common conscience and standard of right and wrong become depraved, and thus the way be opened to the worst errors, the most grievous sins, and even the most heinous

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crimes. Facts prove that this has been the case. The only real remedy is in means which directly affect the mind, and will, and heart, by enlightening, convincing, persuading, attracting, purifying, and elevating the individuals who compose the community. The community will then give laws to its members which are up to its moral level, and they will be enforced by coercion and penalties upon those individuals who will not observe them voluntarily. The social law and the law of public opinion will also exert their power in another manner than the civil law, but with even greater efficacy.

The first among these means, from which the others depend, we have said is religion. This implies that there are others. Besides the church, the Sunday-school, sacraments, sermons, and whatever else is strictly ecclesiastical or formally religious in its nature, there are many potent agencies which can be made auxiliary in their sphere. Education, literature, the press, voluntary association—it is not necessary to attempt an enumeration of all—if regulated by Christian principles, are efficacious means of promoting Christian morality. There is scarcely need of inventing new measures. The spirit and genius of modern civilization spontaneously evolving organs suited to its purposes, which are now working tentatively and partially, supersedes the need of calling on our private inventive faculties. Men and women are more needed than means to work with: individual minds and hearts, full of light and fire—light from heaven, fire from the altar of God—to illuminate the minds and warm the hearts which have become darkened and chilled by the approach of a moral night. Great intellectual and moral reformations are chiefly effected by the speech and writing of a few intellectually and morally gifted and energetic persons. The mass of the people of this country need to be converted to Christianity. We do not call them positively anti-Christian, but negatively un-Christian. The majority are even unbaptized. As a people we are in need of regeneration. If the people of this commonwealth are once thoroughly Christianized their common convictions and conscience will bring laws and usages into conformity with the law of Christ. That heritage of civilization which we have received from the old Christendom will be preserved, restored, augmented, and flourish in new developments. Science, literature, the arts, politics, social and domestic life, will be improved, embellished, elevated, purified, and consecrated. This would be a fulfilment of the ideal of a Christian republic—a much higher ideal than that of Plato. A collection of nations governed by

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such principles would be a new and restored Christendom, much more in harmony with a reasonable interpretation of the Divine Word than any dream of millenarians; and a temporal kingdom of Christ upon the earth which would be a genuine outcome of the providence of God from the beginning of the world. Christian civilization, as it has hitherto existed and still exists, is a partial realization of this ideal. The indissoluble Christian marriage is one of its fundamental institutions and supports, established by Jesus Christ as the supreme legislator.

It is not necessary to remind our Catholic readers that we receive the law of Christ from the apostles through their successors, as promulgated and defined by the church. The absolute indissolubility of *Christian* marriage, when it has received its final clasp, results from its sacramental nature. The bond cannot be broken either by the contracting parties, by the civil law, or by any power in the church. It is only the death of one party which releases the other. The Reformers, by their exceptions, opened the door to the demoralizing divorce legislation which has now gone to such ruinous lengths. It is evident, even from experience and on grounds of reason and natural law, that this door ought to be closed for the benefit of society and the state. The laws permitting divorce which have been made in Catholic countries, even when made by professed Catholics, have been made in defiance of the doctrine and law of the Catholic Church, at least in so far as they give legal sanction to divorce *a vinculo* in the case of subjects who are Catholics. The church has never recognized and cannot recognize the validity of any divorce *a vinculo* of baptized persons, for any cause, however grievous.

There are causes which render a temporary or permanent separation *a mensâ et thoro* justifiable, sometimes advisable, or even necessary and obligatory. Dr. Woolsey justly advocates some prudent and cautious legislation for the protection of the innocent and aggrieved parties, by sanctioning imperfect divorces of this kind, which give neither party the liberty of remarriage. The evils which come from imprudent, unhappy marriages, from infidelity, cruelty, drunkenness, idleness, desertion; the sufferings which come from misfortunes which have no origin in crime; are, however, in their nature irremediable by any human power. The law of marriage often bears hard upon individuals. But so also does the law of maternity, and so do many laws which compel subjects to sacrifice their private good, even life itself, to the common good. The liability to incur evils and sufferings which are so severe and irremediable ought to make

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those who enter into the state of marriage careful and conscientious, that they may not incur lifelong miseries through their own fault and folly, and have to bear the reproaches of their own conscience, when it is too late to rectify the error which they have committed at the beginning.

The thousands upon thousands of divorces recorded in the fatal statistics of Dr. Woolsey's volume give dismal intimation of an amount of crime and domestic misery, and of an extent and depth of immorality, lying beneath these figures which cannot lie, which it is appalling to contemplate. The murders and suicides, the disgrace and ruin of individuals and families, the decay and corruption of society, connected with or springing out of the violation of those laws of God which relate to marriage, and to purity before and in the married state, make it only too plain that a radical reformation is necessary. Dr. Woolsey has done a great deal towards this reformation by bringing this necessity so clearly into view. Immoral doctrines and gross vices cannot bear the light. Let them be constantly and unsparingly exposed. If virtue is stronger than vice in the community, shame and universal reprobation will make them hide themselves out of sight, and they will no longer insult the daylight or infect the open air.

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STELLA'S DISCIPLINE.

By F. X. L.

I.

"WHAT! not ready yet?" said Mr. Southgate, in a tone of disappointment, as his *fiancée*, Miss Gordon, entered the room where he had been awaiting her appearance for more than an hour. "Do you know how late it is?"

"It *is* rather late, I fear; but I am ready now," she answered, coming forward with a cloud of snowy worsted web in her hand. "Here, put this over my head," she continued, extending it toward him; "and pray be careful to place it lightly, so that my hair may not be rumpled."

He took the fleecy drapery, but held it motionless and stood looking at her doubtfully. She was in evening toilette for a musical *soirée* to which they were going, save that her hair was not dressed at all, but flowed loosely over her shoulders and far down her back, one rippling mass of gold. A magnificent *chevelure* it was; and nobody was more conscious of the fact than Mr. Southgate, or admired it more enthusiastically. But he objected to the style, then just coming into fashion, of loose tresses.

He had already protested on several occasions against Miss Gordon's appearing even in her mother's drawing-room, when guests were present, in this, which he considered, and hesitated not to call, *demi-toilette;* he had implored her not to adopt a fashion that was to him so obnoxious. And now to see that his arguments and entreaties were alike disregarded not only surprised but displeased him, as his countenance unmistakably evinced.

"What is the matter?" the young lady asked, when he paused, glancing up into his face as innocently as if she had no suspicion of the cause of his hesitation.

"Your hair," he answered. "You surely do not intend to wear it in that way, Stella, when you know how much I dislike for you to do so?"

"But why *should* you dislike it?" she exclaimed impatiently. "Really, Edward, it is too much for you to expect to dictate to

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me in an affair of this kind! Surely I have a right to wear my hair as I please."

"I am not attempting to dictate to you," said he. "I am asking as a favor that you will not do a thing which seems to me so—in such bad taste, and which is so offensive to my eyes."

"Offensive to your eyes!" repeated she resentfully. "Then your eyes see very differently from those of other people! It is fashionable, and everybody says is very becoming to me. I never heard of anything so unreasonable as your undertaking to interfere in the matter; and," she added, her color rising and her voice taking a sharp and emphatic tone, "I cannot submit to such tyranny! I like to wear my hair so, and I intend to wear it so!"

Mr. Southgate pressed the point no further. Lifting the lace-like fabric he was holding, he enveloped her head carefully, as she had requested, then, taking his hat, offered his arm.

Not a word was exchanged between them as they left the room where this altercation occurred, passed through the hall, out of the house, and along the walk which led to the gate, at which a carriage was waiting.

They had been engaged about a fortnight, and in that time each had learned several things about the other which they had not known before.

Stella discovered that her lover could be stern and was (she considered) inclined to be very arbitrary; Southgate's romantic dreams of angelic perfection in his betrothed, and ideal happiness in the future, had been rudely and utterly dispelled.

Of the two he was most disappointed and dissatisfied. Though not pleased to meet a master where she expected to find a slave, the girl was at least as much attracted as repelled by the very severity of a character so different from any she had ever come in contact with before; and, while resenting and resisting Southgate's assumption of authority, she extravagantly admired the man himself. Notwithstanding the jars and discords between them, she was more in love with him now than when the engagement was entered into.

With Southgate it was the reverse. To find that she had a very quick, unreasonable, and perfectly uncontrolled temper, with a rather loud manner which often grated harshly on his fastidious taste, was far from agreeable; but, being sincerely devout himself, the worst shock he had received was in the gradual realization that, although nominally a Catholic, she was not in the least degree practical in her religion. The child of a non-

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Catholic mother, and of a father who, while calling himself of the faith and insisting upon his daughter's being baptized and educated in it, was virtually a materialist, Stella had grown up in a purely worldly atmosphere, with nothing but the most conventional moral teachings and—the inevitable result of such circumstances—with the most glaring defects of character.

Southgate was a sensible man and a man of calm temperament. He was also in love. Therefore, when the unwelcome indications of imperfection obtruded themselves upon his notice, he excused her on the ground both of her rearing and of the fact that she was an only child and much spoiled. It would be a labor of love as well as a work of charity to teach her to correct faults which, he was sure, were those of accident, not constitution, he said to himself.

But the evil lay deeper than he was at first willing to believe. Every day of more intimate acquaintance brought, it seemed to him, some fresh revelation of the utter worldliness and selfishness of her nature, her absolute incapacity, apparently, to appreciate or even to comprehend the mysteries of our holy faith. Not that she was entirely without good, and not that he could accuse her of having deliberately deceived him in any way. She had some natural virtues, and she was very much in love with him; and these circumstances, as he could see now in looking back, had caused her to put an involuntary, possibly an unconscious, restraint upon her irritability and wilfulness so long as she was uncertain of his regard. When once he became her declared lover all motive for restraint and concealment vanished. She treated him just as she treated every one else, and especially her own family—well or ill as the whim of the moment prompted.

"And this is the woman whom I have selected to be the companion of my life, the mother of my children!" he had exclaimed mentally many times already, with a constantly growing regret that he had been so precipitate in engaging himself. But, uncongenial as the tie proved, the thought of dissolving it had never occurred to him until to-night. Now, however, a sudden resolve took possession of his mind.

"Self-gratification is the only law of her being," he thought. "We do not suit each other. I am sure she must feel this as clearly as I do. If she gives me an opportunity to do so with honor I will break the engagement."

This mental decision brought immediate relief to him; and perhaps it was reflected somewhat in his manner, for when he

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was about to hand Miss Gordon into her mother's carriage she abruptly drew back.

"I would rather walk," she said quickly. "It is such a lovely night! You need not come for me, Uncle Tim," glancing up at the coachman, who received this order with great satisfaction; "I will walk home, too."

"I think you must forget how far it is to Mrs. Allen's," said Southgate. "It is half a mile at least. Are you sure that the walk will not be too long for you?"

"I shall like it," she answered.

"But your shoes, your dress," he felt bound in duty to suggest—"are they fit for the street?"

"Oh! yes: the pavements are perfectly dry; they cannot be hurt. This quiet starlight is so beautiful that I can't endure the thought of exchanging it for the glare of gas without having enjoyed it for a little while."

As she spoke she gathered up the folds of her train with one hand, and, again placing the other on his arm, led the way down the street.

The night *was* fine, though it was near the end of November. The air was warm and very balmy, and the sky brilliant with myriads of stars that are not visible when the moon's broad disc, while illuminating the earth, dims the splendor of her sister-lights in the heavens.

Love is quick in its perceptions. The tone of Southgate's voice, in which there was a ring of cold courtesy unlike his customary familiar ease, convinced Stella that he was seriously offended. She had proposed walking on the impulse of the moment, but now she was glad of the opportunity thus afforded to soothe and appease him, not doubting her ability to do so.

Having the opportunity, she somehow found an unexpected difficulty in speaking. She was feeling at once remorseful and aggrieved, conscious that she had been wrong in showing such entire disregard for his often-expressed wishes, and also in refusing point-blank his earnest entreaty, yet indignant at what she looked upon as an unreasonable demand on his part. After all, she thought, he was most to blame in the dispute. If it was to be renewed she would leave him to take the initiative and would merely stand on the defensive.

He did not seem inclined to resume the subject under discussion. Half a square, a whole square, was traversed in silence. Then feminine patience could endure no more. Stella exclaimed impulsively:

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"You are vexed with me!"

"No, I am not vexed," he answered, "but I am sorry—indeed, it alarms me—to see my wishes have so little weight with you that you will not make the slightest sacrifice of van—of your own inclination to please me."

"I think your request altogether unreasonable," she replied warmly. "Suppose I wanted to dictate to *you* how your hair should be worn, and asked you to shave all but a fringe of it off. Would you do so?"

"No, because that would be to do the very thing I am objecting to your doing. It is not customary for men who live in the world to shave their heads, and if I shaved mine I should be making myself as conspicuously and undesirably singular as you are making yourself with your dishevelled hair. But if you had asked me to cut my hair longer or shorter than I usually wear it, or to part it in the middle instead of at the side as I now do, I should not have hesitated a moment in gratifying your taste, however little it agreed with my own."

It required an effort, a very strong effort, on Miss Gordon's part to control her temper as she listened to the foregoing speech. She felt that it put her at a disadvantage, and an unjust disadvantage. It was with forced composure that, after a minute's hesitation, she said:

"You seem to forget, when you talk of my making myself conspicuous and singular, that *I* did not set this fashion which you dislike so much, and that I am not alone in adopting it. The style is European."

"I suppose so, as I remember to have seen it stated that the Queen of England and several other crowned heads have forbidden the presentation at court of any lady whose head is not 'properly coifed,'" he answered drily. "No doubt the style was originated by some fast English girl-of-the-period, or perhaps—"

If Stella had been his wife he would have concluded the sentence in the words that were on his lips—"perhaps it comes from the *demi-monde* of Paris." A sense of propriety restraining him from relieving his mind by expressing himself thus forcibly, he paused as above recorded, and was silent.

"Certainly, you do not spare epithets!" cried Stella in an accent of angry reproach. Then, with an effort at conciliation, she added in a different tone: "I do think, Edward, that you are very unjustly severe about what is, after all, only a trifle. But

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since you have such a rooted prejudice against loose hair, I promise you I will never wear mine so again."

"Thank you," he said. "You may consider it a trifle; I do not. A woman cannot be too careful in avoiding all peculiarity of dress and manner, unless"—he spoke pointedly—"she wishes to attract the admiration of men whose attentions are very undesirable."

"Ah!" exclaimed Stella to herself, and she almost laughed aloud, "I understand now: Mr. Gartrell!"

II.

MR. GARTRELL was just now very much talked of and very much thought of in the social world to which Miss Gordon and Southgate belonged—the town of M——. He had lately come to that place as a resident, his uncle, old Mr. Gartrell, having died not long before, leaving him a large estate in the neighborhood.

It was not his newly-acquired wealth, however, that made his principal claim to attention. Of course it added to that claim —added very much. But he had been a man of note long before his uncle was obliging enough to die. A lawyer of very decided ability and rank in his profession, he was specially distinguished in social life. Most people, men as well as women, thought him fascinating—when he chose to exert himself to please, that is to say. By a few he was regarded with a sentiment approaching to disgust—perhaps because he took no trouble to propitiate the good opinion of this small minority.

Up to the time of his accession of fortune he was notoriously not a marrying man. He had managed to live by his profession, and to live tolerably well; but he had never manifested, nor been suspected of entertaining, any disposition toward matrimony. Now the case was different. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, his wide circle of acquaintance thought, that he should take a wife, so well able as he was to afford that luxury. His crop of wild oats had been an unusually plentiful one; but the season for sowing was, or ought to be, over for him. He was in age between thirty-five and forty—probably nearer the last than the first.

All circumstances considered, consequently, the social world of M—— was excited over Mr. Gartrell's advent and affairs.

"An excellent match for somebody," Mrs. Allen, one of the

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principal society women of the town, remarked frankly. Having neither daughters nor nieces to dispose of, she felt no hesitation in saying aloud what some of her friends only said to themselves; and being both good-natured and of a match-making turn of mind, she set herself seriously to consider who among all the girls of her acquaintance would be the most suitable somebody.

To facilitate the solution of this question she determined to give a series of informal musical parties; and it was to the first one of these parties that Miss Gordon and her lover were now on their way.

Mr. Gartrell was not only, at times, a fascinating man; he was also a handsome man—undeniably a very handsome man. His least friendly critics could not deny that. He had a fine figure and a face which arrested attention at a glance. Aquiline features, flashing eyes, abundant dark hair, rich coloring—that was the first impression made on the eye of a stranger. A physiognomist might observe, looking at the face deliberately, that the eyes were a line's-breadth too near together, and, on close inspection, might perceive that the nostril and lip had some curves about them that, when the face was at rest, gave a slightly sardonic expression of countenance. With the world in general these indications of character passed unnoticed.

Miss Gordon, who had never met him before, was much struck by his appearance when, shortly after her arrival, Mrs. Allen presented him to her, and she was immensely flattered by the marked attention he paid her. It was not at all his habit to bestow much notice on young ladies. It having been heretofore an understood fact that his attentions were never "serious," he had always felt at liberty to devote himself to entertaining and being entertained by married women and widows, whose society was much more to his taste than that of unfledged girlhood. The exception he now made to his general rule was, Stella felt, a distinguished compliment, and as such she a little too obviously received it.

That her lover resented this was natural, and that she secretly enjoyed the situation was equally so, perhaps. She had no intention, no thought even, of exchanging his love for Mr. Gartrell's admiration; but she was in a glow of gratified vanity, and triumphed secretly in the sense of being the principal object of interest to both men. Of course she saw plainly that Southgate was displeased. But what of that? she thought. After making himself so odiously disagreeable as he had just been doing he deserved to be tormented a little. And so the severe gravity of

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his manner did not deter her from pursuing what, before the evening was half over, became a decided flirtation with Mr. Gartrell.

Mrs. Allen looked on with some uneasiness. In wishing to provide Mr. Gartrell with a wife—or rather to afford him the opportunity of seeking one—she had by no means intended to interfere with Southgate's rights. She read more correctly than did the heedless girl who was trifling with her own and her lover's happiness the signs on the face of the latter, and determined to interpose and prevent, if possible, a serious misunderstanding.

Accordingly, she made an excuse to interrupt the *tête-à-tête*, which had lasted too long already, she considered, between Miss Gordon and Mr. Gartrell. Approaching the corner where they sat, accompanied by a young gentleman, a stranger, she said:

"Let me introduce a young friend of mine to you, Stella. Mr. Wayland, Miss Gordon."

Then, before the formal acknowledgments of Mr. Wayland and Miss Gordon were over, she turned to Mr. Gartrell with a smile.

"Pray give me your arm," she said, "and come with me to the dining-room. I think you have taken nothing this evening."

She had chosen her time well when the dining-room was vacant, the music, which had ceased for a while, having just begun again.

"Do you know," she asked, as they sat down to a table to which her guests came unceremoniously, one, two, or more at a time, as they needed refreshment—"do you know that you are doing mischief?"

"I was not aware of the fact," he answered.

"It *is* a fact, nevertheless," said she gravely. "Yes, John," to a servant who approached deferentially, "coffee and oysters. The young lady with whom you have been flirting," she went on, as the servant walked away, "is engaged."

"Ah!"

"Yes, and her *fiancé* is evidently becoming jealous of the attention she has given you this evening."

A very slight, cynical smile played for an instant round the well-cut mouth of Mr. Gartrell before he said:

"I am rather sorry to hear that the young lady is engaged. She pleases me."

"I thought you did not admire young girls?"

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"Generally speaking, I do not; but this one is exceptionally pretty and attractive, I think."

"Quite pretty, certainly; but now that you know she is engaged, you will let her alone, I hope, and not run the risk of—"

"Supplanting her lover?" he said, as his companion hesitated a moment.

"Causing a lovers' quarrel, I was going to say. I have no idea that you could supplant her lover, for she is very much attached to him. But she is vain and heedless, and inclined to be a flirt, as you have seen to-night. If you persist in your attentions you may produce trouble between them, I fear."

Mr. Gartrell smiled again, more cynically than before; but he did not gainsay the opinion of his hostess in words. When he went back into the music-room, however, his eye at once sought Stella's graceful form and glittering tresses.

She was standing at the opposite end of the large apartment, with her back toward him, her wealth of golden hair floating like a veil over her shoulders and far below her waist, quite concealing the slender outline of her figure.

"What hair!" Gartrell thought, while exchanging commonplaces about the weather, the music, the company with a lady who took possession of him at once. "I never saw any to equal it in beauty."

At this moment she turned to speak to some one behind her, thus presenting her face in turn to his critical examination.

It was not a beautiful face, abstractly speaking. He acknowledged that. A low, smooth forehead and straight brows that might have belonged to a Greek statue were joined to a nose slightly but unequivocally *retroussé;* a mouth which, though well shaped and not actually large, was proportionably a little too large and much too mobile to be Greek in character; and a somewhat square outline of constantly dimpling cheek and chin. It was impossible at a first glance for any artistically educated eye not to wish that the nose were straight, and a little less expansive at the nostrils, and that the face were oval to suit the beautifully formed head.

But even an artist, if he looked long, could not but grow reconciled to the seeming incongruity of feature. The faintly pink and pearl complexion, and the full, liquid eyes but a shade darker than the hair, were very lovely—the *tout ensemble*, the gazer would admit after a while, was bewitching.

Gartrell's gaze returned to it again and again with ever-increasing admiration, and when he made his parting bow at the

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close of the evening he said to himself: "That girl almost fascinates me. I think I must marry her."

III.

JEALOUSY is not an agreeable emotion in any case, it is to be supposed, though perhaps with one naturally disposed to it there may be a certain sense of enjoyment in the indulgence of the passion with or without reason, just as a bad-tempered person finds a morbid pleasure in giving way to fits of impatience and anger. To a thoroughly reasonable mind, and when there is good and sufficient cause for the suspicion and distrust which go to make up the sentiment of jealousy in a reasonable mind, there is nothing but pain in the pangs it inflicts.

Assuredly there was nothing but pain and doubt to Southgate in the feelings with which he watched Stella's conduct during the month which followed the scenes above narrated. He could not but believe that he had just cause for jealousy; yet whenever he was conscious of a twinge of it he shrank with a sense of humiliation from what he had always regarded as a most ignoble passion.

"What ought I to do?" was the question he was constantly asking himself, and which he found it impossible for some time to answer definitely. Again and again he would resolve to break the engagement. But it was much easier to make than to keep such a resolution. With all Stella's faults—and latterly he could see little but faults in her—she had managed to establish herself so firmly in his heart that he knew it would require a terrible wrench to tear her thence. Still, he would not have permitted this consideration alone to deter him from acting decidedly and promptly. Two other reasons influenced him also.

The first of these reasons was the belief that, notwithstanding her persistent wilfulness, she really loved him, and, as she often said herself, would, when once married to him, be a dutiful and devoted wife; the second was partly a scruple of conscience, partly a motive of charity. He entertained a hope that if he kept his troth he might gradually win her from her inordinate worship of the world to the service of God. If he left her, and she should marry (as she certainly would in that case) a non-Catholic—most probably this man Gartrell, who was worldly to the heart's core—she would, he was convinced, lose even the semblance of faith she now possessed. Was it right,

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his conscience asked, to abandon the trust he had assumed, because labor and patience were demanded in its fulfilment? And could he find a more excellent work of charity than to rescue a soul from that dangerous state of indifferentism which is in the spiritual order what coma is in the natural—the lethargy preceding death?

He went with these difficulties to his confessor, and was encouraged by the good father to be patient and hopeful, and not to act hastily either one way or the other.

"Do not press for an early marriage, as you say you thought of doing in order to bring matters to a crisis," said the priest; "and try to be indulgent to what is more the vanity and thoughtlessness of extreme youth than anything else, I am inclined to think. Remember that this poor child has had no home-teachings. It is from the mother that the first knowledge of faith and the first idea of duty is acquired. That the mother's influence in this case has been only negative is the best we can hope."

"It is not negative so far as I am concerned," said Southgate. "I believe she is doing her utmost to induce her daughter to break her engagement. Yet until Gartrell came into the field she was quite willing for Stella to marry me."

"Her change of sentiment is very natural under the circumstances," said Father Darcy, with a smile. "You were a good *parti*, but Mr. Gartrell is a better in point of fortune, and, I suspect, is very much more to Mrs. Gordon's taste from the fact that, like herself, he is thoroughly worldly."

"In that respect he is more to Stella's taste, too," said Southgate gloomily.

"Patience! patience!" said the priest cheerfully.

This conversation occurred about a week after Stella's first meeting with her new admirer. Her professed admirer Mr. Gartrell at once proclaimed himself, by deed if not word, and from Mrs. Gordon, at least, received every possible encouragement, in the face of the disadvantage of her daughter's being already engaged.

The girl herself was inconceivably capricious and contradictory in her conduct. One time she would be passionate and haughty, either denying that she was flirting with Gartrell or asserting her right to do as she pleased and receive whose attentions she pleased so long as she was unmarried; at another meek and penitent, acknowledging her faults so frankly, and appealing so earnestly to her lover's forbearance, that he could

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not refuse the forgiveness she asked, though well knowing that she obtained forgiveness one day only to commit the very same offence over again the next.

He had followed the priest's counsel, determined that he would secure himself against all danger of after self-reproach. But as the weeks rolled away it became apparent to his rival and Mrs. Gordon that his patience was not likely to bear much longer the strain put upon it. Both these two were working diligently to bring about the catastrophe which Stella was so blind as not to see approaching, and Southgate felt must soon come.

It came on Christmas eve.

By this time the young man was convinced that his love and charity both together could not cover the multitude of sins which he was called upon constantly to condone. His love was fast changing to disgust, and his charity was, he felt, powerless to effect any good in a nature that seemed hopelessly shallow and commonplace, if not evil. Having satisfied strictly the requirements of both honor and conscience, he waited calmly the opportunity to bring matters to an issue.

"Once for all, she must choose between that man and myself!" he said mentally; and, with an unacknowledged sense of relief, he anticipated that her choice would be in favor of his rival.

The latter was equally anxious for a decisive test of strength, and took his measures accordingly.

Early in the afternoon of Christmas eve Southgate went to confession with peculiar dispositions of resignation and devotion, and afterwards remained long in prayer and meditation before the Blessed Sacrament and at the altar of Our Lady.

Who ever asked help in vain from our divine Lord or his Immaculate Mother? When he left the church, and walked slowly and thoughtfully toward Mrs. Gordon's house, the serenity of his face was reflected from a soul possessing that peace which passeth the understanding of the worldly mind.

On entering Mrs. Gordon's drawing-room he found, to his disappointment, that Stella was not alone. Her mother, several young ladies, her friends, and Mr. Gartrell were present, and were discussing with great animation a german which the latter was proposing to give that night at his house in the country.

"I am sure there will be plenty of time to let everybody know," Stella was saying eagerly, as Southgate paused an instant on the threshold—no one having noticed the opening of the

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door or being aware of his approach—"and, mamma, you *must* consent to go. The roads are like glass, I assure you. Aren't they, Mr. Gartrell?"

"I am afraid to endorse that statement literally," answered Mr. Gartrell, with a slight laugh. "But they really are excellent for the time of year, Mrs. Gordon. Ah! here comes a recruit, I hope," he added when Southgate advanced.

Stella's face fell almost ludicrously as she met the gaze of her *fiancé* fastened on it, calm as that gaze was. A look of mingled fright and confusion took the place of the pleasure it had expressed the moment before. But by the time Southgate had exchanged salutations generally, and been informed about the party that was in contemplation, she had somewhat regained self-possession, though still evidently embarrassed and very quiet in manner.

"It is quite an impromptu affair," said Gartrell in explanation to Southgate. "I wish the idea had occurred to me sooner. But I never thought of anything of the kind until Miss Gordon suggested it last night. I call it her party, not mine," he went on, with a smile and bow to her; "and I only hope," he added, "that she may not find it more like a picnic than a ball."

"Oh! so much the better for that," cried one of the other young ladies. "Picnics are pleasanter than formal parties, *always* provided there is a floor to dance the german on."

"That I can promise you at Lauderdale," said Mr. Gartrell, rising. "Now I must bid you all *au revoir* until—eight o'clock shall I say, Mrs. Gordon?"

"Better leave a margin," that lady replied, with a smile. "I can't engage to be punctual with five miles to go by moonlight. Some time between eight o'clock and ten."

There was a general laugh at this candidly vague appointment. Gartrell begged that the time might be nearer to eight than to ten, if possible. Then, having bowed to the ladies, he turned to Southgate. He was always markedly courteous to the young man whose sweetheart he was trying to take from him, and spoke even cordially now as he said: "You will come, of course, Mr. Southgate?"

Before the latter could reply his mother-in-law elect added blandly: "I can give you a seat in the carriage with Stella and myself."

"Thank you both," said Southgate, smiling; "but I shall have to deny myself the double pleasure you offer. I must remain in town to attend Midnight Mass."

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"Ah! I am sorry," said Gartrell, shrugging his shoulders slightly as he left the room.

His departure was followed immediately by that of the other guests.

"O Edward! I am so sorry; but I entirely forgot Midnight Mass when I promised to go to this party," cried Stella, coming quickly back into the drawing-room after she had taken leave of her friends at the door.

Her lover looked at her as she sank into a chair by the fire and glanced up deprecatingly into his face, and from her his eye turned to her mother, who, instead of leaving the room, as he expected her to do, continued placidly clicking her knitting-needles, apparently absorbed in counting a row of stitches. She did not mean to give him an opportunity of speaking to Stella alone, if she could help it.

He was determined to make the opportunity.

"Come and take a short walk with me, Stella, won't you?" he said gently. "The atmosphere is delightful."

"It is much too late to think of walking," said Mrs. Gordon coldly. "It is almost time to dress."

"I will not detain her long," the young man replied, and, addressing Stella, added: "I wish very much that you would come."

She half rose from her seat, but at a warning look from her mother sank back again, saying, with ill-concealed embarrassment:

"You really must excuse me, Edward, this evening."

"Then I must beg to see you for a moment in another room."

He spoke quietly but firmly. Stella turned pale; the expression of his face alarmed her. How she would have answered this request remained a matter of doubt, as Mrs. Gordon interfered a second time. A faint color rose to her cheek, and she said in a tone of frigid hauteur:

"Anything that you have to say to my daughter may be said in my presence, Mr. Southgate."

"Pardon me, madam, but your daughter has promised, with the consent of her father and of yourself—at least I so understood—to be my wife. I think this gives me the right to speak to her alone," he replied coldly but respectfully.

"There is no reason why you should not say what you have to say before mamma," said Stella half defiantly, half appealingly.

"Very well. Did I understand that you are thinking of going to the country to a party to-night?"

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The tone of assured authority in which he spoke roused that instinct of opposition which was so strong in Stella's nature. Her mother saw this with a half-smile and went on with her knitting; while the girl answered with flashing eyes:

"I *am* going."

"Have you, then, forgotten that you had an engagement with me, and, moreover, that I have told you more than once that I do not wish you to receive Mr. Gartrell's attentions?"

"Really, Mr. Southgate, the tone you take is intolerable!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon indignantly. "Stella, you have no pride, no self-respect, if you do not discard this man instantly!"

But Stella was gazing wistfully, imploringly at her lover. The glance of his eye, the tone of his voice, told her that she could no longer oppose or trifle with him, unless she wanted to lose him. Without even an attempt at her usual fencing she said meekly:

"If you insist I will not go, then."

At which ignominious surrender Mrs. Gordon uttered an exclamation of anger, rose hastily from her seat, and, with a withering look of contempt for such spiritless submission, swept out of the room.

IV.

IT was with mixed emotions that Southgate left the house an hour later. Never in the first days of his wooing had Stella been more winningly gentle, never in her most penitent moods had she made more fervent promises of amendment or given him more earnest assurances of love. But the distrust with which he regarded her had been growing long and steadily, and was deep-rooted. He was touched at the moment by her humility and seeming sincerity; so long as he held her hand in his, and looked into the clear depths of her golden-brown eyes, he thought that his love, which had waned almost to extinction, was revived. When he left her, however, the impression produced by her presence faded, and his doubts returned in full force. And with them came the disgust for her petulance of temper and vacillation of purpose, against which he had been struggling for weeks past.

As he walked slowly homeward his face was very grave. He admitted to himself that he was disappointed with the result of the contest just ended. Instead of breaking it had riveted his chains.

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"I ought not to have been so hasty at first," he said, half aloud, as he sat down before his solitary hearth that evening—he lived alone—and gazed with a troubled air at the leaping flames of a bright wood fire.

Many an evening, not long passed by, he had sat in the same place with musings different from the gloomy pictures of matrimonial infelicity which presented themselves to his imagination now. He remembered this after a while, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, or perhaps with an effort to produce a revulsion of feeling, rose and walked to a distant corner of the room, and, laying his hand on a large chair which was set back stiffly against the wall, rolled it forward to one corner of the fireplace—a position from which it had been banished shortly before.

The room was furnished richly, but in dark colors; this chair was covered in pale blue satin.

Taking the two facts together, there was some excuse for the shock which Southgate's friend, Mr. Brantford Townsley, received when, coming in one day, he saw a beautiful blue throne shimmering in the firelight in the midst of the dark-tinted furniture around.

"Why!" with a gasp as if his breath had been taken away, "where did that thing come from?" he exclaimed.

He was a man of culture, a man of hypercritically artistic tastes. He started dramatically as his eye fell upon the chair, and stood on the edge of the hearth-rug at the opposite side of the fire, regarding it with an unaffected stare of horror.

"It came from Bowman's," replied his friend, laughing at the expression of Mr. Townsley's face.

Bowman's was the most fashionable furniture emporium in M——.

"But what is it doing here?" demanded Mr. Townsley, gazing at it now as though he was afraid of it.

"I happened to notice it in Bowman's show-room the other day," answered Southgate, speaking gravely, but with a glitter of humor in his eye. "It struck me that it would be ornamental, so I bought it."

"Ornamental!" almost shrieked Mr. Townsley in Ruskin-like tone. "My dear Southgate, my poor fellow, are you color-blind?"

"No."

"You must be, or you never could commit such an atrocity in taste as to put dark-green and sky-blue in juxtaposition!" He shuddered. "It sets my teeth on edge to look at that color,"

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pointing his cane scornfully at the chair, "framed in such surroundings!"

"A little learning—in this case, culture—is a misleading thing," said Southgate, with affected didacticism. "Now, when you have studied the subject of harmony in contrast as exhaustively as I have, Brant, you will be aware that the most effective of all combinations are obtained by bringing together—judiciously, of course judiciously—the most violent antipathies in color. If you don't see how admirably these two opposite tints contrast and relieve each other, why, I pity you. You are a Philistine in art."

"And if you *do* see anything but the most nauseating antagonism between them, why, I pity you still more," retorted Mr. Townsley, as he walked across the hearth-rug and established himself in the chair which was the subject of dispute.

"Halt!" exclaimed Southgate hastily. "Vacate there, if you please, my good fellow! That *fauteuil*, as I informed you, is for ornament, not use."

"Excuse me, but this is the only way to get rid of such a monstrous offence to the eye," answered his friend coolly, sinking into the soft depths he had taken possession of with a sigh of satisfaction. "It is comfortable," he remarked. "I suppose you mean to have it covered with green to match the other chairs."

"No; I don't want it to match the other chairs. I intend to leave it as it is," Southgate answered, looking, as indeed he felt, slightly annoyed.

He did not explain to Mr. Townsley that when he was alone his fancy summoned a fair presence to fill it; and that, in a certain sense, the very discordance between it and its surroundings was made harmonious to him by the fact of his regarding it from a moral instead of æsthetic point of view. It represented to him the grafting of Stella's life upon his own. He could see her graceful form reclining in the dainty satin nest, her superb *chevelure* spread out in rolling waves of light over the tufted sides. He recognized how exquisitely becoming to her delicate loveliness was the silken sheen and soft blue tint to which Mr. Townsley so vehemently objected, and saw the flash of a diamond on a white and dimpled hand as it was thrown forward upon the arm of the chair.

The charming wraith came and sat with him every evening, talked to him, smiled on him, enchanted him!

But all this had been in the first blush of his happiness as an accepted lover. Day by day the enchantment diminished. Soon

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the words and glances ceased to delight, and finally they began to displease him. When the handsome but cynical face of a man appeared uninvited bending over the back of the chair, whispering inaudible flatteries that were received and responded to by the very same blushes and dimples so lately his own, the chair and its occupant were thrust back into a corner out of sight and as much as possible out of mind.

To-night, sitting and looking at it, he endeavored without success to bring back the Stella of six weeks ago. The Stella of to-day came readily enough, but did not come alone. The dark, handsome face of his rival was persistently beside hers.

The young man rose and pushed the chair away again.

"What imbecility it has been from the first!" he muttered, returning to the fire and settling himself to read until it was time for Midnight Mass, to which Stella had promised to go with him.

The volume he picked up, almost at random, interested him more than he had expected. It was with a little surprise that he suddenly laid it down on the table at his side as a clock in an adjoining room began to strike.

"Not twelve, surely!" he thought with some apprehension, taking out his watch.

No, it was only eleven o'clock. But he had told Miss Gordon, he remembered, that he would be with her early. And so he started up at once.

To let the thoughts dwell on a harassing subject too constantly is like keeping the gaze fixed too steadily and for too great a length of time on a single object. In both cases the vision becomes uncertain, the thing looked at grows blurred, indistinct, often exaggerated in proportions. Rest the mind and the eye, and the power to see clearly returns.

The two hours during which Southgate had been absorbed in his book had refreshed his faculties. He felt more cheerful and more charitably disposed toward Stella when he left the house than when he had entered it.

Yet some doubt still haunted him. "I shall not be surprised if I find my bird flown after all; nor very sorry!" he thought, as he walked along the silent streets in the starlight. The moon, which was young, had gone down an hour before.

But he *was* surprised when this half-fear, half-hope was verified. Stella was gone to the german.

He did not know this until he was in the sitting-room, standing beside a low, clear fire, listening to hear her step descending

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the stair. There was a light in the hall when he entered, and his ring had been answered at once by Stella's maid, who conducted him into the sitting-room before she said:

"Miss Stella told me to be sure and ask you in, Mr. Southgate, and give you this letter and these flowers," directing his attention to the centre-table, on which was a vase of hot-house flowers. Amid the leaves and blossoms a letter was standing conspicuously up.

The young man looked at it for an instant without touching it.

"Then Miss Gordon has gone to—into the country?" he said.

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, with the air of a culprit; for she understood very well the state of affairs, and was a firm partisan of Southgate's. The light was shaded so that she could not see his face distinctly, but the tone of his voice frightened her, it sounded so stern. She hastened, therefore, to add apologetically:

"Miss Stella didn't *want* to go at all, but—you are leaving these, Mr. Southgate!" she interrupted her explanation to exclaim, in a startled manner, as that gentleman was moving toward the door. She snatched up the vase and followed precipitately. "Here is your letter, and the flowers."

He turned and took the letter with undisguised reluctance, unbuttoned his coat, and put it unopened into his pocket; but shook his head as the maid extended the flowers.

"Thank you, no," he said. "I will not deprive Miss Gordon of them."

But he walked back into the room, and she again followed him, inquiring with evident uneasiness: "Won't you leave a message for Miss Stella, sir—a note?"

He saw that there were writing materials on the table, placed there, no doubt, for his use.

"I have no message," he answered; and the girl now perceived that he had come back to lay a piece of money on the table, both her hands being occupied with the vase which she was still holding entreatingly toward him.

"You have been sitting up waiting for me, I suppose, Louise," he said. "You must be tired."

He pointed to the silver he had just put down, with a kindly smile wished her good-night, and the next moment the hall-door had closed on his exit.

"Thank God, I am free!" was the first definite thought in

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his mind when he found himself out under the stars again, striding rapidly away from Stella Gordon's home. A wave of almost fierce passion stirred his heart for a moment as a vision of the girl he had regarded as his future wife rose before him, radiant in beauty, dancing the german.

But his wrath passed as quickly as it came. The last lingering shade of respect for Stella was swept away in the bitter contempt which followed his first feeling of anger; and before he reached the church—whither he had mechanically directed his steps on leaving Mr. Gordon's house—indifference had taken the place of contempt. He left the very recollection of her outside the door. Only as he knelt before the altar, which was a blazing pyramid of lights and flowers, there was something of individual consciousness in the fervor with which his heart responded to the canticles of joy and thanksgiving in which the church celebrates the anniversary dawn of salvation to the world.

"I am free!" was his first waking thought the next morning, and almost his first act after dressing was to write a note, which he gave to his servant with strict orders that it was to be taken to Mrs. Gordon's during the course of the morning. Then, with the reflection, "I will conclude the affair to-morrow," he dismissed all recollection of his ill-fated engagement from his mind.

As he sat at breakfast the day after he took Stella's letter from the pocket in which it had been reposing undisturbed ever since he had thrust it there two nights before, and set himself to read it, sighing impatiently as he drew the enclosure from the envelope and saw how long it was. There were two sheets of note-paper, almost covered.

As a matter of form he compelled himself to wade, or rather to stumble, through the pages; but if Stella had seen the stern brow and cold composure with which he performed this task she would have known that she might have spared her excuses.

"Do not be very angry with me, dearest—pray do not!" she wrote in her huge, fashionable scrawl. "Indeed I would not go to this hateful affair if I could help myself. But mamma was furious, absolutely furious, with me after you left, and has *commanded* me to go. She says that, after having proposed the party myself and promised to go, it would be shamefully inexcusable to stay away; and she is sure when everything is explained to you that you will be reasonable enough to acknowledge that I could not draw back. It will be no pleasure to me to go, I assure you, darling. I shall be thinking of you all the time, and I fully mean all that I promised this afternoon. And I promise you solemnly that I will not dance once to-night. O darling! if you knew how unhappy I am in being obliged to pain you once more when I had so fully intended *never* to do so

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again, you would not be hard on me for what I can't help. Be generous and once more forgive

"Your own STELLA."

On the outside page of the last sheet were a few lines, which, after some study, he conscientiously deciphered:

"I leave my flowers that Bessie Curtis gave me to wear this evening. Take them, vase and all, dearest, and if you don't want them yourself put them on Our Lady's altar. O Edward! do write one line (I leave my portfolio on the sitting-room table) just to say that you are not *very* angry."

Southgate smiled contemptuously at the last words.

"I am not angry at all," he said aloud. "But 'the spell is broke, the charm is flown'—this time for ever."

Folding the sheets, he replaced them in the envelope and tossed them carelessly into the fire.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DIES IRÆ.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

I.

THE judgment day, that day of dread,
Shall see the world in ashes laid,
As David and the Sibyl said.

II.

What qualms and tremblings shall arise
When all things, strict, before all eyes
The great Judge comes to scrutinize!

III.

Weird shall resound the trumpet's tone
Among earth's tombs, from zone to zone,
And all compel before the throne.

IV.

All Nature, and e'en Death, shall quail
When, rising from the grave's dark vale,
Mankind pleads at the judgment rail.

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V.

Then shall the written book be brought,
Its record dire omitting nought
Whence this world's judgment may be wrought.

VI.

And when the Judge his seat shall take,
Whate'er is hid to light shall wake
And ev'ry guilt atonement make.

VII.

What then shall I, poor sinner, say,
Unto what patron shall I pray,
When e'en the just shall doubt their way?

VIII.

O King of awful majesty!
Who savest all that saved would be,
Great fount of mercy, save thou me!

IX.

That day remember, Lord benign,
For me what dreary way was thine,
Nor me to endless woe consign.

X.

Thou, seeking me, didst weary stray,
And, nailed on cross, my ransom pay;
Let not such toil be thrown away.

XI.

O righteous Judge of last award!
Remission now my sins accord,
Before that day's account be scored.

XII.

I groan, I weep in conscious shame;
My face is red with guilty flame.
Thy suppliant spare in mercy's name.

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XIII.

Who sinful Mary didst forgive,
And thief repentant didst reprieve,
In me, too, thou bidst hope still live.

XIV.

Although my prayers unworthy be,
Do thou, in thy benignity,
Not let me burn eternally.

XV.

Among thy sheep prepare my place,
Me sever from the goats' vile race;
At thy right stand me, by thy grace.

XVI.

When thou the wicked shalt confound
And ardent flames shalt them surround,
Let me among the blest be crowned.

XVII.

My head in prayer is humbly bent,
With grief my contrite heart is rent;
Shape thou my end ere life is spent.

XVIII.

Saddest of days shall be the day
When guilty man, from out the clay,
Shall rise to judgment at thy feet;
Then let him, God! thy mercy meet.

XIX.

O Jesus kind, most tender Lord,
Unto the faithful rest accord.

Amen.

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ST. PATRICK AND THE ISLAND OF LERINS.

A PRIEST from the archdiocese of San Francisco, California, sojourning, on account of health, on the shores of the Mediterranean in the vicinity of Nice, had his attention directed to a small island opposite Cannes, a most remarkable spot, presenting in some historical phases a most striking resemblance to his own native isle. The island, most illustrious in all that is calculated to shed lustre, was nevertheless a *terra incognita* to him, as it doubtless is to most of his fellow-countrymen. It is known as the island of Lerins, where St. Vincent wrote his celebrated and widely known *Commonitorium*, and which bestowed upon him the title of St. Vincent of Lerins.

About 375 of the Christian era St. Honoratus, with his director, St. Caprasius, and some companions, bearing the precious remains of his brother Venantius, who had died on the voyage, arrived at Lerins, a little spot almost unknown to Christian writers at that time, but destined to become most illustrious and celebrated. The sterility of the soil and its being infested with huge and venomous serpents would have repelled any other than the servant of God. But He, by His sweet inspirations, gave courage to ignore all difficulties and obstacles to His grand designs, destined in time to bring forth such abundant spiritual fruits. St. Honoratus, it is related, by his prayers banished the horrifying monsters from the isle, and also caused to spring from the earth a copious flow of sweet water, which is used by the monks at the present day. This is the more remarkable in that hitherto no water was found there, while in the adjoining island of St. Margaret, much larger in extent and much nearer the mainland, fresh water has never yet been found. This latter island is also still infested with serpents and snakes. It is easy to conclude from all this that St. Patrick, who was one of the first disciples of St. Honoratus, having been some nine years, as stands the record, his pupil, may have here imbibed his faith and the courage to accomplish similar prodigies in his own Ireland.

Such was the brilliancy of spiritual light diverging to all parts from the monastery of Lerins that saints and doctors were attracted from every region to this terrestrial paradise of St. Honoratus. Amongst these we may mention the youthful St. Maximin from the East; St. Hilary of Arles, the historian

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of Lerins; St. Patrick, St. James of Tarbes, St. Apollinaris of Valence, St. Venan of Marseilles, Rusticus of Narbonne, and a host of others, so that all the glory of the fifth century seemed to be enclosed in the little isle of Lerins. Such was the reputation of this sacred spot, designated from its first introduction to Christianity the Isle of Saints and Martyrs of the Mediterranean, that almost every nation, down to the French Revolution, called for their bishops from the monastery of St. Honoratus or Lerins. It is noteworthy that Virgil of Arles, the consecrator of St. Augustine of Canterbury, Gregory the Great's first missionary to England, was a child of Lerins. While speaking of the connection between Lerins and England we may also mention that St. Augustine, when on his way from Rome to England for the great work of its conversion, was the bearer of a letter from St. Gregory the Great to the abbot of Lerins, at which monastery he called on his way. St. Bennet Biscop, a great founder of religious houses in the early history of the church in England, was also a monk of Lerins, while the third abbot of this celebrated monastery, Faustus, was likewise an Englishman.

This same Lerins being the home of the great apostle St. Patrick for so many years, and where he performed the austerities and mortifications that rendered him worthy of the graces poured out upon him in such profusion in his wonderful mission in Ireland, an interest naturally arises to learn more accurately something of the sacred spot. This interest is enhanced by the fact that at Lerins are still preserved mementoes of him and his successor, St. Malachy.

Lerins is about three-fourths of a mile long and a half-mile wide. It may be reached in less than two hours' rowing from Cannes, as it lies in the sea just opposite it. It has had a long and, as said above, a checkered history. While the monks pursued the even tenor of their way, consecrating day and night to the service and praise of God, the powerful nations around were contending for its temporal dominion. Spaniards, Germans, Austrians, and French became in turns its temporal masters. Its temples were overturned, its monuments destroyed, its shrines and sepulchres violated and rifled; harassed repeatedly through the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries by the fanatical Saracens, their sainted abbot, Porcarius, with five hundred of his community, were slaughtered in one night by these brutalized followers of Mohammed. The patience of these holy men, who scarcely at times interrupted their devotions, was rewarded by the charity of spiritual and temporal princes. Thus they were

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enabled to repair their ruins and rebuild their church, which, prior to the present basilica of St. Honoratus, was several times reconsecrated—viz., in 1088, 1360, and subsequently. The unbridled license during the French Revolution paralyzed for a time the energy of these servants of God. The father of an actress of Paris purchased of the usurping possessors the consecrated home of St. Honoratus, and presented it to his daughter as a country residence. It subsequently fell into the hands of an Anglican minister named Sims, who, impressed with admiration for these sacred though much dilapidated monuments, designed to restore them in a measure, but died before his generous intentions were accomplished.

About seventy years had passed since the dispersion of the monks of Lerins. The Isle of Saints had become a general ruin. But just when all hope seemed lost all difficulties and impossibilities disappeared. The resolve to restore to the church her ancient domain seemed to ring out. The then agent of the property in the transaction was instructed to purchase it secretly for Mgr. Jordany, Bishop of Fréjus. The hour of Lerins' resurrection suddenly and unexpectedly arrived. The news of this event rejoiced the whole Catholic world. Mgr. Jordany invited Mgr. Chalendon, Archbishop of Aix, Arles, and Embrun, to come and preside at this ceremony of reparation and restitution, February 9, 1859.

The present basilica of St. Honoratus is built in the Romanesque style, similar to the one it replaces. It is also on the former site and foundations. The principal external features are the western façade, the picturesque and noble east end, and the central belfry. The architecture of the whole edifice is simple but severe, and of striking effect from the skilful arrangement of its various parts and harmonious proportions. The church measures ninety-five feet in length by forty-two in width, while across the transept the width is one hundred and one feet. The body consists of a nave and two side aisles, and is divided in length into five bays, in the first of which, at the west end, is erected the tribune or gallery. The church, as far as its ornamentation is completed, is perfect. There are nineteen altars in the basilica, all richly furnished, but we will mention but a few of them. Over the entrance of the church appears on a tablet of white marble the inscription, "Indulgentia plenaria tam pro vivis quam pro defunctis," indicating that a plenary indulgence, applicable to the living or dead, may be gained by visiting the church any day of the year and complying with the usual condi-

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tions. Under the high altar is an enriched frame or reliquary enclosing the noblest of treasures, the bones of a glorious athlete, now radiant with immortality and adorned with the martyr's palm. The saintly body is that of St. Justin, which, after reposing for many centuries in the catacombs of Rome, has been recently transported to Lerins.

Under the archway of the Gospel transept rises the abbot's throne, which is only made use of by him when celebrating pontifically. We may remark in passing that the abbot of this monastery is a mitred abbot, enjoying many of the faculties of a bishop. This throne is elaborately carved in oak, and is surmounted by a corresponding crocketed canopy. The stall of the right reverend abbot is decorated with the insignia of his office. In it is also fixed his crosier or pastoral staff, reminding him of his paternal vigilance and exhorting the community to confidence in his solicitude for their welfare. Opposite his is the stall of the reverend prior, displaying a book signifying the rule, and a palm-branch as emblem of the victory resulting from its observance. In fourteen of the panels which form the ornament of the upper part of the stall-work are elaborate floriated crosses in bold relief, before which the community perform the Stations or Way of the Cross on the first Friday of each month for the repose of the souls in purgatory. In each of the fourteen crosses is enclosed a portion of the true cross, as well as a little earth from Jerusalem, gathered from the very spots where our Saviour went through the corresponding painful reality. Against the twenty-four remaining panels of the stall-work are placed as many carved statues of saints who from being monks of Lerins became the bishops and ornaments of the following sees—viz., Paris, Armagh, Cimiez, Nice, Venice, Fréjus, Draguignan, Riez, Tarentaise, Arles, Narbonne, Saintes, Avignon, Vaison, Carpentras, Valence, Lyons, Geneva, Vienne, Troyes, and Metz.

In one of the side aisles are the archways of the chapels of St. Bruno, St. Anne, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Holy Relics, and the Sacred Heart of Mary, after which follows the chapel of St. Joseph in the recess adjoining the vestibule. Under the altar of the chapel of St. Bruno are the relics of St. Zeno and his companions—soldiers to the number of ten thousand who were slaughtered for the faith under the Emperor Diocletian. These relics were translated from Rome, having previously rested in one of the Churches of the Three Fountains, the scene of St. Paul's martyrdom. The chapel of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the most elaborate and rich in decoration, and is appropriated to

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the association established at Lerins under the title of Our Lady of Priests. In the chapel of Relics is a gorgeously stained window, given by the present Right Rev. Abbot Barnouin, representing his patrons. Those given to him in baptism were SS. Patrick, Leo, and Luke, while in religion he has added Our Lady and St. Bernard. The window, therefore, contains the Most Blessed Virgin in the centre, surrounded by the four above-mentioned saints. Over the west door the central window represents the former Bishop of Fréjus, Mgr. Jordany, who recovered the island for the church, in the act of receiving it in gift from the founder, St. Honoratus, who is represented as addressing him in these words inscribed on the window: "Viæ Sion lugent, eo quod non sunt, qui veniant ad solemnitatem"—The ways of Sion lament because no one comes to its solemnities.

In the chapter hall the frescoes deserve special mention. The one in the background represents the patriarchs of the Cistercian family, indicated by some text expressive of the part they took in the foundation of the order—to St. Robert, the founder, is attributed *Ego plantavi;* to SS. Alberic and Stephen, *Ego rigavi;* to St. Bernard, who extended the order, *Incrementum dedi.* Around these appear some of the more illustrious of their children: St. Eugene III. holds the book *De Consideratione*, written for him by his spiritual father, St. Bernard, when Eugene became pope; Cardinal Baldovino, Archbishop of Pisa, and one of the strongest upholders of the church during the twelfth century; St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, and intimate friend of St. Bernard—his motto could be "*Estote fortes in fide*"; and St. William, Archbishop of Bourges. The front wall furnishes a similar fresco, which is taken from the history of Lerins itself. St. Honoratus, the founder of the monastery, is represented surrounded by the most remarkable of his disciples—viz., St. Maximin, second abbot of Lerins and Bishop of Riez; St. Hilary of Arles; St. Patrick, leaning on the very remarkable crosier, called Staff of Jesus, which he had received at Lerins from St. Just. Jocelin, in the one hundred and seventieth chapter of his *Life of St. Patrick*, confirms this fact, and adds that St. Patrick performed with this crosier the same miracle as his brother and superior, St. Honoratus, had performed at Lerins. Thus the ancient monk of Lerins chases in his turn all serpents from his own green Erin, and since then they have never been able to live on its soil. This venerable relic was deposited by St. Patrick in his primatial see at Armagh, whence it was carried by Miles de Cogan in 1180 to Christ Church in Dublin, at that

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time called the priory of the Most Holy Trinity. In 1461 a storm blew down one of the walls of this edifice, and a large portion of the débris, falling inside, destroyed many chests and coffers in which the treasures of the church—plate, vestments, muniments, and holy relics—were kept. Amongst these this most venerated crosier was miraculously preserved, the other relics and treasures of the church being buried in the ruins. But a sadder fate awaited this extraordinary staff; for in the reign of Henry VIII., in 1538, this crosier, to the great horror of the people, was publicly broken and burnt, and the church utterly despoiled, by an Englishman, an ex-Augustinian friar named George Brown, who, as a reward for his apostasy, had been appointed by the usurpers the first Protestant bishop of Dublin. It may be mentioned in general that the stained windows, the various altars, the bells, and all the beautiful ornamental work have been the gifts of distinguished benefactors. The friends of religion and of the church, especially in France, have vied with each other in their endeavors to rescue the sanctuary of Lerins from its desecration and re-establish it in its ancient glory.

While tracing the early footprints of St. Patrick in foreign lands we found a most remarkable instance of providential interference in his movements. On his way from Ireland to Lerins he rested at a place where there is still a village and church bearing his name, near the convent of Marmoutrie, in the vicinity of Tours. Here are found to grow, on a shrub which is called *Prunus spinosa*, a well-known sloe thorn-bush, certain white flowers whose history is to be found in the accompanying statement. It is an extract from the *Annals of Agriculture, Science, etc., Department of Indre and Loire*, vol. xxx. year 1850, page 70. It will be sufficient, without further annotation, to say that this document proceeds from neither Catholic nor Irish source:

"On the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year and from time immemorial—one concerning which science as yet has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists in the blossoming, in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the blackthorn, *Prunus spinosa*, commonly called the sloe. We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and can vouch for its truth without fear of contradiction. We can appeal to the testimony of thousands who at the end of December in each year are eye-witnesses to its repetition, and we have ourselves gathered these extraordinary flowers. This remarkable shrub is to be found at St. Patrice upon the slope of a hill not far from the Château de Rochette. The circulation of the sap, which should be suspended in winter, is plainly revealed

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by the moist state of the bark, which easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds smell, the flowers expand as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snowlike flowers, while a few leaves more timidly venture to expose their delicate verdure to the icy north wind. Shall I venture to add?—to the flowers succeed the fruit, and at the beginning of January a small berry appears attached to a long peduncle in the midst of the withered and discolored petals, which soon shrivels and dries up.

"This singular growth of flowers is almost unknown, although it has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrice have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be, and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers, while the legend we are about to relate appears to attribute a very remote origin to the fact; but as the shrub itself appears quite young, it is probable that it is renewed from the roots. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have blossomed in the spring only, and the hawthorns which grow amid the sloes do not manifest any circulation of sap.

"The incredulous will object that, after all, this circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowering of the lilac in November, when the buds, by an unwary mistake, suppose that in the still mild temperature they have found the soft breath of spring. Our readers must not be deceived: the blackthorn of St. Patrick grows, develops, and bears fruit in the midst of the rigors of winter, in the most icy temperature. This year (1850) the flowers were in bloom from Christmas until the first of January—that is, at a time when the thermometer was almost always below freezing-point. Although growing on the slope of a hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered from the north wind, its branches being incrusted with hoarfrost; the icy northeast wind blows violently amongst them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

(The author refutes the hypothesis of the proximity of a thermal spring; the ground, he observes, remains covered with snow, and the other shrubs do not blossom.)

"The inhabitants of St. Patrice record an ancient tradition which in its simplicity is full of freshness and poetry. St. Patrick, it is said, being on his way from Ireland to join St. Martin in Gaul, attracted by the fame of that saint's sanctity and miracles, and having arrived at the banks of the Loire, near the spot where the church now bearing his name has been built, rested under a shrub. It was Christmas-time, when the cold was intense. In honor of the saint the shrub expanded its branches, and, shaking off the snow which rested on them, by an unheard-of prodigy arrayed itself in flowers white as the snow itself. St. Patrick crossed the Loire in his cloak, and on reaching the opposite bank another blackthorn under which he rested at once burst into flowers. Since that time, says the chronicler, the two shrubs have never ceased to blossom at Christmas in honor of St. Patrick."

Though the spirits of God are many, yet kindred saints have

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often kindred spirits, for the very reason that the similarity of the spirits they have been gifted with makes them kindred. St. Honoratus and St. Patrick seem to have enjoyed something of this spiritual relationship, from the very remarkable fact that both of them, after being guided to the same solitude to receive their inspirations, have become illustrious by the miraculous freedom of their scenes of labors, Lerins and Erin, from venomous beasts and serpents. Nothing could have typified more significantly the fall of Satan's predominance on their arrival. We may also notice the coincidence that St. Honoratus made water spring from the earth for the temporal necessities of himself and his children, while St. Patrick is recorded to have done the same at his baptism for his own spiritual necessity, and consequently for the nation whose spiritual life depended on him (see Morris, *Life of St. Patrick*, page 47). Lerins, too, where St. Honoratus founded his nursery of saints, is celebrated in history as the Green Isle, the Holy Island, the Isle of Saints and Martyrs, while the beautiful land to which he dedicated his labors was long known as the Island of Saints and rejoices still in its appellation of the Green Isle. As the Rev. William B. Morris, of the Oratory, when speaking of Ireland in his *Life of St. Patrick*, says, pages 38 and 39, "The 'Virgin Island' has merited that fair name in faith as well as in morals, and purity has multiplied the children of faith." In our own times millions have gone forth from Ireland to plant the faith in the New World or to revive it in the Old. We may estimate the episcopal sees, apostolic delegations, vicariates and prefectures of the Catholic Church at something over a thousand, and at least two hundred of these are found in nations using the English language. No hierarchy of any race or language is so numerous, and no other increases with such prodigious rapidity. "In the Vatican Council," writes Cardinal Manning, "no saint had so many mitred sons as St. Patrick." When his children were driven forth on their sorrowful exodus neither the friends nor the enemies of the church could have anticipated the result.

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A PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

WHAT do we mean by a practical view of the school question? The view of a well-instructed Catholic parent conscientiously deciding about the schooling of his children. The question we propose to ask and answer in this article is just what is the voice of conscience in an intelligent Catholic concerning the education of his children. Our treatment of the subject will not be of a controversial nature, yet we indulge the hope that we may contribute something to that view also; for we cannot expect an equitable consideration of our arguments until our opponents will honestly ask themselves: What if we were Catholic parents, face to face with the duty of providing for our children's schooling—how would we act ourselves? At any rate this way of looking at the subject is, it seems to us, the only one calculated to remove the honest difficulties of persons in our own household; and that has been our main purpose in adopting it.

We may compare the life of man to a building. We admire a noble edifice; its vast proportions, set together with perfect symmetry, strike us with wonder; and we enjoy, as we look upward, its stately succession of colonnades and arches, the eye ranging with delight from one carved adornment to another until it rests upon its symbol, borne aloft above the throng of men. But if our admiration is just we do not forget the men who conceived and began the work; who, perhaps years ago, drew it all out upon parchment; who delved deep into the earth till its secret heart was laid bare, and then sank into its enduring embraces the *foundations*. They were the men who furnished an essential condition of all the upper glory of the edifice. So an essential condition of the success of any human life is the kind of foundation on which it rests. Parents, fond as they are of dreaming dreams of their children's future, should not forget that it will depend for every kind of success very greatly on their schooling: the child's education is the foundation of his life. They should realize in how great a degree school-time, where it is spent and in what company and under what influences, is going to mould the character of the boy or girl into that of the man or woman. It cannot be otherwise. The amount of time spent at school, the influences and tendencies felt there, the moral atmosphere breathed in, the friendships contracted,

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the struggles, victories, defeats, impulses, associations, all acting constantly upon a soul in the tenderest processes of formation, are amply sufficient to give bent to its whole career.

We do not mean to underrate the influence of home. It should have the ascendency in every man's life. But, as a matter of fact, for nearly all who have been brought up in cities, and for very many out of cities, the influence of school is greater than that of home. If a child be of an intense temperament, studious, ambitious, combative, school becomes another home, gradually absorbing the earnest efforts of his nature. For most men it is at school and not at home that the curtain rises on the real scenes of life's work. There, and not at home, the player first steps on the stage, tremblingly faces his audience, and begins to be swayed by the applause and disfavor of his fellows. And what attraction for a bright child has a home where the parents are boorish or vicious? And if parents are all that they should be, how often is home but an auxiliary of school, a place to prepare school-tasks, the parents' means and their very lives being spent in keeping their children properly at school! School, says Bishop Dupanloup, "is the beginning of society, social life, its duties and its rights; noble emulation, force of example, sharing of joys and sorrows, labors and successes, artless friendships, support and mutual assistance, fraternity even, for the schoolfellow is the brother." To say that character is developed at school is to say much; but it may be added that natural dispositions often undergo a complete transformation there. Dr. Johnson is of opinion that diversities of character are as much owing to differences in education as to inherited qualities. Anything that can influence the youth goes to form the man; and there are few powerful influences which may not have their greatest sway at school. Instruction, example, correction, sympathy, earliest attachments and aversions, collision of mind with mind, are as necessary parts of school life as seats and desks are of school furniture. The events of school life are often the most notable ones of the youthful career; the beginning and the end of each succeeding year of study, the last year and the last day of school, are the very epochs of youth. There, too, the first and decisive battles of life between the animal and rational forces of our strangely mingled nature are often fought. Whether a man or woman of mature years can do an heroic deed, forgive a deadly wrong, rejoice at a rival's triumph, risk life and limb for love of religion, friend, or country, has in most cases been settled years before at school. School, then, takes the natural qualities of

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the child, develops them, and welds them together into manhood's form. It presides over the time of omens and forecasts the future fate.

Now, it is concerning all this that we are going to ask a momentous question. This powerful appliance for good or evil—shall it have a religious tendency given it, or shall it not? This golden opportunity of grouping and directing the forces of life—shall it be consecrated to the purposes of eternity? Mind, the vital question is not how shall we best conform ourselves to the usages of the country or opinions of the majority; it is not what will our neighbors say of us, nor how our children may be best fitted to contend for the goods of this world. These are weighty questions enough, worthy of serious thought, matters of conscience, too; we must be, and we are determined to be, kindly neighbors and good citizens, and, with the divine favor, thriving ones too—true Americans in every sense. But the great question after all is our eternal destiny. The vital question with Catholic parents is this: Can I remain at friendship with Heaven and wilfully disregard an opportunity to place my child's schooling under the influence of the true religion? The first problem of Catholic parents has for its terms an immortal soul and the means to fit it for eternity. The solution cannot be postponed. He that builds begins with the foundation. When the walls begin to crack and totter overhead it will be sorry work mending the foundations. In after-years the word of God will come true: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."

But before hearing the answer from Catholic parents let us put the question to our non-Catholic friends; we may learn something by contrasting the different answers. And we find that, allowing for exceptions—notable for ability and candor and true foresight, but still exceptions—the main body of non-Catholics have agreed to act on the supposition that the schooling of their children may safely be withdrawn from positive religious influence. Their reasons are various. Many, being by no means certain of their own religious opinions, are too honest to force them on their children. One set of doctrines, they think, has about as good a chance of being true as another, and the differences between them are often no more than pure abstractions. The decision rests with each rational being, God and the open Bible. What right, then, they say, have we to predispose the mind before it is fit to judge for itself? Wait till the boys and girls are men and women, and then let them learn their doctrine and choose their religion for themselves.

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Furthermore, there is a very prevalent impression that the only public school practicable is one excluding all positive religious influence. Many are haunted with the phantom of the public money being diverted to purely sectarian purposes. If the Catholic get a share for his schools will not the Episcopalian demand his and the Methodist his? And so the chorus will swell and the itching palms will thicken about the public coffers, until such will be the confusion that the common funds will be withdrawn from educational purposes altogether.

Then there are infidels; they esteem the unreligious schools which they have as the next best thing to the anti-religious schools which they cannot get. But perhaps the warmest friends of the present unreligious system are those whose chief article of faith is antagonism to the Catholic Church. For, good-naturedly disposed as most non-Catholics are towards us, there is a large enough party who regard us with positive animosity. Some of these are no doubt sincere; they labor under false impressions regarding us; but, sincere or not, they look upon us as enemies of this country and its freedom. They are solid for the present school system, because they think that it will help them to destroy the Catholic Church. There can be no doubt that this class of persons, having seen the failure of all attempts against the steadfast faith of our Catholic people, now centre their hopes mainly on various efforts to influence our children. And many of these men are powerful. Some are occupants of prominent Protestant pulpits; they are leading editors, in some cases owners, of public journals; among politicians they are the slyest; they are on school committees, and sometimes even principals of the very schools in which our Catholic children are taught. They have the best reason to look upon a Catholic school as the greatest obstacle to their schemes. They have sense enough to know that a religion which sets men apart from the commonest indulgences of perverted nature, and requires an intelligent conviction of doctrines based on the deepest mysteries, can only flourish if its members have been subjected to a careful training specially adapted to foster its beliefs and practices. So this class are heartily in favor of the public-school system, not because they are unreligious but un-Catholic.

Nor can we forget that public opinion is influenced by the teachers themselves. They are fast becoming a distinct class among us—one of the very few classes in this republic maintained at the public expense. Does the reader know how many there are of them? Over three years ago the United States Com-

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missioner of Education reported 271,144 common-school teachers in this country, whose annual salaries amounted to $52,941,697. Now, we know of places where you will find many public-school teachers excellent Catholics in every respect; such is especially the case where various hindrances have prevented the establishment of Catholic schools. But in other parts obvious causes have crystallized public-school teachers into organized and powerful bodies actively hostile to religious education, and in their own States and sections contributing in no small measure to the present state of public opinion among non-Catholics.

Well, so stands the matter with our non-Catholic fellow-citizens—Bible Christians and indifferentists, infidels and agnostics, anti-Catholics and interested parties, all agreed that their children's schooling shall be set apart from positive religious influence. Is it not enough to discourage us, this league of all un-Catholic elements against us? But, after all, the contest is with a people whose greatest fault is their direst misfortune—misappreciation of the destiny of the human soul. Our contest is going to be a friendly one, fought out with the weapons of persuasion, on the battle-field of the public press, and the lecture-room, and the intercourse of social life. In such a warfare when was the truth ever worsted in the battle? The muster-roll of our own forces, the temper of our weapons, the victories written on our standards in the intellectual warfare of the past, above all, the fairness of the great mass of our opponents and our own consciousness that we are right and can prove it, assure us of final success.

But it is time that we gave our Catholic parent his turn to answer our question. Let us ask it fairly: Shall the influence of school-teachers and comrades, study and example, and correction and emulation be made to contribute its full share to the true and eternal destiny of the child, or shall it all be left neutral between God, and the world, the flesh, and the devil?

And at the outset we remark that of the reasons inducing our separated brethren to their decision not one can have place with us. We dare not say that one religion is as good as another. On the contrary, as we know but one God, we know of only one true and sufficient way of serving him. We dare not say that the child should be left untaught on doctrinal points, so as to teach himself when he arrives at maturity. On the contrary, we know that we possess the truth just as God has revealed it, and we know it with certitude; and we maintain that parents are bound to see to it that at manhood's years their children shall

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find themselves fully equipped with it. As to the public money, we do not wish it for religious purposes. But we emphatically protest against any one part of the American people, however large a majority, assuming at public expense a monopoly of so sacred a trust as that of training up children, and in such a manner as to outrage the rights of conscience of the minority. As to extending the war of sects into the domain of public education, we say that silence is not peace, nor should conformity be the citizen's dearest wish. We say that liberty of conscience, and parental rights and fair play in education, are of greater worth to free men than uniformity of systems. We say that diversity need not be warfare, that even confusion is not always anarchy, and that there are things beyond the grave which may be worse than even warfare, confusion, or anarchy, or these all together, this side the grave.

The fact is that we Catholics have so many matters of life-and-death importance to teach our children that we cannot permit them to be cramped or pushed aside by the overcrowding of matters of confessedly less importance. To teach heavenly doctrine to his child is the first duty of the Christian parent; and it cannot be the least duty, much less no duty at all, of one who enjoys so much of the parent's confidence and partakes so much of his responsibility as the school-teacher.

Just consider what we hold Catholic doctrine to be. It is revealed truth, every bit of it. Actual facts, not surmises or opinions or inventions, are the Catholic's religious history. His primary principles are not hypotheses or caprices; they are as true as the rules of ciphering. And the firmest interior conviction and the frankest outward profession of these facts and principles he holds to be absolutely necessary to his rational happiness here and his eternal happiness hereafter. To a well-instructed Catholic, a man not penetrated with a large body of exact doctrine is like one who tries to reckon the time of day by a clock whose hour-hand has been broken off. It is better than no clock at all. The minute-hand tells how far the hour has progressed, but what hour, how long since morning or how long till nightfall, the clock has naught to say. So a partially-instructed Christian has indeed more than the faint light of nature; but the steady, constant monitor of mind and conscience, marking morn or night or high noon in his moral life, is absent or very dimly seen. For a thinking, reasoning being to live a life whose days and nights are unlinked with the lapse of the eternal ages is to be like a man who cannot count money. Money is paid him for his labor, but

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whether dollars or cents he knows not. Money he pays out for his bread and meat, but whether frugally or lavishly spent he cannot tell. So a Catholic can no more say it makes no difference how much or what kind of doctrine a man believes as long as he is sincere, than he can say that it makes no difference how much or what kind of money a man is paid for his labor as long as he earns it honestly, or that it makes no difference what hands move on the clock's face as long as they keep going, or what food a man eats as long as he has a good appetite.

The understanding of a renewed child thirsts for a knowledge of divine things as the hart panteth after the fountains of living waters; the Catholic parent says that he shall have those waters, and plenty of them, and in seasonable time. Is there anything in secular science to compare with the deep questionings of the religious spirit? The origin of the human race, creation and preservation of the world; the good and evil, joy and sorrow of this life; God, his existence and attributes, his trinity, his becoming man, his revelation; the Scriptures, their inspiration and office; future punishment, its kind and its intensity and its endurance; heaven, its place and its joys—what man of sense can ever be contented who has not had a thorough instruction on these subjects? Now, we do not postpone a thorough instruction in arithmetic till years of maturity, nor is it given by weekly lessons, nor by unprofessional teachers, nor to children crowded all together into one big room with hundreds of others, nor out of a poorly learned primer. No real science, even in its barest elements, is ever well taught under such conditions. And therefore Catholic parents can never rest till the average Sunday-school and the catechism lesson have given place to a systematic study of religious truth.

And the sublime truths I have just mentioned are no longer relegated to the seminary and pulpit. Nowadays and right among us they are the common talk of men. There is not a workshop, nor a harvest-field, nor a steamboat, nor a railroad train, nor a debating society, in which the powers of human reason and the worth and truth of Scripture, the divinity of Christ, eternal rewards and punishments, are not freely argued about. Not a week passes but the daily papers furnish the whole reading public some columns on such great topics. Thus it has become an every-day duty for Catholics to defend the fundamental truths of reason and revelation; can one learn to do it by receiving an occasional lesson in the Little Catechism? To enable their children to intelligently converse on such themes

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and argue for them, can parents provide any other preparation adequate except systematic study of the daily school lesson? And as yet we have touched on only some of our doctrines. We have not mentioned the church of our Lord, its marks, its sacraments, its sacrifice, its hierarchy, its inner life, its outward form, and its history. In a word, to rightly believe in the true religion is to put God and his divine Son in their proper place in man's intelligence and in the universe; and to secure that, divine things cannot be crowded out of the regular business and working days of mental training. The study of religious truth should not be exiled to what is properly a day of prayer and rest, and not of tasks. To attend promptly and devoutly at Mass and Vespers, to hear a short, familiar instruction, and for the rest to contribute his presence to that family reunion which in nearly all cases is only possible on Sunday, is enough to occupy the child for one day, to say nothing of such distractions as the best suit of clothes, the trip to the country, or the new story-book.

But an upright assertion and defence of the truth is not the only matter to be provided for. Some day or other the child may find it hard to keep his own hold upon it. Alas! in what a multitude of cases the worst enemy of the true doctrine is in the Christian's own bosom. The majesty of God, the nobility of man and his godlike nature, eternal joy, the character and sufferings of our Lord—doubtless such doctrines are wonders of wonders to children. But how will it be if innocent childhood be followed by a manhood tainted and corrupted? To believe in God is to confess a terrible Judge, Christ is a deeply injured and despised Redeemer, and eternity an impending woe without end. Because the child is good it need not follow that the man will so much as keep the faith. Wait till the child has become a man; perhaps an eager, ambitious, or sensual man. He realizes that the cardinal truth of the Christian faith is that this bright world's wealth, its applause, its honors, and all human love, are to be held in contempt if repugnant to the friendship of an unseen Being—a Being who is accustomed to reward his friends with such bitter things as poverty and the contempt of men. Oh! how many give up their faith because it requires them to control their lower appetites. Oh! how wise it is to train up the Christian in a place, in an atmosphere, amid surroundings, where the mention of God is never out of order, and Christ our Lord, and Mary, and Bethlehem, and Calvary, and humble confession and happy communion are matters of every-day consideration, until the plastic mind of youth becomes so penetrated by religious convictions

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that to lose them will be morally out of the question, and so enlightened, refined, and strengthened that in after-years it will be very difficult to depart even for a little while from the ways of innocence, to stray away permanently almost impossible. Does not this make a good Catholic school worth more to a parent than the whole world?

Of course grown men may learn for themselves. But there is a prodigious difference between convictions formed in childhood and those of later years. The knowledge of childhood ever remains instinctive, ingrained, second nature. With most men pretty nearly the whole stock of knowledge has been laid in in youth; and with all men that knowledge is ever quickest and freshest. Artists tell us that colors laid on the soft, green plaster produce the only enduring fresco. So the mind of man receives its deepest and richest colors in the fresh growing season of youth, catching and absorbing the tints falling upon it at home and at school.

Look at other dangers. As soon as a boy learns to read he is devoured with a craving for entertaining books and papers. An immense variety of juvenile literature awaits his choice. And, excepting Protestant Sunday-school periodicals and a very few badly supported Catholic ones, this literature is all of a profane tendency, giving life a purely secular cast, and some of it is even positively pernicious. From the influence of these juvenile weeklies and monthlies, full of stories, and travels, and jokes, and games, and puzzles, boys and girls can hardly escape. Their gay pictures bid for their pennies as they pass the news-stands; children who can buy read and lend to others who cannot; smart children recount the wonders to their simpler playmates. In a word, this literature is daily becoming a more and more powerful educating force. Oh! who will guard our thirsting children against poisoned fountains? Who will correct the false ideal of life they are acquiring—a life of adventure and roaming, and chance and danger, instead of quiet and labor? Who will contradict covert and open slurs against their religion? Will Catholic parents do it? They might do something by obtaining for their families Catholic children's journals. But they show that for the most part they are not so much as aware of the danger; they have suffered Catholic juvenile periodicals to languish miserably unsupported, or utterly die. And in how many cases are our Catholic parents simple people, whose severe daily labor quite absorbs their energies, reading themselves little more than their prayer-books and now and then the organ of the political party!

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They have neither time nor capability to correct the waywardness of their children's reading. The most effective antidote and remedy is that the youthful mind pursue a course of religious study at school. There he is furnished with all necessary arguments; there he is brought in contact with Catholic literature, and learns that the heavenly doctrine it is that gives the soul its deepest satisfaction.

Otherwise, and without this, he passes not unscathed from youthful perils into the midst of the dangers besetting maturer years. And those dangers are no longer the ones that we could so easily laugh to scorn in our early manhood. It is not now the wan spectre of Calvinism that beckons, or pliant Episcopalianism, or groaning Methodism. It is the deification of all that is low and rebellious in his own fallen nature that lures him on; it is the ruddy Venus of sensuality, the proud Jupiter of crowned ambition. He is informed by poetasters, glib orators, and so-called scientists that a future existence is the dream of enthusiasts or the fable of impostors. Infidel books and pamphlets it is next to impossible for him to escape reading. Bullying materialists among his acquaintance habitually make all religion a butt for their jibes and ridicule, and if he cannot refute he must blush and be dumb. If he travels his chance acquaintance advocates popular errors, and infidel publications are offered him on the railroad train. If he reads popular novels, at least the undercurrent is atheistical, the heroes and heroines creatures who know neither God nor hereafter. In his daily paper atheistical lectures and communications are often under his eyes. If he is a workingman many of his fellow-workmen are active infidels, and some of the leaders of his labor society are socialists and atheists. In public life he sees the success of avowed unbelievers, and perhaps the very physician who attends his family hardly disguises his materialism. Now, dare any Catholic parent say that he can be pleasing to God and run risks in preparing his child to live amidst these dangers?

Such are some of the storms which await the spiritual house the Catholic child shall dwell in. Is it not wise, is it not necessary, to lay the foundations upon the solid training of a good Catholic school? The kingdom of heaven "is like unto a man who, building his house, laid the foundations on a rock. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock." Sand is a good enough foundation, if there were to be no floods or storms; but the rain must fall, and the waters must rise, and

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the storms must beat, and the foundations must be tested. From the very start the child must defend his religion and struggle for it against every kind of enemy. Parents must see to it that if he loses the battle and is robbed of his faith he shall not have them to blame for it.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE CROSS.*

HISTORY has been singularly silent, or sparing in information, as to a movement which excited the North and South of England in the reign of Henry VIII. It was, however, an important uprise of the people for religious freedom and the protection of the clergy and religious orders. Some were styled the Pilgrims of the Cross, but they have been handed down by the chronicles of the times as the Pilgrims of Grace. The former title was very ancient, dating far antecedent to the Crusades, and almost forgotten, as many other things in connection with the Catholics of the days of the Heptarchy.

What might be styled the first popular movement against the government of Henry VIII. originated with the lower classes towards the close of September, 1536. They were marshalled under the guidance of the abbot of Barlings, who assumed the curious title of "Captain Cobbler." They made some noisy demonstrations of which the higher class of Catholics did not approve; but in many districts the people were in a starving condition, and, until such men as Lord Crumwell had undertaken the government of the country, starvation was an element of misery unknown to Englishmen even in the humblest grade.

The innovations and confiscations of the crown naturally excited the angry feeling of the Northern population, who had hitherto enjoyed much prosperity. They beheld their old friends of the monastic houses drifting to ruin; the monks and nuns who had been accustomed to supply their poverty-stricken brethren of the world with bread, meat, and clothing in seasons of scarcity or adversity were now reduced to seek food from those whom they had formerly fostered and cherished; they were

* Considering all the bearings of this insurrection against Henry's government, I elect to style it that of the "Pilgrims of the Cross."

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now so regarded by the people as to come in for a share of their scanty meals. Nuns were found dead on the roadside from the effects of cold and hunger, and many of them were aged women who had spent their lives in ministering to the wants of the poor. The abbot, the abbess, the friar, or the wise old nun,* who settled village disputes; who reconciled the rude husband and his aggrieved wife; who impressed upon children the obligations and the duties they owed to God, their parents, and their country; who reminded youthful manhood of the position it should hold and the career it should follow, and pointed out to maidens the importance of their mission as the future mothers of an honest and virtuous race, the local friends of the people, in fact—their counsellors and benefactors—were now despoiled, and anarchy and insurrection followed. About sixteen hundred monks and friars joined in the cry of discontent; and the nobles and the gentry who complained that they were deprived of the "corrodies" † reserved to them by the charters of the founders likewise joined the popular movement.

On the 2d of October, 1536, the Archbishop of York, the Lords Darcy, Neville, Lumley, and Latimer, and many knights and gentlemen, joined the insurgents. The people of Lincolnshire presented a bold front; and Charles, Duke of Suffolk, who was sent down to "despatch them at once," thought discretion preferable to temerity and made proposals for a negotiation; he wished to know what they had to complain of. The complaints were numerous, but might be reduced to a few: the suppression of the monasteries, which had made the poor man poorer than he had ever been before; of the Statute of Uses in relation to the transfer of land; and of the introduction to the king's council of Thomas Crumwell and Maister Rich. The Pilgrims described Crumwell as "a low-born man, once a robber in foreign parts, and *then* a robber in England; and Rich as a dicer and a false-swearer"; they protested against the appointment of Cranmer to the see of Canterbury, and Poynet to that of Rochester, declaring that the chief object of those men was to suppress the olden religion of England. Cranmer and Poynet seem to have been extremely unpopular with the Pilgrims.

The king gave a vague promise to the people to redress

*Sister Mary, of the Cistercian convent at Grantham, in Lincolnshire. In Fitzherbert's quaint chronicle concerning the "wandering monks and nuns" it is recorded that this lady died in 1562, in her ninety-second year, and in a state of destitution.

† This term was applied to a certain fund established at various abbeys and convents for the relief of the descendants of those who endowed the institution, "if reduced to poverty." The descendants of "donors" had also a right to claim "asylum for their old retainers."

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grievances and grant a general pardon; but his political agents soon caused dissension in the people's ranks, which led to failure. In five other counties the movement became formidable. From the borders of Scotland to the Lune and the Humber the masses bound themselves by "a solemn oath to stand together for the love which they bore to Almighty God, his faith, the holy church, and the maintenance thereof; to the preservation of the king's person and his issue; to the purifying of the nobility; and to expel all 'villein blood' and evil counsellors from the king's presence—not for any private profit, nor to do displeasure to any private person, nor to slay or murder through envy, but for the *restitution of the church and the suppression of heretics and their opinions.*" *

The men who took part in this enterprise adopted the quaint title, "Pilgrims of Grace," in addition to that of "Pilgrims of the Cross." On their banners were painted the image of Christ Crucified and the Chalice and Host. Wherever they appeared the monks and nuns were restored to their former residences.

Hull, York, and Pontefract declared in favor of the Pilgrims. Robert Aske, a gentleman of ancient lineage, at the head of thirty thousand men entered Doncaster; here they were soon afterwards confronted by the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Shrewsbury with some ten thousand disciplined troops, cannon, and all the appliances of war. But a sudden swell in the river causing delay, the Pilgrims became disheartened; they again sought for an armistice, which was granted by the Duke of Norfolk, in order to give time to bring up fresh forces and, in the interval, excite dissension in the Pilgrim camp. In this scheme he succeeded. The king, however, thought proper to send a written answer to the complaints of the Pilgrims of the Cross, and gave authority to Norfolk to treat with them, granting a full pardon to all but ten—six named and four unnamed. This exception caused each of the leaders to fear for his own safety: the Pilgrims rejected the terms. Another negotiation was opened, which was participated in by a large number of the clergy, who met at Pontefract. Amongst the fresh demands made on the king were "that heretical books should be suppressed; that heretical bishops and laymen of the same mind should either be punished according to law or decide the question with the Pilgrims of the Cross in a brave, fair fight on the field of battle; that the Statute of Uses and Treason of Wards, with those which abolished the papal authority, and bastardized the Princess Mary,

* Woodville's *Anecdotes of the Pilgrims of Grace.*

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be considered; the suppression of the monasteries, which gave to the king the tenths and first-fruits of benefices, should be repealed; that Lord Crumwell, Chancellor Audley, and Maister Rich should be tried as subverters of the law and maintainers of heresy; that London, Legh, and Leyton, the monastic inquisitors to the Northern district, should be prosecuted for extortion, peculation, and other abominable acts."

The king and his council rejected the petition with contempt.

"I marvel," wrote his highness in reply, "that such ignorant churls as you are should presume to talk of theological subjects to *me, who is so noted in learning of that kind;* or that *you* should complain of my laws, as if, after the experience of eight-and-twenty years, I did not know how to govern this fair kingdom of mine; or that *you* should oppose the suppression of the monasteries. Is it not better, therefore, to relieve and aid *me,* as the *head of the church,* than to support the *slothful and wicked monks?*" And again he says: "You can no more give judgment with regard to government than *a blind man can as to colors. We,* with our whole council, think it strange that *ye,* who are *but brutes and inexpert folk,* do take upon *you* to lecture *us* as to what is right or wrong." *

In another letter King Henry seems to look on the Northern rising as a serious affair, for he tells the people *how much he loves them!*—"that the humblest of his subjects could have access to his royal person and state their grievances, were sure to be redressed."

Who so bold amongst the "brutes" as to seek redress of the lion?

Time, so valuable to all popular risings, was vainly lost by the Pilgrims in marching, counter-marching, and bootless diplomacy, whilst it was utilized, on the other hand, by the royal general, who, having his army recruited, marched into the heart of the country, spreading terror and devastation far and near. The Duke of Norfolk's activity was met with hesitation, want of generalship, and consequent panic amongst the Pilgrims, whose once grand array seemed to melt away like a morning mist. The enterprise met with the fate of all armed remonstrances where the masses negotiate before they conquer.

The king was not disliked by the Pilgrims, and they did not wish to fight against him, but they entertained a natural enmity to his ministers and their myrmidons. In their marchings and

* Despatches in State Papers of Henry VIII. The king's letter is printed in Speed, p. 1038; and also in Lord Herbert's Life of Henry p. 480.

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counter-marchings the Pilgrims aroused a very strong papal feeling; they gloried in the name of "Catholics." The cross was everywhere held forward as an emblem by which the "holy brotherhood" were known. The children wore the cross embroidered in various fancy forms on the right shoulder. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the women of all ranks and ages. "The Englishwomen are the noblest Catholics in the world," was the remark of Narcisso Lopez, the great Spanish architect, who visited England in those troubled times.

In October (1536) the Pilgrims marched in three divisions from Pomfret. The enthusiasm on this occasion was great. "Old men and women, on the verge of the grave, were carried out to see the Pilgrims on their march and to give a blessing to the cause for which they drew the sword."* The tall and handsome Sir Thomas Percy, at the head of five thousand men, well armed, carried the banner of St. Cuthbert. Maister Aske and Lord Darcy came next, commanding ten thousand men, all well attired and effectively armed. No motley groups were anywhere to be seen. The emblems of the olden creed were as profuse as they might have been amongst the Crusaders of old. The Pilgrim cavalry excited the admiration of the country and startled the government at every point. They numbered twelve thousand men, "well mounted and appointed, and all in rich armor." This splendid body of cavalry had in its ranks the knights, the esquires, and the yeomen of Richmondshire, Durham, and other districts—as brave and fine a body of men as ever rode to battle-field for creed or fatherland. "We were," writes Sir Marmaduke Constable, "thirty thousand men, tall men, well horsed and well appointed as any men could be." Sir Marmaduke Constable's statement is corroborated by the government despatches from the scene of action. Such a military display had not been seen in England since the grandfathers of the Pilgrims fought on Towton Moor and the "Red Rose of Lancaster faded before the summer sun of York." With very few exceptions all the great families of the North were in confederacy with the Pilgrims. The Earl of Westmoreland was represented by the chivalrous Lord Neville; Lord Latimer was with them in person;† Lords Darcy, Lumley, Scrope, and Conyers were in the front ranks of the movement; likewise the

* Woodville's *Anecdotes of the Pilgrims of Grace.*

† It is curious, if not strange, that the widow of that zealous Catholic, Lord Latimer, should at a subsequent period join the Reformers, enter on a secret campaign of proselytism, and become King Henry's last wife.

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ancient family of Constable, the Tempests, the Boweses, the Brydges, the Fairfaxes (not yet Puritan), the Strangways, the Danbys, the St. Johns, the Bulmers, the Lascelles, the Nortons, the Moncktons, the Lowthers, the Ingoldsbys—in fact, almost every family known and recorded in Border story was represented amongst the "Pilgrims of the Cross." * These men were very unlike the king's description of them—"*ignorant churls and brutes that should be handed over to the hangman.*" †

About this time, when a brief sunshine surrounded the Pilgrims, the pope speculated upon their movement ending in the final overthrow of Henry VIII.; but the pontiff soon discovered that the English people were attached to the king—in fact, he was long known as a popular prince, and his name was yet received with reverence, even by those whom he sent to the scaffold. The scorn with which the Puritans of a subsequent period received the name of the "Lord's anointed" had no place in the hearts of the English Catholics of 1536–7.

The Earl of Northumberland, although sympathizing with the cause, refused to draw sword against the king. His loyalty in this case would appear to have had a show of chivalry towards the kingly office; for in reality he must have hated Henry Tudor, who had crossed him in the path of domestic happiness some years antecedent to these transactions, when, as Lord Percy, he was the suitor for the hand and affections of Anna Boleyn. But the Pilgrims could not induce the Earl of Northumberland to join them; he resolutely refused. The Pilgrims became excited and indignantly cried out to their leaders "to strike off the proud earl's head, and make Sir Thomas Percy [his brother] the Lord of Alnwick Castle." When lying on his deathbed the Earl of Northumberland received a deputation from the Pilgrims. He assured them of his devotion to the old Catholic faith, but he "honored the monarchy and could not in conscience appear in arms against it." He was silent as to the king's demerits, only remarking that he was dying and forgave every one who had injured him. In reply to a more urgent message he said: "If the Pilgrims of Grace think I am not a true man, then let them strike off my head. I can die but once, and it will rid me of the pain I am suffering now. I love my country, and shall die in the old re-

* It is worthy of remark that the descendants of those great Catholic families are now—indeed, long since—with scarcely an exception, Protestant and Puritan.

† State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign.

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ligion, to which the Percys always clung."* The better feelings of the Pilgrims of Grace prevailed; they retired from before the castle walls of the Border chief, and left him to meet death in peace. "My darling Henry never raised his head since the death of that wicked, deceitful woman, Anna Boleyn," were the words uttered by the Countess of Northumberland, who attended her broken-hearted son in his last illness and closed his eyes in death.† Such was the last scene in the eventful life of another of Anne Boleyn's romantic lovers.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who may be considered a hostile writer, furnishes the following account of the connection of the Percy family with the Pilgrims:

"Henry Percy, the sixth Earl of Northumberland, was a man of the highest rank and power, then living beyond the Trent. In the antiquity of his line, in the fame of his fathers, in the extent of his possessions, he stood without a rival. The lord of Alnwick, Wressil, Leckinfield, and other strong places, he kept the state and exercised the power of a prince, having his privy council, his lords and grooms of the chamber, his chamberlains, treasurers, purse-bearers, some of which offices were hereditary in noble houses. . . . He was the king's deputy in the North, Warden of the East March and the Middle March, the fountain of all authority in the Border lands. If any man could be made prince of a new kingdom of the North, Harry Percy was that man. Like his neighbors, Percy had been slow to follow the great changes then going on in London. As yet the names of Catholic and Protestant had not been heard in Yorkshire. Those who were in arms for the king and holy church had risen in favor of old ways and old things: in favor of Queen Katharine, of monks, friars, nuns, and religious houses—points on which Percy of Northumberland took much the same view as his tenants and friends. But Harry Percy was unthrifty,‡ a weak and ailing man, who had never got over his love for Anna Boleyn, and who was mourning in his great house at Wressil, on the Derwent, her starless fate, when Maister Aske and a body of riders dashed into the courtyard of Wressil shouting, 'A Percy, a Percy!' The king's Warden of the Marches slipped into bed and sent out word that he was sick. The Pilgrims would not take this answer; they wanted a Percy in their camp—Earl Harry, if it might be—so that folks could say they were marching under the king's flag, with law and justice on their side. Aske sent fresh messages into the sick man's room; either the Earl of Northumberland or his brothers, Sir Thomas and Sir Ingram, he said, must join the camp of the Pilgrims of Grace. These gallant young knights were only

* Woodville's *Anecdotes of the Pilgrims of Grace.*

† Ibid.

‡ When Thomas Crumwell carried on the trade of a money-lender in London Lord Percy was amongst his victims. In an account-book of Crumwell's still extant the name of Lord Percy occurs; he borrowed £40 at an enormous interest. To deal with such an extortioner as Crumwell shows that Percy deserved the title of "unthrifty Harry." His father, according to Cavendish, describes Percy as "a proud, unthinking man, who wasted much money."

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too quick to obey his call. The elder brother, Harry Percy, made a feeble protest, and after they were gone he revoked the commissions which they held under him as officers in the Marches. Katharine, their mother, widow of the Earl of Northumberland, detained them with tears over what she felt would be their doom. She came of a house which had known the Tower and the block too well, her uncle being that Duke of Somerset who was executed by Edward IV., her great-grandsire that Earl of Warwick who had given his name to the Beauchamp Tower; but Katharine Percy's sons, though they paused for a moment at the warning cries of their noble mother, instantly leapt to horse, and, clad in flashing steel and flaunting plumes, rode forward into the camp, where the Pilgrims of Grace received them with a wild enthusiasm. That shining steel, those dazzling plumes, were afterwards cited as evidence that they had joined the Pilgrims by deliberate choice, and his fine attire caused one of the brothers to lose his head." *

Sir Thomas Percy, who was heir to the earldom, was amongst those who perished on the scaffold. The earldom was subsequently conferred by Queen Mary on Sir Thomas Percy's son, who was known in the reign of Elizabeth as the "Stout Earl." This nobleman, in conjunction with the Earl of Westmoreland and many others, took up arms in favor of the Queen of Scots, but the effort was followed by failure and disaster. †

I cannot pass over the allusion to the "Stout Earl" without further reference to his fate. The leading men of the "rebel confederation," as the adherents of Mary Stuart were called in the reign of Elizabeth, had escaped, and were beyond the reach of the English government or the Scotch regent (Lord Moray); but the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland fell into the hands of Lord Moray by the vilest means that could disgrace any public man. Queen Elizabeth instructed Sir William Cecil to do his utmost to decoy Northumberland into England. A plan was quickly arranged. Robert Constable, a Yorkshire gentleman, "a near relative and a bosom friend," as he describes himself, of Northumberland, was engaged to play the character of traitor. Constable crossed the Border and soon discovered the hiding-place of his confiding cousin (Northumberland), and immediately made professions of secret loyalty to the cause of the outlaws, and, above all, brotherly love for his chivalrous kinsman. No suspicion crossed the mind of Northumberland and his outlawed companions. They hailed their visitor as a noble and disinterested patriot. The next step taken by Constable was to write to

* In Sir Charles Sharpe's *Memorials of the Northern Rebellion* are to be found many particulars as to the misfortunes of the Percy family.

† Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, vol. iv. p. 539; Davison's Narrative; Sir Harris Nicolas.

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Sir Ralph Sadler, informing him how "far he had got into the confidence" of his beloved cousin and the other confederates, whom he had advised to return to England. Queen Elizabeth rejoiced to hear of this intelligence from her Secretary of State. Constable was promised a large reward if he succeeded in decoying the earl and his friends to England. In order to disarm suspicion Constable spent a night at Jedburgh, at a house which was the resort of the most desperate men who wandered along the Border country. Those persons presented a strange mixture of the most opposite characteristics: they were profuse in their hospitality, recklessly brave, and whenever they met any one whom they considered a victim or an outlaw of the English or Scotch government they succored and defended him to the death. A spy, an informer, or a traitor they dealt with in a very summary manner. From what Constable saw in the Border country he did not attempt to carry out his scheme of treachery. So it fell through. Another villain, named Hector Armstrong, appeared upon the scene ready to commit any crime for English gold; few, however, trusted this "red-handed assassin." John Knox and Lord Moray corresponded about the same time with Sir William Cecil upon the plans to be devised for the arrest of Northumberland, although he stood upon neutral ground. Whilst negotiations were proceeding between Queen Elizabeth and the Scotch regent for the "betrayal and sale" of Northumberland, the career of Moray was suddenly brought to a close by the well-aimed bullet of one of his victims, Mr. Hamilton-Hough.

A new crop of villains now appeared upon the scene.

Northumberland was arrested and lodged in Loch Leven Castle, where he remained a close prisoner for two years. After his betrayal his wife, a lady of great spirit and energy, went to the Low Countries, where, with laudable devotion, she contrived to amass the sum of two thousand pounds as a ransom for her husband. Lords Marr and Morton accepted the money offered, and next privately communicated with the English queen and her minister as to what sum the latter were inclined to pay. Sir William Cecil proposed to double the sum already offered by Lady Northumberland, whilst the Scotch knaves increased their demand upon the English monarch to *ten* thousand pounds, to be paid down in gold. Queen Elizabeth, swearing one of her terrible oaths, denounced the proposal as "an extortion; she would pay no such sum." Then said Lord Morton in his letter: "Your highness will not have the immense pleasure of cutting off the head of your rebel subject." The queen took ten days to con-

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sider the matter. At the end of the time named she agreed to pay the sum demanded. "Even in that ruthless age," remarks Mr. Hosack, "the giving up of a fugitive to certain death was regarded as a heinous crime." Of all the actors in this scene of infamy, Morton, in the opinion of his contemporaries, incurred the largest share of guilt. It was given out that Northumberland was to be conveyed in a Scotch ship to Antwerp, and there set free. He therefore joyfully left his gloomy prison at Loch Leven and embarked on the Firth of Forth, as he believed for Antwerp, where his wife and friends awaited his arrival. To his astonishment and dismay he found that the vessel, instead of putting out to sea, ran down the coast off Berwickshire and anchored near Coldingham. Lord Hunsdon went on board the vessel, when John Colville, a Scotch "gentleman," * delivered to Queen Elizabeth's agent the unfortunate earl. The gold was then paid down in "a business manner."

Northumberland underwent an examination which lasted six weeks; but he criminated no man, betrayed no one. The queen sent her final command, or judgment, to Lord Hunsdon, to bring his prisoner immediately to York, where she desired that he should be executed as a traitor. He had no trial. Lord Hunsdon, although a rough soldier, seemed horrified at this proceeding. He wrote to Cecil that "he would not lead the noble prisoner to the scaffold—some other person must be found to perform that degrading duty; and, further, he would, rather than obey the queen's order in this matter, go to prison at once."† Sir John Foster, on whom the queen conferred a large portion of the earl's property, undertook the office of superintending the execution. In Elizabeth's letters to Lord Hunsdon she desires that he should hold out hopes to his prisoner of a pardon in case he implicated others amongst the outlawed Englishmen beyond the Borders and induced them to return to England. When the queen was assured by Hunsdon that Northumberland was "resolved to be true to his unfortunate countrymen to the death," she became excited, and in her reply to her cousin Hunsdon said: "So he is stuck up and will not bend before his queen. Then, by the Host of Heaven! I will make *the remainder of his life*

* Colville, who acted as the betrayer of Northumberland, had been originally a Presbyterian minister, and became expelled. He next took to the "politics of the times," and was in the pay of both parties. He finally became an infidel. He is supposed to have been the author of a history of King James VI. Like many of the political adventurers and daggermen of those times, he died in great poverty.

† Lord Hunsdon's bold letter to Sir William Cecil is printed in Sharpe's *History of the Northern Rebellion*, p. 331.

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as miserable as possible. I understand that he is very fond of savory belly-cheer. Let him have no food but of the poor description, and not much of that; let it be just fit for a roadside beggar. I wish to humble this proud Percy to the dust." To his honor be it told, Lord Hunsdon did not in this case comply with his sovereign's command, for he brought his chivalrous and warm-hearted prisoner to his own table, and treated him with all the respect due to a descendant of the Border chiefs. The Earl of Northumberland was a stranger to the political intrigues of those times. No man seemed less fitted by nature and habit to become the leader of a revolutionary movement. He regarded with scorn and contempt the new order of nobility created by Queen Elizabeth. His family were persecuted on account of their devotion to the olden faith of England. He publicly denounced the Reformers for having "removed their neighbors' landmark." He disdained to beg for his life, and seemed quite unconcerned as to what course the queen might take against him. Lord Hunsdon relates that he found him more ready to talk of "his hounds, hawks, and horses than of the grave charges preferred against him." He was acquainted with the principal sporting gentlemen of England, and the famous "story-tellers" and strolling players were always welcome at his baronial castles, where profuse hospitality awaited "all comers," high and low. It is no wonder that this Border chief was beloved.

The Earl of Northumberland ascended the scaffold at York on the 22d of August, 1572. He advanced to the front of it, accompanied by his confessor, Father Thurlow, his physician, and two gentlemen of the household. Lord Hunsdon had some difficulty in procuring this indulgence from the queen. The Crown was represented by the sheriff, Sir John Foster, the executioners, and several officials. A strong military guard of horse and foot were at every point surrounding the scaffold. The noble earl looked pale and sad, but he quickly recovered himself again. He addressed the populace in a firm and dignified tone. He regretted nothing that he had done. He wished to tell the people of England that he would die as he had lived, *a true and devoted member of the Church of Rome.* He considered Queen Elizabeth as a daring usurper, the *bastard offspring of King Henry VIII., and a heretic of the worst kind.* He bade all his numerous friends and retainers a long farewell. After a pause, in which he surveyed the crowd, he said: "Remember that I die a Catholic and I am a true Percy to the last. Farewell for ever,

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my dear friends. God bless you all!" The execution was conducted in a cruel and disgraceful manner: *a blunt carpenter's axe was used, and the executioners* were, as usual, in a state of drunkenness. For *half an hour they were chopping* at his neck *and the blood flowing at all sides; at last one of them held up the convulsed and blood-streaming head to the gaze of the excited multitude.*

The high rank and ancient lineage of the Earl of Northumberland, the disgraceful circumstances attending his betrayal by the Scots, and his steadfast adherence to the olden creed created a profound sensation throughout England; in fact, all the great cities of Europe felt indignant at the murderous conduct of Elizabeth in this special case, in which she set aside the law—even such a show of that arbitrary weapon as she used on other occasions. But worse than all was her purchase of the noble victim from the regent of Scotland for the sum of *ten thousand pounds, paid down in gold on the delivery of the prisoner*, who, according to the usage of all civilized nations *then* as well as *now*, was entitled to protection and hospitality in Scotland, against whose laws he had not offended. There was no second opinion on this matter throughout Europe; and it hands down to everlasting infamy the character of the Scottish regent (Lord Marr), Queen Elizabeth, and her minister, Sir William Cecil.

In 1585 the next brother, who held the title of Earl of Northumberland, was committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason. It is alleged that he committed suicide; but as he was a man under the influence of religion, the statement is highly improbable. It was believed at the time that Elizabeth's secret agents murdered him. The despatches of La Motte Feneleon, the French ambassador, throw a flood of light on the proceedings of Elizabeth as to the "Northern rebels," which exceeded in barbarity the massacres perpetrated by her father against the Pilgrims of Grace. "In spite of the explanations given by the government," writes Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "folks would not believe that Percy, Earl of Northumberland, died by his own hand. Sir Christopher Hatton bore the odium of contriving a midnight murder; for many years the event was spoken of as a political assassination, and that by men who, like Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Robert Cecil, knew every mystery of the court." Sir Harris Nicolas pronounces the accusation of murder against Hatton to be "scandalous and untrue." But Percy of Northumberland was undoubtedly murdered by some of Lord Burleigh's or the queen's agents. An inquest on a political prisoner in the reign of Elizabeth was a dismal farce. The

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true mode by which the unfortunate nobleman was assassinated remains still a mystery. Sir Harris Nicolas thus exonerates Hatton: he observes, "That Sir Christopher Hatton's position rendered him an object of envy cannot be doubted; but he seems to have made more friends and fewer enemies than any other royal favorite." The biographers of Hatton are at issue as to his merits. Lord Campbell, Sir Harris Nicolas, and Mr. Foss all disagree. Hatton, however, had many good qualities.

"He was," observes one of his distinguished biographers, "the constant resource of the unfortunate, knowing on such occasions no distinction of religion; in whose cause, he nobly said, *neither searing nor cutting was to be used.* He was the frequent intercessor in cases of persecution, and the patron and, better still, the friend of literary men, who repaid his kindness by the only means in their power, thanks—the exchequer of the poor—in the dedication of their works. All that is known of Hatton proves that his heart and disposition were amiable, his temper mild, and his judgment less biassed by the prejudices of his age than that of most of his contemporaries."

The reader can see that the Percy family had too much reason to remember and execrate the cruel and remorseless Tudors, who scourged the English people for nearly one hundred and twenty years.

To return to the Pilgrims. The secular clergy were disaffected in the provinces; they had reason to complain bitterly of the conduct of the ecclesiastical inquisitors. George Lumley, a son of the nobleman of that name, declared in his evidence before the council that the priests in the North of England had "assisted the Pilgrims of Grace with money and provisions."* Many of the seculars were at first opposed to the movement; but when their "small household property was seized upon by Lord Crumwell's agents they became exasperated; still, they did not join the popular movement."† The next command from Crumwell was to seize the church plate; the chalice was *torn from the tabernacle* by the hands of such men as Richard Crumwell, and a *tin vessel* was supplied to each church or chapel, to be *used as a chalice.*‡ When the government made this sacrilegious confiscation the priests and the people at once coalesced. Popular indignation was at its height, and the people cried out for Lord Crumwell's head, whom they styled the "arch-heretic." "Down with the villain!" was the shout raised in every town and village.§

* MSS. in the State Paper Office. † Thorndale's Memorials.

‡ Ecclesiastical Returns concerning Church Plate made to Lord Crumwell.

§ *Anecdotes of the Pilgrims of Grace.*

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Disaster followed disaster with the Pilgrims of Grace. Nearly all their principal leaders were taken prisoners. Lord Darcy, Aske, Constable, Bigod, the abbots of Fountains and Jervaulx, Sir John Bulmer, Lord Lumley's son Tempest, and thirteen others of ancient family were tried in London and at once condemned to death. Some were executed at Tyburn, others at York and Hull. The king indulged in one of his savage sayings: "*Let there be no delay; hang them up at once.*" Lady Bulmer, a very beautiful woman, was consigned to the flames at Smithfield by a special Tudor code which condemned women to the stake "*with its worst tortures,*" if they committed high treason. Lady Bulmer died heroically. "*I have,*" said she, "*come here to die for the old religion of England; I have nothing to regret, and I rejoice and thank my God that I am given an opportunity of offering up my life for the true faith of Jesus Christ.*" *

Mr. Hepworth Dixon represents Lady Bulmer as insane; that she was the illegitimate daughter of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded in the early part of Henry's reign; and, further, "She was not the wife of Sir John Bulmer; her name was Madge Cheyne." And again Mr. Dixon observes: "She was a *devout woman, if not an honest wife;* she brought with her into the Pilgrims' camp not only her high blood and bickering tongue, but Father Stonehouse, her family priest." If the lady whose memory Mr. Hepworth Dixon thus traduces held such a position, no Catholic priest holding jurisdiction from his bishop, or accredited from the heads of the religious orders, could fill the office of chaplain and confessor to her; so Mr. Dixon's allegations fall to pieces like a house of cards. If a fervid enthusiasm on the part of the English matrons and their daughters in favor of the Pilgrims can be construed into madness, then there was an overwhelming amount of insanity in the provinces. Mr. Dixon cannot afford a good word for the Pilgrims, to whom he applies many harsh epithets.

When Lord Darcy was examined before the Privy Council, he turned on Lord Crumwell, "once his professing friend," and now, regardless of his enmity, he said:

"Crumwell, it is thou that art the very special and chief causer of all this rebellion [movement] and mischief, and art likewise causer of the apprehension of us; that be . . . [the word here has faded away], and dost daily earnest [travel] to bring us to our ends, and to strike off our heads; but I trust that ere thou die, though thou wouldst procure all the noble-

* Dr. Creci's *Scenes at the Stake*—a very scarce black-letter book; Woodville's *Anecdotes of the Pilgrims of Grace.*

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men's heads within the realm to be stricken off, *yet shall there remain one head* [and arm] *that shall strike off thy head.*"*

In Lord Darcy's petition to the king he says: "I beg to have confession, and at Mass to receive my Adorable Maker [the Holy Eucharist], that I may depart in peace from this vale of misery."

In a letter to the king Darcy besought his highness, in pathetic words, that his "entire body" (when royal vengeance was satisfied) might be laid beside the remains of the wife of his early love, once known as the beautiful Anne Neville—the type of all that was generous and good in her sex. Lord Darcy further implored that his debts might be paid out of his own property. Aske and others petitioned that their families "might not be reduced to poverty and ruin."† How far such requests were attended to by Lord Crumwell it is unnecessary to inquire.

Some of the Pilgrims acted in a half-hearted spirit on their trials, but most of them were firm, and at the scaffold behaved in a manner worthy of men whose fathers were famed in the wars of the Plantagenets; but, with that proud feeling which was often evinced by the old historic families of England, they protested against being stigmatized as rebels. They placed themselves in the position of "defenders of the olden religion of the country," which, they argued, was older than any monarchy in Europe. They were still loyal to his highness; but their loyalty to the Papal Church could only be extinguished in their blood. The scenes which took place throughout the country attested the truth of their declarations, for no men ever died at the hands of the headsman with greater moral courage, veneration, and love for the creed of their forefathers than did the leaders of the Pilgrims of Grace.

In York, Hull, Carlisle, and Pontefract some *seven hundred* persons were hanged, amongst whom were many monks and friars. The scenes of slaughter ended with "hanging upon the trees a score of men in every village the king's generals passed along." The poor, unlettered peasantry died like heroes, but "*without benefit of clergy.*" The "old nobles" were friendly to the Pilgrims of Grace, and it is even alleged that the Duke of Norfolk "secretly wished them well." No action of Norfolk's life, however, supplies credence to such an opinion. If he were a chivalrous courtier he always chose the strongest side, where-

* This brief address of Lord Darcy is to be seen in a MS. at the Rolls House; and, what is more curious still, it is in Lord Crumwell's own handwriting—thus inditing a premonition of his own fate.

† State Papers of Henry's reign.

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by his interests were best promoted. A despatch of his from Welby Abbey throws some light on what manner of man the "hero of Flodden Field" really was. He says: "By any means, *fair or foul, I will crush the rebels* [the Pilgrims]; *I will esteem no promise that I make to them, nor think my honor touched in the violation of the same.*" *

There was no lack of enthusiasm or bravery on the part of the Northern Pilgrims, and they had a powerful incentive to persevere in the fact that the royal army were supposed to be disaffected, both officers and men, who abhorred the king's council, especially Lord Crumwell. Nevertheless, the Pilgrim generals lost their opportunities, perhaps through the incapacity of Lord Darcy. Both parties have accused him of treachery; but he was no traitor, and many circumstances plead in his favor. He belonged to the old class of nobility, who looked upon a king as "the anointed of the Lord." He served under Henry VII. and gave many sumptuous entertainments to that monarch. He had fought against the Moors with King Ferdinand, and he had earned laurels in France also. He had some military reputation. In early life he travelled to the Holy Land; he visited Rome and paid homage to the spiritual head of his religion. He was strongly opposed to the German Reformation, and when the question of the king's supremacy was raised he made several speeches in the House of Lords on the subject. He was most outspoken on the question of the pope's spiritual headship, and did not seem to care whether his sentiments pleased the king or not. But at the same time he did not like to be stigmatized as a rebel. The name sounded odious in his ear. Mr. Froude insinuates treachery and cowardice in his conduct; but it is easy to draw an unfavorable inference from the uncertain accounts that have reached posterity of the real circumstances which led to the overthrow of the movement. It must be likewise remembered that Lord Darcy was nearly eighty-two years old and weighed down with infirmity and domestic sorrows; nevertheless, he ascended the scaffold bravely and died like a true Christian.

From the last terrible despatch of King Henry to the commander of his army may be judged the kind of faith with which monarch and general had conducted the negotiations with an injured people. "The further," writes his highness, "you wade in the investigation of the behavior of those monks, the worse you will find them." † In conclusion the proclamation says:

* State Papers, vol. i. p. 519. † State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign.

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"Our kingly pleasure is that, before you close up our royal banner again, you shall cause *such dreadful execution to be done upon a number of the inhabitants of every town, village, and hamlet that have offended as shall make a spectacle to others who might wish to offend hereafter against our royal command.* Finally, as all those troubles have been caused by the monks and canons of those parts, you shall, *without pity, cause all the said monks and all the said canons that in any wise have been faulty to be tied up without further delay or ceremony.*"

In 1513, many years before Crumwell and Cranmer became advisers to the crown, Henry wrote to Leo X., eulogizing the religious orders of England, the Franciscans—Friars Minor, or Gray Friars*—being special objects of his commendation. He described them as "remarkable for Christian poverty, sincerity, charity, and devotion."† "Tied up" signified to be hanged from the nearest tree, "*without benefit of clergy.*" The Duke of Norfolk obeyed the royal command. In two days he hanged seventy-four persons in Westmoreland and Cumberland. A large portion of them were priests, some forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, and *one eighty-six years of age.* To this number may be added *twelve abbots who were hanged, drawn, and quartered.*‡ One of the abbots executed was Thomas Maigne, a man of considerable learning and stainless character. At his so-called trial the abbot addressed the jury in an eloquent strain; but, that tribunal having been "carefully selected," Maigne was speedily consigned to the executioner. He died bravely, telling his companions that they were "about to suffer for the faith of Jesus Christ." Lord Hussey, also having gone through the form of a trial, was found guilty and executed.§ The mode of dealing with this unfortunate nobleman was marked by the vilest treachery and dishonor; yet it is alleged by some writers that Lord Hussey "had all the advantages of a fair trial." The record of what took place is the most conclusive answer that can be made to this assertion.

As I have already remarked, seventy-four persons were "hanged and quartered" in three days at Westmoreland and Cumberland. Several of them were aged priests.‖ Here is Mr.

* The Franciscans of England, as also of Spain and the Spanish-American countries, have always worn a gray habit instead of the usual brown one generally worn elsewhere by the order.—ED. C. W.

† Ellis' *Original Royal Letters*, vol. i. p. 166.

‡ State Papers; Woodville; Sharon Turner, vol. x.; Lingard, vol. iv.; Froude, vol. iii. In the Hardwicke State Papers. vol. i., some additional light is thrown on the murderous proceedings of the king and his council in relation to the Pilgrims.

§ Crumwell's State Papers. ‖ Hall; Stowe's *Chronicle;* MSS. State Paper Office.

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by his interests were best promoted. A despatch of his from Welby Abbey throws some light on what manner of man the "hero of Flodden Field" really was. He says: "By any means, *fair or foul, I will crush the rebels* [the Pilgrims]; *I will esteem no promise that I make to them, nor think my honor touched in the violation of the same.*" *

There was no lack of enthusiasm or bravery on the part of the Northern Pilgrims, and they had a powerful incentive to persevere in the fact that the royal army were supposed to be disaffected, both officers and men, who abhorred the king's council, especially Lord Crumwell. Nevertheless, the Pilgrim generals lost their opportunities, perhaps through the incapacity of Lord Darcy. Both parties have accused him of treachery; but he was no traitor, and many circumstances plead in his favor. He belonged to the old class of nobility, who looked upon a king as "the anointed of the Lord." He served under Henry VII. and gave many sumptuous entertainments to that monarch. He had fought against the Moors with King Ferdinand, and he had earned laurels in France also. He had some military reputation. In early life he travelled to the Holy Land; he visited Rome and paid homage to the spiritual head of his religion. He was strongly opposed to the German Reformation, and when the question of the king's supremacy was raised he made several speeches in the House of Lords on the subject. He was most outspoken on the question of the pope's spiritual headship, and did not seem to care whether his sentiments pleased the king or not. But at the same time he did not like to be stigmatized as a rebel. The name sounded odious in his ear. Mr. Froude insinuates treachery and cowardice in his conduct; but it is easy to draw an unfavorable inference from the uncertain accounts that have reached posterity of the real circumstances which led to the overthrow of the movement. It must be likewise remembered that Lord Darcy was nearly eighty-two years old and weighed down with infirmity and domestic sorrows; nevertheless, he ascended the scaffold bravely and died like a true Christian.

From the last terrible despatch of King Henry to the commander of his army may be judged the kind of faith with which monarch and general had conducted the negotiations with an injured people. "The further," writes his highness, "you wade in the investigation of the behavior of those monks, the worse you will find them." † In conclusion the proclamation says:

* State Papers, vol. i. p. 519. † State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign.

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"Our kingly pleasure is that, before you close up our royal banner again, you shall cause *such dreadful execution to be done upon a number of the inhabitants of every town, village, and hamlet that have offended as shall make a spectacle to others who might wish to offend hereafter against our royal command.* Finally, as all those troubles have been caused by the monks and canons of those parts, you shall, *without pity, cause all the said monks and all the said canons that in any wise have been faulty to be tied up without further delay or ceremony.*"

In 1513, many years before Crumwell and Cranmer became advisers to the crown, Henry wrote to Leo X., eulogizing the religious orders of England, the Franciscans—Friars Minor, or Gray Friars*—being special objects of his commendation. He described them as "remarkable for Christian poverty, sincerity, charity, and devotion."† "Tied up" signified to be hanged from the nearest tree, "*without benefit of clergy.*" The Duke of Norfolk obeyed the royal command. In two days he hanged seventy-four persons in Westmoreland and Cumberland. A large portion of them were priests, some forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, and *one eighty-six years of age.* To this number may be added *twelve abbots who were hanged, drawn, and quartered.*‡ One of the abbots executed was Thomas Maigne, a man of considerable learning and stainless character. At his so-called trial the abbot addressed the jury in an eloquent strain; but, that tribunal having been "carefully selected," Maigne was speedily consigned to the executioner. He died bravely, telling his companions that they were "about to suffer for the faith of Jesus Christ." Lord Hussey, also having gone through the form of a trial, was found guilty and executed.§ The mode of dealing with this unfortunate nobleman was marked by the vilest treachery and dishonor; yet it is alleged by some writers that Lord Hussey "had all the advantages of a fair trial." The record of what took place is the most conclusive answer that can be made to this assertion.

As I have already remarked, seventy-four persons were "hanged and quartered" in three days at Westmoreland and Cumberland. Several of them were aged priests.‖ Here is Mr.

* The Franciscans of England, as also of Spain and the Spanish-American countries, have always worn a gray habit instead of the usual brown one generally worn elsewhere by the order.—ED. C. W.

† Ellis' *Original Royal Letters*, vol. i. p. 166.

‡ State Papers; Woodville; Sharon Turner, vol. x.; Lingard, vol. iv.; Froude, vol. iii. In the Hardwicke State Papers, vol. i., some additional light is thrown on the murderous proceedings of the king and his council in relation to the Pilgrims.

§ Crumwell's State Papers. ‖ Hall; Stowe's *Chronicle;* MSS. State Paper Office.

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Froude's commentary on this dreadful scene: "*The severity was not excessive, but it was sufficient to produce the desired result. The rebellion was finished. The flame was trampled out.*" *

An old tradition of Cumberland is that a number of poor women and their daughters collected the mutilated remains of the dead and gave them burial in a Christian form. On the following day an Irish Dominican named Ulick de Burgh celebrated Mass for the deceased Pilgrims; he was soon after arrested, and hanged from a tree by Richard Crumwell as an "incendiary offering prayers for rebels who died 'without benefit of clergy.'" †

The Duke of Suffolk acted the part of a perfect monster to the women who were arrested for "cheering on the Pilgrims." "Chuck these women off from the nearest tree," were the words of Suffolk to Colonel Talbot. The king desired that the women who committed "high treason," as he would have it, should be sent to the stake, in the same manner as Lady Bulmer; but his officers pleaded for the "*rope*" as the most expeditious. The Pilgrims of Grace met with no quarter; they were decimated by the royal troops in their broken retreat; and hundreds of them were found dead in the ditches and roadsides from hunger and exhaustion. The women in the rural districts acted in the most heroic manner.

As in all revolutionary movements, the Pilgrims were guilty of some excesses, but not one-tenth of what has been attributed to them. Whenever they fell into the hands of the king's adherents they received no mercy—not even the women and children. In a moment of "rage and red-hot passion" the Pilgrims slew one of the principal canons of the cathedral of Lincoln. He was known to have been a spy for Lord Crumwell, whilst at the same time expressing sympathy with the popular cause. His assassination was the result of a mere outburst of popular fury. Mr. Froude alleges that several priests cried out, "Kill him!" If Mr. Froude had stated that a number of half-mad women cried out, "Kill Crumwell's Judas!" he would have approached nearer to the facts. Mr. Froude considers that Stowe and Holinshed "knew nothing of the movement of the Pilgrims—they are no authority." The reason is obvious. The public are invited to accept Mr. Froude's narrative. The wholesale butchery of the peasantry was "according to law"; therefore it should receive no censure. Richard, brother to Lord Crumwell, was invested with

* Froude's *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 203.
† Woodville's *Anecdotes of the Pilgrims of Grace.*

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the command of some troops, but his real office was that of a spy for the king, to ascertain whether "certain squires were in earnest, true, and loyal." He writes in glowing terms of Sir John Russell. Russell assured him that his hatred of the Pilgrims was so great that he could "eat them without salt."* Another account is to the effect that Sir John Russell said, "Leave the lazy monks to me, and I will soon dangle them from the trees," to which Richard Crumwell replied, "I would rather yoke them to a plough, that they might taste of hard work." Richard Crumwell performed many offices for Henry of which there is no record extant. The term "Lollard" was sometimes applied to him in relation to his "sacking" convents in search of jewelry for the king. He was a special favorite with Henry, who invested him with knighthood in a most gracious manner. "Formerly," says the delighted monarch, "thou wast my Dick, but hereafter shalt be my diamond," and thereat let fall his diamond ring unto him; "in avowance whereof," writes Fuller, "these Crumwells have ever since given for their crest a lion holding a diamond ring in his forepaw."† The examination of some of the Pilgrims before Lord Crumwell as to the "causes of the discontent" are of considerable importance.

"The discontent," says Aske, "extended to the county families who shared or imitated the prejudices of their feudal leaders; every family had their own peculiar grievances. On the suppression of the abbeys the peers obtained grants, or expected to obtain them, from the forfeited estates. The county squires saw the desecration of the familiar scenes of their daily life, the violation of the tombs of their ancestors, and the buildings themselves, the beauty of which was the admiration of foreigners who visited England, reduced to ruins. The abbeys were the most picturesque and beautiful places in the realm, and always a source of delight to the people of other nations. The abbots had been the personal friends of the local gentry, the trustees for their children, and the executors of their wills; the monks had been the tutors of their children; the free tables constantly covered with good cheer had made convents and abbeys attractive and popular, especially in remote places and during severe weather. The immediate neighborhood of a large abbey or convent was *a busy hive of industry; no one hungry; the sick, infirm, and aged cared for with tenderness.*"‡

Upon this report Mr. Froude remarks: "I am glad to have discovered the most considerable evidence in favor of some, at

* MSS. State Paper Office.

† Fuller's *History of English Abbeys*, edited by Dr. Brewer, vol. iii.

‡ Examination of Aske; Rolls House MSS.; Crumwell's State Papers.

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least, of the superiors of the religious houses." * George Gisborne, who lived by land, said that the poor people were left without the commons, or patches of ground, which their families held for centuries; that they were oppressed by a new class of squires, *who doubled the rent.*† Other witnesses dwelt upon the losses their children and themselves had suffered by the confiscation of the abbeys. The grievances spoken of by the Pilgrims of Grace were frequently alluded to by Hugh Latimer in his "rustic speeches," yet those revolutionary proceedings were suggested and carried out by the very class of men with whom Latimer was so intimately connected. These facts are attested by the State Papers and records of the times, and it is impossible to deny their accuracy.

The Pilgrims were neither traitors nor rebels, but rather conservative and patriotic in all their actions; they are almost unknown to posterity; they have been misrepresented by some recent writers, as they had been cruelly calumniated by others. From the days of the first Crusade no such enthusiastic movement of Catholics had taken place in England to confront the present and pressing foe of their belief. Youth and old age rushed to the standard of the Pilgrims with self-devoted ardor. Those Knights of the Cross did not war against their sovereign, but with his council, who had nearly overthrown the national religion and raised anarchy, bloodshed, and confiscation in its place. Those nobles, knights, and esquires who were condemned to the scaffold met death in a manner worthy of the heroes of antiquity; like the Christian martyrs of yore, they advanced to the headsman singing hymns of praise to the Most High. And, standing on the threshold of eternity, they proclaimed their devotion to the faith of their fathers. Such is the story of the Pilgrims of the Cross, hitherto known, and that very obscurely, as the "Pilgrims of Grace," when mentioned at all in English history.

The Northern insurrection, instead of securing the stability, as might have been expected, accelerated the ruin of the remaining monasteries, against which a new commission was issued under the presidency of Lord Sussex, a pliant tool of the monarch. On this occasion spies and informers of the most abandoned character gave evidence against monks and nuns. Every groundless tale, every malicious insinuation, was collected, sworn to, and entered in the general bill of indictment,

* Froude, vol. iii. p. 89. † Rolls House MSS.

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although Sussex, in his private despatch to Lord Crumwell, stated that the character of the witnesses was "rotten and could not fairly be accepted against the religious orders, of whom every one had spoken well." The treachery of Crumwell and Sussex in this transaction was like that of Dr. London with the nuns of Godstow.

About the spring of 1540 all the monastic establishments of England had been torn from the possession of those who had held them in faithful, genial, and kindly trust as the heritage of the poor, and who were always known as the loving promoters of every good work—clerics as well as citizens, public benefactors, and private monitors in the inculcation of virtue. Seeing the sacrilegious pillage to which God's altar and the inheritance of the poor were being subjected, it was no wonder that man's nature asserted itself in some of those holy men, and that they threw themselves in the front ranks of their down-trodden flock in defence of religious liberty.

BEFORE THE CROSS.

JESUS! my prayer would tell thee all
A grateful heart could say:
But when I seek befitting speech
The words glide all away.

I view thy cross, and muse, and grieve,
And brush from lids their dew:
Oh! let these mute love-tokens say
What language fails to do.

As flowers waft in scents their praise,
And well-accepted know,
My heart its silent incense sends,
Content if thou art so.

Ye choirs of lov'd ones, chanting now
Your Glorias full and free,
Oh! fill the part I hope to take,
And sing my love for me.

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THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART III.—THE FALL OF THE BLOSSOMS.

CHAPTER IV.

DECEPTION.

LEHRBACH and Edgar had left, and it was quieter than ever at Grünerode. Sylvia felt inexpressibly lonely, and the place appeared to her deserted. A change had come over everything. Her reign as mistress, on whom devolved the intelligent supervision of the house and the pleasant nursing of the sick, had ceased. There was nobody left to be glad at the sound of her step or of her laugh, nobody with whom she could talk or who would understand her, no one with whom she could feel a thorough inward sympathy. Vincent alone inspired her with this sort of confidence. In no other man had she ever found his calmness, clear views, unflinching principles, and deep conscientiousness. Perhaps it was because she had hitherto attached more importance to a brilliant exterior, as in Wilderich's case, or to mere similarity of feelings, as in Aurel's, and had not sought for higher qualities. Lehrbach, in short, rose in her opinion all the more from the absence of sentiment in her judgment of him. Wilderich's attentions had roused in her a feeling of proud triumph. She felt that Lehrbach's affection was an honor, for it was no high-flown sentiment. He foresaw labor and difficulties, accepted the trial of waiting for years, and did not shrink from embracing patient toil in order to win the prize. Such was the man who, full of virtue and noble feelings, gave her his undivided affection and only asked her to love him in return. He did not look to her for fortune, or connections, or wealthy relations; he was contented with her love. He trusted to his own persevering energy to win a home for himself and the wife of his choice. Sylvia lived on the thought of Vincent.

Wilderich's condition was pitiable. He had not died, or rather he got well up to a certain point, and his sister was at length able to see him. Xaveria had been going backwards and forwards to Grünerode, but she had never entered his room on

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account of his inability to bear the least excitement. When she was admitted for about a quarter of an hour, she came back in tears to the drawing-room, and said, as she threw her arms round Sylvia, "Ah! poor, poor fellow. How will he bear it?"

"Bear what?" asked Sylvia in a frightened tone.

"He is fearfully disfigured. Haven't you seen him?"

"No; he has been kept carefully, even from you."

"I tell you what, you will not recognize him. One eye and a part of his cheek are gone, which perfectly disfigures his whole face. I could not help crying as I looked at him. His forehead, too, seems to be injured. He speaks very slowly and with great difficulty, and has to think over every word. I wonder whether he will be able to remain in the service, and what will he do then? Disfigured as he is, he cannot possibly be what he was in society, and his vanity would not bear it. Just think, Sylvia, of Wilderich, so handsome, refined, and elegant as he was, being in such a miserable condition."

"Perhaps he will be happy in the quiet of his own home," said Sylvia, much shocked.

"What! happy with Isidora?" exclaimed the countess. "O Sylvia! you know well enough how impossible this is."

"She has been devoting herself to him during these three months, and has hardly let the nursing-sister do anything for him."

"It was jealousy, I should think," replied Xaveria coldly. "Her affection is so full of this bitter mixture that it does not act refreshingly upon him. What a dreadful prospect the poor fellow has before him! A man who has a profession and good health, and who is liked in society, can afford to give up some of his domestic happiness. But if he is restricted to his own fireside with an Isidora by his side he is truly to be pitied! But you are utterly indifferent to his misery."

"I am not indifferent, but astonished to hear you talking in this way of Isidora, when you did all you could to get her for Wilderich," answered Sylvia seriously.

"Yes, darling; but it was absolutely necessary. Nobody could imagine the state his money affairs were in; and then I thought it might be a case of Fouqué's Undine with Isidora."

"Of what?" asked Sylvia, in surprise.

"Of Undine—a pretty story, somewhat ancient, it is true, which I came upon by chance in my uncle's library at Weldensperg. The water-nymph is without a soul till she falls in love. Love gives her one. Girls sometimes have these water-nymph

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natures. They are cold, insensible, tiresome, soulless, till love transforms them into nice, pleasant women. Unfortunately, I made a great mistake in expecting anything of the sort from Isidora. She is no loving Undine, but simply what she always was."

The baroness interrupted the two friends by telling them that the doctor approved of Wilderich's removal to town. She added:

"We will break up as soon as we can, as one gets quite melancholy here. Quiet is pleasant enough, but this is dead-alive. My husband could not stand it. He has been travelling over half Europe with the greatest speed, and comes back in a few days. We will be in our winter quarters to welcome him. Will you put up with Weldensperg till the end of November, countess?"

"Oh! yes. You know my husband's passion for hunting. We shall not leave before December, as we have to entertain an unbroken succession of sportsmen."

"Do you still like this constant gayety?" asked Sylvia.

"Why shouldn't I?" Xaveria replied in astonishment. "I am so accustomed to it that I couldn't get on without it."

Sylvia liked going back immensely, but her delight was changed into sorrow when Vincent told her, the first time she saw him, that he had been ordered to a distant provincial town and would only be recalled to the capital for his examination.

"How lonely I shall be!" she sighed. "Since I have been accustomed to speak to you and to hear you talk all other conversation seems to me so very stupid."

"I like to hear you say that, for a year ago it was not the case."

"Yes, it was."

"No, you didn't like what I said, and it used to make you cry a good deal."

"Yes, I cried, certainly, because you touched me, not because I didn't like what you said. And, besides that, it seems to me that you are tenderer with me now, having perhaps found out how far from perfection I am and what gentle handling I require."

"I don't know that at all," he said eagerly. "I only know that I love you."

"Won't separation alter your feelings?" Sylvia asked sadly. "I wish that I could put my whole confidence in you; I feel that I need it, but I am almost afraid."

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"So am I, Sylvia. This is the way with us poor creatures when we look some great happiness in the face. Joy makes us glad and anxious. But take courage, Sylvia. We hope for the love and happiness which comes from God, not for that which the world gives; and God will take care of it for us. We must put our hope of each other in his hands. His love sends us our love, so it must fulfil the end which he had in sending it to us, and that end can be no other than our preparation for heaven, our sanctification. Is this your view, Sylvia?"

"Yes," she answered firmly and with feeling, for Lehrbach's words always so touched and carried her away that they seemed to make her share his way of thinking, feeling, and believing.

"Well, then, Sylvia, this will keep away any doubt of me or my faithfulness. We will make use of our year of separation to grow firmer in faith; that will strengthen our love, and so the bitter parting will in reality bring us nearer to each other."

The tears were in Sylvia's eyes.

"Have I again been saying something to vex you?" he inquired anxiously.

"Oh! no, only all that you say sounds as if it came from above; and as I am not accustomed to hear things discussed in this way, you must be compassionate to my weakness."

"What I say is as simple as possible," he answered.

Then he asked her if he might sometimes write to her. "No, indeed," she exclaimed anxiously. "My uncle might find it out and make it disagreeable for us, and even for your father and mother, who suspect nothing."

"Then I retract my request," said Vincent quickly. "My father thinks it rash, or unlawful in some cases, for a young man to engage himself with the certainty that years must intervene before his marriage. He thinks it hard upon a girl, who might meet with something better if she weren't bound."

"He needn't fear this in my case," said Sylvia, laughing; "but I think that your father and mother should hear it from your own mouth, and that you will best know how soon they should be told. We must beware of interference and prevent it at any cost. My uncle wants me to stay with him as long as he chooses, unless, indeed, a millionaire were to present himself. He would not be able to resist so great a bit of good-fortune as this. Money is his barometer."

"Then he won't think much of our prospects," said Vincent. "But as the whole house is probably of the same mind, you have escaped the infection wonderfully, Sylvia."

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"I have already told you that I have been kept from it by my own experience and a certain knowledge of the ins and outs of things."

"I must tell you quite plainly that I am offering you very narrow circumstances, and I could not bear to see you unhappy under them, as my conscience would reproach me for having loved you selfishly and encouraged you to face what was to be a hard lot for you, though I am accustomed to it."

"Don't be afraid," replied Sylvia with emotion. "You guessed my secret the day you heard me sighing after 'freedom and bread.' Do you think me fickle enough to change my mind now that I may confidently look forward to '*love*, liberty, and bread'?"

Nothing delighted Vincent more than this confidence of Sylvia's. It seemed to him that if she saw the ins and outs of her position so plainly she might be trusted when she spoke of herself and her feelings; and even though he was loath to leave her for his new destination, he was too happy at bottom to allow grief to get the better of him.

Sylvia settled down to her ordinary life. The baron had brought her some beautiful dresses from Paris; the room which Valentine had occupied during her engagement was done up for her with a fresh carpet and crimson damask furniture; and she had the prospect of some delightful rides on a spirited young horse which was another present. She took all these gifts with a few words of thanks, but as if they were matters of course, and she built a silent castle in the air about herself at Lehrbach's side, when everything would be so very different. Yet the very simplicity of their circumstances would make them cosey and comfortable.

The winter brought Mrs. Dambleton, with her newly-married son Vivian and his wife, to Germany. Mrs. Vivian Dambleton was a very attractive person and made some noise in society, where she was much admired. She had struck up a great friendship with Sylvia, who thus found a new and pleasurable charm in people's company. "As I am obliged to go into society, I may as well not bore myself in it as much as I did last winter," she said to herself. She was seen everywhere with her pretty friend, and her own good looks seemed to gain, not to lose, by the comparison.

In the meantime Mrs. Dambleton had the most painful talks with the baron and his wife concerning Valentine, who was determined to get a separation from Herr Goldisch, in order to

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marry a young Englishman and to go with him to the East Indies.

"My brother can't stand his dreadful life any longer," Mrs. Dambleton said; "and, indeed, he ought not, for he would give people a handle for thinking that he is perfectly insensible to the way in which she treats his name and his honor. As the two are entirely of one mind on this single point at least, a quiet divorce seems to me the best thing that can happen. My brother would thus be able to spend his latter years in peace, and Valentine might begin her life over again with a different husband."

"But, dear Mrs. Dambleton, what are you thinking of?" said the baroness in a dissatisfied tone. "Valentine can't marry again, as she is a Catholic. She may leave her husband, but she may not contract another marriage unless as a widow. Till then Herr Goldisch is and must remain her lawful husband."

Mrs. Dambleton shrugged her shoulders and said coldly: "Well, then, let her bear her own burden."

"That's what I say," exclaimed the baron in a very violent tone of voice. "Ever since she has been married she has done nothing but vex her parents as well as her husband. Her husband finds her unbearable—so do I; so let us leave her to herself."

"But how and where, love, is she to pass her days?" grumbled the baroness. "You can't surely leave poor Valentine to herself, if that dreadful husband of hers makes her over to a hard lot."

"Dreadful husband, indeed! It is Valentine who is dreadful. Goldisch is an excellent man."

"I am glad to hear you speak of my brother in this way; under present circumstances it does honor both to him and to you."

"Yes, I cannot do otherwise; but still I think that he should not give up his wife so lightly. She will soon weary of her East Indian. The same sort of thing has already happened two or three times."

"That's just it—Valentine is incorrigible," answered Mrs. Dambleton gravely. "If selfishness had not dried up her feelings my brother's kindness and considerateness would have moved her and made her better. Instead of this she shows him the greatest dislike and talks of nothing but a divorce from him."

"What an idiot she is!" cried out the baron, stamping his foot. "Let Goldisch rid himself of her, and let her bear the consequences of her foolish behavior."

"Oh! that I had never given my consent to her marrying a Protestant," moaned the baroness.

"You should have weighed all that nine years ago. Then

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there was no talk or notion of Catholic principles," replied Mrs. Dambleton in a very cold manner. "You have no right *now* to find fault with my brother for acting according to his excellent religion and getting divorced from her. It is not his fault if she is unable to marry again; but her determination to marry Mr. Windham proves her disinclination to abide by the Catholic view of the matter."

"Just God! what scandals and what miseries that will cause," sighed the baroness.

"Is this Mr. Windham rich and independent, and does he really mean to marry Valentine?" asked the baron.

"I don't know him personally," replied Mrs. Dambleton. "I only know that Valentine thinks him a set-off to my brother in the matter of age. He is two or three and twenty."

"Just God!" again sighed the baroness. "How senseless to like a man six years younger than she is herself!"

"If this Mr. Windham can support her in a fitting way it seems to me the best thing for all parties for him to marry Tini and take her off to the East Indies with him," said the baron.

"But, love, she ought not to marry him," insisted the baroness.

"Stuff, my dear! Who is going to forbid her?" he exclaimed. "Do you think she means to ask the pope's leave? She will simply be married in the Protestant church, as she was before. We ought to be too thankful to Protestantism for helping us out of such a wretched state of things."

"But *we* are not at all thankful about it," replied Mrs. Dambleton touchily.

"But, my dear Mrs. Dambleton, Henry VIII., the founder of your religion, ought to have accustomed you to this manner of setting things matrimonial to rights," said the baron, with quiet sarcasm. "He invented the method and made a thoroughly good use of it."

"Christ is the founder of my religion, not Henry VIII.!" exclaimed Mrs. Dambleton indignantly. "He only freed England from the pope's yoke."

"Well, he freed you from something, so it's all the same. My opinions on the point are too complicated to fight over with you, Mrs. Dambleton. We must keep friends, so as not to prejudice your brother's and my daughter's business. I have nothing to say against the divorce, as Goldisch is in the right. I have only to think of this silly Tini's money affairs and to find out what Mr. Windham can offer her. If he is a poor beggar

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I would rather lock Tini up than let her go and starve in the East Indies."

The baroness wanted to persuade Mrs. Dambleton to give up the notion of a divorce, but Mrs. Dambleton was not to be moved. "My brother has thoroughly weighed the matter, and it has cost him years of struggle, and now he has quite made up his mind," she said. "It is too late to change. Be thankful that a divorce is made so easy in Germany; in England it would give rise to all sorts of scandal. Perhaps it may be a useful lesson to Valentine for the future, and my poor brother will at least have some peace and quiet, and feel satisfied that little George, who is fast growing up, will not be troubled by the state of things between his father and mother. You know well enough that both my brother and I will do all we can to spare Valentine."

The baron put out his hand to her; the baroness was in tears. They wished to keep on good terms with Mrs. Dambleton, in order to get what they could for Valentine. For the same reason they promised her that Sylvia should go to England for a few months in the spring with Mrs. Vivian Dambleton. Sylvia was delighted at it. Now at last she was to see England in the way she had always wished to see it. Georgiana Dambleton belonged to a very good family which was highly connected, so that she had a footing amongst the upper ten thousand and much enjoyed the prospect of introducing her friend to the same. It was arranged that they should go by Paris, stopping a few days there with Aurel and Phœbe, then spend the height of the season in London, and leave in July for the country-seat of Georgiana's father and mother. Sylvia was so much delighted with the plan that she began to analyze her feelings. Considering that she was one day to become Lehrbach's wife, would it not have been far more reasonable of her to keep away from fashionable society instead of seeking it out and drinking in its pleasures? When she was married she would have small right to company or going about, to say nothing of comfort or elegance. Was she not, therefore, needlessly exposing herself by going into the very midst of one of the most brilliant societies in Europe? But then was she not to profit by so good an opportunity of seeing so interesting a country? Was she to grieve Georgiana, who so looked forward to showing her "dear old England" and her own beloved home? Then how instructive this visit would be! In short, it was far wiser to taste the world's good things, and, having done so, to despise them for

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true happiness, than to sigh after them from sheer ignorance. For all that she would have liked to hear what Lehrbach thought of the matter. "I wish he were here," she mused, and she wondered if she might venture to write and ask him. No, she would not do that; for, apart from other considerations, it was quite possible, though not probable, that he might not approve of the expedition, and she had set her mind upon it. Sylvia settled the question by resolving to keep a very detailed journal, to which she would confide not so much outward events as her impressions and thoughts, and which she would give to Lehrbach. That would show him that she had treated her journey as a serious matter.

This was her intention, but it had the fate common to most good resolutions: it was not carried out. She fancied she could not make a beginning in Paris; Aurel and Phœbe made her too sad and Paris was too distracting. She did not want to talk about Aurel and Phœbe, and she found that Paris produced a need of rest. But she did not succeed in collecting her thoughts. Spending her energies entirely on outward things, her power of concentration was null. That which she could not do in Paris was even more difficult in London, where she went through a gay and brilliant season. It was not a case of noting down interesting remarks, for in ball-rooms and festive gatherings great people are wont to be as commonplace as their more insignificant neighbors. After the season, as the journal was still blank, Sylvia thought it was too late to begin. Her mind was as empty as her book, but she had eyes only for the latter, not for the former. Much to Georgiana's delight and to her own private satisfaction, she had been a great deal noticed. At home people had grown indifferent to a beauty they had seen for so long, and which had reached its full maturity; but in England she was remarked in the crowd, partly because of the novelty of the thing, partly because she was really striking. Her great talent for music was a further attraction. There was no scope for it, indeed, at large balls and gatherings, but it was much appreciated at smaller parties. She was the object of much attention, and it was gratifying to her self-love to be once more on the pinnacle which she had been obliged to relinquish so long ago in her own country. She exulted in her success, trying to disguise her elation to herself by thinking how it would delight Vincent. But at times the supposition waxed faint. She was perfectly well aware that Lehrbach had higher views than all these gay doings. Sometimes another thought stole into her heart: "Am I not making

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an immense sacrifice for him? Does he appreciate it?" But she stifled it at once. "The state of things here is quite exceptional, and it will soon be over," she said to herself. "When I get home I shall again be portionless, prospectless Sylvia. Oh! no, indeed; I am not making an immense sacrifice. He is offering me 'love, liberty, and bread,' and I will willingly give up my golden ring in exchange. Eastern slaves wear one on their arm as a sign of their bondage; and am I not a slave?"

In this state of mind she sent Clarissa a letter in which she spoke just as if her going to England had been purely an act of kindness towards Georgiana Dambleton, and that after all it was not so very different from home or what she had found at Naples, Rome, or Paris; Clarissa was to tell her brother so with Sylvia's love. In writing this Sylvia did not question her own sincerity and had not the slightest intention of deceiving Vincent and Clarissa; but as her inclinations and actions lacked a supernatural—consequently immutable—standing-point, and as she did not understand searching into her motives, she took impressions and moods for something lasting, and was not a judge of what was passing in herself. She thus drew upon herself deception after deception; for, after the example of the serpent in the garden, our fallen nature is an arch flatterer. The letter did not leave a comforting impression on Clarissa's mind. "I am pleased at least to hear something of Sylvia," she said to her mother, "but I am very sorry to see that she looks at things in this merely outward and superficial way. If she would go a little deeper she would certainly be struck by different lands and nations; for it is quite impossible to suppose that London and Naples, and Paris and Rome, are all exactly alike."

"Poor Sylvia! How much does she see of these places? It is only drawing-rooms, theatres, and shops with her, and she is with people who lay stress upon unimportant things and pass by that which is most worth seeing. Any one who cared so little for seeing the Holy Father as Sylvia did may certainly be expected not to know what is worthy of interest, and to fall into a state of confusion with regard to their views and opinions. Then one becomes like a reed which is swayed by fashion, whim, self-love, or false authority, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another."

"That sounds a sad lot for Sylvia, mother dear, and I know Vincent made me quite happy about her by what he wrote last year from Grünerode."

"Sylvia has no fixed religious principles, so she soon gets

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to be whatever her surroundings make her, and is influenced, whether favorably or otherwise, by outward things."

"Oh! if we could only free her from this wretched state of dependence," sighed Clarissa.

"Pray for her," said Frau von Lehrbach. "This dependence on people and things is the ruination of thousands. But the women come off the worst, because they bear demoralization less easily than men, and, even when they are conscious of it, they have not the stern energy requisite to regain their footing, and their position in society makes determination and action more difficult. Were Sylvia to be placed in new circumstances, and to marry a man of strong principles whom she loved and respected, she would be able to look up to him, and would, perhaps, become an exemplary woman."

Sylvia's prospects disturbed and disheartened Clarissa. She sent the letter without comment on to Vincent, so as to give him some tidings of the "dear sister of charity," as he had called her. But Vincent put a very indifferent interpretation upon it. He thought he read in it the language of a person who was disguising her real feelings and submitting with careless indifference to outward events. Clarissa did not get the letter back again.

PART IV.—APPARENT DIRÆ FACIES.

CHAPTER I.

NEW PROSPECTS.

SYLVIA was walking restlessly up and down her room, according to her wont. It was deep night and the house was plunged in sleep. She had come home wearied out from a ball, and yet she was not inclined to go to bed. She had found a letter on her table which put her into a state of great agitation. She opened it carelessly whilst Bertha was taking down her hair, but after the first line or two her heart began to beat, and as she followed it up she said in a trembling voice:

"Be quick, Bertha! I want to be quiet." And she began to take off her flowers and bows herself with eager haste.

"That's it. Now give me my dressing-gown, and do go," she said impatiently, and Bertha, who was bewildered by her young mistress' manner, did as she was told. She had scarcely shut the door behind her when Sylvia snatched up her letter again, folded her dark silk dressing-gown round her, leaned back in a deep

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arm-chair, and read it over and over again with increasing perplexity. It contained an offer from Herr Goldisch.

At the time of Sylvia's departure from England the previous year the divorce had already been carried out. Whilst the business was still pending Valentine had betaken herself to her brother in Paris instead of going to her mother, who was expecting her at Grünerode.

She went to Biarritz with Phœbe, made expeditions into the Pyrenees, and enjoyed herself immensely. She wrote word to her mother that they might expect her in Germany in the autumn as Mrs. Windham, when she would introduce Mr. Windham to them, and that she would then set out with him for Calcutta, where he held an excellent government appointment. He was, she said, then in England, getting ready for the journey. Autumn came, but no Mr. and Mrs. Windham appeared at Grünerode. The truth was that the faithless bridegroom had chosen to go wifeless to Calcutta, pretending that his appointment there was not worth the risk of exposing Valentine's precious health to the Indian climate. Valentine wept a deluge of tears, let her hair fall down once more on her shoulders in dishevelled ringlets, and, betwixt love and revenge, contemplated setting off in pursuit of the truant. But when Aurel put before her the discomfort entailed by the journey she took alarm at her high-minded scheme and resolved to continue acting the part she had played in her married life—that of *femme incomprise*. This was doubly advantageous to her, as she could still bemoan her fate and set about once more seeking out a sympathetic heart. But nothing would induce her to return to Germany; she chose Aurel's house—somewhat to his disgust—as her headquarters. Valentine was not the kind of person who would help to lighten and soothe his domestic burdens. Having a small mind, weak feelings, and indolent character, she was wrapped up exclusively in herself, and had not even that outward pleasantness which, in daily life, is sometimes a set-off to selfishness. But Aurel saw that for the time he was her only support, as, though the baron made her an allowance, he had a very good mind indeed to quarter her at Grünerode. There, he thought, she would not be able to spend her money or to rush into another senseless marriage. Reasons which commended themselves to him were, of course, highly distasteful to Valentine, the more so from her having her fortune, which Herr Goldisch had at once given back, at her own disposal.

"I don't understand my father," she said indignantly to

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Aurel. "Does he mean to shut me up at Grünerode and have me watched? He doesn't see the stupidity of it. What should induce me to take up my abode there and wear myself to death with the dulness and solitude, when I can live on the interest of my capital and don't want his allowance of two or three thousand thalers at all?"

"Yes, you can live on your interest, but not as you have been accustomed to live," answered Aurel. "You will find that out soon enough. My house is always open to you, but I advise you not to quarrel with my father and not to get into debt."

"What is the use of my being a rich man's daughter and the future heiress of a million of money, if I am to be thinking about every penny I spend?" sighed Valentine, who had already forgotten what she had just said about making the interest suffice. This heedless way of talking was one of her characteristics. She contradicted herself at every turn.

After the divorce business had been got rid of Herr Goldisch went to spend a little time with his sister and to see Vivian Dambleton at his charming place, Ivyhouse. There he met Sylvia and brought her back to her aunt at Grünerode. He was on very friendly terms with his father-in-law and mother-in-law, and wished thus to show them that he had by no means acted with unfairness. They were obliged to acknowledge his kindness and considerateness. "We feel just the same towards each other as we did, Goldisch," the baron had said one day. "If that silly Tini did not know how to value you as a husband, I at least know how to value you as a friend, come what may. I am the last man to blame what you have done, although my daughter was your wife. Women must obey orders, and if they won't they must be got rid of."

"But, love—" began the baroness.

"Be got rid of," he repeated. "It is a false and deceitful sex, half cat, half chameleon—"

"What a monster!" interrupted Sylvia.

"Nothing more nor less, Sylvia. Women are strange beings, and because they are strange they are apt at times to be perfectly bewitching. Now are you satisfied, you little coaxer?"

"No, indeed; I don't like your way of depreciating us first, and then of lauding us up to the skies."

"I can't help it, Sylvia. There is something of the cat and something of the chameleon about you. The chameleon element is almost a necessity for achieving a masculine conquest. The man in question crouches before you for a brief space, to become

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your lord and master for ever after. But the feline element, little fairy—"

"But, love, when did you ever find that I acted like a cat?" asked the baroness in a grumbling tone.

"Never, my dear. You are a lamb, but you are an exception."

"And I am sure Sylvia is another exception, for there is a certain number of good and simple women," said Herr Goldisch in his comfortable and kind way.

"H'm! what have you to say for yourself? Is it fairy, witch, or kitten? Kittens have their merits, you know."

"I don't know what I make myself, but at any rate I am not a false cat," said Sylvia, and her lustrous eyes looked up frankly into her uncle's face.

"A false cat! You are perverting my words. I said kitten, which is something quite different from a false cat; and what I said applies to a kitten."

The less pleasure the baron had with his own daughters the more he petted and spoiled Sylvia. She neither grumbled nor cried, nor vexed him nor wearied him, whereas Valentine and Isidora never did anything else. So he loaded Sylvia with presents and wished to have her about him as much as possible. She had to accompany him every night to the theatre. It amused him, perhaps from force of habit, but it bored her. Then she was called upon to ride out with him every day—a new arrangement which she particularly disliked, as very often the baroness would require her company an hour later on some expedition or other. Sylvia sighed more and more earnestly after independence and bread, and she counted the moments to Lehrbach's final examination.

This was the state of her feelings when Herr Goldisch's letter came to unsettle her. What a prospect it opened before her! What a brilliant lot it put before her! Certainly she was perfectly indifferent to him, but she appreciated him and all the world respected him. True it was that he was already on the wrong side of fifty, yet she herself would be twenty-eight on the 1st of May, and so would Vincent. Then Vincent's appointment had not yet come. All that her father had once told her of the folly of a long engagement full of painful hopes and expectations, of their own narrow means when they did at last marry, came into her mind, and she wondered whether she could rest content with just such a lot as her mother's or as Mechtilda von Lehrbach's. But then Vincent's love was so true and noble and dis-

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interested, he was so ready to shelter her in his faithful heart, and the contrast between his ideal cast of mind and that unflinching conscientiousness which he united with a charm and character she had never yet found in any other man made him extremely sympathetic. Was she to give him up for a few comforts? The thing was impossible. For years she had silently been craving for a true and unselfish affection, and for years her mind had been seeking for a peaceful lot wherein she might live according to her taste and desires. The one wish was fulfilled, and the other nearly so, and was she now to give it all up? But was she in truth so near the bourne? Lehrbach's last examination would take place in six months; would he then be in a position to support a wife decently?—for it was superfluous to dream of luxury. Had she not heard that the subordinate government posts were miserably paid, and had not a sum been mentioned which she now spent upon her dress alone? She was in a dire perplexity. It was easy to renounce luxury, but was it not very rash to choose a position which would be sure to entail great privations? How Lehrbach would feel it if he were to see her smarting under them! And could she be sure that she would always be able to hide it from him? Would he not a thousand times rather see her married to a worthy man in easy circumstances than marry her himself and bring anxiety upon her?

These were the thoughts which were at work in Sylvia's mind. She did not weigh the thing calmly or see it as it really was. Sometimes she strove to raise her heart above the inward tumult and to seek light in prayer, but in the world's golden cage her soul had lost the power of flying. She made a weak attempt at fluttering in the air, and soon fell back upon the ground. The very first thing which would have struck a Catholic never even occurred to her—viz., that Goldisch had a wife already and was not free to marry, even though he might pass the rest of his days away from Valentine. This single Catholic principle would have brought her instantaneous peace of mind; but gradually she had grown utterly insensible to dogma as to a worthless thing which is not even to be taken into account. Idols had supplemented the place in her heart which belonged to the loving God of revelation, and they could neither soothe nor counsel her. There was no one in the outer world to whom she could turn for advice. Mrs. Dambleton, Xaveria, or Georgiana, if consulted, would have shown an individual coloring of mind not favorable to Lehrbach in their answers. Herr and Frau von Lehrbach and Clarissa never occurred to her, neither did her

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uncle or aunt. Sylvia felt convinced that the latter would be decidedly against her marrying Vincent, and she was not sure what the Lehrbachs might think about it. Wherever she turned she could find no pleader for Vincent. Her own feeling was in his favor, but only because the consciousness of his love acted as a soother and brought her a long-wished-for happiness. With her it was no question of an unselfish affection which would have been ready to return love for love. If there had been, hesitation would have been momentary or null.

Exhaustion at length got the better of Sylvia's physical and mental powers, and she found sleep, though not rest. The same perplexing thoughts were on her mind when she awoke, for some kind of an answer would have to be given. She felt quite incompetent to come to a decision on the spot, and thought she would take time to consider it, even deceiving herself into imagining that she could make Lehrbach a judge in the matter. At length she wrote to Goldisch, and told him that she was as much surprised as honored by so high a mark of confidence, but that she could not give a decided answer before she had laid his flattering offer before her uncle and aunt, who might feel themselves aggrieved if anything were done so soon after Valentine's divorce.

After beginning this letter several times she succeeded in despatching it, and once more breathed freely, resolving to carefully weigh the two paths which lay before her. But her grave consideration merely amounted to her asking herself which of the two would prove the pleasanter. Her worldly-mindedness spoke for Herr Goldisch, her heart for Vincent; and as she did not trouble herself about consulting a disinterested authority and scarcely gave the matter of principle a thought, she came to no decision.

At this juncture Herr von Lehrbach called. She heard him announced in a bewildered state of mind, and was obliged to use so much violence over herself that she was deadly pale as she went up to him.

"Do you know it already?" he asked, quite alarmed at her looks.

"No; but nothing good brings you here so suddenly," Sylvia said.

"My poor father has had a fit, and he's dead," said Vincent, with the tears in his eyes and in his voice. "A telegram yesterday evening told me the sad news. I am only staying here two hours just to see you, and then I am going to my poor mother.

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What a grief it is to me, Sylvia, that our engagement never had my father's blessing!"

"How is your mother?" asked Sylvia with nervous haste.

"Clary's telegram only said that she was quite overcome, as you can imagine, by the sudden shock. Just fancy, Sylvia—he died without the sacraments!"

"Don't grieve about it," said Sylvia softly; "he was so good."

"Yes, he was, indeed; but there is a wide difference between dying with the Blood of our Lord fresh upon one's soul, penitent and loving, and dying in the midst of work with the dust of earthly things thick upon us."

"And how are you yourself? We have been so long parted, and now it is death which brings us together," said Sylvia feelingly.

"I am very well," and Vincent's eye lighted up as he spoke. "I have a happy prospect before me, and I never lose sight of it. Soon, I hope, it will be reality."

"Really, will it be soon?" she asked eagerly.

"What are two or three years when our love will bind us together for time and eternity?" he exclaimed.

"It is dreadful to be separated for so long!" she sighed.

"How I love to hear you say this, my own Sylvia! I can tell you that I, too, feel what the separation is; but happiness, as we understand it, is a costly fruit which slowly comes to maturity. Many gray days away from you have yet to be lived through, but then comes the golden hour which will bind us together for ever. That is what I look to. It is the polar star which lights up my path."

"Yes, you are well off with your work and your profession, which fill up your time and take off your thoughts; but as for me, I weary myself out in the dreary solitude of an empty life of accomplishments and noisy pleasures."

"Daily work with its sameness, and the fulfilment of dry duty, are no less wearisome, and man, who is a creature of change, rebels against them occasionally with all his might. If you are tired of your gayeties don't you think I am sick of my dry work day after day? Indeed, Sylvia, I have to practise daily self-denial. It is the only road to progress, but a sure one. Our Lord taught it to us, and the saints carried it out in their lives."

"It was all very well for *saints*."

"Well, they had the same flesh and blood as we have, though they made a different use of it," said Vincent, laughing. "They

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were frail men, but they shouldered manfully the cross of self-denial and became holy under its burden."

"But it is exceedingly difficult to be plunged as I am in a sea of distractions, and not to forget even the meaning of self-denial as the saints practised it, let alone carrying it out."

"This is why the saints withdrew themselves from the world; and as you are going to do the same thing soon, Sylvia, and to live in a very modest way, you see that Almighty God wishes to put the means of perfection in your power," Vincent said in a playful tone, though with a deep meaning.

"Do you think so?" she asked doubtfully.

"Certainly I do," he said with decision.

"Would you not speak differently if you were a millionaire? Would you then advise me to choose humble circumstances? Would you advise me to give you up because you were a rich man and feared the dangers of riches for me?"

"These are strange questions, Sylvia, and they seem to me beside the mark," said Vincent, puzzled. "In theory it may be easy to answer this 'if' as it ought to be answered; but I cannot say positively that I should be disinterested enough to warn you off making me happy if I were a millionaire. But nobody on earth is less likely to offer you the perplexity than I. Make yourself easy," he added, laughing; "you will break yourself of luxurious habits, and that more easily than you think for, when you are removed from the great world and its senseless demands. And supposing you should ever be tempted to look back, self-denial will help you to fight against the desire."

"Your soothing words encourage me," answered Sylvia. "Sometimes I am quite afraid of being a great burden to you."

"Put that trouble out of your head, Sylvia. It is a great joy and spur to me to work not only for myself but also for that loved one whom God has confided to me."

"How good and noble you are!" exclaimed Sylvia with feeling. "O Vincent! I am not worthy of you."

"We won't fight about it. I fancy we quite agree in desiring 'love, freedom, and a sufficiency.'"

"If I could see you and speak to you oftener! Is there no hope of it? When are you coming back?"

"Probably in October."

"And then what will you do?"

"Then comes the official examination—the last it will be—after which I shall have an appointment. There may be a few

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months' delay about it, but certainly next spring, Sylvia, our happy day will dawn."

"How I shall welcome it, Vincent!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Life with you takes quite a different coloring, or I should say *is* different to what it is without you. Nobody talks your language here or thinks as you do. Your whole life is in a different sphere to theirs. Indeed, it is beyond me, but I can at least understand and admire and appreciate it, and it makes me wish to be like you—a wish which finds no echo in this house. Nobody helps me on."

"You might have help, Sylvia; I have often told you where it is to be found," answered Vincent with beseeching earnestness.

"Oh! no," she exclaimed quickly; "that sort of help is not to the point."

"Yes, it is. It is a help to self-knowledge, which makes us humble; and a humble man is ready to deny himself. God will not refuse his grace to such a man."

"Oh! don't ask me to do impossible things," Sylvia said, raising her hands in a supplicating way. "I can give my confidence only to some chosen friend whom I can honor and not fear."

"I don't ask anything of you, dearest Sylvia, and have no right to ask. I am only putting a well-tried means before you which might give you light and strength in your spiritual solitude."

"No, you are the only person who can help me, and I will be helped only by you," she said with decision. "I won't have any third person coming between us."

"That is not a right way of looking at it, Sylvia," he said seriously. "A priest, a director, by no means comes between us. He would be your counsellor. But don't let us talk about it, as you can't see it as it is. What we have to do now is to pray for my poor father's soul."

"And for our future," added Sylvia with a certain constraint.

They were obliged to say good-by. "No," thought Sylvia to herself after Lehrbach had gone, "I can't give him up. He is quite a man apart. My heart goes with him. I want to be able to love, honor, and respect, and I *do* love him. It will be the best thing I can do to write to-day and decline Goldisch's offer."

Sylvia was summoned to her aunt, who held out a letter to her and said:

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"What do you say to this match, love?"

"I wish Helen much happiness," replied Sylvia, after she had read the letter announcing an engagement.

"I dare say you do; but where is the happiness to come from? She has nothing and he has nothing."

"O Aunt Teresa! just think of Valentine and of Aurel. There was money enough on both sides, but where is their happiness? Once in a way, I am sure, there may be a happy marriage without money."

"Indeed, child, my poor children seem not to have much happiness between them," sighed the baroness. "How miserable poor Isi is over Wilderich's pitiable state! Yet there is nothing to be done for it."

"It is very sad, Aunt Teresa. But Wilderich's state is a consequence of his having followed his calling; it is an outward misfortune which does not affect domestic happiness, supposing that this existed. So, I imagine, Helen may be very happy in spite of possible anxieties."

"You speak, love, as if you had no notion of the difficulty of giving up that to which one has been accustomed. Just try it, and I am sure in a fortnight's time you will be quite sick of tramping the streets in the snow and rain instead of sitting in your carriage, and of having to bear with a stupid cook who over-salts your soup and sends you up smoked milk for your coffee."

The baron came in to luncheon and they talked about Helen Darsberg.

"It is evident that she is determined to marry before she enters upon her thirtieth year, and consequently upon the state of old-maidenhood," said the baron. "How could she otherwise think for a moment of bestowing her aristocratic hand upon a nobody who has only lived in provincial towns, and whose family is one of the poorest in the country?"

"Apparently because she loves him. Don't be so dreadfully matter-of-fact," Sylvia said in a light tone, but with a heavy heart, for she read a personal application in the baron's words.

"As a man of business I cannot but be matter-of-fact, little fairy; and, besides, I have always found that it is the wisest course to have a deep regard for that matter-of-fact thing—a well-filled purse. In marriage the realities of life come to the fore. A married man, be he king or cobbler, requires a healthy young wife who will bear him nice children and fulfil the duties of her position according to his circumstances. Now, how is this coun-

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tess, who does not know a chestnut from a potato, nor a spirling from a lark, to direct a household with at most one thousand thalers a year, she being herself thirty? Is it within the bounds of human capacity? I say no. There are many families who live upon one thousand or five hundred thalers, or even less, but what sort of living is it? If people have been born and brought up in these circumstances they may not feel what they lose; but you won't get me to believe, Sylvia, that a person so fearfully spoilt as poor Helen Darsberg will be insensible to the change, or rather that she is going to view it in the light of poetry and romance. She might have fallen into the delusion at eighteen, but at thirty it is out of the question. At the present moment she has no excuse for her folly, and her mother will be in a fine way about it. But what can she do with a daughter at thirty who is determined to marry? She must simply see her destroy her prospects, and comfort herself with the proverb, 'Every man his own paradox.'"

"But when Countess Darsberg dies what is to become of Helen?" said Sylvia, still defending her.

"She has several married brothers and sisters with heaps of children, and inherits sufficient from her mother to live becomingly as a single lady, and then she can devote herself to her nieces and nephews."

"But it is not a very enviable position only to be an aunt!"

"Well, let her make a sensible marriage suitable to her age and position. It is too ridiculous to see her appearing as *Frau Assessorin* by the side of a man who is scarcely as old as she and who almost looks like her son—for these fair complexions very soon go off. Let her marry a man of fifty or sixty in good circumstances—I have nothing whatever to say against it; on the contrary, I should be delighted. However, I hate beggarly marriages, and in my opinion paupers are recruited not only from the scum of the lower classes, but from all ranks where people have hardly got bread to leave their children."

Sylvia was silent. Every word struck home like a stab at her heart. In an ordinary way her uncle was by no means an authority in her eyes, and she generally fought against his views; but that day everything he said seemed to her right, and the consequence was that the letter to Goldisch was not written and that she fell back into her miserable indecision. If hers had been a passionate nature she would not have been able to bear this uncertainty; she must have come to some determination or other, even at the risk of future regrets. But, full of worldly

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vanity and the craving to get as much happiness out of her life as possible, she was first for one thing and then for the other, weighing in each prospect what her chances were, just as if she had caught up something of her uncle's commercial tone of mind. At times she reproached herself bitterly with giving only half a heart to Lehrbach, and at others with even thinking of marrying Goldisch, who was perfectly indifferent to her. "But whom do I really care about?" she asked herself uneasily. Alas! her own worldliness and the worldliness of others had choked up her better feelings, and to be truthful she ought to have answered: "The fact is, I care for no one but myself."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ROMAN PRIMACY IN THE SECOND CENTURY.

THE primacy conferred on St. Peter and his successors by Jesus Christ may be properly defined as "the pre-eminence by which the Roman Pontiff obtains by divine right not only honor and dignity, but also jurisdiction and power, throughout the universal Church." *

The pre-eminence of honor and dignity over the other apostles of St. Peter appears clearly enough in the pages of the New Testament. The pre-eminence of jurisdiction and power is also perfectly clear in the terms of the commission given to him and to his fellow-apostles by our Lord. The exercise of universal apostolic jurisdiction is also plainly manifested in the New Testament. The actual and immediate exercise of *pre-eminent* apostolic jurisdiction by St. Peter does not so distinctly appear. The obvious reason is that the extraordinary powers conferred on the apostles were such that they participated in a subordinate way in that very universal episcopal pre-eminence which is one chief prerogative of the permanent primacy in the church, besides having other gifts which were intransmissible even to the successors of St. Peter. The Acts of the Apostles are silent concerning St. Peter from the time of his leaving the East for Rome, and silent also concerning all the other apostles except

* Schouppe, *Elem. Theol. Dogm.*, t. i. p. 226, Rhodes' translation, *Visible Unity of the Church*, vol. i. p. 43. This work is specially recommended to those who wish to study the question.

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St. Paul. In the Epistles and the Apocalypse St. Peter, St. John, St. James the Less, and St. Paul are the only apostles who appear prominently on the scene, and besides these only St. Jude appears at all. St. James did not exercise the apostolic power outside of Jerusalem and Palestine. St. John, after going to Ephesus, remained within the limits of proconsular Asia. St. Paul expressly states that he kept himself within certain limits where he had been the missionary pioneer and founder. All tradition represents him as taking the second place after St. Peter at Rome. Thus, as the sacred history withdraws its light, as the church passes into the obscurity of the period following the year 60 of our common Christian era, we see dimly episcopal succeeding to apostolic government; St. James closing his career as the Judæan patriarch; St. Paul remaining to the end as a missionary and doctor of nations, but effacing himself as a ruler before the Prince of Apostles, with whom he becomes a martyr at Rome; St. Peter fixed in his primatial see and transmitting the succession to Linus, Cletus, and Clement; while St. John closes the century at Ephesus, where, as St. Jerome writes, "he founded and ruled all the churches of Asia," and closed, as the last of the inspired apostles and evangelists, the canon of Scripture with his Gospel, Epistles, and Apocalypse.

The memory of St. Peter's Roman episcopate and primacy, and of his transmission of the same to his successors, remained and was preserved throughout the universal church.

At the Œcumenical Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, Philip, a priest and legate of Pope Cœlestine, said, without a whisper of dissent from the prelates present:

"We do not doubt, nay, rather *it is a fact well known in all ages*, that the holy and blessed Peter, Prince and Head of the Apostles, Pillar of the Faith, Foundation of the Catholic Church, received from our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of the human race, the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and that to him power was given to loose and to bind sins. And Peter has, in his successors, lived and exercised judgment up to this present day, and for all future time will live and judge."*

This is the expression of the universal belief of orthodox Christians in the middle of the fifth century, and a statement of the indisputable fact that the Bishop of Rome then claimed and possessed, with the consent of all ecclesiastical and civil rulers in Christendom, that primacy which has been above defined. It had a cause, an origin, and a history in preceding ages, and it

* Labbe, t. iii. p. 1154. Bottalla's *Sup. Auth. of the Pope*, p. 86.

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would be strange indeed if these could not be traced and proved by testimonies from the earliest antiquity, as well as the beginnings and developments of other constituent elements of the Christian religion.

One of these earliest testimonies to the apostolic origin of the primacy has been already presented in the action and doctrine of St. Clement, the fourth Bishop of Rome. Between Clement and Constantine an interval elapsed of two hundred and twelve years, of two hundred and sixty-one years from the foundation of the Roman Church to its recognition as a legitimate institution in the empire. This interval of time is one which gradually emerges from obscurity after the middle of the second century of our era, until as it approaches its term it becomes comparatively luminous. The earliest and most obscure period is well described by a writer from whom we have already quoted:

"Christianity, from the days of the Emperor Nero to those of the Antonines, from the year 60 to the year 160—that is, from the captivity of St. Paul at Rome to the bishopric of Irenæus at Lyons; from the persecution of St. James by the last devotees of that Jewish worship, which was even then hastening to its fall by the destruction of Jerusalem, to the death of Justin Martyr by the hand of the last great pagan, Marcus Aurelius, in 166—Christianity lives under ground. It has no connected story to tell. . . . What is it, this new society? Where is it? What is it doing? How does it come? How does it grow? Who compose it? There is darkness, difficulty, puzzle about all this, for us as for the Roman statesman. It is hard to piece it together, hard to distinguish what is happening and how it happens. We can only penetrate, for the most part, into the hiding-places of the church by the help of these statesmen themselves. . . . Every now and then their suspicions grew too strong to control, or the feelings of the crowd drove them to violent measures, and they broke forcibly into those strange societies and let the daylight in upon their secret gatherings. . . . The Christian Church of the apostolic Fathers, then, shows itself, under the light let in upon it by its Roman enemies, to be remarkable, first, for its power to develop strong individual characters, of strange and defiant obstinacy, whether in ruler, slave, or apologist; and, secondly, as men looked deeper, for its power of holding all its members within the compass of *a society which was a social as well as a religious unity*, which was bonded together by close ties of brotherhood into the communion of a common faith, and which so realized in act the idea of the spiritual communion that it could make its own dominion felt as *a counter 'imperium' to the empire of Rome*, with a changed centre of action, with unknown and alien points of contact between man and man, with different manners, customs, laws—different interests, different thoughts, different feelings, different aspirations."*

* *The Apostolic Fathers*, pp. 5, 6, 17, 18. The italics are our own.

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The one idea we wish to bring forward and use in argument by means of this borrowed language is the church's original character as an "imperium," bound together in strict unity, and under leaders or chieftains, which latter note of its organic constitution the writer quoted has more distinctly expressed in his context, which we have not space to quote.

In respect to the principle of this unity, as bearing on the office of the primacy, we find some apposite remarks making a fine episode in Cardinal Newman's exposition of the difference between civilization and barbarism which is one of the most admirable parts of his *Lectures on the Turks.*

The author has previously laid down that a civilized community has an interior principle of life, progress, and development, "a vigorous action of the intellect residing in the body, independent of individuals, and giving birth to great men, rather than created by them." Taking an illustration from the early rise and progress of Christianity, he says:

"In the first three centuries of the church we find martyrs, indeed, in plenty, as the Turks might have soldiers; but (to view the matter humanly) perhaps there was not one great mind, after the apostles, to teach and mould her children. . . . Vigilant as was the Holy See then, as in every age, yet there is no pope, I may say, during that period, who has impressed his character upon his generation; yet how well instructed, how precisely informed, how self-possessed an oracle of truth do we find the church to be when the great internal troubles of the fourth century required it! . . . By what channels, then, had the divine philosophy descended down from the Great Teacher through three centuries of persecution? First through the see and church of Peter, into which error never intruded, though popes might be little more than victims, to be hunted out and killed as soon as made; and to which the faithful from all quarters of the world might have recourse when difficulties arose or when false teachers anywhere exalted themselves. But intercommunion was difficult and comparatively rare in days like those, and of nothing is there less pretence of proof than that the Holy See imposed a faith, while persecution raged, upon the œcumenical body. Rather, in that earliest age, it was simply the living spirit of the myriads of the faithful, none of them known to fame, who received from the disciples of our Lord, and husbanded so well, and circulated so widely, and transmitted so faithfully, generation after generation, the once delivered apostolic faith."*

It is the unity of the church which makes the primacy necessary, in order that the body may have a head, the *imperium* an *imperator.* It is, therefore, requisite that we should understand the nature of the unity and the vital constitution of the body,

* *Lectures on the Hist. of the Turks*, lect. iv. part iii. pp. 255, 256. Ed. Dubl. 1854.

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in order to understand the nature of the headship subsisting in the primacy.

In the strictest sense Jesus Christ alone is or can be the head of the church. Only God can create and sustain spiritual life, and the spirit of life which he communicates can only be in an individual subject. Because he is the Eternal Son, one in essence with the Father and the Holy Spirit, Jesus Christ can give the Life-giving Spirit who proceeds from him and from the Father as one principle, and thus, as the Head of the Church, unite its living members in one body by giving the same spiritual life as their animating and uniting principle to each one of its members. This life is active and operates by faith, hope, and charity. The priest cannot give forth from himself faith, hope, charity, sanctifying grace and life; and the sensible signs of the sacraments have no efficacy intrinsic in their matter and form, apart from their supernatural quality, for spiritual effects. It is Christ who regenerates, pardons, consecrates and offers himself in sacrifice, enlightens, sanctifies. It is his word in which we believe, in his grace that we hope, his person that we love, with him that each one holds immediate communion in prayer. The sacraments are only his instruments and channels; the ministers of the church, from the lowest to the highest, are only his agents and messengers, who serve him as acolytes in his priestly office, as heralds in his prophetic mission, as vicars and ambassadors in his kingly dominion.

The whole external order and constitution of the church is therefore *sui generis*, as belonging to a spiritual kingdom which differs essentially from a mere body politic. It could not be invented, lawfully constituted, or made the instrument and medium of divine grace by men, and must derive from Jesus Christ. The personal and vital communion with Christ is not given to the individual believer *independently* of the church. He is dependent on preaching and the sacraments. These are committed to the priesthood, and the priesthood cannot be validly conferred or lawfully exercised except according to the divine law by which the church is constituted.

St. Clement, who was a personal witness of the manner in which the apostles constituted the churches which they founded, and who was taught by them, declares, as we have seen, that they established the priesthood according to a fixed order by divine commandment. St. Ignatius, Patriarch of Antioch and the second in succession from St. Peter, ten years after St. Clement's Letter to the Corinthians, distinctly testifies that this order was epis-

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copal. St. Irenæus in the same century, and Tertullian in the third, locate the seat of the rule of faith and unity in the apostolic succession of bishops in the churches.

According to the true, Catholic idea, the living members were gathered into the unity of the one, Catholic Church by a congregation into particular churches, each under its bishop, and containing within itself all the principles and means of life. In the bishop was the plenitude of the priesthood, all that the sacrament of order can convey, including the power of ordaining others; and in the priests and deacons was a part of the same sacramental gift of ordination. The faith, the sacraments, the law of Christ, the power of government—all that was necessary to a living, self-subsisting body—was in each particular church. Yet it was not independent of the Catholic Church; on the contrary, it possessed all its privileges on the condition of being united with all other similar parts of the universal church in one Catholic communion.

The outward bond of this communion lay in an affiliation of the churches of a province to their metropolitan church, of metropolitan churches to one which was of a higher metropolitan order, like Ephesus, or patriarchal, like Antioch. Gathered in councils under their presiding bishops, the bishops of these various eparchies exercised judicial and legislative functions. In the centre of this system Rome was the church which possessed the principality, as the mother and mistress of the rest, dependent on no other, having all others depending from her, she being the model and type, all her daughter churches facsimiles of her and of each other, and all together being the Catholic Church, subsisting at once in unity and multiplicity.

This universal pervasion of vitality through all the living, individual members of the church, the repetition of the total organic structure in the distinct parts of the body; the multiplication of particular churches constituted like the universal church, under rulers who participated in the perfect plenitude of the episcopal character with the bishop of the church to which the supreme principality belonged; the annexation of all archiepiscopal pre-eminence of honor and jurisdiction, from that of metropolitan up to the primacy to the office of bishop over a particular church, in which all bishops were essentially equal, explains the wonderful phenomenon of unity during the age of persecution. The church was alive all over, and not merely vitalized by an impulse from the seat of supreme authority. It explains also many things in the attitude and relation of other churches

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to the Roman Church, of bishops and councils to the pope, and in the language and sentiments of those early times, which seem inconsistent with the idea of the church as an *imperium* with an *imperator* at its head possessing sovereign and universal jurisdiction, as supreme judge in faith and morals, lawgiver and ruler, and the Vicar of Christ on earth.

The life and unity of the church were operative by faith and love. Therefore the faithful were all one brotherhood under one father, and the pomp of human distinctions was absent from their fraternal society. The titles of its chiefs and leaders were few and modest, and just such as were sufficient to designate their pastoral and ministerial offices. The laity and clergy were the brethren of the bishop, and the clergy of all orders were the "ancients" and seniors among their brethren. The bishops presiding in the principal churches had no special designation, and the bishop presiding in the church which possessed the more powerful principality had none. He addressed his colleagues as his fellow-bishops, and they sometimes addressed him in the same manner. The patriarchs were called simply the Bishops of Alexandria and Antioch, and the pope was called Bishop of Rome. The prerogatives special to each were perfectly understood as annexed to their episcopate and implied in its title. The intensity of faith and love, the disinterestedness and humility of obedience, the reality of an age of suffering and heroism, made all parade of names and formality in proclaiming titles of authority superfluous and inappropriate.

All these various considerations which have been brought forward respecting the church and the Roman primacy during the second century especially, and also in due proportion during the third, prove most conclusively that the belief which is found universally diffused, which is openly appealed to and loudly proclaimed, in the fourth and fifth centuries, respecting the divine primacy of the Bishop of Rome as the successor to St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, was planted by the apostles themselves together with the faith. The faith and the hierarchical order culminating in the primacy were planted and grew up together everywhere, at the same time, and alike. The faith did not proceed from Rome alone; the apostolic deposit of the written and unwritten word of Christ was not committed exclusively to the Roman Church; the organization of the hierarchy did not originally proceed from St. Peter's successors in that see; their primacy was not established and did not bring into subjection all the churches of the world through an influence proceeding solely

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from their efforts. The church was handed over to their guardianship in possession of its faith and order. They could not have ousted that order and substituted another any more than they could have changed the faith. They found but did not make themselves the primates of the Catholic Church. The occasions for exercising their supreme power were in great part not sought for but thrust upon them by appeals from all parts of the church, and the testimonies to their high dignity are spontaneous and unbidden, coming from the East as well as from the West.

The official letters and rescripts of the popes from Clement to Siricius (A.D. 386) have perished. The first testimony in the second century comes from Antioch, from Ignatius the Martyr, St. Peter's disciple and second successor in the great patriarchal see of the East. A short time before his death, in the year 107, he wrote a letter to the Romans which begins as follows:

"Ignatius . . . to the church which hath found mercy in the Majesty of the Father Most High, and of Jesus Christ his only Son, beloved and enlightened in the Will of Him who willeth all things which are in accordance with the love of Jesus Christ our God, and which *presides in the place of the Romans*, all-godly, all-gracious, all-blessed, all-praised, all-prospering, all-hallowed, and *presiding over the Love*, with the Name of Christ, with the Name of the Father." *

St. Ignatius ascribes to the Roman Church a governing presidency unrestricted by any limiting term, and implying the subjection of his own apostolic see, the third in dignity among the principal churches, by using the same term which he employs to denote the authority which the bishop, in the place of God, exercises in his diocese. In his letter to the Church of Ephesus, which was the presiding church in the exarchate of proconsular Asia, and in his letters to the other churches, instead of "presides" he always uses the term "is." And in that beautiful expression, "presiding over the Love," he sets forth briefly but very plainly that doctrine of the unity of the church under the primacy which we have endeavored to explain. His other expressions are most significant, and breathe that fervent devotion to the see of Peter, that deep conviction of its supereminent gifts and prerogatives, which has always been characteristic of true Catholics. Later on he says: "*Ye have taught others.* I would, therefore, that those things may be firmly established *which teaching you have commanded.*" Full of reverence for that church upon which

* Lindsay's *Evidence for the Papacy*, p. 128.

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its holy founders, Peter and Paul, poured out all their doctrine with their blood, he exclaims with humility, although he was himself a disciple and successor of the apostles: "I do not, as Peter and Paul, *command you*." *

A voice from Greece in the first century which may fairly be taken to represent the belief and sentiment of the whole great exarchate of Thessalonica, and a voice from Antioch, the centre of the greatest of the Eastern patriarchates, in the beginning of the second, have already attested that supremacy of the see of Peter which had been taught to them by the apostles Peter and Paul, the founders of the Roman Church. It cannot be doubted that Alexandria, next in rank to Rome, whose patriarch exercised a delegated authority inherited from St. Mark, St. Peter's disciple and vicar in Africa, greater and more unlimited than that of any other of the greater archbishops, would have uttered a similar voice, if it had spoken.

A silence of half a century, during which the church was noiselessly growing, is broken by a voice from the great exarchate of Ephesus. St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, came to Rome to visit Pope Anicetus, and they had some conference about a question which henceforward became an important matter—the observance of Easter. This was shortly before the year 166, the date of Polycarp's martyrdom. He was a disciple of St. John, and St. Jerome calls him "the prince of all Asia." It is difficult to understand what pre-eminence this title imports. St. John, who governed all the churches of proconsular Asia, resided at Ephesus, and the successors of St. Timothy, who was ordained by St. Paul the first bishop of that see, undoubtedly became the superior metropolitans of the whole exarchate, in which Smyrna with its suffragan sees was included. The latter city was, however, the rival of Ephesus in importance. If the epithet "princeps totius Asiæ" denotes principality of jurisdiction, and not rather pre-eminence on account of age, sanctity, and the spiritual influence of an eminent associate of St. John, Polycarp may have succeeded to that apostle by his appointment, and the pre-eminence of rank may have been assigned to the Bishop of Ephesus by a later arrangement.

The churches of Asia Minor observed the festival of Easter on its precise anniversary, whatever day of the week that might be, whereas Rome, and the Catholic Church generally, observed it always on a Sunday. This difference of practice had undoubtedly begun to cause discussion and uneasiness, and St.

* Allnatt's *Cath. Petri*, p. 84.

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Polycarp may have been requested to confer with the pope, on behalf of his brother bishops, in respect to this as well as other matters of discipline. The question was not definitely settled at this time, Polycarp not consenting to make a change in the practice of the Asiatics, and Anicetus not thinking it necessary to insist on his doing so.

The motive of St. Polycarp's visit to Rome and his personal attitude towards the pope must be explained, in the absence of any decisive reason to the contrary, in accordance with the statement of the legate Philip at Ephesus. A nearer commentary on it is found in the doctrine of his disciple, St. Irenæus, which the latter derived from his master; and in the assertion of supreme power over that portion of the church in Asia Minor in which the diocese and province over which Polycarp presided were situated, soon afterwards made by Pope St. Victor, and universally acknowledged, though its exercise was for a time resisted by the Asiatic bishops. Polycarp's visit to Rome, and his conference with Victor concerning the observance of Easter, must therefore be regarded as a visit to the supreme apostolic see and to his ecclesiastical superior. This conference is viewed differently by different Catholic writers. Some regard it as the principal motive of Polycarp's visit, and as having been considered by him, and by the pope also, as a matter of serious importance. Others think that it came up incidentally and was dismissed as a mere question of varying discipline which did not demand any decisive action, because it did not involve any question of dogma or, at that time, seriously disturb the peace of the church. Later in the century, under Victor, the third in succession from Anicetus, whose pontificate began A.D. 193, the difference in the observance of Easter threatened to introduce a doctrinal dissension and became the cause of a serious disturbance of the peace of the church. Councils were held by the direction of the pope in different parts, their decisions were sent to Rome, and the bishops generally desired a final judgment and decree enforcing everywhere the observance of Easter on Sunday. The decree was made, and conformity to it was required of the Asiatic bishops, with a menace of excommunication, provoked by their obstinate adhesion to their own local custom. It is not certain, we do not think it even probable, that the sentence of excommunication was actually pronounced and put into execution. St. Irenæus and other bishops remonstrated in an earnest and respectful manner with St. Victor. The Asiatic custom was not at once and in a peremptory manner abrogated. Polycrates of

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Ephesus pleaded the authority of St. John, who had, for certain reasons of prudence and condescension toward Jewish converts, permitted a custom different from that which the other apostles had established elsewhere. He seems to have considered that this custom had even a divine sanction and was obligatory as a divine law. In some other provinces beside the Asian exarchate a similar custom had somehow got into use. The difference of observance was tolerated for above a century after the reign of Victor, but gradually disappeared and was fully removed by the decree of the first Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325.

The entire history of this affair proves the recognized and legitimate existence of the Roman primacy. The resistance made to it, although contrary to right, was professedly a resistance to abuse of power, and not to usurpation of a power not rightfully possessed. The remonstrance of St. Irenæus, who appears to have persuaded Pope Victor to resort to milder measures, is a most emphatic testimony to the unquestioned supremacy of the Roman See. And we shall now see that this illustrious martyr and doctor of the church explicitly teaches the existence and attributes of this supremacy in such strong language, that an ingenious Protestant writer can only evade its evidence by regarding it as a prophetic forecasting of the Papacy in future times.

St. Irenæus was born in Asia Minor somewhere near the year 140. His testimony covers the century, and his instruction was derived from St. Polycarp, and through him from St. John. He speaks for Ephesus, and, as a Gallic bishop, for the West also. The great aim of his writings was to refute heresies and defend the faith. It is for this end that he exalts the apostolic succession and the authority of the *Ecclesia Docens*—that teaching magistracy which the episcopate possesses by divine right. In this he is in perfect accord with St. Ignatius, who for the same holy purpose, and not with any primary intention of magnifying the dignity and power of the hierarchy, exalts the office of bishops. As the head of the *Ecclesia Docens*, and the central, ruling seat of unity in faith, St. Irenæus sets forth the doctrinal authority of the Roman Church and the necessity of being in its communion. His earnest and firm remonstrance against the hasty and despotic exercise of supreme power to quell the insubordination of the Asiatic bishops gives additional weight to his recognition of the power itself, and manifests, moreover, what his judgment was of the grave consequences of excision from the communion of the Holy See:

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"It is within the power of all, therefore, in every church, who may wish to see the truth, to contemplate clearly the tradition of the apostles manifested throughout the whole world; and we are in a position to reckon up those who were by the apostles instituted bishops in the churches, and the successions of these men to our own times. . . . .

"Since, however, it would be very tedious, in such a volume as this, to reckon up the successions of all the churches, we do put to confusion all those who, in whatever manner, whether by an evil self-pleasing, by vain-glory, or by blindness and perverse opinion, assemble in unauthorized meetings, by indicating that tradition, derived from the apostles, of the very great, the very ancient and universally known church *founded and organized at Rome by the two most glorious apostles, Peter and Paul;* as also the faith preached to men, which comes down to our time by means of the succession of the bishops."

The above is the translation of Rambaut, revised by Roberts in the "Ante-Nicene Christian Library." Allnatt gives the last sentence from the English translation of Hergenröther's *Church and State* as follows:

It suffices to "declare the tradition received from the apostles by the greatest church, the most ancient, the most conspicuous, . . . and to declare the faith announced to men by this church, coming to us even by the succession of bishops."

The Latin text is:

"Maximæ, et antiquissimæ, et omnibus cognitæ . . . ecclesiæ, eam quam habet ab apostolis traditionem, et annuntiatam hominibus fidem, per successiones episcoporum pervenientem usque ad nos, indicantes, confun dimus omnes, etc."

Then follows the decisive passage:

"Ad hanc enim Ecclesiam propter potentiorem (*al.* potiorem) principalitatem necesse est omnem convenire Ecclesiam, hoc est, qui sunt undique fideles, in quâ semper ab his, qui sunt undique, conservata est ea quæ est ab apostolis traditio."

This is translated by Mr. Rambaut:

"For it is a matter of necessity that every church should agree with this church, on account of its pre-eminent authority, that is, the faithful everywhere, inasmuch as the apostolical tradition has been preserved continuously by those who exist everywhere."

Mr. Allnatt translates:

"For with this church, on account of her more powerful headship (or supremacy), it is necessary that every church, that is, the faithful everywhere dispersed, should agree (or be in communion); in which (in communion with which) church has always been preserved by the faithful dispersed that tradition which is from the apostles."

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Father Schneeman finds that the substantive translated *principalitas* is almost always, in the remaining fragments of the original Greek text, *αὐθεντία*, which signifies "absolute sway," and once *ἀρχή*, which signifies "beginning, dominion, supremacy." In twenty-three places the Latin translator of Irenæus uses "principalitas" or its equivalent, "principatus," in the sense of power, dominion, empire.*

Dr. Roberts calls this a "difficult but important clause." Important it certainly is, but not at all difficult, except for those who seek to explain it away in some plausible manner.

The Protestant writers Salmasius, Thiersch, and Stieren explain the second clause of the sentence to mean that it is necessary "to agree in matters of faith and doctrine with the Roman Church." The very last clause of the sentence quoted above is badly translated by Messrs. Rambaut and Roberts, and the second rendering we have given is evidently the correct one, *in quâ* denoting, as Möhler, Döllinger, and Hergenröther remark, that "in her communion," or "through her," the apostolic tradition has been preserved by all the faithful dispersed through the world.†

After mentioning the names of the successors of St. Peter down to the reigning pontiff, St. Eleutherius, St. Irenæus concludes:

"By this same order, and by this same succession, both that tradition which is in the church from the apostles, and the preaching of the truth, have come down to us. *And this is a most full demonstration that it is one and the same life-giving faith which is preserved in the church from the apostles and handed down in truth.*" ‡

Ziegler, a Protestant writer, remarks on the whole doctrine of St. Irenæus concerning the extrinsic criterion and rule of faith:

"To the mind of Irenæus it is the episcopate which sanctions the rule of faith, not *vice-versâ*. With him, as with Cyprian, the highest ecclesiastical office is inseparable from orthodox doctrine. . . . He makes the preservation of tradition, and the presence of the Holy Ghost with the church, dependent upon the bishops, who in legitimate succession represent the apostles, and . . . this manifestly because he wants at any price to have a guarantee for the unity of the visible church. This striving after unity appears in the most striking way in that passage where *he passes, as if in a prophetic spirit, beyond himself, and anticipates the Papal Church of the future.*" §

* Allnatt, p. 70. † Ibid. p. 86. ‡ Iren., *Con. Hær.*, lib iii. c. 3.
§ *Iren. B. von Lyon.*, Berl., 1871. Quoted by Addis, *Angl. and the Fathers*, p. 7, and Allnatt, p. 70.

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Rationalists account for the agreement between prophecy and history on the hypothesis of *vaticinium post eventum.* Here we have a theory in which the former one is reversed. The agreement between the language of St. Irenæus and the historical Papal Church is admitted. Shall we consider the Bishop of Lyons as a prophet of the future, or a witness to that which was already a past and present reality? The question is one which answers itself. The existence and exercise of the Roman primacy in the first and in the second century is an established fact, proved by documentary evidence.

THE IRISH NAMES IN CÆSAR.

ONE of the first of the literary productions of antiquity to which the art of printing was applied in Europe was Cæsar's *Commentarii de Bello Gallico.* The *Commentarii* is one of the most valuable contributions which ancient Rome has made to modern investigation. We are informed by Christian W. Glück* that at the time of its being first printed, as now—in the sixteenth as in the nineteenth century—there were only six manuscripts of the *Commentarii* in the world. These six copies to the scholars of Europe are more precious than gold. Of these the copy preserved at Paris, and known as "the first Parisian," is considered the most faultless. It presents the nomenclature of the chiefs and people of Gaul in the most intelligible form.

Regarded from a Celtic point of view, the *Commentarii* have never been properly edited, for the editor should have some knowledge of the language of the Gallic races—a knowledge which none of these editors so far has displayed. Let us ask: What is the subject of the *Commentarii?* What did Cæsar do? Cæsar did eighteen hundred years ago what Queen Elizabeth of England undertook to accomplish in the sixteenth century: he subjugated a Gaelic-speaking people—not a people speaking what is now termed Welsh, but a people speaking, at least substantially, what is now termed Irish or Gaelic. This has been demonstrated by Jacob Grimm in two essays which he read before the Philological Society of Berlin; it is proved by the *Formulas* of Marcellus, by the geographical nomenclature of ancient

* *Die bei Caius Julius Cæsar vorkommenden Keltischen Namen in ihrer Echtheit festgestellt.*

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Gaul, and by the names or titles of the heroic chiefs of the picturesque clans whose variegated costume gave to a large segment of their country the title of *Gallia Braccata*.

In all the printed editions which have come under my notice Cæsar is made to say that the Gauls made use of *literæ Græcæ*—"Greek letters." But Horace Walpole assures us that this is a mistake; that in the manuscripts which he had examined he found *literæ crassæ*.* If we adopt this reading we shall reconcile in Cæsar what has been hitherto apparently irreconcilable. Cæsar says—or is made to say—that the Gauls used Greek letters to *convey* their meaning. At the same time he tells us in his fifth book that on one occasion he himself made use of Greek characters to *hide* his meaning from those very Gauls. Lest his despatch addressed to Q. Cicero should fall into the hands of the Nervii, who were beleaguering Q. Cicero in Beauvais—lest those redoubtable *woodsmen* should discover his meaning—Cæsar writes Latin words in Greek letters. This is the meaning of the passage, and is it not perfectly irreconcilable with the assertion that the Gauls were familiar with the Greek alphabet? We have no right to say, as Leopold Contzen† does, that Cæsar wrote Greek words. No; the words were Latin, the characters Greek. This is the obvious meaning of Cæsar's language, and we have no right to pervert Cæsar's meaning. We have no reason to suppose that these Roman soldiers were Greek scholars, though Cæsar himself was. Here we have two assumptions: one, that the Gauls used the Greek alphabet; the other, that Cæsar wrote his despatches not only in Greek characters (as he says) but in the Greek language (which he does *not* say). What is said above on the authority of Horace Walpole seems never to occur to Contzen: namely, that Cæsar did not use the word *Græcæ* at all, but the word *crassæ*, thick or heavy letters, such as Irish manuscripts are found to be written in—characters which were termed at one time in France the "Caroline hand." In this point German scholarship is at fault.

A Gaelic people such as Grimm and Zeüss have proved the Gauls to have been, cannot have lived without letters. The political institutions of the Gaels necessitated the use of alphabetical characters. On this subject Augustin Thierry is very emphatic:

"All the Celts, poor or rich, had to establish their genealogy in order

* "The common editions of the Latin writers do not intimate," says Arnold, "how much of their present text is founded on conjecture."

† *Wanderungen der Kelten.* Leipzig: Engelman.

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fully to enjoy their civil rights and secure their claim to property in the territory of the tribe. The whole belonging to a primitive family, no one could lay any claim to the soil, unless his relationship was well established." *

"The clan system," says Thébaud, "rested entirely on history, genealogy, and topography. The authority and rights of the monarch of the whole country; of the so-called kings of the various provinces; of the other chieftains in their several degrees; finally, of all the individuals who composed the nation, connected by blood with the chieftains and kings, depended entirely on their various genealogies, out of which grew a complete system of general and personal history. The conflicting rights of the septs demanded also a thorough knowledge of topography for the adjustment of their difficulties. Hence the importance to the whole nation of accuracy in these matters and of a competent authority to decide on all such questions.

"An immense number of books," Thébaud goes on to say, "were written by their authors on each particular event interesting to each Celtic tribe; and even now many of those special facts recorded in these books owe their origin to some assertion or hint given in these annals. There is no doubt that long ago their learned men were fully acquainted with all the points of reference which escape the modern antiquarian. History for them, therefore, was very different from what the Greeks and Romans have made it in the models they left us which we have copied or imitated. . . . What Cæsar then states of the Druids, that they committed everything to memory and used no books, is not strictly true. It must have been true only with regard to their mode of teaching, in that they gave no books to their pupils, but confined themselves to oral instruction."

Thus Gaelic literature sprang out of the clan system. The pedigree of the clansman was the title-deed of his inheritance. Without a pedigree he was not only a pauper; he was a slave. Cæsar says that the humbler classes in Gaul were little better than slaves. The meaning of this is that certain classes in Gaul had no genealogies. Wanting a pedigree, the clansman lapsed into this class. He became *daor* (unfree). The fear of slavery, the apprehension of pauperism, rendered *writing* indispensable. The Gaels could not live without letters. Every man in the "nation" had an interest in maintaining and upholding the literary class. Gaelic literature was not an exotic borrowed from another country and intended for ornament and display, as in imperial Rome. Its roots lay in the arrangements of property, and its branches ramified into ballad poetry, or rhythmical narratives of great events, topography, medicine, and recorded law. The *shanachy*,† or antiquarian, or genealogist, should be acquainted not only with men and their origin but with the country and its history. Every acre should be known to him.

* *Conquête de l'Angleterre*, liv. i.

† The true form of this word is seanchúidhe—*i.e.*, "that old party, order, or class of men."

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Writing existed in Eire, or Erin, in pagan as well as Christian times, before as well as after St. Patrick. The immense antiquity of the art of writing in Ireland is proved by the fact that the Irish have preserved in their orthography the letters they no longer pronounce. For instance, the Irish for *father* is *athair* (pronounced *ahir*). The letter *t* is mute, or *mortified*, in this word. But there was a time unquestionably when this silent *t* was audible. Here is an anecdote which proves the great antiquity of Irish literature. We read in a fragment of Cæsar's *Ephemerides* that Cæsar, in the confusion and tumult of a hand-to-hand engagement, was carried away by his horse and suddenly captured by a Gaulish warrior (likewise a horseman), who, putting his brawny hand on Cæsar's shoulder, made him his prisoner. At that moment the Gaul heard a fellow-soldier (possibly a superior officer) exclaim, *Is Cæsar é* *—*i.e.*, "He is Cæsar." But in the disorder and clamor of the combat the capturing Gaul mistook the words and fancied the speaker to exclaim, "Cast him free—liberate him." Now, what words were those which so closely resembled the name of the illustrious Roman? They were these: *caith saor é*—"Cast him free." *Caith* is the second person, imperative mood, of the verb *caithim*, "to fling or cast"; and *é* signifies "him," equivalent to *eum* in Latin. "Throw him loose" is the meaning of *caith saor é*. The *t* in this imperative, though mute at present, was unquestionably sounded at one time. But when was that? Not when Cæsar was captured by an Irish-speaking warrior on the field of Gallic battle. To find the period when the *t* was sounded we must go back ages before—to a time when the plain on which Karnak stands was unencumbered by a monument, when the temple of Belus was not yet mirrored in the waters of the Euphrates. It appears to me that if the *t* had not been mute in Cæsar's time Cæsar would have lost his life on this occasion; the javelin of a Celt would have changed the destinies of the world. But if this was not sounded in Cæsar's time it is evident that Irish scribes have preserved this *t* for at least two thousand years. "It is a proof of the resistance given by Irish *ollaves* and bards to the linguistic corruptions of the vulgar." In no existing edition of the *Ephemerides* will you find a satisfactory explanation of the mistake to which Cæsar was indebted for his liberty.

Cæsar informs us that Central Gaul was inhabited by a

* The reader will recollect that in classic ages *c* had in all cases the hard sound of *k*, just as it continues to have in Gaelic.

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nation who termed themselves *Celtæ*, but who in the language of the Romans were termed *Galli*. Thierry supposes that the word *Gallus*, "a Gaul," is merely a dialectic variation of the word *Gael*. Now, the word *Gael* signifies unquestionably an Irishman. As the word *Jew* is derived from a Hebrew patriarch named Juda, so the word *Gael* is inherited from a primeval progenitor of the Irish race named *Gaedhel*. If you ask an illiterate Irishman who speaks his vernacular what is the meaning of the word *Gael* he will tell you it signifies a "kinsman," while *gàl** means a "foreigner." Nothing can be more at variance than these two words. In the Welsh likewise and in the Breton dialect of France the word *gàl* signifies foreign.

Now, when the Irish were at home in their sea-encircled Eire they called themselves *Gaeil*, but when they went abroad—when they invaded what they termed Lochlin, the continent of Europe—they ceased to be simply *Gaeil;* they became *gàl-gaeil*, "foreign Irishmen." This compound epithet *gàl-gaeil* occurs in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, and is explained in a note by O'Donovan as signifying "piratical Irishmen." You will find it likewise, with the same signification, in Smerwick's *History of the Clans of Scotland*. The *gàl-gaeil* were "roamers of the deep," knights-errant of the wave, who sallied forth from their island-citadel in search of adventure, gold, and renown.

"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres, quarum unam incolunt Belgæ, aliam Aquitani, tertiam qui ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli, appellantur."

In this sentence we find two names for one people. That people are termed *Celtæ* and *Galli*. But this race had a third appellation which is still more famous. They were termed *Galatai*, or Galatians. St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians has given celebrity to the Gaeil. That the Galatians and the Gaeil were twin branches of the same great tree is proved by the venerable authority of St. Jerome. "The Treveri of Gaul and the Galatians of Asia Minor spoke the same language," he says. In addition to Cæsar, the ancient writers of Greece and Rome who mention the *Keltoi*, *Celtæ*, or *Keltai* are five in number—viz., Aristotle, *Politic.*, ii. 7; Hecatæus, *Fragm.*, N. 19; Herodotus, ii. 33, iv. 49; Polyb., ii. 13 *ff.;* Strabo, *passim.*

* We set down here the correct orthography of these words, viz.: *gaodhal* (gael) and its plural *gaoidhil* (gaeil), *gaedhilg* (gaelic), *gall* (gàl), the forms in parenthesis being a phonetic concession to "Saxon" vocal organs—a sort of concession, however, it must be confessed, which has worked sad havoc with many Irish words, especially with such as have become somewhat naturalized in English.

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Galatai is a later form of the word Gaul, and is found for the first time in Timaios. It is likewise found in Pausanias, i. 3, extr.; in Polybius, ii. 15; and Strabo, *passim*. It is compounded of *gàl*, "foreign," and *ait*, "a place." The word Galli was more familiar to the Romans than to the Greeks. Their western position (comparatively western) brought the Romans into closer contiguity with the Galli. But the Greeks were not strangers to that name. We find Γάλλοι in Ptolemy (iii. 1, 23) and in Theodoret (i. 31). This Greek knowledge of the Galli and the Celtæ is worthy of attention; for, as Sir George Cornewall Lewis says: "Josephus remarks that neither Herodotus nor Thucydides nor any of their contemporaries ever mentioned the Romans, and that it was at a later period and with difficulty that the Greeks became acquainted with the Romans." * "The Romans," says Livy, "never heard of Alexander the Great."† It is highly probable that Alexander the Great never heard of the Romans. But Alexander's acquaintance with the Γάλλοι, or Κελτοί, as recorded by Arrian, is well known. The men whom Arrian refers to were evidently *gàl-gaeil*. They were adventurers who had quitted their native country, armed and equipped, to make a raid, or *creacht*,‡ through the length and breadth of Europe. Here is what Plutarch says on this subject:

"There are some people who say . . . that they make regular draughts out of their country, not all at once nor continually, but at the spring season every year; that by means of these annual supplies they have gradually swarmed over the greater part of the European continent; and that though they are separately distinguished by different names, according to the different clans of which they are compounded, yet their whole army is comprehended under the general name of Celto-Scythæ." §

During these expeditions, while they were absent from their native country, they were *gàl-gaeil*. In the *Annals of the Four Masters* the O'Neills of Ulster are described as sending emissaries to hire ships from the *gàl-gaeil* of Arrain, in Cantyre. Here we have the reason why so many of the Gaulish chiefs terminate their titles in *orix*. We find in Cæsar Dumnorix, an *uasal*, or noble, of the Ædui. He is called *domadh an thoruis* (pronounced *dumanorish*), "the second person of the expedition"—that is, *aomadh*, "second"; and *torus*, "a tour" or journey. The first man of the expedition was Orgetorix—that is, *orra*, "a chief";

* *An Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History*, vol. i.

† Idem, vol. i. pp. 61, 62.

‡ *Creachadh*, a preying or plundering; *creach-slua*, an army of spoil.

§ *Life of Caius Marius*, vol. iii. Langhorne's Plutarch.

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gach, "every"; *torus*, "expedition." Orgetorix was the head man; Dumnorix seconded his contemplated migration. This was a *tain*, or *razzia*, which the Gallic chiefs contemplated. We also find in Cæsar Eporedorix—that is, *ab urra toruish*, "the chief and sire of the expedition" (*ab*, a father; *urra*, a chief; *torus*, an expedition). These chiefs were knights-errant, roaming the world, like Ariosto's heroes, in search of glory and adventure.

Cæsar does not understand them when he says: "They deemed their territories narrow in proportion to the number of inhabitants," etc. These men were enrolled in an order of chivalry, of which their very women were members, and which the boys entered when the height of a sword. "The Irish," says the first edition of Appleton's *Encyclopædia*, "possessed the rude elements of chivalry," and the anomalies of Cæsar's statement may be elucidated by quoting the vernacular literature and language of Ireland as to that chivalry.

"It is utterly impossible," says Latham,* "that Cæsar's account of the Helvetian expedition can be true. It is utterly unexampled for an agricultural people to abandon their lands and go out to wander like nomads through the world. If they needed additional territory, as Cæsar alleges, the emigration of a portion would furnish room for the remainder."

The pressure would naturally be relieved by the expatriation of a minority. But here we have the whole tribe sallying forth, like an army, after giving their homes to conflagration. My explanation consists in the fact—churlishly conceded by the *American Encyclopædia*—that the Irish had an order of chivalry, and that the Helvetians belonged to that order.† They were merely encamped in that country. In guiding and controlling this chivalrous expedition, for which the warlike spirit of his adventurous followers, impatient of action, were burning, and of which the encampment in Helvetia was only a phase, Orgetorix was foremost. His functions explain his appellation; his appellation explains his functions. He was the *urra gach toruis* of his followers—literally, the promoter of every expedition; for *urra* signifies an agitator, one whose restless energy urges onward some enterprise. The fine phrase of Cæsar shows us this: "Ad eas res conficiendas Orgetorix deligitur"—*i.e.*, "for the management of this business Orgetorix was chosen." The clan elected an *urra gach toruis* to guide, control, and hasten the expedition. These men, to whom all Europe was a battle-field,

* In his edition of Prichard's *Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*.

† *Ealbha* (pronounced *elva*), "a drove or herd of cattle," is the radix of the word Helvetia.

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were *gàl-gaeil*, roaming Irishmen, who went to the continent of Europe with the sword, as now they come to America with more peaceable implements.

Having said that the word *Galli* is an abbreviation of *gàl-gaeil* —not *Gael* itself, as Anthon maintains—the next question which suggests itself is: If *gàl* signifies a foreigner, what is the origin and meaning of *Gaeil?*

In his admirable work, *Grammatica Celtica*, Zeüss asserts that *Gaeil* is derived from *gal*, an old Irish word signifying "battle, arms, weapons of war." Contzen endorses this definition and says we must content ourselves *die von dem grossen Zeüss gegebene Erklarung anzufuhren*—"to adduce the elucidation of the great Zeüss." Cormac, however, in his celebrated glossary—the oldest dictionary in Europe—asserts that *Gacil* is derived from *gà*, a javelin (the *gæsum* of the Romans), because the Gael was a man who, armed with a *gà*, endeavored to make his way to supremacy, to place himself above all law.* But this derivation originates in error. The radical meaning of Gael is "a kinsman"; and though the Gael was a soldier, he was also, and before all, a clansman, for "the genius of the Irish nation is affection," said Grattan.

Contzen, in his *Wanderungen*, tells us that it is useless to seek in the Gaelic language an explanation of the word *Keltoi*. In this he makes a mistake. I am persuaded that the Celtæ whom Cæsar describes were not a nation but an order:

> "The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
> Whereof this world holds record."

Now, what is the genesis of knighthood? Chivalry has been defined by Edmund Burke as "a generous loyalty to rank and sex, a dignified obedience, a proud submission, a subordination of the heart, which kept alive in slavery itself the spirit of an exalted freedom." Chivalry is the blossom which beautifies the tree of aristocracy. A military tribe succeed in subjugating a laborious population, as the Normans mastered the Anglo-Saxons, and that tribe lives in idleness on the labors of its victims. Aristocracy originates in conquest; and knighthood originates in aristocracy. When the Saxons conquered the Welsh, or Britons, they established an order of knighthood which is described by Lingard.† The spirit of the conqueror

* Cormac's definition of the word *gaodhal* is translated by Adolphe Pictet in a different manner. He objects to O'Reilly's translation, and says it should be "*gaodhal*, c'est à dire, héros, c'est à dire, homme, allant par violence (pillage, vol) à travers tout pays habité."

† *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*

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seems to be dissatisfied with his undeserved supremacy, and to make himself worthy of his position he evolves from the depths of his moral consciousness the idea, and sometimes the reality, of knighthood. Chivalry may be regarded as the homage which oppression offers to freedom. It is the romance of military life, and it proves that there is more poetry in the world than philosophy always dreams of. Chivalry flourished among the Franks of Gaul, the Goths of Spain, the Normans of England, the Milesians of Ireland. Something very like the spirit of chivalry sprang up in the Southern States of this republic when negro slavery was sanctioned by law. The Turpins of real life, the Macheaths of the drama, the Paul Cliffords of the novelist—the men who figured, pistol in hand, on Hounslow Heath a hundred and fifty years ago—were the most chivalrous men in England. Few manifested more respect for the ladies, more generosity to the poor, more haughty pride to the arrogant, more courage in battle, more tender sympathy for suffering humanity. They had nearly every virtue under heaven except common honesty.

Be this as it may, one thing is certain: the Irish at an early period possessed institutions which were "the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise."

The knighthood of pagan Ireland did not involve the idea of horsemanship. The knight was not necessarily a chevalier; he was not mounted on a charger and hooped and riveted in a canister of iron. Rather he was the very contrary of all this. The Gaelic epithet for chivalry is more truthful than chivalry itself. It is *gradh-gaisge*. The first syllable in this compound epithet is akin to the Latin *gradus*. It means a degree or gradation. Thus we have *gradha eagluise*, "ecclesiastical orders." The Gaelic knight was a graduate in war. *Gaisge* signifies "bravery, feats of arms." Its radix is *gà*, a javelin, the inseparable concomitant of the Gaelic knight.

There is nothing more extraordinary in the history of chivalry than the fantastic and extravagant vows which knights were accustomed occasionally to make. In his admirable notes to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* Sir Walter Scott says:

"It was not merely the duty but the pride and delight of a true knight to perform such exploits as none but a madman would have undertaken. . . . To be first in advancing or last in retreating; to strike upon the gate of a certain fortress of the enemy; to fight blindfold or with one arm tied up; to carry off a banner or defend one, were often the subjects of a particular vow among the sons of chivalry. When Edward III. commenced

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his French wars many of the young nobility bound up one of their eyes and swore before the peacock and the ladies that they would not see with both eyes until they had accomplished certain deeds of arms in France" (Froissart, cap. xxviii.)

Now, vows of this nature had been taken by Gaelic knights ages before Christ, and were termed *geasa*. For instance, every Gaelic *curadh* * made solemn vow never to tell his name to an enemy. "I was renowned in war," says one of Ossian's heroes; "I never told my name to a foe." This *geas*, or obligation, was not extraneous or fantastic so much as fundamental, being taken by the knight at his inauguration. The *curadh* who violated it was regarded as a felon-knight—*curadh-feal*—unworthy of the goodly fellowship of his heroic and romantic brethren, because if an armed adventurer revealed his name to an enemy it might turn out that he was no enemy at all. He might prove a kinsman or a friend, and the opportunity of fighting might be lost. He might forfeit the opportunity of signalizing his valor by crossing swords with the stranger. Here is an illustration: A Gaelic youth, full of fire, daring, and valor, named Cuchullin (the Cuthullin of Macpherson), is described as going to a foreign country to learn the exercises of knighthood from an Amazon who resembles one of Tasso's heroines, an accomplished instructress in the art of war. Under her eye in a military academy a crowd of daring and romantic striplings learn to career the steed, hurl the javelin, and guide the bristling war-car through the ranks of battle—they learn the courtesies and exercises of chivalry. But animated by the fire-blood of the Gaeil (*an gris-fuil*), Cuchullin masters the military science so rapidly, he is so apt a pupil, so daring, courteous, generous, and comely, that he ingratiates himself with his instructress and completely wins her heart. When his education is completed and he takes his leave of his mistress to return to Eire he presents her with a brilliant torque of twisted gold—that famous ornament which Virgil places on the neck of young Ascanius, which gave a name to a noble family in pagan Rome and to a nobler poet in Christian Italy. "When your son fills this neck-ring, when his knightly training is concluded, send him to Eire with this ring; it will enable me to recognize my son."

The Amazon gives birth to a boy, whom she names Conlaoch (*con* is the genitive of *cu*, "a hound"; *laoch*, a hero). When this son of a warrior, this child of an Amazon, reaches manhood

* Derived from *cu*, a wolf-dog, the largest, noblest, and most intrepid of hounds—a species, however, now extinct.

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he takes shipping and visits Eire. At this time he is a perfect knight, a master of every accomplishment befitting a *curadh*. He has solemnly sworn never to yield in single combat to any warrior in the world, never to refuse the challenge of any knight on earth, and, amongst the rest, never to tell his name to a foe. He has been trained to arms by his Amazonian mother, and he inherits the lion heart of his hero-father. He repairs to *Tract Essi*, where the King of Ulster, Conor MacNessa, surrounded by the brightest circle of knights which Eire can boast, holds high festival, like King Arthur at Camelot.

The strange knight Conlaoch, who is described as "well made and fair of form; his eyes gray and sparkling; his visage smiling, fair, and sanguine," challenges any knight in Conor's presence to mortal combat. In reply to this challenge Conor sends out an officer to ask his name. But the young stranger replies: "I am under knightly obligation; there is a *geas* upon me never to disclose my name to a foe." The challenge is accepted; a knight advances and fights Conlaoch, who not only vanquishes but binds him in chains and makes him his prisoner. This occurs again and again. These repeated combats, and the perpetual success of the astonishing stranger, so young, so comely, so intrepid, fill the *Aos-gradha*—the noble press of proud knights assembled round King Conor—with alarm. Finally the king requests Cuchullin, lest the glory of Eire should be tarnished for ever, to go forth and fight the stranger. But even Cuchullin is not able for his son, and he, too, would have been vanquished and manacled if a trusty squire had not supplied him in the pause of the struggle with a favorite sword whose haft, "twinkling with diamond studs and jacinth work of subtlest jewelry," rendered Cuchullin invincible. When the irresistible arm of Cuchullin and his resplendent sword have struck Conlaoch down, smitten him through the helm—when the pale hero is on the point of death, when his life-blood is ebbing fast from his multiplied wounds—he unwinds the glittering torque from his snowy neck and presents it with silent lips and tremulous hand to his astonished father, who utters a cry of horror at the sight. "Are you my son?" asks the distracted father. "Yes, I am your son," whispers the heroic boy. "I am the son of Sgathach. I die as a warrior should. I perish on the field of war. I never told my name to a foe."

In this youth you have the true Celt, the perfect type of those terrible men whom Livy describes as *gens ferox et ingenii avidi ad pugnam*. In battling with other nations Rome fought

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for glory, says the same historian; in struggling with the Celts she fought for her life. Strictly speaking, the word from which *Celtæ* and *Keltoi* are derived is not a noun; it is a participle of the Irish verb *ceilim*, "I conceal," equivalent to the Latin *celo*. The noun *fear*, or *fir*,* is understood; *fear ceilte* is equivalent to the Latin *vir celatus*. *Cealteach* signifies *celans; cealtigh, celantes*. The noun *ceilt* is Latinized *celatio*, and, like that word, it means hiding, concealment. The well-known epithet *kilt* which the Scottish Highlander applies to a part of his garb is the same noun slightly mispronounced; it signifies the *concealment* of the person.

And here I may remark that this word *ceilte* was rarely applicable to the Gaels in their *own* country. It was in foreign lands that they refused to reveal their name. At home they were too well known. Hence it is that Diodorus Siculus, in describing Eire under the name of Hyperborea, says that "the island lay opposite the Celtæ."†

In describing the Celtæ the Greek and Roman writers use the adjective and omit the governing noun. This is a serious omission of frequent occurrence. In almost every instance the difficulty in explaining and ascertaining Irish words in Cæsar consists in the absence of the governing noun. Unless we take the governing noun into consideration an explanation is impossible. It would be erroneous to suppose that in all instances Cæsar's initial is the Irish initial; you will look in vain in Irish dictionaries for his initials. A striking instance of this is afforded by the word Cingetorix. The first syllable in Cingetorix is unintelligible without the governing noun. Why should it be *cinn?* Why should it not be *ceann?*‡ Because, as in the word *ceilte*, the governing noun is absent. To ascertain the meaning of this word Cingetorix we must first ascertain the governing noun. The absent noun in this instance is *fear*. *Cinn* is the genitive of *ceann*, governed by *fear* understood. Now let us write it in its amplitude: *Fear cinn gacha toruish* signifies lite-

* *Fear*, man, and *fir*, men.

† Arnold, speaking of the Celts, says in his *History of Rome*: "Diodorus tells us (v. xxxii.) that the Romans included under one common name two great divisions of people, the one consisting of the Celtic tribes of central Gaul, Spain, and northern Italy, the other embracing those more remote tribes which lived on the shores of the ocean. These remoter people were the proper Gauls, while the others were to be called *Keltoi*. Niebuhr supposes that Diodorus learned this distinction from Posidonius, and it is undoubtedly well worth noticing. Diodorus further says that to these more remote tribes belonged the Kimbri, whom some writers identified with the old Kimmerians; and that these Kimbri were the people who took Rome and sacked Delphos, and carried their conquests even into Asia."

‡ *Ceann*, a head.

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rally "the man of the head of every expedition" or *raid*. This was the name which, according to Florus, struck Rome with terror—not by its sound, as he supposes, but by its meaning. "His very name was terrible," says Florus: "Ille corpore, armis, spirituque terribilis, nomine quasi ad terrorem composito Vercingetorix."

The knighthood of the Gaels accounts for those terrible raids which they were perpetually making, sword in hand, into the heart of the European continent. These expeditions continued for a thousand years preceding the birth of Christ. During that time they were constantly traversing the continent in search of knightly adventure and heroic enterprise. But as chivalry was an institution of which the classic writers had no conception, Plutarch ascribes their martial expeditions to their numbers. A similar mistake was made by the Byzantine historians, who could not understand that a knightly vow, not the pressure of population, brought the Crusaders to Palestine.

The men who went from Eire to the continent were *fir ceilte*, "unknown knights," who haughtily refused to give any account of themselves—"qui ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli, appellantur." They were really *gàl-gaeil*, but they preferred the knightly epithet of *fir ceilte* from motives which are perfectly intelligible. These Celtæ, or Keltoi, were "the upper ten thousand" of ancient Gaul. They are the warriors whom Virgil sees advancing upon Rome splendidly attired in magnificent and vari-colored costume:

"Aurea cæsaries ollis, atque aurea vestis."

From this passage Niebuhr infers that the warriors who sacked Rome had yellow hair. But if Niebuhr be correct it is at the same time impossible for a people living permanently in such a climate as that of France to have yellow hair. It has been proved that the climate of France has not changed during two thousand years. In such a climate the natives cannot have yellow hair. The climate discolors the skin in the course of ages, and the complexion of the skin determines the color of the hair. You will find in Niebuhr that Brennus and his followers were Hyperboreans—that is, they were islanders; and, being islanders, they could not be natives of any part of the continent. Niebuhr asserts that the color of their hair is implied in the term *aurea* used by Virgil; and as a corroboration of his assertion I shall here quote the description of an Irish chief, taken from an Irish manuscript of the fourteenth century entitled *The Book of Ballymote*:

"Splendid was Cormac's appearance. . . . His hair was slightly curled and of a golden color; a scarlet shield, with engraved devices and golden

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hooks and silver fastenings, glittered on his arm; a capacious purple cloak enveloped his person, and a gem-set bodkin with pendent brooch secured it on his breast; a golden torque encircled his neck; a white-collared tunic embroidered with gold was visible when his mantle opened; a girdle studded with precious stones and secured by a golden buckle was likewise visible; two spears with golden sockets, and secured by red bronze rivets, in one hand, while he stood in the full glow of manly beauty, without defect or blemish."

A Greek author could be quoted to prove that a dress of this brilliant and costly character was worn by the Celtæ of the continent. There is nothing truer than what Baldwin says in his *Prehistoric Nations*—viz.:

"The general outline and main facts of Irish history furnished by the old records of the country cannot reasonably be discredited nor shown to be improbable. On the contrary, they are in harmony with what we know or may reasonably presume concerning western Europe in prehistoric times."

Now, according to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the aristocracy and plebeians of Ireland—the *Fir-bolgs* and Milesians—conquered the whole of western Europe, precisely as in our own day Irish and English generals commanding Irish and English soldiers have conquered all southern and central Asia. If you consider the limited extent of the British Isles and the prodigious extent of Hindostan you will be lost in astonishment at the contrast. It is highly possible that posterity will refuse to believe that the inhabitants of islands so small could establish an empire so extensive, and it is also possible that even learned men may smile incredulously when I affirm that at one time the empire of Eire was almost as wide-spread as that of Britain in our own day. But I am supported in this view by the very highest possible authority—namely, an œcumenical council. In the celebrated Council of Constance it was solemnly and unanimously affirmed that Europe contained four empires, and only four—viz, the Greek, the Roman, the Spanish, and the Irish empires.* Now,

* Becchetti, an Italian author, in his *Istoria degli ultimi quattro Secoli della Chiesa*, speaking of the Council of Constance, says that the Cardinal of Cambrai published a document in November, 1416, in which he denied the right of the English to be considered as a nation, and argued that it was to the interest of the court of France to oppose such English pretensions. This document excited in the minds of the English present at the council the deepest indignation and fiercest resentment. The English were eagerly desirous of getting from the entire synod a decree in their favor, while the French wanted to have the question referred to the Sacred College. . . . Cardinal Alliaco based an argument on the bull of Benedict XII., in which he enumerates the provinces subject to the Roman pontificate. He divided Europe into four great nations in accordance with the bull, in such a way that several nations were comprised under the head of Germany; and England was one of these. . . . "*Finalmente si rammentano varie*,

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you will not find this decree improbable if you consider the Irish and the Celtic empire as one and the same thing.

"So considerable," says the *Universal History*, vol. ii., "was the Celtic nation even in Augustus Cæsar's time that it contained no less than sixty great tribes distinguished by the name of cities or districts, according to Strabo. Tacitus says sixty-four, Josephus three hundred and fifteen. Appianus made them amount to four hundred; and their cities, he asserts, were thirteen hundred in number. This was in the time of Augustus Cæsar; but before that time they must have made a greater figure in the world, as may be guessed by the expedition of Bellovesus, six hundred years before Christ, or in the time of Tarquin the Elder."

It may be remarked that the name of Bellovesus is susceptible of explanation—if, indeed, it can be termed a name; for here I must observe that the Romans did not know the Gaelic chiefs as men but as functionaries, and we almost invariably find in Cæsar that the title supersedes and blots out the patronymic. The Gaels appeared in Gaul and Italy as soldiers. Now, in war the function remains though the officer perishes. In Cæsar we have little else than titles; the man is lost in the officer, for war was raging in the country. Thus an ambassador is, in Cæsar, Andecumborius—that is to say, *an te cum bothar*, which is the Irish of "the man for the road"; and thus Bellovesus is *bealach fiosach*, a man acquainted with the highways—*bealach* signifies a highway, road, or path; and *feasach*, knowing, expert. Now, we read in the *Annals of the Four Masters* that Hugony Mor, King of Ireland about six hundred years before Christ, fitted out an expedition which overran western Europe. The Irish king penetrated into Italy and mastered Piedmont or Lombardy. There is a remarkable harmony between the account given in the Four Masters and the map of the Celtic empire published in the *Universal History*. The expedition of Hugony Mor synchronizes with that of Bellovesus.

The centre of what is now known as France was in Cæsar's time inhabited by an Irish-speaking people, as is strikingly apparent in the topographical names of the country. The word Garonne signifies the rough river (*garbh amhan*). Sequana signifies the river of separation or division—*amnis divisionis* (*seach amhan*)—because to the north of it were the Belgæ, and it separated

divisioni, nelle quali erano già state partite le province della Europa; cioè nei di Roma, di Costantinopoli, d'Irlanda, e di Spagna" (vol. iii. p. 99). As in 1416—when the council was held—England claimed the "lordship" of Ireland, which was one of the four empires above mentioned, the pretensions of France to the precedency of England were set aside and the council went on in undisturbed serenity.

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these *Fir-bolgs* from the Gaeil. Cæsar asserts that the language of the Belgæ was distinct from that of the Galli. The accuracy of this statement has been questioned by Latham for this reason: the Belgian chiefs in Cæsar bear Gaelic names. Therefore, says Latham, the Belgians themselves were Gaelic. But this is a *non sequitur*. It originates in an utter oblivion of Irish history. The Belgæ were a people subject to the Galli, or *Gàl-Gaeil*, on the continent, because they were subject to the *Gaeil* in Eire. The officers of a Hindoo regiment bear English names, but it does not follow that the rank and file are Englishmen. Speaking of the *Fir-bolgs*, Moore says in his *History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 48: "That their language must have been different from that of the Celtic natives appears from the notice taken in the *Book of Lecan* of a particular form of speech known as Belgaid."

THE INFLUENCE OF FAITH ON ART.

ART has always been to common life like the thread of gold burning through its dusky hues and lighting them into richness and beauty. Even Greek art did not confine itself only to the deities of sky and earth, or nymphs of fountain and stream, but delineated also the athlete, the disk-player, or, as in the small statues of Tanagra, maidens giving flowers to each other. They chose, however, only the strength, and beauty, and gladness of daily life to commemorate; they rejected and scorned weakness, and failure, and sorrow. We wonder, in looking upon the thronging figures of Greek friezes or metopes, the heroic groups and erect statues of god or warrior, where were the old people, the helpless babes, the common faces, unbeautiful in all except kindliness? Where are the tender spirits that are glad with our joy and sad with our sorrow? Where is the touch of sympathy that makes the world akin? These are not to be found in the Greek world of art; there they all rejoice in their strength, and stand apart in their cold and haughty grace from the pain of humanity. You can scarcely imagine weariness or suffering in connection with the strong, full limbs of the Greek Venus, any ache of mental care under those low, smooth brows, any pity or sorrow in her heart.

How different is it with the world of Christian art, into which faith has entered as a vital element! Here are many cares and

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troubles; it is a more sombre age, and one stained with sin and torn with anguish, but it is alive with the keen, throbbing sympathies of love. In every woe the darkness, as in a certain beautiful picture in Florence, trembles as you gaze into its depths, into wondering, eager faces of adoring child-angels. No longer is it solely the world of the strong; emaciation, penitent tears, exhaustion, are seen in the spiritual faces of martyr and saint. Even the pains of death are glorified by this faith, and martyrdom ends in ecstasy; for out of the devouring flames bloom the red roses of Paradise. In the earliest efforts of Christian art, in the "rock-hewn tombs" of the Catacombs, the parting of death was not forgotten, but was touched with the brightness of promise. The epitaphs are full of tender trust: "Peace," "Live in God," "Dear little child," "Virgilia sleeps in peace," and the emblems of art that accompany these are all joyous—the birds flying homewards, the Good Shepherd and his flock, the Heavenly Vine. Nor has death alone been consecrated, for in many a face which Christian art has preserved we see the discipline of life, resisted temptations, a spirit grown white and pure from earthly dross by continued self-denial and charity to others. The Holy Child, with its divine purity and innocence, has lifted up hands of benediction on all childhood, and our helpless little ones are evermore dearer to us because our Lord once deigned to rest as a babe in his Mother's arms, and all the endearing ways of childhood, its clinging and trusting tenderness, have a double sacredness from the teachings of Christianity. So it has been also with womanhood: its loving and believing nature, faithful to the end, has been lifted out of the mire of the pagan world and made holy and earnest. The divine words of our Lord drew many to follow him upon earth; and across the monotonous, restricted life of the pagan wife and mother Christianity has woven its threads of light and awakened it to spiritual truth and activity. In the faces of St. Margaret of the Louvre, with the palm-branch in her hand, unheeding the loathsome dragon in her path, of St. Barbara, and of many a lovely and lily-like face of Italian art, there is a new peace, a faith that is an inspiration, a tenderness that transfuses them like perfect music. If these faces are not physically more beautiful than those of the Greek woman, the beauty is of a higher type; it has a meaning: the soul is there, alive with all the intensity of spiritual love. The Christian faith has blessed all humanity, lifting it to higher powers of virtue, and self-sacrifice, and purity, and Christian art has been its enduring attestation and witness.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CONSTITUTION AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S NATIONAL UNION, by the Seventh Annual Convention, held at Chicago, Ill., May 11 and 12, 1881. Richmond (Va.): Taylor & Co. 1881.

Last May an assembly was held at Chicago of representatives of about forty Catholic societies in different dioceses. This was the seventh general meeting of the Union. The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., was chosen president, and its various officers, clergymen and laymen, are gentlemen of standing. The object of the Union is declared in the constitution to be "the furtherance of practical Catholic unity and the moral and intellectual advancement of its members." Among the means of effecting this is "the fraternal union of all associations aiming, in whatever way, at the spiritual, intellectual, and moral improvement of Catholic young men." It is an excellent project, and the character of its promoters seems to give assurance of a serious determination to succeed. Two resolutions of general interest were adopted, one urging upon Congress the justice of providing a fair proportion of Catholic chaplains for the army; the other calling the attention of Congress to "the regulations now existing in the Interior Department, by which a Catholic missionary is expressly forbidden to set his foot upon the reservations of Indians assigned to non-Catholic control"—a very great outrage when it is remembered that most of the Indians, when allowed to express their desires, have begged for the ministrations of the "black-robes." The next convention of the Union is to be held in Boston in the second week of May next.

We have about seven million Catholics in the republic—a great increase within fifty years, no doubt, but how much of the increase is due to American effort and how much merely to immigration? That is to say, how much is really an increase from natural causes and from conversions, and how much is simply a transfer to this country of Catholics from abroad? Will these Catholic immigrants—many of them from rustic homes—and their children retain their faith in the new conditions of life in which they are cast in the United States? American life is a trying one to the weak or the ignorant. It is in the main an active, vigorous, manly life, and because it has these qualities it is apt to be without some of the traditional aids on which many in the Old World had for ages been accustomed to rely in a great measure. The immigrant rustic, whose parish was his country, and with whom the performance of his religious duties was just as essential to his pride as an honest man as any of the requirements of natural morality, finds himself amid a strangely assorted mob, and is often brought dangerously near to degrading associations of all sorts. His faith, too, is questioned on all sides.

But if the older men, whose very instincts are Catholic, are exposed to perils for their faith and their morals, what is to become of those younger men who are subjected to few of the influences with which ages of faith and long-settled customs had surrounded their fathers?

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It is easy to answer that, next after the supernatural influence of the sacraments, safety may be secured in organization—in the establishment of young men's societies, for instance. But what sort of societies shall be formed, what is to be their scope and what their means of action? The answer is all the more difficult from the want of homogeneity in our Catholic population, though this difficulty is every year becoming less, according as the different races that form the American people more and more lose their repulsion for one another. In some regions the want of friendship between Catholics of different race-origin is great enough to be positively harmful, in others it is barely perceptible, if it exist at all. The estrangement, it is true, is usually negative at most, and is principally owing to difference of language. Though this difficulty is temporary only, it is none the less a difficulty at present, and one that is likely to endure for years yet.

Many attempts have been made by zealous priests and laymen in the way of organization. Literary societies, so-called, have sprung up from time to time in various places. But if one were disposed to examine into the genuineness of the literary tastes of most of these societies he would be amazed to find that the reading-rooms, for instance, which they support he might count on the fingers of his two hands. It would be safest for one's peace of mind not to consult a Catholic publisher or bookseller on this head. The reason, however, of the failure of the "literary" societies is obvious enough. To form and maintain a literary society you must bring together men of literary inclinations. Such a society cannot be formed out of men whose reading is confined to the daily papers. Here comes in an inquiry. There are seventy Catholic colleges, more or less, in this country. With a few exceptions their graduating classes are small; yet even if the average attendance of their students is not more than two years, that time ought to develop a reading tendency at least. There are hundreds of Catholic high-schools, and of upper classes in parochial schools with a course of studies more or less assimilated to these high-schools. In addition to these there are the parochial schools themselves, which have been at work for years. Where now are the Catholic readers? What are all these Catholic scholars reading now? They *do* read.

These points are not raised by way of discouragement, but as suggestive. We trust that at its approaching convention the Catholic Young Men's National Union will discuss them and give us solutions.

So far as Catholic organization is concerned, it is safe to lay down that no attempts will be successful that aim to unite in one society men who are uncongenial either from the ordinary differences of social life or from differences of race-temperament or customs. All Catholics, of course, can and do unite in the practices of religion, and all, therefore, may, and frequently do, unite in societies having a purely devotional end in view. But there is no question here of the devotional societies which flourish in every well-ordered parish. Something is needed that will reach the great body of young men whose faith and piety are more or less sound, but who, from some cause or other, do not associate.

But, in addition to the literary and beneficial societies now in existence among us, Germany, in its Catholic working-men's societies, offers a model that may be well worth adapting to American needs. At present a very

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great number of Catholic artisans are forced either to sacrifice the benefits to be obtained in the co-operation of labor in self-defence, or else are drawn into organizations of their craft that are apt to be highly flavored with infidelity. There is no doubt whatever of the fact that most men will join a society of some sort when the occasion offers. A Catholic artisans' society furnishing its members with practical instruction in industrial drawing, elementary mechanics, or other suitable technical matters, etc., having a fund for the sick and those out of work, and providing healthful and social amusement, ought to succeed, if properly organized and managed. Politicians and political intrigues should, of course, be studiously kept clear of.

Anyhow we are heart and soul with the young men of this country, and we have great hopes of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

OFFICIUM MAJORIS HEBDOMADÆ a Dominica in Palmis usque ad Sabbatum in Albis, juxta ordinem Breviarii et Missalis Romani, cum cantu pro Dominica Palmarum, Triduo Sacro et Paschate quem curavit S. Rituum Congregatio. Neo-Eboraci: Sumptibus Frederici Pustet. 1881.

This volume, a reproduction in smaller form of the same work issued in 1871, is most opportune. The special merit of the work lies in the facility it affords the singer to chant each office entire without referring to various parts of the book. While the work in general elicits satisfaction, certain mistakes in the detail must be noticed. The "Ave Regina," p. 46, is marked Tone 12. A study of the phrasing and the notation will at once make this error apparent to a youthful chorister, who readily perceives a marked difference between the twelfth and the fourteenth Mode. Again, the work on its title-page professes to follow the Roman Missal. For this reason, and also because we are well aware of the desire which Messrs. Pustet & Co. have always manifested of making their works correct in every particular, we take the liberty to indicate two passages in which there is a marked disagreement with that authority. The first will be found in the chorus at the adoration of the cross, on page 186; the second, in the Litany of the Saints, page 253.

These are but trifling faults and affect only the careful student. To the public, whether engaged in chanting or attending the beautifully expressive services of Holy Week, the arrangement of matter, as well as the typographic execution throughout the volume, render the book a desirable possession.

MAY CAROLS; or, Ancilla Domini. By Aubrey de Vere. London: Burns & Oates. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Are Catholics fully alive to the fact that the highest and deepest of living poets of the English language is, so to say, one of their own flesh and blood—Aubrey de Vere? Years ago, before the present generation existed, so severely classical a critic as Walter Savage Landor discerned the genius of the young poet and stamped it with his emphatic admiration. He selected him from the throng as the true descendant of the Greeks, and of all living poets there is certainly none so simple and sublime in his harmonies, whose fountain of thought is so clear and yet so deep, whose purpose is so unfailingly noble, and whose spirit is so pure. It is the Greek,

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indeed, but the Greek watered and blessed and lifted up by the baptism, the grace, and the religion of Christ. He will stand in English literature as the one poet who has never given utterance to an ignoble thought, and who, endowed, as his works show him to be, with all the gifts a poet could wish for, though as fiery as St. Paul in the righteous cause, is as pure as St. Cecilia. The dramatic poet who has given the finest picture ever presented of Alexander the Great, of Thomas à Becket, of Henry II. of England, is pre-eminently the poet of the Blessed Virgin; and in this sense he himself is truly *ancilla Domini*. What his *May Carols* mean, and what their spirit is, may be judged from the prologue, which it is safe to say no mind but his could conceive and set in so high a key. Often, indeed, the trouble between Mr. de Vere and those who would admire him is that he treads such skyey heights poor human nature cannot follow, any more than it can walk among the stars. They admire from afar off, but they naturally cling to earth. Here is the prologue:

"Religion, she that stands sublime
Upon the rock that crowns our globe,
Her foot on all the spoils of time,
With light eternal on her robe;

"She, sovereign of the orb she guides,
On Truth's broad sun may root a gaze
That deepens, onward as she rides,
And shrinks not from the fontal blaze.

"But they—her daughter Arts—must hide
Within the cleft, content to see
Dim skirts of glory waving wide,
And steps of parting Deity.

"'Tis theirs to watch the vision break
In gleams from Nature's frown or smile,
The legend rise from out the lake,
The relic consecrate the isle.

"'Tis theirs to adumbrate and suggest;
To point toward founts of buried lore;
Leaving, in type alone expressed,
What man must know not, yet adore.

"For where her court true Wisdom keeps,
'Mid loftier handmaids, one there stands
Dark as the midnight's starry deeps,
A Slave, gem-crowned, from Nubia's sands—

"O thou whose light is in thy heart,
Reverence, love's mother! without thee
Science may soar awhile; *but Art*
Drifts barren o'er a shoreless sea."

How true and noble this is all who regard the present mean and ignoble and petty condition of art and poesy among us will recognize at once. Art and poetry have fallen from their high estate, while the aim of the scientists seems chiefly devoted to an attempt to destroy the supernatural. Mr. de Vere would bring men back to the true science—that science that recognizes and worships a divine Creator as the centre, origin, and mover

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of all things. So where others sing to Venus he sings to the Blessed Virgin, and in strains befitting his theme. "To be rightly understood," he says in his admirable preface, "this work [*May Carols*] must be regarded, not as a collection of Hymns, but as a poem on the Incarnation, a poem dedicated to the honor of the Virgin Mother, and preserving ever, as the most appropriate mode of honoring her, a single aim—that of illustrating Christianity, at once as a theological truth and as a living power, reigning among the humanities, and renewing the affections and imaginations of man." Mr. de Vere's preface is in itself a study worthy of the most careful consideration. That, like all his writings, is infused and pervaded by the sublime beauty that Christian faith inspires, and which he so fitly describes as "that nobler Beauty, severe at once and tender, mystic yet simple, gladsome yet pathetic." In these words Mr. de Vere has unconsciously described with great truth the spirit and character of his own writings. Each poem in this volume is in itself a deep meditation set to perfect music, and each forming a link in a long chain that circles the Virgin Mother, whose glory spread abroad thus:

"A soul-like sound, subdued yet strong,
A whispered music, mystery-rife,
A sound like Eden airs among
The branches of the Tree of Life.

"At first no more than this; at last
The voice of every land and clime,
It swept o'er Earth, a clarion blast:
Earth heard and shook with joy sublime.

. . . . . .

"The Church had spoken. She that dwells
Sun-clad with beatific light,
From Truth's uncounted citadels,
From Sion's Apostolic height,

"Had stretched her sceptred hands, and pressed
The seal of faith, defined and known,
Upon that Truth till then confessed
By Love's instinctive sense alone."

No more beautiful or delightful book could grace a Christian home than these *May Carols*, and it would be well for parents to indoctrinate themselves and their children with the spirit of this great Catholic poet.

LE MUSÉON. Revue Internationale, publieé par La Société des Lettres et des Sciences. Tome i., No. 1. Louvain: Peeters; Paris: Leroux; London and New York: Trübner & Co., Burns & Oates; Liege: Soc. Bibliog.; Leipsic: Harassowicz; Aix: Barth; Bombay: Duftur Ashkara Press.

This new quarterly review published at Louvain, price two dollars and a half a year is devoted to historical science, archæology, philology, linguistics, etc. It has a long list of regular contributors—Belgians, Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Russians, Italians, Greeks, Hindus, and Americans. The names best known to us among these are De Harlez, Lamy, Lenormant, Oppert, Van Weddingen, and Mr. Da Costa of New York. The first number contains articles by writers of several nations, such as: A translation of a part of an Upanishad, an essay on Gog and Magog, a descrip-

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tion of a session of the Roman Senate, an article on the Rôle of Myths in the formation of ancient religions, another on *La Science Américaniste*, etc. In respect of erudition and ability this review is of the first class. A large proportion of the best writing in Europe is now published in reviews in the French language, which grow into volumes of permanent value. Many of these have a quite special character and scope which takes them out of the category of miscellaneous literature, and places them in some particular department. The *Muséon* is quite *sui generis*, and completely different from the other French reviews with which we are acquainted. It is easier, however, to appreciate this difference by examining this first specimen number than to describe it accurately in a critical notice. Its international character will doubtless add much to its value and interest, and the more remote the contributors the more charm of novelty will attach to their articles, adding zest to the intrinsic and essential merit which they may possess. Therefore, when Mr. Jamaspji Minocheherji and Mr. Peshotum Sunjana of Bombay contribute articles they will be likely to be the first ones examined by the curious reader.

A PICTURE OF PIONEER TIMES IN CALIFORNIA. Illustrated with Anecdotes and Stories taken from Real Life. By William Grey. San Francisco. 1881.

Our European readers sometimes complain of American literature that it is not purely American, but a reflex of their own literature. They want more novelty and originality, less repetition and imitation of European themes and authors. Let such readers take up Mr. Grey's book, and they will find it an indigenous product of the Western world. It is worthy to be classed with Judge Burnett's history of his own life, which we noticed at the time of its publication. Though unpolished and often faulty in the minor accuracies and elegances of language and style, it is of good metal and vigorously wrought. In a religious and moral aspect it is unexceptionable.

The author has aimed at exposing and refuting misstatements of ignorant and reckless writers, especially those of one calumnious, vicious, and ridiculous work entitled *Annals of San Francisco*. He has endeavored to give a true picture of the epoch of the pioneer colonists who founded the State of California, beginning with the year 1849. He presents impartially and graphically both the good and the bad side of that chapter of history. Many tragical events and atrocious crimes are recorded which lend a fearful interest to the narrative. Other characters and scenes, equally dramatic, of an opposite nature, are placed in contrast with these. Many well-known and honored names, such as Oliver, McGlynn, White, etc., figure in the pages, together with others of disgraceful notoriety. All is enlivened by the descriptive talent and sportive humor of the author.

To his strictly historical narrative he has appended three others which may be called historical novelettes, founded on facts and real incidents, with characters drawn from actual life, and intended to be illustrations of the first era of Californian history. They have a truly thrilling interest, and in fact the whole book is one of the most readable we have lately met with. All the moral lessons it inculcates are wholesome and useful for the young generation, and we can therefore commend it without any reserve.

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CONTESTACION A LA HISTORIA DEL CONFLICTO ENTRE LA RELIGION Y LA CIENCIA de Juan Guillermo Draper, por el P. Fr. Tomas Cámara, Profesor del Colegio de Agustinos Filipinos de Valladolid. Segunda edicion, corregida y aumentada. Valladolid: De Gaviria y Zapatero. 1880.

This answer to the late Dr. Draper's mischievous attack on Christianity under the pretext of a *History of the Conflict between Science and Religion* is by a learned professor in the university of Valladolid—Friar Cámara, an Augustinian. Though the book has reached us rather tardily, it deserves really more than a passing notice. One of its most noteworthy chapters, coming from a Spaniard who knows what he is talking about, is that on the Inquisition, which, in its harsh features, is shown to have been what it was—a political, not a religious, institution. The old controversy, too, of Galileo is taken up, as well as that of Giordano Bruno. Nevertheless, it is almost discouraging to reflect that no sooner have these calumnies against the church been exposed for the hundredth time than another anti-Catholic adventurer, apparently oblivious of all that has been written on the Catholic side previously, comes along, dresses them up in a new toggery, and creates a new sensation with them. We shall, if possible, return to this very learned work.

SOUTH SEA SKETCHES: A Narrative. By Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

The accomplished author of these *Sketches* spent about one year in Peru and Chili while Admiral Dahlgren was in command of the South Pacific Squadron. It is pleasant to find occasionally a record of travel in South America which is not defaced by a narrow contempt for a foreign people, and irreligious or bigoted prejudices. We are, in every way, much more widely separated from our sister nations in the southern part of North America and in South America than from those of the opposite continent. They are to us like the country of the Sclavonians and like India. Mrs. Dahlgren had the opportunity of being received into the best circles of society in Lima and Valparaiso, as the wife of the North American admiral, and, being also a Catholic and familiar with the Spanish language, was naturally more cordially welcomed on these accounts than another would have been. She stayed long enough to take a leisurely inside view, and, having a temporary home of her own among the Peruvians and Chilians, there is a quiet and tranquil character to her sketches, different from notes of hurried journeys. The descriptions of natural scenery, of the fruits and flowers, and the other external features of the country are very attractive. There is also a good deal of information about the political and social condition of things, and in general a lively picture of what the writer saw, and heard, and experienced at sea and on shore, including a revolution, some earthquakes, and the taking fire of the flag-ship *Powhatan* at sea while she was on board. At every page one is aware that he is conversing with an intelligent, refined, and truly Christian woman, speaking with sense, gayety, and no attempt at display, upon interesting topics. Occasionally we meet with an unusually well-written passage, an impromptu expression of some of the deeper emotions awakened by objects or events above the level of the daily incidents of life. The scenes described lie far

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back in the year 1867–68, yet they are not so remote as to have lost their freshness, and the volume is as agreeable and readable as it is neat and attractive in form.

DU PRESENT ET DE L'AVENIR DES POPULATIONS DE LANGUE FRANÇAISE DANS L'AMERIQUE DU NORD. (Extrait des *Mémoires* de la Société de Géographie de Genève.)

DE L'EDUCATION. Conférence faite en Février, 1881, devant le Cercle Catholique de Québec par Boucher de La Bruère. St. Hyacinthe: des presses du *Courrier* de St. Hyacinthe. 1881.

Considering how large a part the French people have had in the exploration and settlement of North America, and, indeed, in the very establishment of our republic, it is interesting to notice with what ease and complacency many of us ignore French influence on this continent. A glance at the two pamphlets above will be, perhaps, a slight antidote to vanity and ingratitude.

Dr. Edouard Dufresne, in his valuable contribution to the Geneva (Switzerland) Geographical Society, traces the footsteps of French settlers in North America and indulges in some prophecies. The French element in the Canadian Dominion he puts at one million two hundred thousand, and he quotes Lord Dufferin as authority for the assertion that the French-Canadians have better profited by English institutions there than the Canadians of English descent, and that they have furnished a larger proportion of orators, journalists, and politicians than the English. He is very hopeful of Manitoba, which, relying on the conclusions of Canadian authors, he predicts will *one day*—rather a vague distance off, it is true—have a neo-French population of forty millions! But a good deal of allowance must always be made for uninspired prophecy. There is no doubt that the Norman and Breton French—how absurd to speak of them, as these French writers do, as *Latin!*—are a hardy, indomitable race, and, whether they have preserved their language or lost it, they are not likely to lose themselves on this continent among any class of emigrants. Of late years they seem to be pressing down into New England. What a merciful revenge for the iniquity that in the last century drove twelve thousand Acadians from their homes! Dr. Dufresne quotes authority for the statement that one-half of the people of New Orleans still are French, and that French is spoken in most of the rural parishes of Louisiana. But French has long ceased to be the prevailing language of the three great cities of St. Louis, Chicago, and Detroit, though many of the leading families of those cities, especially the first and last, are the descendants of the adventurous *voyageurs* who first found a way for the English-speaking elements to come in as settlers.

M. La Bruère's lecture is an interesting historical review of education in France and in French Canada.

THE BURGOMASTER'S WIFE: A Romance. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1882.

That evil movement which has been dignified with the name of "the Reformation" made abuses, which could and would have been remedied by proper means, the excuse for wrong-doing, disorders, and a complete unsettlement of society that will take ages yet, perhaps, to set to rights again.

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One of its immediate results was a violent displacement of old and acknowledged seats of authority, and, as a consequence of this, a series of cruel civil wars and wars of invasion—wars that lasted for fully two centuries after the "reforming" nobles had first laid avaricious hands on the monastic establishments and the other church estates which had given shelter and employment to a large body of the people. The whole history of the so-called religious wars that followed Luther's revolt is a mixture of hypocrisy, rapine, and cold-blooded cruelty. The Netherlands, densely populated as they were, felt the shock, and here England and Spain, in their intriguing ambition, found it convenient to fight out their own battles. English gold and perfidy on the one side were matched by Spanish military genius and ferocity on the other. But the merciless rigor of the Spaniards played, in fact, into the hands of the English by arousing the patriotic valor of the Dutch in defence of their homes.

Most historical novels are failures, because their writers, ignorantly or knowingly, miss the drift of the affairs they pretend to work into their story, or because they are inclined to give a false coloring to facts. This is especially the case in stories that touch on the disastrous contests between Catholics and Protestants. The story before us seems to be an exception to this. It deals with the gallant and stubborn defence which the inhabitants of Leyden made in 1573-74 to the Spanish army under Valdez. The Burgomaster of Leyden, an austere man past middle life, has espoused a young girl whom he continues to treat as a child, not letting her into his confidence. She chafes at his demeanor, but at last shames him by the unexpected force of character which she displays at a critical moment.

The translation is in excellent English, but it is a curious question whether a certain slip is the author's or the translator's: (the time was evening, after dusk), "the shrill sounding of the bell calling to Mass," etc.; for if the mistake is the author's it is another instance of a star-gazing philosopher falling into a well. Prof. Ebers is exceedingly learned in the minutiæ of the pagan ritual of the ancient Egyptians, and it is only fair to expect him not to make so egregious a mistake as to speak of Mass—except at Christmas—as being celebrated in the evening, even in the sixteenth century. Sir Walter Scott made a number of similar mistakes, but there is less excuse for Ebers—if he is guilty—for he has had a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with Catholic practices.

THE SPOILS OF THE PARK. With a few leaves from the deep-laden notebooks of "a wholly unpractical man." By Frederick Law Olmsted, one of the designers of the Park, several years its superintendent, and some time president and treasurer of the department. February, 1882.

All New-Yorkers have a deep interest in the preservation of Central Park, and many must have observed with chagrin that within a few years the Park has deteriorated artistically and otherwise; that the hopes which had grown up in the popular mind have not been fulfilled as they might have been. If a change is made—and a change seems necessary—what more natural than that the Park should fall again into the care of the one to whom is principally due whatever beauty the Park possesses, and who has from the beginning shown a loving solicitude for it? Certainly, it is the city of New York, and not Mr. Olmsted, that will be the chief gainer by the

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reappointment of Mr. Olmsted. It is a pity that politics should have been allowed, as Mr. Olmsted charges, to have had to do with the management of the Park.

THE SPIRITUALITY AND IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL. A Reply to Materialists. By the Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., author of *Age of Unreason, Truth and Error, Curious Questions*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

The first part of the argument of this short tract proceeds on a single line, proving the spirituality of the soul from its consciousness of its own unity and simplicity in the act of thinking.

The second part infers immortality from the want of any self-destructive principle in the soul, of any reason for its annihilation, and more positively from its natural tendency towards perfect happiness, which must be endless to be perfect, as the end of its existence. Though condensed and concise, the style of the tract is clear and simple, and the argument goes as straight to its mark as Leather-stocking's bullet into the body of a flying goose. The mark is the same, also, in both cases.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES. A new translation, with a biographical essay, and an appendix of rhymed choral odes and lyrical dialogues. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Prof. of Divinity, King's College, London, Prebendary of St. Paul's, etc. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1882.

THE TRAGEDIES OF ÆSCHYLOS. A new translation, with a biographical essay, and an appendix of rhymed choral odes. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Prof. of Divinity, King's College, London, Prebendary of St. Paul's, etc. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1882.

These are reissues of Dr. Plumptre's very excellent translations. Dr. Plumptre's religious views are similar to those so cleverly caricatured by Mr. Mallock's *Romance of the Nineteenth Century* in the sermon of the Broad Church minister, but in spite of this his discourse on the religious aspects of Æschylos' tragedies will not be without interest to the Catholic.

WESTWARD HO! By Charles Kingsley. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

AMERICAN CLASSICS FOR SCHOOLS. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

HYPATIA; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By Charles Kingsley. Thirteenth edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

THE POETICAL WORKS, including the drama of "The Two Men of Sandy Bar," of Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

SEMINARII NIAGARENSIS DIE ANNIVERSARIA REGINÆ ANGELORUM AUSPICIIS, vicesima quinta vice fauste admodum redeunte, Nov. 23, A.D. 1881. In tantæ rei memoriam, confratrum ergo Carmen.

ST. MARY'S LODGING-HOUSE to shelter respectable girls while seeking employment, and Home for Convalescents for the working-girls of New York. New York: Martin B. Brown, 49 Park Place. 1882.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, and third Annual Report of St. James' Home for Boys, Carroll P.O., near Baltimore, Md. Printing Department of St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys. 1882.

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND ANTIPHONS for Vespers on Sundays and the principal festivals of the year, including the "Common of Saints" at Vespers, Litany and Prayers for the Forty Hours' Devotion. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1882.

GREAT BRITAIN AND ROME; or, Ought the Queen of England to hold diplomatic relations with the Sovereign Pontiff? By the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, D.D., Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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RECENT ATTACKS ON THE CATHOLIC CODE OF MORALS.*

THE March number of *Harper's Monthly* contains a highly eulogistic article on M. Paul Bert, the late French Minister of Public Instruction. This appointee of M. Gambetta specially commended himself for that very important post by his efforts to secularize education. His two speeches in the Chamber of Deputies on the famous Article 7 of the Ferry Bill had immense effect in carrying the measure against the Religious teaching Orders. The day after his second speech M. Bert, whose previous life had been devoted to medical science, to vivisection and to politics, heard for the first time of the Moral Theology of Father Gury, S.J. He fancied he found in it a timely and telling argument in support of his thesis, and forthwith applied the whole bent of his talent to become a new Pascal. The outcome of "the midnight oil" of this young theologian is a work of 665 pages, entitled *La Morale des Jésuites*, and professing to be an analysis and review of Father Gury's four volumes. It has had a rapid sale, having already reached, since its appearance in 1880, a fifteenth edition.

The tone of M. Bert's theological strictures may be inferred from the panegyric in *Harper's*: "To say that he makes out his case is to feebly describe the effect of his *exposé*." But what is his case? "That for the last three hundred years the Jesuits had been corrupting the youth of all nations; that *they uniform-*

* *La Morale des Jésuites.* Par Paul Bert. Paris, 1881. *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, March, 1882. The New York *Observer*.

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ly taught as morals a set of doctrines that struck at the very foundations of human society; that they countenanced debauchery, theft, incest, robbery, murder," etc. "The fight M. Bert is making is a fight for freedom of conscience and purity of morals . . . wherever it is desired that *stealing, lying, perjury, theft, criminal impurity of conduct, homicide, and parricide* should be treated as crimes."

Now, as the Jesuits have no special system of theology, and as Father Gury bases his teaching on that of St. Alphonsus Liguori, the accusation really means that the odious crimes just mentioned are sanctioned by the Catholic Church. In fact, M. Bert has lately laid aside the mask, proposing, to the disgust of his own party even, the abolition of the Concordat; the suppression of many episcopal and metropolitan sees—the proscription of Catholic worship.

"It would be difficult," continues the panegyrist in *Harper's*, "for any one who has not read Gury's books, and verified the language quoted by M. Bert, to believe it possible that such doctrines as he will find there are not only printed but taught in schools of theology by persons *calling themselves Christians*, or that there is *any race of people so degraded in civilization as to listen to them.*"

Considering as a matter of public notoriety the unsavory weeds "the pope will persist in throwing over the garden wall," and then the intelligence, the virtue, the social standing of the long line of "Rome's recruits," particularly in England, who have made a study of various religious systems and have deliberately gone over to Rome, even when such a step involved untold worldly sacrifices, and who love their new Mother more the more they know her; estimating the number of Catholics today as two hundred and fifty millions, and remembering that the majority, perhaps, or at all events thousands upon thousands, of the spiritual guides of this vast army use Gury either as a text-book or at least as a valued work of reference, "our friend the enemy" indulges in language so hard to reconcile with the facts just stated, and with the dictates of *common sense*, that no way out of the puzzle offers itself so readily as the grave words of the apostle: "Whatever things they know not, they blaspheme."

Before proceeding to notice M. Bert's sweeping charges, and to show that he does not speak according to knowledge, it will be useful to glance at the chief actors in the arena, and to state the difficulties which prevent non-Catholics generally, and M. Paul Bert in particular, from forming a correct estimate of the Catholic Code of Morals.

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In the first place, Father Gury was specially fitted for his work. Besides having the teachings of the brightest minds of many centuries to guide and direct him, he was, as we learn from his *Life*, a man of remarkably clear intellect, of profound study, and of very deep and fervent piety; in addition, a professor of the difficult science of Morals for nearly forty years.

Moral Theology is that part of theological science which directs human actions to the rule of virtue in order to eternal life. Its sources are Sacred Scripture, the holy Fathers, decisions of the Popes, decrees of Councils, the teachings of tradition, rulings of canon and civil law, the authority of theologians, and the light of reason. It is manifestly a noble and difficult science, applying to vital questions of the soul the best wisdom of past ages. To the priest the knowledge of moral theology is what jurisprudence is to the lawyer, the science of medicine to the physician. Hence systematic and scientific expositions, designed for the instruction of the clergy, abound in the church, her theologians seeking to apply the great principles judiciously according to time, place, and circumstances, just as would the physician or the judge in similar cases. As there is, then, obviously room for diversity of opinion in this task, it has happened that at times individual writers have erred either on the side of rigorism or of laxity. On this account the Sovereign Pontiffs have felt it to be their duty, as occasion required, to proscribe false or dangerous teachings, and the doctrines so censured are known as "condemned propositions." Apart from this, a commendable latitude is allowed and is exercised; and nothing is more untrue than the insinuation of M. Bert that amongst the Jesuits—not to speak of other theologians—there is no individuality of thought or opinion. On the contrary, even in the copy of Gury before his eyes he had (pages 3–20) a long list of distinguished Jesuit writers representing every shade of theological thought.

The non-Catholic notion of moral theology is very much like the old-fashioned idea of Scholasticism, to which Father Harper, S.J., alludes in his *Metaphysics of the School:* "Thirty or forty years ago it was a common impression, even in our universities —and I find that the respectable tradition still survives—that the Angelic Doctor is exclusively occupied with the discussion of such questions as *How many angels could dance on the point of a needle?* I myself (then a Protestant) entertained the same idea till subsequent study of his works opened my mind to the absurdity of the fable. . . . As to St. Thomas, I may say that I have been occupied in the study of his works for many years; yet I have never as yet come across a single question in his voluminous

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writings that did not amply repay the labor of mastering it and the time expended upon it. Nevertheless, the labor often is not light, and the time is by no means short."

A wise saw says, "One must catch the hare before cooking it." Having abolished *Confession*, Protestants had no need of cultivating moral theology. Nor did their leading principles invite them to this study. Why treat learnedly of vice and virtue, if man be not *free*, if human nature be *totally depraved*, if good *works* be *useless?* Consequently, apart from the *Ductor Dubitantium*, or *Guide for those in Doubt*, of Jeremy Taylor, Protestants have scarcely anything to show in this department of science, and therefore their theological training hardly fits them to sit in judgment on Father Gury.

M. Bert, in particular, is still less qualified for the task. In the first place, he is an atheist and styles the very Scriptures "brutal" (p. xxii.) Next, all his theological learning is imbibed from poisoned sources—namely, the Jansenism of the *Provinciales* and the *Abstract of dangerous Doctrines taught by the Jesuits.* His arguments and authorities are all drawn from these impure sources, excepting only a sentence or so from an unknown Abbé Rigord, and a few quotations from two elementary catechisms used in the primary schools in France. The *Provinciales* and the *Extraits des Assertions* (on which consult Alzog, *History*, iii. 565–568) have been for the last two centuries, though time and again proved to be untrustworthy, the unfailing arsenals whence powder and shot are borrowed for every new attack. Within the last few weeks the *Monthly of the Protestant Alliance* of England and the *Observer* of this city have both quoted *condemned propositions* from these *Extracts* as "*authorized Romish doctrine*" to-day—*e.g.*, Prop. XV. of Innocent XI. (1679), XVII. of Alexander VII. (1665).

The mention of this *Monthly* and the New York *Observer* leads to another incidental remark—namely, that even when the documents quoted are genuine a knowledge of their style is needed to grasp their meaning. Thus, *e.g.*, the *Monthly* quotes as follows: "Salamancan Jesuits say, 'They only are to be accounted *assassins* who commit a murder with the bargain that he who employs them shall pay them a temporal reward,'" insinuating that the theologians of Salamanca (*not* Jesuits, by the way), permit murder, provided only that the murderer is not paid for it to boot. Now, the meaning is simply this (see St. Liguori, *de V. Præcepto*, No. 364), that the sentence of *excommunication* inflicted by canon law on assassins strikes those only who murder for pay, in order to add a new sanction against such a crime;

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not that to murder "without a temporal reward" is not assassination. That such a crime is murder, that it is, moreover, a mortal offence, there is no need of saying, as every child knows it; and if it were not it could not be visited with excommunication (Gury, vol. ii. No. 934).

In like manner M. Bert, in his very first criticism on Gury, blunders on the definition* and division of conscience (preface, xx.) If he had read St. Paul (1 Cor. viii. 7, 12) he would have heard of "a *weak* conscience"; in the words, "whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God" (St. John, xvi. 2), he would find a specimen of a *false* conscience; in the case of Susanna (Dan. xiii. 22), of a perplexed or doubtful one. Why, then, does he say that to make such distinctions "amounts to the same thing as to distinguish between *true* truth, *doubtful* truth, *false* truth"? The writer in *Harper's* blunders even worse, showing not only that he does not know theology, but, besides, that he does not know French; for he translates M. Bert so as to make Gury say, "Again, a distinction is made between true truth, doubtful truth, and false truth" (p. 563). Of course neither Gury nor any other theologian is guilty of such absurdity. Meanwhile we beg to commend the writer in *Harper's* to any school-book on Christian ethics—*e.g.*, Gregory's (Philadelphia: Eldridge, 1881, p. 135)—to find out what is meant by these various divisions of conscience.

Viewing, then, the relative merits and previous training of Father Gury and M. Bert in the theological arena, we must confess that there is, *prima facie*, a strong presumptive evidence in favor of the former; but as presumption needs to be confirmed by facts, let us examine briefly some of M. Bert's arguments. They may be fairly summed up as follows: viz., first, the general arraignment of the "Jesuitical" morality as lax, because based on the doctrine of probability; and, next, proofs of this looseness regarding theft, lying, impurity.

From the days of Pascal down the favorite method of argument on the score of lax morality is this: First, a list of rash statements is sought for from indiscreet, injudicious, or forgotten authors; then these propositions are set down as probable opinions, and one is bidden to take his choice! Principles, meanwhile, are thrown to the winds, or rather, to use the exact words of M. Bert, "There are no more principles; mere fragments are found in the abyss, and over every one of them a casuist cavils

*On M. Bert's objection to Gury's and St. Thomas' definition of conscience, that "it seems to be the very denial of free-will" (!), see Cardinal Newman's masterly exposition in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk against Gladstone's *Expostulation*, sec. 5.

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and harangues. For every question he has a solution at hand to offer to the passer-by; and as he is, according to the Jesuitical phrase, a doctor, an honest man and learned, his opinion becomes *probable*, and, in the tranquillity of his *erroneous* conscience, the wayfarer may choose that which suits his case best amongst all the solutions tendered by the doctors. And observe that if he follow one opinion to-day he may choose the contrary to-morrow, provided it is his interest to do so" (p. xxi.) All this is given as the doctrine of Gury (ibidem).

The best vindication of Father Gury in this entire discussion is Gury himself. With all Catholic theologians he first lays down the principle (*Compendium*, vol. i. No. 39) that only a *certain* conscience is the right rule of morals (Rom. xiv. 23). But what is to be done when certainty cannot be had? Evidently one cannot act if he *doubt* the morality of his action. To remove the doubt he must recur to some other principle acknowledged to be morally certain (No. 55). And then Gury proceeds to define when a *true* and *solid* probability—one which commends itself to the judgment of a prudent and sensible man, and therefore not every chance opinion—may help to form that moral certitude which is necessary for action. To begin with, (1) the use of probability is *excluded* in certain ranges of subjects—namely, whenever there is question of absolutely obtaining some definite end which the use of means only probably suitable would endanger. Hence, 1st. One cannot use probability in the matter of salvation; 2d. In danger of life or death; thus, a physician, *e.g.*, cannot, in such cases, experiment on his subjects instead of taking the safest remedies. 3d. In the administration of the sacraments. 4th. In matters of justice (Nos. 56, 57).

Again, (2) one is not allowed to follow an opinion only *slightly probable*, but must take the *safer side*. The opposite teaching is expressly condemned by Innocent XI. (Prop. III.)

It may be noted, by the way, that Jeremy Taylor, relying, perhaps, on his avowal that the "Christian religion is the *best-natured institution in the world*," says that at times one may follow a slightly probable opinion. Thus, in the *Guide for those who are in Doubt* (vol. iii. p. 153 seq., London, Bohn, 1850) he gives, Rule viii., "An opinion relying upon *very slender* probability is not to be followed, *except* in cases of great necessity or great charity." Example: A woman is married *in bona fide* to a man whom she afterwards discovers to be her own brother. In this dilemma an old woman comes to her and tells her that it is a mistake. "Now, upon this the question arises whether or no Muranna may safely rely upon so slight a testimony as the saying of this

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woman in a matter of so great difficulty and concernment. Here the case is favorable. Muranna is passionately endeared to Grillo, and, besides her love, *hath a tender conscience*, and, if her marriage be separated, dies at both ends of the evil, both for the evil conjunction and for the sad separation. This, therefore, is to be presumed security enough for her to continue in that state."*

But (3) it is permitted to follow an opinion that is really and solidly probable, even leaving aside one equally well founded, or even more so, when there is question merely of that which is licit or illicit (No. 60). Gury develops the proof of this thesis in eight pages, which M. Bert dismisses in as many lines. Space forbids entering into this interesting argument. The system of Probabilism, however, as taught by Father Gury and by many other excellent theologians as well, is not the only view tolerated by the church. St. Alphonsus proposes another, noticeably stricter, and other theologians a third system still further removed from the charge of laxity. The only point maintained at present is that the probabilism of Gury is not justly open to the cry of loose morality. To show this it is sufficient simply to quote the requirements of a probable opinion. No Catholic moralist holds the dangerous doctrine attributed to the church by M. Bert, that any one may make any pet whim or theory probable (p. xxi.) What Gury does say is this: that an *individual* author may make his opinion probable, even against the stream of theologians, but *provided* he be himself (1) beyond exception; (2) and that he bring forward arguments which the others have not examined or sufficiently answered, while he (3) solves all their objections. And under such conditions might not one safely follow even M. Bert?

But, retorts M. Bert, one may change his opinions as often as self-interest demands; and he refers to Gury (No. 80) and to the Cases of Conscience (No. 75); so that the doctrine of probability is an *ignis fatuus* still. Now, we find in both these places that one may *not* change his opinion at will, but only when the choice involves no contradiction either in theory or in practice. One cannot, *e.g.*, to use Gury's example, decide that a will drawn without the legal formalities is valid by the law of nature, and so accept its benefits, and again, on the strength of the opinion that such a will is invalid in civil law, decline meeting its burdens; for the will is valid or invalid, and the moment you decide in one sense you exclude the other.

* On the ease also with which opinion may be changed, etc., see Bishop Jeremy Taylor, *Ductor Dubitantium*, l. c. Rules xi., xiii., xiv.

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It needs only to read Gury carefully (No. 54) to be convinced that the safeguards thrown around the use of probability are quite as great, and greater, than those offered to its votaries by science, medicine, or law, and that, consequently, the rhetoric of M. Bert is only a travesty of truth.

Let us consider the question of lying. Nothing easier at first sight than to proclaim as an absolute and all-sufficient rule, to be followed in all cases, the divine precept, "Thou shalt not lie." Those who have not reflected on the difficulties with which this and kindred subjects bristle would do well to consider the home-thrust of Cardinal Newman: "Only try your hand yourself at a treatise on the rules of morality, and you will see how difficult the work is" (*Apologia*, Am. ed., p. 297).

In the first place—not to mention the doctrine of Plato and other pagan writers—there are quite enough difficulties in the Holy Scriptures to make one think twice before pronouncing that all misleading statements are untruths or lies. Abraham and Isaac both call their wives their sisters; Jacob calls himself the elder son of his father; Tobias takes the title of a great personage of Israel. Other examples of dissimulation are found 1 Kings xvi. 1–5; Jeremias xxxviii. In the New Testament our Blessed Lord said (John vii.), "I go not up to the feast," and yet he went; St. Matthew xxiv. 36, "Of that day no one knoweth, but the Father alone," yet undoubtedly the Son also knew, not only as the Word but also as man.

For the general reader perhaps the best information on this intricate and interesting subject is that given by Cardinal Newman in his *Apologia*, pp. 295–302, 357, 384.

Gury writes as follows:

"A lie is speaking against our convictions with the wish to deceive. A mental restriction is an act of the mind turning off or restricting the words of some proposition to some other sense than the natural and obvious one, so that they are true only in the sense of the speaker. A restriction may be *purely* such, *i.e.*, when the sense of the speaker cannot be perceived at all, or only in a *broad* sense, when it can be inferred from the surroundings.

"Now, I. The lie proper is always intrinsically evil.

"II. A purely mental restriction is always unlawful.

"III. For *a just cause* a mental restriction, in the *broad* sense of the term, is sometimes permissible when the meaning of the speaker can be *understood*" (Nos. 438–443).

If the teachings of Catholic and non-Catholic moralists be compared on the question of lying, it will be found, much, perhaps, to the surprise of the latter, that the former take the higher

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ground, and that the excuses offered by non-Catholic authorities for lying apply *à fortiori* to mental reservations.

Catholic theologians, from St. Augustine and St. Thomas down, teach that a lie is *intrinsically evil*—that is, from its very nature—and consequently, as the essences of things are unchangeable, it never can be lawful. Non-Catholic moralists teach that lying is an offence against society only, and therefore, not being intrinsically evil *per se*, may sometimes be permitted.

A very few testimonies must suffice. Grotius, cited by Barbeyrac (vol. ii. p. 726, note 8), after stating that St. Augustine says, "We ought never to lie," continues: "Nevertheless, there is no want of authorities in favor of the opposite sentiment. In the first place, we find in the Holy Scripture examples of persons, whose probity is praised, who nevertheless sometimes lied without being blamed for it in any way." Then after a long discussion of the nature of lying and its sinfulness, *the sin consisting in the violation of a right and of an agreement among men*, he concludes: "In fine, as the right of which we are speaking (*i.e.*, of truthfulness) is destroyed by an express consent of the one with whom we are treating—as, for example, when one has told him beforehand that he will speak falsely, and he has consented—so it is in like manner destroyed by a tacit or reasonably presumed consent, or as well *by the opposition of the right of another, which is much stronger* in the judgment of all persons." Hence there is no *intrinsic evil* in a lie.

Barbeyrac (p. 736, note 2), speaking of the Egyptian midwives, maintains boldly that their lying (Exodus i. 19) was a meritorious act, praised by the Holy Scriptures and rewarded by God, and rejects the arguments of more rigid moralists as futile.

Puffendorf, the celebrated jurist, held the same theory, as Barbeyrac expressly mentions.

Archdeacon Paley, whose *Moral Philosophy* is the text-book used in many American colleges, writes: "There are falsehoods which are not lies—that is, which are not *criminal*: 1. Where no one is deceived, etc.; 2. Where the person to whom you speak has no right to know the truth," etc. (*Mor. Phil.*, book iii. p. 79, Harper's edition).

Jeremy Taylor: "It is lawful to tell a lie to children or to madmen, because they, having no power of judging, have no right to truth. To tell a lie for charity, to save a man's life, the life of a friend, of a husband, etc., hath not only been done at all times, but commanded by great and wise and good men" (*Duct. Dub.*, b. iii. c. ii. rule v. q. 1).

Now, if, according to these grave Protestant authorities, it is

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sometimes permitted to tell a lie (and it is not easy to refute them, except one take the higher ground of St. Thomas), may it not be inferred *à fortiori* against M. Bert that, with a *just reason*, which must always be presupposed, it is *sometimes* lawful, in special cases, to use a mental reservation? The latter is not a "locutio contra mentem"; it is not used precisely for the purpose of deception, although in the pursuit of another end the deception is, for cause, permitted. But what say the masters in Israel? Jeremy Taylor says: "In these cases, where there *is no obligation to tell the truth*" (such are the cases supposed by Gury, and objected to in *Harper's*), "any man may use the covers of truth: especially in the case when it is not a lie, for an equivocation is like a dark lantern; if I have just reason to hold the dark side to you, you are to look to it, not I" (*Duct. Dub.*, book iii. c. ii.)

Bishop Andrewes writes (*Christian Directory*, p. 342):

"Mental reservation may be lawful when it is no more than a concealment of part of the truth of a case where we are not *bound* to reveal it."

Dr. Gregory adds:

"There may also be cases, as stated by Dr. Hodge and others, in which the obligation to speak the truth may be merged in some higher obligation; as, when a mother sees a murderer in pursuit of her child, she has an undoubted right to mislead him by any means in her power" (*Christian Ethics*, Philadelphia, 1881).

Next to the charge of lying comes that of stealing. The Catholic doctrine of theft and restitution is extremely clear and just: "Theft is the unjust taking away what belongs to another against his reasonable will. It is a mortal sin and binding to restitution, either in fact, if possible, or, if impossible at the moment, binding in wish, desire, and intention, and to be made in act as soon as circumstances permit, under pain of eternal loss" (Gury). From the terms of the definition, if one is *justified* in taking the property of another it is not theft; nor, again, would it be theft if the owner be *unreasonably* unwilling to part with his property. Hence the two causes excusing, by way of exception, from theft—namely, *extreme necessity* and *occult compensation.* If one be in extreme distress—*e.g.*, in danger of death from starvation, or any other cause equally urgent—theologians permit him to help himself to what he actually needs, with the obligation, however, of making the damage good later on, if actually able to do so, or if he have even a reasonable hope that he will be able in future to make such restitution (Gury, 617). Various reasons are

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assigned for this permission—*e.g.*, that in such dire straits all things are common (which is not *communism*, however, notwithstanding the insinuation in *Harper's*); or, again, that the law of property does not protect our goods to such an extent that we may retain them when they are necessary to shield our neighbor from death. The limitation of this doctrine is thus given by Gury (No. 616), "Grave necessity and, *à fortiori*, *common* necessity are *not* sufficient to justify one in taking what belongs to another," which our friend in *Harper's* thus translates: "M. Gury is not less charitable toward thieves than toward liars. The necessity, he says, which excuses theft is *either extreme*, *grave*, or *common*." No theologian in the whole world teaches such doctrine, for the simple reason that it was officially condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff *more than two hundred years ago*.

A little further on this same accurate writer says, professing to quote Gury: "Quirinus has sinned *gravely* in stealing six francs. But he has *not* sinned in principle in his *small thefts* of provisions, as already explained"; leaving the reader to infer that "if thieving be carried on within conservative limits it may become a perfectly *legitimate* business" and "no sin in principle." Here again *Harper's* strikes against another rock, against which Pope Innocent XI. raised the cry of warning in 1679 (Prop. XXXVIII.) But Gury says further, as one can see even from M. Bert's translation, that Quirinus sinned mortally in the first case, though *not mortally* in the second; still, of course, he sinned, which is not quite the same thing as *not* sinning and doing "a legitimate business."

Father Gury, with all other sensible men, teaches that the gravity of theft depends, to a certain extent, on circumstances and on the relative value of the thing stolen. Thus, even *ten cents*—*i.e.*, half a franc, stolen from a poor man—may constitute a mortal sin. Our champion translator in *Harper's*, as usual, does not quite understand Gury, and makes him say that even *thirty* cents—*i.e.*, a franc and a half—taken from a poor man may become a grave offence, finds fault with Gury for being so easy, and thinks this reasonable attention to the relative value of money and of things stolen "a marvellous evolution of the Eighth Commandment."

But *occult compensation!* Once more take Gury's text: "Occult compensation may be just and lawful, if vested with the necessary conditions. These are, 1st, that the *debt* be *certain*, at least morally; 2d, that payment cannot be obtained in any other practicable way—*e.g.*, by course of law; 3d, that compensation be made in the same kind, if possible; 4th, that the debtor be

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not exposed to the risk of paying twice. As this exceptional mode of procedure is based entirely on the certainty of the debt and the want of hope of obtaining legal payment, it is not so evident why M. Bert, *Harper's*, and others style it "a right to *steal*." It is taking the law, indeed, in one's own hands, but in special cases, with various precautions, and, after all, is not unjust, and consequently not stealing, unless the axiom be false, "Give every man his *due*." It is curious that our opponents confound with this kind of compensation the petty thefts of servants—*e.g.*, in marketing—as if the latter were justified by Gury. On the contrary, he teaches very plainly (Cases, No. 571) that such conduct binds strictly to restitution, even when articles equally good are bought at lower rates, for the reason that the surplus evidently belongs to the owner. It is preposterous, therefore, to assert, as M. Bert does (p. xxvi.): "The Jesuit *never hesitates* between the thief and the party robbed; he always puts himself on the side of the thief." Let us verify this by taking the nine cases given by Gury under the head of theft. In each and every one, except the sixth, where the question does not enter, he insists on or implies restitution!* Besides, how could Gury release a thief from restoring ill-gotten goods, when he teaches (vol. ii. No. 644) that the confessor who, from malice, or ignorance, or grave negligence, either unduly releases his penitent from the obligation of restoring, or obliges him to do so when he is not bound, shifts the burden to himself and must make good the loss? What right has M. Bert to suppose that Father Gury, and all Catholic priests, for that matter, are hypocrites, sinning against their own souls by compounding felonies? Does not almost daily experience show how many wrongs are righted by the confessional? What is meant by *conscience-money*, and whence does it proceed?

Much more remains to be said on the doctrine of restitution; the great De Lugo and many other theologians of the first rank have written volumes on it; but there is space only for a single remark, which is, indeed, the key to many difficulties of non-Catholics—namely, "the fundamental doctrine," as *Harper's* admits, "that where there is no bad intention there is no moral delinquency." Now, theology says that where there is no knowledge, at least *in confuso*, there is no intention. For instance, A drinks enough wine to cause intoxication, never suspecting the wine is poisoned, and death ensues. He is guilty of the sin of drunkenness, but not of suicide. The civil law (if we are rightly informed) holds that if A, committing a grave *unlawful* act, accidentally perpetrates another, he is guilty of the second offence. "If one

* See especially his Cases *ex professo* on Restitution (No. 580–598).

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intends to do another felony and undesignedly kills a man, this is murder" (Blackstone). We submit that reason in this case is on the side of theology; and yet it is this very principle in question which furnishes the most plausible objections to M. Bert and his supporters. It is well known that in the past the church has often had occasion to reform the civil law. In regard to the particular principle under consideration, Lord Macaulay writes, after quoting the above passage from Blackstone: "The law of India, as we have framed it, differs widely from the English law. . . . It may be proper for us to offer some arguments in defence of this part of our code.

"A pilot directs his vessel against a sand-bank which has recently been formed, and of which the existence was altogether unknown till this disaster. Several of the passengers are consequently drowned. To hang the pilot as a murderer on account of this misfortune would be universally allowed to be an act of atrocious injustice. But *if the voyage of the pilot be itself a high offence*, ought that circumstance alone to turn his misfortune into a murder? Suppose that he is carrying supplies, deserters, and intelligence to the enemies of the state. The offence of such a pilot ought, undoubtedly, to be severely punished. But to pronounce him *guilty of one offence* because a misfortune befell him *while he was committing another offence*, to pronounce him the murderer of people whose death has been purely accidental, is surely to confound all the boundaries of crime" (Notes on the Indian Penal Code, quoted by Dr. Walsh, *De Actibus Humanis*, Dublin, 1880, No. 112).

Lastly, one word about purity of morals—not to enter into any discussion of the subject, but simply to ask one or two questions. 1st. If the confessional promote lax morality, how is it that those who frequent it most lead the best lives, while bad Catholics, whose conduct is a scandal and a shame, habitually avoid it? 2d. To come to particulars, if the confessional be anything like M. Bert's accusations, how is it that our poor servant-girls, so assiduous in approaching the tribunal of penance, have acquired, and deservedly maintain, so enviable a reputation for virtue?

In a systematic exposition of morals intended for professional readers only, written in Latin, and, notwithstanding the statement in *Harper's* that it has "been translated into *all* languages," never yet translated into any, Gury could not avoid touching on the Sixth Commandment and kindred topics without writing an imperfect and mutilated treatise; yet in a work of more than a thousand pages less than thirty are given to such explanations.

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Three pages, then, in a hundred make "a very large proportion of the compendium of Gury." Has this careful writer invented a new system of arithmetic?

In a short article like the present it is impossible to follow all the vagaries of M. Bert, for at every step he distorts and misrepresents Catholic doctrines. His usual plan is to fasten on some special and exceptional case, and then to set it forth as a universal principle. Take, for instance, the peroration of his essay: "Fly from the disciple of the Jesuits, for he has at his command broad mental reservations which really permit him to *lie* whenever he wants to.

"Fly from him, for the teaching of probability will *always* permit him to find a grave doctor whose opinion will suffice to legitimate his action and authorize him to do *whatever* self-interest demands.

"Fly from him, for once he has formed his opinion he will violate *all the civil laws* with a *safe conscience*, and even when condemned in open court can make generous use of secret compensation in all tranquillity.

"For this is the point we must insist on. In virtue of the doctrine of intention he comes to substitute his own authority for every other. The laws have no more power over him, whether the laws of the state, the ties of family, the laws of honor, or all that which forms the cement binding the elements of society together. He will do such a thing if he deem it good, for if he has on his side a doctor of renown he has a right to deem it good; in every case, once the act is done, as he has acted according to a conscience *invincibly erroneous*, as he has committed no fault *in conscience*, he is not bound to restitution, and if the civil judge venture to order it he will indemnify himself by just compensation."

This species of reasoning is as logical as the following: New York has elevated railroads; therefore every city in the United States is similarly provided. From a particular fact M. Bert draws universal conclusions. It has been shown already that in special cases, and always presupposing a *just cause*, mental reservations may become lawful. According to M. Bert's exposition, one may lie each and every time he finds it convenient!

When direct certainty cannot be had, indirect certainty, under certain well-defined restrictions and safeguards, may take its place. According to M. Bert, you can *always* find an accommodating moralist whose opinion will authorize the eloquent reasons of self-interest!

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If a judge condemns A for damages accidentally done by his horse, A is bound in conscience to obey the sentence (Gury, No. 660, 624); yet M. Bert writes that one may break all the laws of the state with a safe conscience, and, if mulcted by the court, have recourse to copious and peaceful compensation!

It is time to cease wading through the mire. This tender-hearted and blushing physician who permits himself (p. 544) to sanction violations of the law of nature (Gen. xviii.) is scandalized at the loose morality of Father Gury. On almost every page he indulges in misrepresentation, ignoring Father Gury's arguments, omitting essential qualifying clauses, stretching legitimate consequences far beyond the bounds of truth and justice. And then wiping his mouth, he feels profoundly pained at being charged with unfairness, and writes pathetically of "the ardent and undivided worship he has vowed to *Truth—to truth, holy and eternal.*"

So far *La Morale des Jésuites.* M. Bert knows well how "to wave the red rag before the bull." The lives of the Jesuits are before the world. Parkman gives abundant testimony to their zeal and self-sacrifice in the early missions of this country. Their own modest *Relations*, re-edited years ago in French and quite recently rendered into English by Mr. John Gilmary Shea, unconsciously paint most touching and thrilling pictures of apostolic labors and piety. What they were two centuries ago in Canada and the northern parts of New York, that they are the world over to this hour. We beg, therefore, to commend to M. Bert the reflection of his friend Voltaire: "There is nothing more self-contradictory, nothing more shameful to humanity, than to accuse of lax morality men who in Europe lead the very hardest of lives, and who go forth to seek death on the farthest frontiers of Asia and America."

M. Bert, we are assured by his panegyrist, "has never fallen into the toils of the confessorial fraternity." Should he ever have the grace to go to confession—*faxit Deus*—he will learn the meaning of the divine command: "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*" And his abettors on this side of the Atlantic will perhaps learn in time to respect the moral teaching of that Church which has civilized the barbarian, saved learning, taught man his true dignity, rescued woman from degradation and bondage, rooted out vice and planted virtue, because One stronger than man has promised to be always with her, one who was called in the days of His flesh "*the friend of sinners,*" but who was and is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

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BISHOP LYNCH.

As a general rule, a man who becomes a prelate of the Catholic Church must be possessed of talents far beyond the common. It has often happened, however, that some country has had a long line of bishops whose ability was not equal to the requirements of the times. Such periods must be marked as mournful ones in the annals of the church. These United States have no such epoch. From the very first the leaders of the American Catholic clergy have exhibited, besides the religious devotion that fitted them for their peculiar office, aptitudes and talents for all manner of learning, rising often into sheer genius; and, under Providence, not a little of the success of the church in this free land has been owing to the single-minded zeal with which her brilliant leaders threw themselves into her interest. Among those leaders it detracts from none to say that the late Right Rev. Patrick N. Lynch, D.D., third bishop of Charleston, S. C., shone conspicuous.

The subject of this sketch was born March 10, 1817, at Clones, in the County of Monaghan, Ireland. But his father was of the famous "Lynches of Galway" who, in the traditions of that city, are celebrated for their sufferings for faith and country. Many had undergone exile rather than surrender the religion they held dearer than all the earth yields, and those who remained at home had contributed liberally to the support of the Irish College at Paris, where they had their sons educated. His mother was descended on the maternal side from the MacMahons; and among the stories handed down in the family was a tragic one which deeply impressed itself on all their minds and is a memento of the Orange times. Her uncle, Hugh MacMahon, just as he rose to speak at a public meeting and as the crowd began to cheer him, had the dagger of an assassin plunged into his heart. Mrs. Lynch witnessed this scene while a little girl, but the vivid spectacle never faded from her mind.*

The father of Mrs. Lynch had apparently objected to the marriage, and in 1819 the young couple emigrated to this country. They were among the earliest Catholic settlers in South Carolina. When, in 1819, they landed in Georgetown there was

* *Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia*, by Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell, O.S.B., pp. 132-3.

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but one priest in the State, and they had to carry their second infant to Charleston to be baptized by the Rev. Dr. Gallagher. Recommended by the governor to make their home in Cheraw, a town just mapped off on the headwaters of the Great Pedee River, after many difficulties and delays Conlaw Peter Lynch constructed there a frame house, joining in the labor with his own hands. In 1820 the diocese of Charleston was established. Bishop England brought out with him several priests, but it was many years before one could be spared for Cheraw. When he came the Lynches were the only family of Catholics for miles around; and they had as many as four children baptized on the occasion. A curious incident, illustrating their isolation and the primitive crudity of that time, was furnished by the visit of a man who had travelled some miles to witness the "horns and hoofs" of a Papist. Treated with Mr. Lynch's usual and kindly courtesy, this strange visitant confessed the reason of his uneasy glances; and from that moment, won by the pleasant and cultured ease of this family, he was a warm friend. Mr. Lynch soon succeeded in finding a place in the hearts of all his neighbors, and in after-years they testified their affection and esteem for him by contributing liberally to the building of a church.

It was, it seems, an immemorial custom in the Lynch family to dedicate their first-born to God; and, while they never mentioned it to the child, they were happy to see him called to the priesthood. In this instance the offering was not in vain, as might have been expected.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lynch," says Father O'Connell, "assembled their numerous little family regularly for prayer, and were most edifying and exact to instruct them in the truths of the faith. On Sundays, in order to impress their children with respect for the Lord's day, Mrs. L. was accustomed to dress them in their best clothes, as if they were going out to church; then they were assembled for Mass-prayers, after which were read the lives of the saints. All spent the day very religiously at home and with a quiet happiness, and in the afternoon catechism class was held and a prize given to the best in class and controversy. When the priest came again to visit Cheraw he found the children well prepared for the Sacrament of Penance, and expressed the highest admiration for so well-regulated and governed a household.' The priest's visit of a week or ten days was always a happy epoch in this family. . . . Not only the priest but every one was struck with admiration on seeing such a numerous family of healthy, intelligent children so united and loving among themselves, so devoted and obedient to their parents. What was it that gave such an uncommon tone to this family? *Religion.* Those children saw in their parents religion, fidelity, self-sacrifice, union, and all those beautiful domestic virtues which elevate.

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the home circle and ennoble it. Hence respect and obedience were easy and spontaneous.

"Mr. and Mrs. L. soon began to feel happy and proud in hearing the encomiums of the children from their school-teachers, who pronounced them the most obedient and intelligent students under their charge; and they were often amused to find their eldest son, mounted in his father's arm-chair, which he had wheeled around for a pulpit, holding forth to his delighted audience of little brothers and sisters. This was indeed an adumbration of the future. At length Right Rev. Bishop England made the visitation of his diocese, and on arriving at Cheraw was charmed to meet in this up-country a true Irish-toned family so congenial, and his praises of their admirable domestic government were enthusiastic. The bishop proposed that Mr. L. would send his oldest son, Patrick, to his own classical school in Charleston. Already there seemed to spring up between the illustrious bishop and the youth those warm feelings which attract towards each other persons of great disparity of age, and which are prompted by a profound respect and confidence on one side and almost paternal affection on the other. The good bishop already discerned in the youth a vocation for the priesthood." *

If this period of the late bishop's life seems dwelt on at too great length, it is because the boy is the father of the man. In this case the old adage is strictly true. What other issue could there be of a youth passed in such surroundings and nourished on the purest spiritual and intellectual diet?

Very soon, through the agency of Father O'Neill, the venerable mission-priest, Patrick was installed as a scholar in the Seminary of St. John the Baptist at Charleston. Here his unflagging ardor and industry shattered his health, and he was obliged to go back to Cheraw, where country-life, rural occupations, and the salubrious air of the pine region enabled him to lay the foundation of that robust vigor which served throughout an arduous existence. On resuming his studies he was sent to Rome, where he entered the College of the Propaganda in company with Dr. Corcoran, the scholar and theologian. He graduated with full honors, receiving the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Ordained priest in 1840, he repaired to Charleston and was stationed at the cathedral. Here he officiated until the death of Bishop England, in 1842, and throughout the administration of the Very Rev. R. S. Baker. Bishop Reynolds, immediately after his nomination to the diocese in 1844, appointed Dr. Lynch pastor of St. Mary's Church, in 1847 principal of the Collegiate Institute, and, at a later period, vicar-general; all which positions, together with a partial superintendence of the building of the new cathedral, he filled with marked ability and success.

* Pp. 130-2.

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Dr. Lynch had been a teacher in the diocesan seminary while it was under the charge of the Rev. T. J. Sullivan, and had endeared himself to the hearts of the students. He "was," says Dr. O'Connell, who was studying there at the time, "fresh from the Propaganda, and not quite divested of the student; thin, pale, and sallow-faced, he would occasionally mingle in our conversations and entertain us with an anecdote." *

Upon the demise of Bishop Reynolds, in 1855, the vicar-general was continued as administrator until the 14th of March, 1858, when he was raised to the bishopric. He was consecrated by Archbishop Kenrick, assisted by Bishops Portier of Mobile, Barry of Savannah, and McGill of Richmond, the latter of whom delivered an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

Bishop Lynch's powers were tried to the utmost immediately after his accession. South Carolina seceded in 1860; hostilities began, and within a year a destructive fire sprang up in the east end of the city of Charleston, which, driven zigzag by the wind across the most populous portions, traversed the entire length of the town. In its course were the new cathedral, the residence of the bishop and clergy, the extensive diocesan library, and much other church property, thus irrecoverably lost. The insurance policy, having expired, was, through an oversight on the part of the clergyman in charge of this department, suffered to lapse, and so no part of the hard-earned funds were saved. The cherished dream of Bishop England, the earnest labor of Bishop Reynolds, were thus laid waste in a single night, and the young bishop found himself not only with empty hands but heavily burdened by a great debt. Shortly after this Bishop Lynch was commissioned by the Confederate government to go to France in order to negotiate a treaty of peace. When he returned he found his diocese more desolate than ever. The Confederacy had been crushed, and Gen. Sherman had led his army through the interior of the country, spreading ruin and terror on all sides; and in the burning of Columbia St. Mary's College, the sisters' house, and the Ursuline Convent had gone down in fire and smoke.

This was the problem before him—to pay off an old debt, to reconstruct the necessary buildings, and to accomplish this seemingly impossible task among a hunted and poverty-stricken community. With herculean strength and undaunted heart he set to work; the forces of restoration began to move silently and slowly; and the church sprang, phœnix-like, from her ashes,

* P. 99.

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with the spires that mark her territory quivering again in the sky.

Who can estimate the great ability, the silent endurance, the patient toil, the matchless devotion of this noble heart that consented to sacrifice itself for the good of the community held so dear by its every pulsation? None. Not a glimpse was afforded to the eyes of outsiders during his life, for the innate modesty of the man shrank from public examination; and now that which many blamed while they could not see all see to have been the necessary outcome of the straits to which the good bishop was reduced by his own generous and pious action. A nice sense of honor made him decline to avail himself of the evasions of the law, and he unhesitatingly shouldered the burden of the past debt, trusting, under Providence, to his own unwearied labor and unsleeping talent to accumulate the necessary funds for paying off the old debt and for adequately supplementing the contributions of his poor diocese by collections abroad. For fifteen years he faltered not. Begging is the hardest work a man can do; and that is what he did. In the principal cities of the North and of Europe the form of Bishop Lynch must have been familiar. Year after year he pleaded for his stricken people, often, no doubt, to unbelieving ears, but on the whole the response was generous to a degree.

"We are able to say" (Charleston *News and Courier*, February 27), "on the highest authority, that the debts of the diocese, with the cost of the property acquired and improvements made for diocesan purposes, after the close of the war, amounted to more than two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. With the exception of about fifteen thousand dollars, the whole of this vast sum has been discharged; and probably four-fifths of the means at his disposal, in the course of seventeen troublous years, was obtained, by Bishop Lynch's individual exertions, outside of the State of South Carolina.* The constant anxiety and labor, coupled with his disregard of his own comfort, told terribly upon him and hastened his death. Rest and freedom from care would have prolonged his days, but he declined to spare himself and refused the archbishopric which was within his grasp. The prompt answer was made again and again that he was unwilling to transfer to another a task so arduous as that which he had undertaken. To his flock he gave his health and strength ungrudgingly. The goal was near. A vigorous effort was about to be made to discharge the last debts of the diocese in token of appreciation of the bishop's marvellous success. The promised land of peace lay fair and broad before his eyes, and he was not permitted to enter in."

*One hundred thousand dollars of this debt represented deposits in the diocesan savings-bank—deposits made, in swift-dissolving Confederate money, by the laboring classes of Charleston.

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In 1877 the bishop underwent a surgical operation in Boston, and from that time may be dated a slow decline in his once flourishing health. It was the breaking-point where were accumulated all the results of a life of unresting labor; the wear and tear had hardly been felt before, but now they began to tell heavily. His physicians advised rest and quiet as the only sureties for prolonging his days; but he refused to spare himself in a work which none but he could carry forward. His duties to his diocese demanded constant travel, not only abroad but also over the wide-extended and thinly-peopled district under his charge; the latter a more onerous burden than the former when we consider the slender means of transportation and comfort afforded by a poverty-stricken community. His visitation of the up-country in the autumn months was extremely laborious and exhausting to him in his weak condition, and when he returned to Charleston at Christmas he was prostrated on a bed of sickness. Still, little was known by outsiders of his alarming danger; the announcement in the morning papers of Sunday, February 26, was speedily followed by the proclamation, at late Mass in the Catholic churches of the city, of the death. Thus the news of his demise came like a shock upon the community. Immediately, from all quarters, warm and sincere expressions of regret were heard; and the silent, unostentatious mourning for what all classes agreed in regarding as a public calamity is a higher testimony to the subject of this paper than a whole volume of rhetoric.

The death of Bishop Lynch was, physically speaking, very painful; but he bore it with angelic patience, affording thus a guidance in the last extremity, even as his life had been a guidance to the living of his flock. A fortnight before his physicians had advised a visit to Florida, but his sufferings had prevented the journey. After that he sank rapidly, and to those immediately about him it became apparent that the end was at hand. At five o'clock Saturday afternoon he sank into a coma from which it was impossible to rouse him. Doctors Chazal and Geddings, summoned in haste, performed a surgical operation in hope of saving his life. This last chance failed to afford relief; his cure was abandoned; the bishop was in a dying condition. His brother, the vicar-general, and his secretary and confessor remained with him during the long death-agony of the night. Some days before he had received the Holy Communion, and that afternoon the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Previous to his reception of the latter he had made a profession of

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faith in the following noble and simple words, varying but slightly from time-honored precedents:

"I have lived a member of the Holy Catholic Church. I believe all her doctrines, and I have tried to the best of my ability to obey her precepts. I die a bishop of the holy Roman Catholic Church, and in dying profess my faith in all the truths taught by the church. I ask the forgiveness of God for all my shortcomings, and, trusting in God's mercy, I resign my soul into his hands."

Throughout he remained conscious, took docilely the medicines they gave him, listened to and participated in the prayers for the dying which were occasionally offered up, and cheerfully resigned himself to the grasp of the grim destroyer. The sun rose in brilliant majesty and shone down on the death-chamber —the last earthly sun he was to see, for the end was nigh. The prayers for the dying were resumed, and the expiring bishop, raising his hand and making the sign of the cross, gave his benediction to the clergymen kneeling beside his bed. As the day advanced the intelligence of his state drew many to visit him—personal friends, members of the vestry, and Sisters of Mercy. Although shaken in the throes of death, he seemed to recognize them all; not able to speak, his hands remained extended in benediction to the last. At ten o'clock he was dead.

His work was accomplished and rest was come. The volume was closed; the eager pen was to trace no more lines in it. Volumes! Look not for his works between cloth covers; his works are not there. The talent, the energy, the unceasing toil of an invaluable life had been given to the relief of his poverty-stricken flock. Here are his works—not written on paper, but traced in imperishable lines in the diocese which he had prevented from perishing from mere inanition under crushing debt; in the hearts of thousands of poor people who, but for his matchless devotion, would have lost their humble savings; and, taking a larger scope, in the memory of Catholics as a beloved leader, and in that of the rest of the community as a respected friend.

But though it can be said with truth that the labors of the pen were but supplemental to the main labor of his life, the work he did here is of a value that would make the reputation of any other man. His mind was naturally broad, analytical, and inquisitive; and in the intervals of leisure he devoted himself to a wide range of studies. The natural sciences were as familiar grounds to him as those of theology. As a classical scholar and a linguist he could hold his own with any man of the

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day; to a profound knowledge of the Latin language, speaking French, German, Spanish, and Italian with fluency, he added a working acquaintance with Greek, and Sanscrit, and Hebrew. In short, whatever subject proved interesting to man he always took pains to study, accomplishing during spare hours a mass of work that many might despair of doing in the space of a lifetime. Many of these profound scholars, meshed in the toils of their learning, cultivate a rude and turgid style of writing English which renders their works extremely unpalatable. Not so Bishop Lynch. He showed himself a master of the English tongue in his clear, unmistakable logic as well as in the pellucid flow of his language. As a conscientious reasoner, who states in full force the objections of those who differ in opinion, Bishop Lynch never failed; his fairness and gentleness were inexhaustible.

His first efforts with the pen were made in the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, of which he was editor for some years; and his reputation as a controversialist was then established by his masterly refutation of the Rev. Dr. Thornwell, the leading light of the Presbyterian Church in the South, and attached to the then celebrated South Carolina College. The more pressing duties of his sacred calling, and the subsequent War of the Secession when he became bishop, prevented him from devoting any of his hours to the literature which was chiefly in his hands a weapon for the defence of the truth. After the war, upon the establishment of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, he became an early and valued contributor; many of the most profound and brilliant papers that have appeared in these pages were from his pen. His letters on the "Council of the Vatican" and the searching essays on the "Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius," as well as his articles in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* on "Our Lord's Divine Nature" and "The Perpetual Miracle of the Living Church," represent the scope of his powers as a vivid narrative-writer and master of clear logic and vigorous "English undefiled." Another side of his fertile mind is revealed in the essay on the Transit of Venus, which was admired by specialists. His lecture on the "Early Discoverers of America" exemplified a profound acquaintance with the history of an obscure period. His lecture on "Tunnelling the Alps" represented the fruits of much study of the strata of the earth; for, forty years ago, he had been interested in the construction of the artesian wells of Charleston, and his report on the new well, as chairman of the scientific committee appointed by the city council, had been sent

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in a few weeks before his death. One of the last works he had in hand was an essay demonstrating, in the light of the latest discoveries, the absolute agreement of science and the Mosaic record. It is to be hoped that this work is in such a state of completion that it can be published.

As a pulpit orator and speaker Bishop Lynch was not striking. He usually began coldly and slowly, gathering force as he advanced, but never quitting the strictest bounds of logical sequence. His style is fittingly described by Father O'Connell as one of "grand simplicity." Very soon, as you listened to him, the languor of monotony passed away; you began to discern the broad lines of the argument he was working out; and as he proceeded to fill in the details, calmly but powerfully, you recognized with astonishment the wonderful force of intellect behind those simple words, and satisfaction, conviction, ample and complete, filled your mind. His utterance was deep, sonorous, but subdued; and the secret of his power lay not in externals but in innate intellectuality.

To speak of the charity and modesty of the good bishop would be superfluous. These two qualities formed the foundation of the universal respect in which he was held by all with whom he came in contact. This paper cannot be more significantly closed than by quoting here the eulogium of a Charleston journal which in the old days denied utterance to Bishop England: "Stately in appearance, dignified in manner, unassuming, courteous, self-possessed, learned and pious, Bishop Lynch was honored wherever he went, and was not without honor in his own country. Others will take up the burden which has slipped from his shoulders, and begin where he left off. But none has gone before, or will come hereafter, more loyal to his church, more lovable in the estimation of all conditions of men, more earnest, more self-sacrificing, and more true, than the good bishop who has passed away."

Surely, lives of good and great men are not without fruit, not only hereafter, but in the transitory existence of this earth.

The following lines, written by a Hebrew, Mr. J. Barrett Cohen, were published in Charleston while Bishop Lynch's body was resting before the altar:

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IN MEMORIAM.

Bishop P. N. Lynch.

When I look on your calm and peaceful face,
In which no longer beams the light of life,
In which no mark remains of that long strife
Through which you passed, and won a well-earned place—
Not only in men's hearts, but, through God's grace,
Also in heaven, among the pure and blessed,
Who after death find sweet and perfect rest—
I can but feel how little is the space
Of time that we can linger on this earth
Ere God shall summon us before his throne;
And thinking of the life that you have led,
And knowing as I knew your priceless worth,
I pray that unto me the grace be shown
To find such peace as yours when I am dead.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY MISSIONS.

IT was a raw, wintry day. The last snow was hardened on the ground, and the dark, bleak clouds that obscured the declining light betokened a fresh fall soon coming. The doctor, bespectacled and beslippered, sat before the glowing grate in his modest dwelling, and had not yet quite made up his mind to light his lamp. He was reading Ferraris' *De juribus parochorum*. God bless you, old Ferraris, and all ye writers, whether grave theologians and historians, spirited controversialists, lively satirists, pious ascetics, or entertaining poets and imaginers! What a lonely life would the priest's be in those country villages at this season were it not for your company!

A ring at the door. The doctor closed his book, laid aside his glasses, and said to himself: "Now for a seven-mile ride to the station." He was expecting John O'Connell, the farmer at whose house he was to say Mass on the morrow, and who was to call on his way home from his weekly marketing in the village of Omicron, where the priest resided, to take him out. "It may be a poor tramp, though," thought the doctor, and he felt to see if there were any pennies ready in his pocket; "or some one unused to begging, but forced in these hard times to do so," and he had a silver piece prepared; or "possibly an enterprising book-agent bent on selling before the week closed in one more

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copy of 'the most readable and useful work ever published,'" and he screwed his courage to the sticking-point; "or an adamantine-cheeked lightning-rod man urged to renewed vigor by the stormy look of the heavens," and he smiled a little scornfully at the well-known oratory of his prospective assailant. A gentle tap at the door, however, put an end to these thoughts, always recurring whenever the bell rang, and the little waitress informed him in the softest of tones that Mr. O'Connell was waiting. The doctor wrapped himself up without regard to fashion, but as warmly as he knew. Over his cassock, which he wore as usual, was a heavy overcoat of Irish frieze purchased during a recent visit to the land of his fathers. A heavy fur cap with depending ear-laps covered his head, and a comforter of the same material protected his neck and throat. He wore arctic overshoes, and gloves corresponding to the cap were ready in his hands. So, taking the valise which contained the requisites for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, he handed it to his travelling companion and they set forth on their journey.

The vehicle was what is known as a box-wagon, such as well-to-do farmers keep for going to town and driving around the country on business. The springs were rather stiff from rust and exposure in the open shed where it usually stood. The seat was low and fastened near the dash-board, making it very uncomfortable for the occupants' legs. A coarse robe of canvas, with a rusty and mangy old buffalo-skin, proved a very acceptable defence against the weather, and the little horse, rough and unkempt of hide and mane, started out bravely on his return to his stall. So inspirited was he, in fact, with the prospect of oats and home again that he dashed along over the hard snow utterly regardless of the results, whether to the wagon, the springs of which collapsed at every jounce, or to his master and his master's guest, who were quite lifted off their seats as they jolted over the holes or rose and fell with unpleasant violence in the passage of the "thank-you-marms," while as his speed increased a disagreeable steam rose from his body and lumps of clotted hair flew off on the doctor's person, sometimes in unpleasant proximity to his mouth. However, the motion, violent though it was, kept the blood in circulation, and the travellers preferred to stand it. As they passed through a wide frozen piece of swamp-land on their way the farmer checked the unwilling horse with some hard pulling, and, handing the reins to his companion, said: "Would you be plazed to hold the lines for a minnit, your reverence?" "Certainly," replied the doctor, wonder-

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ing a little whether some nut or bolt were not loosened in their rapid career. O'Connell leaned back over the seat, however, and began untying a bag that lay in the box. When he had loosened it very cautiously he kept hold of the mouth with one hand, and, lifting up the other end, suddenly spilt its contents over the tail-board. What was the doctor's astonishment on beholding half a dozen kittens, four or five weeks old, deposited in the snow. "Quick, your reverence! gi' me the lines. Gwan!" —to the horse, whose pace he quickened with a cut of the whip, and they started away as if a bridge were breaking down under them. The surprise and consternation of the youthful felines it is impossible to describe, and their feelings on being transferred in the twinkling of an eye from the warm sack to the freezing, inhospitable snow. Their eyes were wide open with astonishment; but the painful sensations in their paws soon overcame this, and they attempted to move in the direction of the rapidly retreating conveyance whence they had been ejected. An explanation was naturally due to such an extraordinary proceeding on the part of O'Connell, who said: "Herself wanted me to dhrown thim, your reverence, but I hadn't the heart to do it." "Well, but they'll surely die there!" "Oh! no, sir; they'll find their way to some comfortable quarters. Lave a cat alone for that. Shure you know the ould saying uv their having nine lives. Faix, I shouldn't wander to find wan or two of thim at home afther me in the morning. It's only three mile from here. There's a house up there on the hill, anyhow, and you may be shure they'll make for it. Didn't yer reverence ever hear tell—but of course you're a fine historian—ov the Kilkenny cats? 'Tisn't aisy to kill a cat; indeed, 'tis hard to get rid o' thim at all." And he smiled at his own pleasantry. It was too late, especially in the face of these assurances, to remedy the disposal of the cats, which were now quite a distance behind. "Is this your horse?" said the doctor. "No, your reverence, 'tis not—oh! no. Don't you remimber when I brought you out to see Mrs. Dempsey in the fall? Poor woman! she'll be wantin' to see you agin to-night, or in the mornin' may be 'twould do. I'm afraid she'll not last long. Oh! no, sir; my own is drawing ice to-day. This is the baste of a man named Paulding, a neighbor of ours. He's a hardy little wan, but they takes no care of him—don't curry him or clane him. That's the raison the hair is flyin' off him on your reverence. If I'd known it I could have got another from Mr. Van Wert. We're all good neighbors out at the Clove, sir. This little one was stiff, comin' out first, from stay-

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ing out in the field this weather; but, by the same token, there's not much sign of lameness on him at the present moment." "There's not much room for Ferraris here," thinks the doctor. So, the great theologian retired, he replied in like strain, and the two travellers chatted pleasantly together as they sped along the road.

It was dark when they reached O'Connell's house, one of the few straggling edifices at Spuykenkill Clove. As they drew up their arrival was announced by a large mastiff and a couple of miscellaneous curs. The former, being let loose for the night, would doubtless have given the stranger a warmer reception than, even in his chill condition, was desirable, had he not been speedily quieted by his master's voice. Good dogs are kept in country places for watching, but mongrels generally abound in numbers directly proportionate to the poverty of the family. They form "company" in these lonely situations, as one of their owners once confessed to the writer, and being despised by the rich, who have other resources, cling to those by whom they are tolerated or made welcome. "What do they get to eat?" I asked. (Bones are scarce in proportion to the number of canines, for the reason stated.) "Oh! I d'no, sir. They pick up something around the country." The expression "dogs and poverty" is often realized by the priest, who is frequently embarrassed by these in attending sick-calls in remote localities. The superfluous ones in the present instance belonged to O'Connell's neighbors, but were doubtless paying court to the majesty of "Nayro," or had assembled in his more favored locality to gnaw the remains of his osseous banquet and forage for subsistence undisturbed, by favor of Nox's sombre reign. The house was of frame, as is the rule even with the wealthiest mansions in the country. The ground-floor was entered by a graceful stoop and a door that was never opened unless on very exceptional occasions (such as this), and contained a parlor, or "sitting-room," never used but when the front-door was opened, and consequently chilly, damp, and uncomfortable. In fact, the traditional custom described in *Knickerbocker's History of New York* is rigidly observed with regard to these rooms of state. Off this were a couple of bedrooms, and behind a kitchen, all on the same level. A side-door opened into the latter apartment, which was, in point of fact, the "living-room" of the family, and served for cooking, eating, and social intercourse. A fire was lit in the parlor stove, and the doctor had his valise brought in there and saw that the table was prepared for the Mass of the following day, and then, as soon as

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he was thawed out by the respectful attentions of Mrs. O'Connell and her eldest daughter, bade them say that he was ready "to hear." One by one then the Catholics who were assembled in and around the kitchen entered the apartment to approach the tribunal of penance. There were about three dozen of them, men, women, and children. After all had been heard the "missis" gently tapped to announce that supper was "ready now, if your reverence would be pleased to have it."

The table had been spread in the kitchen, according to the known wish of "his reverence," who found this family so thoroughly Catholic and good, as well as naturally courteous and discreet, that he made himself quite at home with them, and felt that their usual abiding-place would make them all feel more at their ease than the rarely-used best room. A huge cooking-stove was in close proximity, but could scarcely be objected to in this weather, though when one has to sit near it on a torrid day in July, as once happened to the narrator, it is not at all an agreeable feature, especially when rich, solid viands, cooked with no regard for aught but the healthy appetites of farmers, are set before the delicate palate of the pastor just transferred to the country for his health. On the present occasion, however, the smoking potatoes, steak which actually hissed on the very table, or even the usually alarming tea-biscuit did not come amiss to the doctor. We need not say that the honest farmer himself, his stalwart boys and comely girls—their hearts just lightened by the Sacrament of Penance of whatever slight burden might have weighted them—as well as the little ones of both sexes, making with the old couple a round dozen in all, took advantage of the "extra spread" and delighted their parents and their spiritual father by their happy, easy, but respectful manner. There is something exquisitely touching in the deportment of the Irish people—and of their American-born children, too, when these are not corrupted by causes which need not be here set down—towards their priest. He is their nearest counsellor. They are as frank with him as with God, one might almost say; for, indeed, they look on him as the intimate friend and minister of Christ, the Man who is God. And the doctor, cold and reserved in his manner, a student by taste and profession, nevertheless became thawed out at once on meeting with one of his children, especially of this family.

When the hearty though homely meal had been disposed of, and the blood warmed by the excellent meat and bread and butter, and the "heart roused" by the stimulating power of

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China's grateful leaf, Mrs. O'Connell and her daughters quietly removed "the things," and, the table being pushed aside, the priest and his entertainers ranged themselves around the stove in situations corresponding to their respective ages, the mother, in self-sacrifice, keeping aloof that her elder boys might get the full benefit of the priest's conversation, and the little ones bestowing themselves, along with the two warm-looking cats, towards the front of the company. It was indeed a pleasant picture, though the high, dark rafters, hung with flitches of bacon and strings of onions, were wanting; though there was no honest earthen floor, no proud dresser laughing with its shining array of delf, no fireplace with its romantic dark recesses and its heap of blazing turf that has such a fascinating attraction for the eyes of all; and though, instead of a tallow dip in a polished brass candlestick, a prim kerosene-lamp, with a piece of red flannel to set off its plainness, threw its scientific glare upon the scene. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, which the elders of the group could not help remarking, the little gathering was pleasant, nay, delightful to see. For there were the old elements—the eternal faith which had bound the priest and his people for fourteen hundred years; the knowledge of mutual confidence, love unmixed, and supernatural respect; the happiness of a father among his faithful children; the delight of these children to have among them the one who was the traditional head, adviser, and representative of their race in all its sad history, whom they loved as their nearest friend, respected as a man of learning and travelled lore, and reverenced as one of the ministers of God.

The talk continued, then, and the pastor informed himself of the way things were going on and inquired of all the various members of the little mission. He designedly drew out the native-born members of the family, being anxious to know how they looked at matters and what color their faith was receiving from their surroundings. From their answers and remarks, which were made with more confidence for that they had inherited the intelligence and frank manners of their mother with their father's shrewd common sense, the doctor was grateful to God to perceive that their Catholic instinct enabled them to appreciate at their true value much of what was going around unsafe or false in matters pertaining to religion, society, and the fundamental principles of politics. Here was another great reason why he found himself so happy in this family—that the old breath of heresy or the newer one of infidelity had passed them without harm, and that he had good reason to hope that these young

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people would be scarce inferior to their parents in loyalty to the church, while their better advantages in the way of instruction gave reason to believe that their social influence would be superior.

The priest addressed himself in such wise to every individual of the family as to show interest and regard for all. O'Connell in particular could always be relied upon to lighten the talk by reminiscences of his travels or stories of former days learned in the cabin on the Galtees where he first opened eye on this world. To-night he was giving a very detailed account and description of his voyage to this country in the old days of packet-ships. "There were about four hundred and fifty of us, your reverence," he went on, "men, women, and children, and but wan stove beside the cook's galley. The most of the women, of course, wor below with the say-sickness, and the min had to stand in a file and wait their turn to bile a sup of water for tay—little and poor in quality that same water was—to cook a little stir-about or whatever else they had. There was nobody to see to you, if you hadn't your own frinds. The officers wor careless, and the sailors 'ud only curse and shove you against the ship's side if you didn't get out of their way, and the strongest had it all their own way. Wan mornin' we were standin' and fallin' in a line as well as we could with the ship tossin' and pitchin', and each one wid his saucepan in his hand, when I see a poor wake boy, one Cosgrove, lookin' as if he'd be thrown into the say before reachin' America, sthrivin' to put his breakfast on the stove and a big, ugly-lookin' fellow sthrivin' to prevint him. Your reverence, I couldn't stand it, but I stepped out o' me place and I stepped up to the bully, and says I, 'What's that yer doin'?' and I hit him a tip wid me left hand that laid him on his back in the wather on the deck. Faith, they giv a cheer, and the poor boy he was let alone after that, and the bully never said a word and was very respectful afterwards, especially to the people from the County— What's that?" he said, as the dogs were heard barking outside the door. "'Tis Jack Lawler," replied one of the sons. "He wants the priest to go and see Mrs. Williams; she's taken very bad." "God help us!" said O'Connell. "I offered to call your reverence when she was sick before, sir, but she told me '*she wasn't bad enough yet.*'"

"May the Lord give her time for repentance!" said his wife. Without any unnecessary delay the doctor put on his wraps, and, accompanied by his worthy host, made haste through the now blinding snow to the house of the unfortunate woman. It

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was a case unfortunately not uncommon within seventy-five miles of New York, and doubtless much less further away—an ignorant Catholic family, godless schools, heretical or infidel society, distance from the church and the priest, and a mixed marriage before the Methodist minister. Such was Kate Williams' story in brief. Yet the poor girl retained enough of the natural Catholic conscience to bear children; but, alas! false terror had kept her away from the priest, and her children were unbaptized, the eldest, now a boy of twelve, without any knowledge of God, soul, or church. And even now what an ordeal to have to meet the priest—the learned, grave, but patient, gentle doctor! One would think she had to see Christ, the Judge! Were it not for Mrs. Lawler's Christian interference even now the priest might not have been sent for. Shall we tell of the natural aversion one has for entering such a house? A condemned cell or a hospital for smallpox were pleasant in comparison. Shall we describe the trepidation of the poor wretch when the confessor, whose character was for her invested with nameless terrors, was heard outside the room? Mrs. Lawler had done her best to assure the poor sinner of the doctor's kindness, but she seemed to fear God in him. He could but echo the terrible voice of her own conscience, which pointed at her children, for whom she was responsible; at her husband, to whom she had been united without God's ordinance, to whose blind prejudice she had sacrificed God's service and his truth. When the priest left the house she was more easy, as they said, but there remained a fearful load upon her heart: would she die now and leave her children in charge of a heathen parent? And if God did not restore her health, would he accept her late, enforced repentance for the omission of her most essential duty? Sick at heart naturally, but with a deep prayer welling up to Christ for that soul, the priest forced himself to say a few cheerful words to the little ones and turned from the cold, indifferent presence of the husband and his household, and seemed to breathe a more genial atmosphere in the wild, dark night out of doors.

Again reaching the hospitable abode of his faithful children, the doctor was shown to his room by the man of the house, where an enormous feather-bed, in which he was almost smothered in the summer, but which was now quite acceptable, stood prepared to receive his wearied limbs.

Next morning before eight o'clock the people of the settlement began to arrive in very ordinary-looking sleighs, and themselves dressed with more regard to comfort than appearances,

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though the young people did not allow these to suffer. Having heard a few confessions, the doctor celebrated Mass in the best room aforesaid, with very unpretending habiliments and no particular attempt at decoration, unless a couple of "wandering Jew" plants that adorned the plain table, and contrasted agreeably with the print of the Crucifixion, the shining chalice and crucifix, and spotless linen that covered the place of the mystic Sacrifice. An old man who had once been a soldier in the British army in India, and who acknowledged that he had assisted the chaplains in Gibraltar, too, and elsewhere, was the server of the Mass. There was no sanctuary, of course, nor platform, and the congregation of forty or fifty crowded very closely indeed about the celebrant and his military assistant and guard. But, plain as everything was, there was piety there, and pure faith and works, and simplicity of heart. The atmosphere, however, was very close and unpleasant, but the priest availed himself of the occasion to give a little homily to this portion of his flock; and as he read the Gospel story and retailed it to them he felt that the Eternal Word himself had a similar audience and for that reason spoke so plainly. This is the great, the all-sufficient consolation for the highly educated missionary when he finds himself on such a station. There was one individual who seemed anxious that the service should be finished. He made quite a move when the salutation was said at the Post-Communion, and was evidently uneasy about something. At last, when the book was closed and the celebrant turned to repeat the "Dominus vobiscum" before the blessing, the man urged himself forward, and, placing a bill in the opening hand of the priest, said: "John Michaels, your reverence." It was the day for the payment of the quarterly dues. The doctor was grave and had a profound knowledge of human nature. Not a muscle of his features moved, though a ripple of merriment passed through his heart. He took the money and laid it on the altar: "Ite missa est!" he said.

After the Mass there was a child to baptize, cold though the day was; for the country people never consider a child's health when there is question of bringing it to be baptized. Then there were inquiries to be made of the children, and the priest was delighted to find that they knew their catechism better than the average of those who lived at Omicron and had "Sunday-school" regularly. "The nearer the church," etc., thought he. Then there was the receiving of those blessed dues, and the incidental talk with most of the people in attendance about mar-

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riages, and children, and politics, and morals, and crops, and everything but Ferraris and Co.

It was half-past nine when the doctor, the blood already mounting into his head and the cold settling into his feet, set out, this time in a sleigh, on his return homeward, calling in at Mrs. Dempsey's on the way. There was no sign of the kittens so ruthlessly abandoned the previous evening. "Oh! I'll engage you they're all right and have found hospitality," said O'Connell. The priest spoke but little. His feet were getting colder, and, despite the bright, snowy day, his usual Sunday headache, arising from untimely fasting, foul air, and impaired digestion, was giving premonitory symptoms. When he reached home he had to hear a score or more confessions, then say eleven-o'clock Mass; preach; look after the collection, the pew-rents; receive the reports of various committees on the subject of his fair; say a word or two to the organist about preparing a Mass for Christmas; "church" a woman who had come a distance with her child, which he baptized; receive Mr. Flanagan, who seized this opportunity to talk about building the new wall around the cemetery, and attend to several other minor matters. It was now approaching one o'clock, the headache was in full sway, and the doctor sat down, with a disordered stomach, to break his fast of sixteen hours. Then he retired to his little room, and, stretching himself upon the lounge, tried to compose himself to rest, while the dull, painful beating of his poor brain, and the many little projects in hand which chased sleep from his pillow, interfered with the sound digestion that was necessary to his health and repose. There let us leave him upon his cross, trusting in God's goodness to recruit his strength and spirits before the bell rings for Sunday-school and the Vespers to follow.

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STELLA'S DISCIPLINE.

By F. X. L.

V.

"I LOVE pleasure—oh! I do *love* pleasure," Stella had said more than once to her lover in extenuation of her addiction to flirting and dancing the german—which last offence, by the way, ranked as a greater enormity in his opinion than the first even.

"Yes, I think you love it better than anything else in the world," he replied during their conversation on Christmas eve.

"No, I do not love it as much as I love—you!" she answered.

And she had spoken the truth. Notwithstanding her attachment to pleasure and the german, it was with very great difficulty that she was prevailed upon to go to Mr. Gartrell's party.

At first she absolutely refused to go; but when her usually indulgent mother became seriously angry and spoke with parental authority she knew not how to resist. Naturally of a yielding temper, that had been made wilful and obstinate only by unlimited indulgence, she was intimidated by a violence so new to her.

Even now, however, she did not yield the point without a struggle. She argued, she entreated, she even came to tears, imploring her mother not to compel her to do what she knew Southgate would not easily forgive. But Mrs. Gordon, who, ever since the hope of securing Gartrell as a son-in-law first dawned on her imagination as within the limits of the possible, had been extremely anxious to break the engagement with Southgate, was inflexibly resolved not to permit such an opportunity as this to pass without using it. She interrupted Stella's pleadings by telling her, in a tone not to be disobeyed, to go and dress, as the carriage was already at the gate.

The latter, thus constrained, made a hasty and careless toilette, and then, with swollen eyes and heaving breast, wrote the letter which received such contemptuous treatment.

Seated beside her mother in the carriage, she threw herself back in her corner, and without listening to the remarks on indifferent subjects which Mrs. Gordon volunteered, or pretending to reply to them, began to think of Southgate and of what *he* would think when he called for her at midnight and heard that she was gone.

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"O mamma!" she cried, suddenly bursting into tears again and sobbing convulsively, "*do* let me return home. We are not more than a mile from town, and it is very early yet. Do drive back and set me down!"

"Is it worth while to talk so nonsensically?" asked her mother coldly.

"My head aches as if it would burst. I feel really ill," sobbed Stella. "I am sure this is a sufficient excuse for my not going on, particularly as you can say that I started and had to turn back."

To this argument her mother deigned no reply.

"Mamma, I never thought you could be so cruel," cried the poor child, indignation and distress together making her almost hysterical. "You do not seem to care how much I suffer."

"Stop crying, and your head will stop aching," was the frigid reply.

"But I am thinking of Edward," Stella exclaimed passionately. "What will he say? He will believe that I am altogether unworthy of his love and trust. He will give me up in despair."

"So much the better," said Mrs. Gordon complacently. "Mr. Gartrell is much the better match of the two, and I am confident that the moment he knows your engagement is off he will propose for you."

For an instant Stella could not utter an articulate sound. Her blood tingled in her veins, and there was an aching lump in her throat that she strove in vain to swallow.

"Mamma," she exclaimed at last in a choking voice, "do you mean that you have deliberately counted on the breaking off of my engagement?"

"I have foreseen for some time that it must soon come to an end," was the reply in a cold, matter-of-course tone. "Considering how you have been acting during the last month, I am only surprised that Mr. Southgate has not asked you before now to release him."

"And you never uttered one word of reproof or warning, and you said distinctly that you were sure Edward was too reasonable to resent my attending this party."

"He has been so *very* 'reasonable' in overlooking what, in his place, *I* should have considered inexcusable conduct on your part that I may be pardoned for presuming his powers of forbearance to be unlimited," answered Mrs. Gordon sarcastically. "As for interfering myself, I have more regard for your best in-

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terests than to do anything which would prevent your ridding yourself of an entanglement which you may replace to-morrow by so much more advantageous a connection."

"O mother!" cried Stella, in such a tone of reproach and despair that Mrs. Gordon for a moment half regretted having compelled her to take a step which that lady believed would certainly separate her from her lover. But the regret was only momentary. When the girl once more implored passionately to be allowed to return home her mother answered authoritatively:

"Don't repeat that ridiculous proposal again, Stella, but dry your eyes and act like a rational being instead of playing the spoiled child."

"You are right," said Stella bitterly. "I have been playing the spoiled child all my life; but I have done with the *rôle* from henceforth, I promise you."

She sat up in her seat, and by the faint moonlight her mother could see that she was drying her eyes and arranging her dress, after doing which she leaned back once more and did not speak or move again until they drew up before a flight of steps over which a broad light was streaming from the brilliantly illuminated hall at Lauderdale, and Mr. Gartrell opened the carriage-door himself and assisted her to alight.

"Thank you," she said simply in reply to his impressive welcome.

Her tone and manner were so spiritless that he paused involuntarily as he was about to turn and extend his hand to Mrs. Gordon, who was still in the carriage, and looked inquiringly at her.

"I hope you are well?" he asked, noticing how pale she was.

"No," she answered quietly. "I am suffering with the worst headache I ever remember to have had in my life. Indeed," to Mrs. Gordon's great vexation she added, "but for mamma I should not be here. I tried several times to persuade her to turn back and leave me at home, but she insisted on my coming."

"The crisis!" thought Mr. Gartrell jubilantly.

He expressed his regret with evident sincerity at hearing of her indisposition, as he conducted her mother and herself into the house, and was most solicitous to secure her comfort in every way. But he did not press any marked attentions upon her. One glance at her face had informed him, almost as clearly

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"Yes'm," was the reply.

With a light heart she hurried into the house, to find the note addressed not to herself but to Mrs. Gordon, and to see that the vase of flowers she had left for Southgate was still on the table where she had placed it.

She met her mother and offered her the note as the latter was entering the hall.

"You can read it," said that lady, recognizing the writing.

Stella opened it and glanced at a few formal words in which the writer excused himself from dining with Mrs. Gordon that day, "as he had expected to have the honor of doing."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Gordon a little sharply, and yet sorry for the distress visible in her daughter's face.

"It is an apology. Mr. Southgate is not coming to dinner," answered Stella coldly.

Laying the note down on the hall-table, she went to her own room, summoned her maid, and heard a detailed account of Southgate's visit of the night before.

He had received her letter unwillingly, and had put it into his pocket unopened; he had refused to take the flowers; he "had no message" for her!

That was the cheering information obtained by a very strict cross-examination of Louise. The prospect before her was not encouraging. She could not write to him again. What *should* she do? she asked herself.

Just at the moment she could do nothing; but in the afternoon she went to Vespers, hoping she might there meet her recusant lover.

She saw him at once on entering the church, his pew being near her own; and all through Vespers, and even as she knelt at Benediction, she was considering how she could attract his attention, and waiting with palpitating heart for the moment of leaving the church.

That moment came and went without his glancing once in her direction.

With heavy heart she returned home, and the rest of the day —which ended with a large Christmas-party—dragged through more wearily than ever day had for her before.

She even could not sleep when at last, long after midnight, she laid her tired head on the pillow. But when finally she did lose consciousness her slumber was deep and long.

"Mr. Southgate is down-stairs, Miss Stella," was the announcement with which Louise awoke her the next morning.

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"What did you say?" she exclaimed, starting up and looking a little bewildered.

The maid repeated what she had said, and added:

"I saw him coming up the walk a minute ago and thought I had better wake you."

"Mr. Southgate here this time in the morning!" cried the young lady in amazement as she sprang out of bed.

"Oh! it's not so very early," said the maid. "Breakfast is over, but—"

"Breakfast over, and you did not wake me!"

"You know you always tell me not to disturb you early when you have been up the night before," was the answer.

A truth which Stella could not deny. Therefore she made no rejoinder, but with Louise's assistance dressed as rapidly as she could.

"Did you tell Mr. Southgate that I would be down directly?" she asked.

"No'm; I didn't speak to him. I only caught a glimpse of him, and came straight to tell you."

A few minutes afterwards Stella ran lightly down-stairs and with sparkling face opened the sitting-room door. To her surprise the room was empty. She went to the drawing-room, but that too was vacant; and, on inquiring of the servant who had seen Mr. Southgate, was told that he had asked for Mr. Gordon, not herself, and, learning that Mr. Gordon was already gone to his office, had declined to come in.

Sick to the soul with disappointment and an intuition of coming evil, she returned to her own room and waited for what was to come.

She did not have to wait long, though the time seemed long to her. In less than half an hour she received a message from her father. He wished to see her.

He was standing on the hearth with his back to the fire when she entered the sitting-room in answer to his summons, and greeted her by a very slight "Good-morning." For the first time that she remembered he had no smile for her; his face was grave, almost stern.

When she was seated and looked up questioningly he said abruptly:

"Southgate has just been with me to request to be released from the engagement of marriage which existed between him and yourself."

She was not surprised. It was what she expected. The

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color ebbed from her face, and her hands clasped each other convulsively; but she had prepared herself, and managed to present an appearance of calmness, though she could not command the power of speech.

After a momentary pause her father continued:

"He says that almost from the first you have acted in a manner which has gradually led him to the belief that you were mistaken in imagining you were attached to him. He is inclined to think that you discovered this and wished to get out of the affair, yet did not like to move first, and consequently have so conducted yourself as to force him to move. Believing that, under these circumstances, it would not be for the happiness of either of you to marry, he asks that the engagement be dissolved by mutual consent, though he leaves you at liberty to say that you rejected him.

"I have repeated substantially his own words; and now I want to know the meaning of it all. He is not a man to be either untruthful or unreasonable; therefore I presume that his taking this step is justifiable?"

"Yes," answered Stella in a quivering voice.

"I am to understand, then," said Mr. Gordon, "that you did want to rid yourself of the engagement, and took this unworthy way to do it?"

"No," she replied emphatically, lifting her eyes and meeting his frowning gaze unflinchingly. "I have acted very badly, I confess, though I did not mean to do so—it was all my miserable folly—but I never for a moment wished to break the engagement."

"Then why did you leave that impression on Southgate's mind?" he demanded, with increasing irritation.

Partly the tone in which this question was asked—so different from her father's usual caressing manner—and partly the sense which grew momently more clear to her apprehension and more bitter to her heart that Southgate was lost to her for ever, overcame the composure she was struggling to maintain. To Mr. Gordon's equal annoyance and consternation she burst into tears, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, sobbed unrestrainedly.

While he was essaying some blundering attempts at consolation, half reproving, half soothing her distress, the door opened and his wife entered the room. He had been informed, when he came home and wished to see her before he spoke to Stella, that she was dressing to go out, and she appeared now

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in carriage costume. Pausing just within the threshold, she said:

"Did you want to see me, Roland?" Then, observing the disturbance of his countenance and the tears of her daughter, she advanced a step and asked: "What is the matter?"

"The matter is that your kind efforts to break my engagement and ruin the happiness of my life have succeeded, mamma!" cried Stella, springing to her feet and confronting her mother with flashing eyes from which tears were pouring in streams. "I *told* you," she went on passionately, "that Edward would not forgive another breach of faith on my part! I *implored* you not to compel me to go to that *detestable*—"

"Stella!" interrupted her father sternly, "recollect yourself. How dare you speak in such a tone as that to your mother?"

"You don't know, papa, how cruelly she has treated me! It is *her* fault, not mine, that my engagement is broken off! I—"

She stopped, her voice choked in tears, and Mr. Gordon looked inquiringly to his wife for an explanation of the accusation just made.

Mrs. Gordon was buttoning her gloves—an occupation which she chose at the moment as well to prevent the exultation she felt at hearing of the success of her schemes from betraying itself in her eyes as to conceal some slight confusion which, notwithstanding her complacency, she could not entirely control. Not succeeding in meeting her eye, her husband was obliged to put his question into words.

"What is this trouble between Stella and Southgate about?" he asked, "and what does she mean by saying that it is your fault?"

"Stella, though engaged to one man, has been flirting with another for a month past, to which conduct Mr. Southgate naturally objects," answered Mrs. Gordon drily. "As to her assertion that I had anything to do with the breaking the engagement, that is nonsense. I insisted on her going to a party on Christmas eve which was given to please her and at her special request. After asking Mr. Gartrell to give the party, and promising again and again that she would go, she wished to draw back at the last moment. This would have been such unpardonable rudeness that I would not permit it."

"I am astonished that you suffered her to act so improperly in the first place," said Mr. Gordon in a tone of displeasure. "Why did you permit her to flirt, as you call it, and to be on such familiar terms with a man like Gartrell as to be asking him

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to give parties? If she wanted a party could not you have given it?"

"Why did I 'permit' her to flirt with Mr. Gartrell and propose his giving a ball at Lauderdale?" repeated Mrs. Gordon quietly. "Really, if you imagine that Stella ever waits for permission to do anything she chooses to do you know very little about her character."

Mr. Gordon turned round sharply where he stood, and, taking up the tongs, punched the fire vigorously for a minute or two. Then he took several turns up and down the room, glancing at his daughter to see whether she had any further plea to enter in her defence. But she could not deny the truth of a word her mother had uttered, and did not attempt to do so. "Well," he said at last very drily, "so far as I can see, there is nothing more to be done in the matter."

"Nothing, except to return Mr. Southgate's ring," said Mrs. Gordon in a matter-of-course tone. "You had better do so at once, Stella."

With which parting advice she went on her way rejoicing.

VII.

MR. GORDON was a man of easy temper and, morally speaking, indolent nature. He would not have been guilty of a dishonorable act for any earthly consideration; nothing would have induced him to commit a wilful fault even. But as to sins of omission his conscience was as easy as his temper. He was fond of his wife and daughter, and the sole principle of his life with regard to them was unlimited indulgence.

Naturally they accepted this rule kindly; and thus far it had answered very well, giving him what he desired—a quiet and harmonious life. Stella was badly spoiled, it is true; but her whims and caprices did not come much within his cognizance, and, consequently, it had never occurred to him that he was called upon to notice or correct them.

Mrs. Gordon was phlegmatically amiable. She had all she wanted in the world, and nothing to speak of that she did not want. Though profoundly selfish, she was not disposed to be unreasonable or to make herself disagreeable to anybody about trifles. And everything which did not conflict with her own comfort or wishes was a trifle in her eyes. When Stella accepted Southgate she accepted him also willingly enough. She

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thought at the time that he would fill the position as well or better than any other young gentleman of her acquaintance, and rather liked him personally.

But at Gartrell's appearance upon the scene, and as soon as his manner made it evident that with the slightest encouragement he would be a suitor for Stella's hand, dormant ambition awoke in her soul. Here was the man for Stella to have married. Still, while lamenting secretly the ill-chance which, in the person of Southgate, had come between her daughter and this distinguished and desirable *parti*, it was some time before the idea entered her mind that, though engaged, Stella was not yet married, and that to give up one engagement and form another was not a thing impossible.

Perhaps such an idea never would have entered her mind but for Stella's own conduct. Having obtained entrance, however, it remained.

A person of phlegmatic temperament is, according to physiological science, capable of energetic effort if once roused to action. Mrs. Gordon exemplified the truth of this opinion. She was indefatigable in her exertions to bring about the end she desired. Almost daily she managed that, one way or another, Stella should be irritated against her lover and do something to irritate him in turn. To her own surprise, she developed a decided genius for intrigue, really enjoyed the excitement of the game she was playing, and played in a perfectly dispassionate spirit. Until on Christmas eve, when he so nearly defeated her by his pertinacity and resolution, she had not entertained the slightest ill-feeling toward Southgate, nor was she troubled with the least twinge of remorse for the injury she was doing him. She was acting for the advantage of her daughter, she would have said to her conscience, had she owned such an appendage and it had ventured a remonstrance.

Great was her exultation now, as, leaving Stella dissolved in tears, she drove off to do some shopping. She regarded the marriage with Gartrell as virtually accomplished.

Her husband looked at the matter in a very different light. Knowing Southgate well, and appreciating his character at its true worth, he had been more than pleased with the proposed connection, and his disappointment and regret at this termination of the affair was extreme. Added to which he was both shocked and angered at an exposure of conduct on the part of his daughter which he regarded as nothing less than false and unprincipled.

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He walked up and down the floor, after his wife was gone, looking and feeling very much incensed; and as soon as Stella's sobs softened a little from their first violence he requested and obtained her version of the affair.

"Humph! You have certainly acted in a very honorable manner," he said, with stinging irony, when she had concluded.

"O papa!" she cried deprecatingly.

"I thought you might possibly be able to make some explanation which I could offer to Southgate," he went on coldly; "but I see he was right in saying that your conduct is inexcusable. I am disappointed in you, Stella—bitterly disappointed. Of course I knew that you were spoiled and childish, but I gave you credit for having some sense and some principle. In this affair you have shown no sign of either. However," checking himself, "reproaches will do no good; nor, I am afraid, will advice. But I have one word of warning to give you. Unless you want to make a miserable life for yourself do not think of marrying Gartrell. He is not a man to be trusted."

"I would not marry him to save his life, or my own either!" she exclaimed vehemently.

"Don't talk senselessly," said her father, with frowning impatience, as he turned to leave the room.

Stella listened to his receding steps and felt that hope had departed with them. His words, "There is nothing more to be done in the matter," and her mother's addendum, "except to return Mr. Southgate's ring," seemed repeated almost audibly beside her. It had come to this, then—her engagement was really at an end.

She sat for a long time just where her father left her, without moving, almost without breathing, with something of a stunned sensation.

The entrance of a servant with two cards at last roused her.

"Why didn't you say 'not at home,' Robert?" she exclaimed impatiently, taking the cards and glancing at them, turning her back to the man involuntarily as she did so to prevent his seeing her face, on which the traces of tears must be very visible, she feared. "You know mamma is out."

"I said so, Miss Stella, and that you were not up, I thought. Mrs. Harrison was going away then, but Miss Flora insisted on my finding out whether you could not see her. So I asked them in."

"Say, with my compliments, that I beg to be excused."

But before the servant could leave the room she stopped him.

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The dread idea of what the opinion of the world would be as to the breaking of her engagement, for the first time came like a shock upon her. Of course the fact would soon be known. Of course the dullest people could put two and two together—Southgate's absence from Mr. Gartrell's ball and from her mother's party the evening before, and her own low spirits on both occasions. She was sure it would be perfectly well understood that he had withdrawn from the contract, not been rejected. Her vanity writhed at the bare imagination of all that would be said on the subject. She could hear Mrs. Harrison and her daughter—who, though not ill-natured, were thoroughpaced gossips—contributing their quota to the general fund of conjecture and report. "No wonder she was not to be seen this morning, poor thing!" Mrs. Harrison, she knew, would exclaim in sympathetic tone; and Flora would add, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "I always knew how that affair would end. Stella is too incorrigible a flirt to marry the *first* man she was engaged to!"

Swift as a flash all these thoughts were in her mind; her pride was in arms in an instant. A sense of indignant anger against Southgate which she had never felt before took possession of her. "She would show him that she was not heart-broken, nor even hurt, by his desertion!" she exclaimed mentally.

"Stay, Robert!" she cried, almost in the same breath with the apology she had just delivered, and before Robert had taken a step toward the door.

Turning rapidly to a mirror, she scrutinized her face. It was not so hopelessly unpresentable as she had expected to see it; and, bidding the man say she would be down presently, she hurried to her chamber, bathed her eyes, manipulated her flushed cheeks gently with a powder-puff, and then made a very deliberate toilette. By the time this was completed scarcely a trace of her late distress was discernible even by herself, and to her friends in the drawing-room she looked quite as usual. They had no suspicion that they had been kept waiting so long from any other reason than the one she apologetically alleged—her having been late in rising, and always taking a long time to dress.

Mrs. Gordon was amazed, on her return, to hear voices and laughter as she entered the hall, and to find Stella, in her best looks and spirits, entertaining visitors. Here was a transformation as unlooked for as it was welcome. She had expected to

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have no slight trouble, and that it would require skilful management, to induce her daughter to "act reasonably" in the matter of her broken engagement. Her relief and pleasure were great at perceiving that the girl herself had, as she considered, taken so sensible an attitude.

And Stella was as much pleased with herself as her mother was pleased with her when she found how well she was acting her hastily-adopted *rôle*. She made an engagement for the evening with Mrs. Harrison, and, while the two elderly ladies were exchanging parting civilities when Mrs. Harrison and her daughter rose to go, remarked to her friend Flora, apropos of observing the latter's gaze fixed on her hand:

"I see you miss my ring. I was tired of it, it had so many sharp edges and was always cutting or scratching me. So I have taken it off—for good."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Harrison, surprised. "You mean you have discarded Mr. Southgate?"

Stella winced at this point-blank question. She would have been willing to convey indirectly the impression just expressed, Southgate having requested that she would give to the world her own version of the affair; but her capability of deception was not robust enough to commit a positive breach of veracity. Therefore she laughed and answered:

"Oh! no. The affair had become mutually unbearable, and we determined to be happy apart instead of miserable together. Don't you think we were right?"

VIII.

CHANCE has often more to do with the shaping of human action than the actor himself is aware. In the present case the mere circumstance of an inopportune visit caused Stella to take a line of conduct which would not probably have been her choice had time been afforded her for consideration. She could not permit the Harrisons to think she was in agonies of regret at the loss of her lover—that, she was aware, would be the inference drawn from her denying herself to them as soon as the fact of her break with Southgate became known—and so she constrained herself to put aside the pain she felt and affect indifference. Then, on the impulse of the moment, she gave Miss Harrison (whom she knew to be a good publishing medium) an

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explanation of the affair the truth of which she afterwards felt bound to substantiate by her conduct.

A sense of womanly pride, aided by her epicurean nature, which turned instinctively from everything painful and seized instinctively every possibility of amusement and enjoyment the passing moment afforded, enabled her to succeed fairly well in her self-appointed task. If she felt her lover's defection to be anything but a relief she betrayed no sign to that effect, unless a more feverish pursuit of pleasure than she had indulged before even might be construed so. She flirted and danced the german *ad libitum* now, and became so very "fast" that her mother interfered—or, more properly speaking, attempted to interfere, but without result.

"You destroyed the *happiness* of my life, mamma, and you must allow me to take all the pleasure I can get in place of it," she said coldly in reply to Mrs. Gordon's remonstrances and reproofs, and went her way with utter indifference to everything but the gratification of her own will.

Smarting under an accusation that was but half true, Mrs. Gordon soon began to wish that she had not undertaken to order Stella's life, but had acquiesced in what fate and Stella herself had elected as fitting.

It was not only that the latter's resentment seemed inappeasable, manifesting itself in a frigid distance of manner and studied avoidance of her presence which wounded even more than provoked her. She had incurred her husband's displeasure also. He blamed her severely, she could see. Though he said only a few words on the subject once, and did not recur to it afterwards, he was cold, almost stern, in his manner to her as well as to their daughter. She was obliged to admit to herself that the result of her labors at match-breaking and match-making was altogether infelicitous. She had brought a cloud upon her marital life and had estranged her daughter's affection.

That was not all; for when, early in the new year, Gartrell fulfilled her prediction by proposing to Stella, he received a prompt and decided refusal—a refusal so prompt and decided that most men would have accepted it as final.

Not so Gartrell. He never, like the rest of Stella's friends and acquaintance, was deceived by her affected indifference and rattling gayety into the belief that she had thrown over Southgate for his—Gartrell's—sake and was ready to marry him at a word. Having read with tolerable accuracy the whole course of her conduct, he understood much better than Southgate did

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that she was sincerely attached to the latter, and that the faults which to her lover seemed grave and inherent defects of character were simply the volatility of extreme youth and an exuberance of animal spirits which she had not yet learned to control. He was not surprised, scarcely disappointed, and certainly not discouraged, by the issue of his first proposal, considering it a first step only, a breaking ground, so to speak, and not expecting a different answer.

But he was just the man to be animated instead of dismayed by obstacles. That which was difficult of attainment he most desired; and, apart from this very common sentiment of mankind, he was really fascinated by Stella's beauty and vivacity. Above all, his vanity was enlisted in the pursuit. She was the first woman he had ever asked to be his wife, and she had declined that much-coveted honor. Such a failure must be retrieved, he felt. Time would reconcile her to the loss of her lover, he doubted not. He would wait awhile, perhaps, before renewing his addresses; but, at whatever cost of effort and management, he must win her, he was resolved.

No doubt he was more encouraged than he would otherwise have been to persevere in his object by the fact that Southgate left M—— a few days after the rupture of his engagement, for, he informed his friends, a stay of considerable time in Europe. He had a brother, a student of the Propaganda, whom he had been intending to visit during the autumn just past. His engagement having prevented the fulfilment of that intention, Stella had consented to be married in April, and they were to sail at once for the Old World. He now went alone; and Gartrell considered him well out of the way, and, like Mrs. Gordon, regarded his own success to be simply a matter of time.

He would not have been so sanguine had he known what Stella's feelings toward him were. He had injured her by tempting her to flirt with him and thereby provoke her lover to break with her; she had injured him by being induced to flirt with him and thus lead him to suppose she would marry him. So the proposition stood in her mind. Mutually sinning and sinned against, they were quits, she thought; and, on her part, she wished she might henceforth and for ever be quit of him and his admiration. She had never imagined or desired that this admiration would take the practical form of a declaration of love and proposal of marriage. A little incense to her vanity was all she had wanted from him.

His proposal gratified her in one way only. In the bitterness

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of her anger against her mother she was pleased to be able (metaphorically speaking) to trample on that lady's ambitious hopes, and to let her see that her intriguing had done nothing but mischief. Too eager and anxious not to be observant, Mrs. Gordon divined at once by Gartrell's manner, when she returned to the drawing-room one morning after having absented herself for a time in order to give him the opportunity, which she hoped and believed he desired, of speaking to her daughter, that he had put his fate to the touch—and lost.

"Did not Mr. Gartrell offer himself this morning, Stella?" she inquired the first moment she obtained for speaking to Stella privately, which, thanks to an influx of visitors at the time and the manœuvres of the latter afterwards, was not until she had endured some hours of suspense.

"He did me that honor," answered Stella, with just the faintest inflection of irony in her voice.

"And you—?" said her mother, outwardly calm, but inwardly palpitating with alarm at the bare suspicion which began to dawn upon her.

"I declined the honor."

"You mean to tell me that you *refused* him?" cried Mrs. Gordon in a tone of violent anger.

"Certainly," was the cold reply.

It seemed at the moment as if mother and daughter had changed characters. Mrs. Gordon, who had all her life been so imperturbably tranquil in manner, was now excited beyond the power of self-control. Her ample chest heaved with passion; her light blue eyes, which were too cold to flash, had a dull glow in them; she was absolutely inarticulate as she gazed into her daughter's face, on which was a look almost cruel, such utter indifference did it express. She had come into Stella's room in the afternoon while the latter was dressing for a short journey she was about to take, had sent Louise away, and abruptly asked the question which was thus answered so much to her disappointment; and it was not only disappointment and rage that she now felt, but a sort of startled wonder at the change in Stella. The singular immobility of the countenance habitually all flashing vivacity, the perfect quiet of the attitude in which the girl stood beside the toilet-table facing her mother, with her hands resting on the marble, as motionless as if they had been part of it, struck Mrs. Gordon as so unnatural that she was half-bewildered. A thrill of pain, almost remorse, shot through her heart; but it was followed the next instant by a rush of angry indignation.

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"You must have lost your senses!" she exclaimed, regaining the power of speech. "Silly and spoiled as you always were, I never thought you could be capable of the idiocy of refusing such a man as this!"

"Tastes differ," said Stella carelessly. "Some people admire Mr. Gartrell—you, mamma, for instance. I do not. I never should have thought of marrying him, even if he had not been the cause of my not being permitted to marry the man I loved."

"I am ashamed to hear you speak in this way!" cried Mrs. Gordon with vehement reproach. "I am ashamed that my daughter has so little pride, is so destitute of the faintest sentiment of self-respect, as to boast of her love for a man who left her—who *rejected* her—instead of despising and forgetting him!"

"It is only the despicable whom it is possible to despise," answered Stella quietly. "Mr. Southgate treated me as I deserved—I confess that. And as to forgetting him, I am not breaking my heart about him. No one would accuse me of that, I am sure," she added, with a cynical smile that looked very much out of place on her lips.

"Everybody will believe it, if you show so little sense as to refuse Mr. Gartrell."

Stella shrugged her shoulders. "It is a matter of indifference to me what everybody believes," she said.

"And pray whom do you expect to marry, if you throw away such an offer as this?" demanded her mother, in despair.

"Nobody, probably. But I manage to amuse myself well enough, and that is all I care about for the present. The future can take care of itself. And if I am at last left an old maid on your hands, mamma, why, you will have only yourself to thank for it, you know."

There was a ring of bitterness in the last words which silenced the burst of anger with which Mrs. Gordon's heart was swelling. She turned and left the room without making any reply to the reproach; and Stella rang for her maid and resumed the interrupted labors of her toilette.

An hour afterwards, having taken a cold leave of her mother, she was on her way to visit a friend in W——, a neighboring town, half a day's journey away by rail.

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IX.

IN the fresh fields and pastures new to which she had betaken herself Stella found everything enjoyable. She was charmed to be with her friend Gertrude Ingoldsby; she was pleased with the parents of her friend—kind, genial people, whose acquaintance she had never made before; and, best of all to her, in the society of W—— there was plenty of food for powder—plenty of young gentlemen who, without permanent injury to their hearts, offered her that incense of admiration which she craved as the inebriate does brandy.

Chief among the number of these admirers was Tom Ingoldsby, a brother of her friend, who met her at the station on her arrival, and straightway flung himself down and licked the dust of her chariot-wheels. She appreciated such unhesitating and unreserved fealty, and accepted it graciously. As she often assured her friend, her time passed delightfully.

For a week. But circumstance, alas! is mutable. At the end of that short period there suddenly appeared a Mardochai sitting in the gate of her triumphs.

There was an elder son of the house of Ingoldsby, who had been absent from home when she arrived. He returned one night, made his appearance at breakfast the next morning, and her peace of mind, as well as his brother Tom's, was gone.

He did not bow down and offer involuntary homage of eye and smile to her beauty, as most men did when they met her first. Not being what is called a ladies' man, it was a matter of no concern to him that a young lady was domiciled for the time in the house. He was courteous but indifferent in manner when introduced to her. "A pretty girl," he thought carelessly; but the piquant face which many men considered so bewitching had no special attraction to him. Had he been in the way of admiring women his ideal would have been different.

Stella was at first amazed at his insensibility, then disgusted, then piqued, finally put upon her mettle. If Mr. Ferroll Ingoldsby had been aware of the counsel she took with her pillow on the first opportunity she had for consulting that sole available friend (she could not, of course, discuss with his sister the subject of his intractability to the power of her charms) he might have trembled at his danger, or—he might have smiled.

She had never intentionally been a coquette, only a flirt. To excite admiration, not to inspire love, had been her amusement hitherto. But she felt bloodthirsty now.

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"I should like to make that man love me," she said to her confidant, the pillow, as she laid her head down upon it. "And why not? Shall I try? A whole day in the same house, and he has bowed to me three times? Not a word beyond the most commonplace of social civilities; not a look which he might not as well have bestowed on the poker. Shall I submit to such treatment? I think not. Let me see: I have been here a week, and I came to stay a month. Mrs. Ingoldsby said yesterday that she would not hear of my staying *only* a month; but mamma may interfere and insist on my returning home. At all events I have three weeks to count on, and that is long enough to do a great deal in, particularly with mine enemy at such close quarters. Well, Mr. Ferroll Ingoldsby, we shall see."

Mr. Ferroll Ingoldsby did see, what she vainly flattered herself she was successfully concealing, that she was endeavoring to attract him. And he was amused. He saw also that the face he had at first considered merely pretty became much more than that when daily association developed to his perception each detail of its exquisite loveliness. He might have fallen wilfully into the snare laid for him had not his growing admiration been checked by one little circumstance—the suspicion, which indeed might be called a conviction, that Tom's young affections had been trifled with.

Tom was desperately in love and desperately miserable—that was evident at a glance; and, judging Stella by her effort to captivate himself, Ferroll blamed her for this more than she deserved. Tom's infatuation had been instantaneous and voluntary—or, more properly speaking, perhaps, involuntary; her only fault in the matter being that, partly from vanity, partly from good-nature, she received his adoration too kindly, thus fostering instead of repressing it. Regarding him as a mere boy, she treated him with a familiarity which he found intoxicating until it was contrasted with her very different manner to his brother. He saw then that she gave his love no serious thought, and the discovery was very wounding to his *amour propre*. He had been gravely considering of the responsibilities of married life; and to be pulled up thus abruptly in his dreams rendered him as sentimentally unhappy as a conjunction of extreme youth and unsuccessful love generally makes a man.

His brother, while looking upon his fancied wretchedness as a folly worthy only of a smile, was nevertheless sufficiently sorry for him to feel a little irritated against Stella; and, determined not to afford her vanity any farther gratification, he carefully re-

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frained from paying her the slightest attention not demanded by the common courtesy due to a guest in his father's house.

And so day after day passed, and Stella could not flatter herself that she was making the slightest progress toward her object—had produced the least impression on this most unimpressionable of men.

"What is he made of?" she thought, as he sat opposite her one morning at breakfast, reading his newspaper, and never once looking up from its columns, though he had only to lift his eyes in order to take in the beautiful vision before him. She was glancing at a paper herself, but was not so much interested in its contents as to be deaf to the conversation around her.

"Ferroll," said Mrs. Ingoldsby suddenly, "I hope you are going to the ball to-night?"

"I did not think of it," he said, lowering the sheet he held and turning to her. "I rarely go to balls, you know."

"But that is not saying you ought not to go to them," Mrs. Ingoldsby remarked in a highly moral tone. "I wish you were more social in your habits. Suppose everybody ignored the duties of social life as you do. What would the world come to?"

"My dear mother," said Ferroll, with a slight laugh, "your supposition demands a stretch of imagination of which my ideal faculties are incapable. The great majority of mankind are gregarious in nature. And especially in this stirring age of the world there is not the least danger of too many people becoming eremitical in life."

"It is your life I am thinking of," answered his mother, "not the lives of other people."

"As to that," he said, with a smile and tone which took the rough edge off the words he was about to utter, "I am afraid you will have to take me as I am. And really I think you are a little unreasonable. Of your three children two are eminently social in instinct; and two to one ought to satisfy you. Here are Tom and Gertrude, who would willingly go to a ball every night, and who are going to-night, I am sure. So I think—don't you, father?—that I may be excused."

"I think that your place will be so well supplied in the family party to-night," replied Mr. Ingoldsby, with a smile and slight bow toward Stella—he was a courtly old gentleman—"that, certainly, you may be excused."

With a flash of humor in his eyes Ferroll glanced triumphantly at his mother, who smiled gravely.

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"You are a bad case," she said. "Your father always spoiled you."

There is something very contagious in any sentiment shared by numbers, albeit only an affair of a social gathering. Ferroll Ingoldsby smiled to himself that evening as he was conscious of a faint inclination to join the family party going to the ball. He even went so far as to say to his mother, as he wrapped her shawl around her in the hall:

"Pray present my compliments and apologies to Mrs. Ross. Perhaps I may look in for a few minutes during the course of the evening."

"I shall be very much gratified if you do," said his mother earnestly.

But Gertrude laughed and exclaimed: "Don't flatter yourself that he will remember that promise a minute after you are out of sight, mamma."

Her prognostication would have been fulfilled but for the occurrence of an unlooked-for circumstance. Ferroll had established himself comfortably in dressing-gown and slippers, and, utterly oblivious of the promise, was holding pleasant converse with one of the friends he loved—a solid-looking volume—when there was a loud ring of the door-bell.

It being late, he did not summon a servant, but opened the door himself and found a telegraphic messenger waiting.

"Any answer, Mr. Ingoldsby?" the man said, as he delivered the black-lettered yellow envelope the unexpected sight of which is always a little startling to the soundest nerves.

"I don't know," Mr. Ingoldsby replied when he had glanced at the address on it. "But I will ascertain at once, and will send an answer to the office in less than half an hour, if one is required."

The message was for Miss Gordon.

When the man was gone Ferroll, after a momentary pause of deliberation, decided to carry the despatch to his mother and let her decide whether it should be given to Miss Gordon immediately. It might be of importance, or it might not. He would not take the responsibility of withholding it. And having engaged to appear for a short time among Mrs. Ross' guests, he thought this necessary errand an apropos reminder to him. He made a hurried toilet, and a minute's walk brought him to the house of Mrs. Ross, which was near by.

The night was so mild that the front door was wide open:

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he heard the clash of music and sound of dancing as he approached. His intention was that, as soon as he had made his compliments to his hostess, he would find his mother and give the telegram to her. But it is often as impossible to control circumstance in small things as in great ones. He found it so in the present instance. Stella, who with one or two favored attendants was established high up on the staircase, from which there was a good view of the hall-door, saw him as he entered. To his surprise and that of her companions, she started up and hurried down-stairs to meet him.

There was nothing in his face to have excited her alarm, for at the moment he was not thinking of the telegram. Nevertheless, one of those inexplicable intuitions which sometimes present themselves to the mind, not as possibilities but as certainties, took possession of Stella at sight of him.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Ingoldsby?" she asked abruptly as she came to his side.

"Why should you think so?" he said, with a smile. But a sense of uneasiness communicated itself to him as he saw that she had grown a little pale; and neither his voice nor his smile was so reassuring as he intended it to be. "I promised my mother, you know, to—"

"Something is the matter, I am sure," she interrupted; and, laying her hand on his arm, she drew him into an unoccupied room on the opposite side of the hall. "Now tell me!" she exclaimed, looking up in his face firmly, though the blood kept ebbing from her face, leaving it momently paler and paler.

"My dear Miss Gordon," said Ferroll, shrinking, it must be confessed, from the scene he feared might be impending, and feeling that his mother, not he, was the proper person to face it, yet unable to resist the questioning of her eye, "you are alarming yourself without cause, I hope. A telegram for you was delivered a few minutes ago, and I thought I would bring it to my mother—"

He paused, as Stella extended her hand with an imperative motion not to be disobeyed, and, taking the despatch from his pocket, gave it to her.

With trembling fingers she tore open the envelope and unfolded the enclosure.

As her eye fell on the words it contained everything grew dark before her sight; she reeled, and would have fallen if Mr. Ingoldsby had not caught her in his arms and supported her to a seat.

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"What is it?" he asked, forgetting ceremony in the excitement of the moment.

She lifted her hand as if with difficulty, and held toward him the unfolded paper. He took it hastily, and read:

"Mrs. Gordon has met with an accident which may prove fatal.

"JAMES MCDONALD."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DESPONDENCY OF ST. PAUL.

"Lest that by any means when I have preached to others I myself become a castaway."
"For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

AH! make me what I am not,
The much, alas! I claim not.
I cannot what I would be,
And sigh for all that should be.

T'ward thee, the Perfect, speeding,
The goal seems still receding.
Yet striving, praying, yearning,
Tho' feeble gain discerning.

By bonds I'd sever gladly
I'm hindered, ah! how sadly:
Delay'd with faint relenting,
With half-sincere repenting.

Yet sin shall cease, and sighing,
And many a woe, with dying;
And Heaven reveal what could be—
If haply there I should be!

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DECAY OF FAITH AMONG CATHOLIC PEOPLES.

Is there decay of faith among Catholic peoples? We should answer emphatically, No. It is a superficial observation of the phenomena of society which leads persons to jump to conclusions not warranted by the actual facts. Because radicalism is noisy—radicalism religious and political—it is assumed that the noise of blatant factions implies the sympathy of the nations which suffer it. The inference, we repeat, is superficial. It shows a want of philosophical observation. The *appearance* of Catholic decadence is due solely to certain changes which have come over the whole tone of society. It is due to vast political changes; to an immense upheaving in the ideas of political loyalty; to the wide spread of literature, largely aided by an unprincipled press; to the bustling interchange of peoples by means of railways; to the lightning speed of communications by the telegraph; to the bubbling turmoil of worldly interests through growth of business; to the over-populating of great towns, which breeds dissension; to the complacency which comes from reading about science without digesting so much as its first principles; to a sort of general impression that so much movement, so much vitality, in the departments both of inventiveness and development, must indicate an enlightenment and progress which are inconsistent with severe Catholic rule. From such phenomena, and from kindred ones, is bred a popular delusion that there *must* be some decay of the old faith. Yet such phenomena, we repeat, are superficial. They are external to the hearts of Catholic peoples. They present, we admit, the appearance of decadence to such persons as do not understand the Catholic life; but to the philosophical Catholic they are no more than brisk breezes which bend the boughs but not the body of a great tree.

To consider such a subject with any practical advantage it is desirable that we propose some elementary questions and endeavor to answer them explicitly. Our first question shall be this: "What is the degree of sympathy which exists between Catholic peoples and the governments which they are assumed to have elected, or how far can the tone of a Catholic government be assumed to represent a Catholic people?" In an-

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swering this question we admit that there is good ground for a question which the London *Standard* put a few weeks ago: "How comes it that so many Catholic nations *seem* to be alienated from the church?" and our first answer shall be the assertion that it is the governments which are alienated, and not in any sense the majorities of the peoples. The truth is that the majority of Catholic peoples take but little practical interest in their governments. Of France and of Italy, of Belgium, even of Spain, it would be absurd to say that the ministries in power represent the aspirations of majorities; absurd to say that Gambetta, Depretis, Frere Orban are types of the national ideal. Not even politically, and certainly not religiously, are such ministers representative of majorities. It is well known that the majorities of Catholic peoples try to keep out of the turmoil of party factions, preferring to lead a quiet domestic life, to mind their own business, or to say their prayers. It would be well if they would care more for politics. It would be well if they would regard it as a high Catholic duty to take their share in securing Catholic governments. Instead of which they leave such business to "brilliant" men of the world whose special talents, or selfish interests, or fervid temperaments suggest politics as a congenial vocation. To take one example out of a hundred: Can it be said that M. Paul Bert, the elect of M. Gambetta, was the elect of the majority of the French people? He was elected by M. Gambetta for the simple reason that he is most offensive to the faith, feeling, and instinct of all good Catholics. The democratic Cæsar who now practically rules France does not care a pin for French majorities. He hates Catholicism; therefore the majorities and their religion must be snubbed or calumniated to please *him*. Is this representative government? Is this the liberty, the fraternity, the equality, which were assumed to have enthroned the "sovereign people"? Now that we are considering that very delicate question, "the decay of faith among Catholic peoples," it is necessary that we begin by affirming that appearances are very distinct things from realities. Appearances are got up by noisy people who insist that everybody is as bad as themselves, and who point to the governments of (ancient) Catholic peoples in proof that the peoples are non-Catholic. We repudiate the inference on the three following grounds, and we shall add additional testimony by and by: First, we say that the accident of a non-Catholic government is *not* brought about on religious grounds, but by the deceit of fair promises of national liberties. Secondly, the actual

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exercise of an anti-Catholic policy is repudiated with disgust by majorities. Thirdly, the numerous interests, both in home and foreign politics, which are involved in the stability of any government render it desirable to put up with a strong government which is disliked rather than to supplant it by a weak one which would be approved. These are three reasons out of many why, in these days of colossal movements, mere politics must not be accepted as conclusive. The very utmost that they can be taken to show is that, all nations being on the alarm, *their guards and keepers must be chosen for their muscle.* Just as a man who would guard his house seeks for a giant with broad shoulders who is capable of resisting a stalwart enemy, so in states people prefer an "iron chancellor," albeit they dislike him for his tyranny, or a prime minister who can say, "L'état, c'est moi," albeit he adds, "Le cléricalisme, c'est le mal." And thus, too, any "raison d'état," or even any wicked "coup d'état," is made to justify a successful "homme d'état," because patriotic interests, as they are politically apprehended, take precedence in what are supposed to be pure politics. It is not that majorities prefer irreligion because their political masters are irreligious, or, conversely, that they have chosen such masters on account of their anti-Catholic demerits; it is simply that A B being a statesman of strong arm, but C D a mere David *without* a sling, the interests of a country demand the stoutest of champions, while good Catholics shrug their shoulders and say, "Alas!"

It is the same with regard to dynasties as to ministries; they may be made or they may be unmade as a "choice of evils." For example, why did the French Catholic clergy favor Napoleon III., who was known to have been allied with the secret societies, save only because he was an improvement on the red-handed radicalism which threatened to pull down church and state? To take a still more extreme case, why did some of the Italian clergy feel a sense of relief when Victor Emanuel had entered Rome, save only because it was a toss-up at that particular moment between *his* usurpation or Garibaldi's? Indeed, the history of Italian politics during the last eleven years furnishes the best possible proof of our contention that religion must not be judged by its politics. Three-fourths of Italians are "good Catholics"—in the sense, that is, of holding the Catholic faith. The majority of these "good Catholics" are shocked at the impropriety of treating the Holy Father as a subject. Yet the sort of reasoning with which they try to calm their consciences might probably be cast in this form: "It is true that

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the Holy Father ought to have his own; true that Victor Emanuel was a usurper; true that his majesty was helped to rob Pius IX. by a crowd of ruffians who gloried in unbelief; true that we do not approve of this vulgar secularizing of Catholic Rome, which has always been unique in characteristics, and which is the capital of Christendom, not of Italy. But at least now we have a government that does not tear up the stone pavements with which to murder priests or smash altars; and so far we have a negative gain, and one that keeps ruffians in check. In God's good time may the pope be reinstated; but it is not for us to be the first to risk the wickedness of a red-shirted raid on holy places. We know what that has meant, and we would not see it again. And, therefore, though we despise the Depretis, and the Mancinis, and the apologetic Petrucelli della Gattinas, and all the half-hearted crew of political worldlings, we say, 'Let risky politics alone, and let us mind our own business and do our duties.'"

Nor do we consider that such a tone of apology can be regarded as a self-accusation, or as vindicating the adversary's estimate as to the "decay of faith among Catholic peoples." It is common for even educated persons in England to speak disdainfully of Continental populations, on the ground that they cannot be sincere or they would quickly act up to their own convictions. "You see," they will remark to us—and a hundred journalists write the same thing—"that so great is the decay of faith among your Catholic peoples that you actually prefer a Humbert to a Leo XIII., or a Gambetta to a Henry V.; while as to most of your Catholic governments, you put the worst men in the best places and applaud the scoffing bullies who chastise you." Let us frankly admit at once that there is a disgraceful pusillanimity in many a section of great Catholic communities; in other words, that human nature is much the same in Catholic countries as it is in such countries as are not Catholic. What of this? Does it prove a decay of faith? There is a natural and a supernatural side not only to all Catholics but to the church itself; and it is the confusion of the two sides which leads non-Catholics into grave errors when judging of what they call the "decay of faith." A man may be a thoroughly sound Catholic, not only in belief but in practice, and yet he may be wanting in those robust natural gifts which would make him a marvel of chivalry. Nay, a man may be "half a saint," and yet not feel it his vocation to break his head against brick walls of obstinacy. We do not see that the good Italians, the good Frenchmen, the good Belgians

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should lose their character because they live in stubborn times. Granted that anti-Catholics are more savage in their enmity than good Catholics are robust in their fidelity; we say that it is characteristic of the great mass of good people to be rather submissive than combative.

Moreover, let it be remembered that submission to authority —to a *de facto* though not a *de jure* authority—is a binding obligation upon Catholics. Lord Macaulay, in one of his masterly summaries, shows that the early Christians submitted to the pagan emperors in everything that did not cross the divine law. And the same rule holds good in the nineteenth century. However much good Catholics may abhor a wicked government or be ready at the right moment to fight for justice, they are not permitted to sow civil or religious discord, save only when the divine law seems to sanction it. And, therefore, we plead that the "decay of faith among Catholic peoples" is not to be argued from their apparent want of heroism, nor from their apparent acquiescence in pagan rule, nor from their relegating political earnestness to unbelievers (such phenomena may indeed indicate a certain weakness in the moral order, a want of robustness or of activity in public life); the *appearance* of the decay of faith is due exclusively to certain accidents which are extraneous to the Catholic faith, the Catholic life. And at this point we would allude briefly to that great rebellion and parent evil which, first religiously, then politically, then socially, was responsible for the phenomena of which we speak.

The "principle" of the Reformation was the repudiation of divine authority and the substitution of the regal or the civil. But if religious authority was not divine, neither could regal authority be divine, neither could the political nor the civil. Hence the logical issue of Protestantism was revolution. For a long time the sacred traditions of the "old religion" kept Protestants from becoming too logical, but at the close of the last century there burst over Europe the full logical outcome of the Reformation. The Goddess Reason was enthroned in Notre-Dame, and men *spoke* what before they had only *dreamed*. Now, the point to be observed in connection with our subject is that this outburst shook every throne in Europe, causing the principle of government to be assailed with the same radicalism which had already assailed divine authority. It is true that the Revolution soon shook itself into its senses and society became more or less calmed; but from that moment to this men have spoken and written what before was only whispered in closets. The

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Voltaires, the Jean-Jacques, the Saint-Justs, the Camille Desmoulins, the Dantons, the Chaumettes, the Robespierres, with their fantastic but really atheistic theories of what they were pleased to call the "être suprême," have been followed in this generation by the Gambettas, the Paul Berts, the Castagnarys (as, in England, by the ridiculous Mr. Bradlaugh), who are blatant against Catholicism, though they have no religion of their own, except, of course, "la religion naturelle." This, then, is the political development. This is the political generation. But the social and the literary generations have been kindred with the political and the religious. From the example of lofty personages in political position has grown the fashion of blatant scepticism or free-thought; so that it is now deemed respectable for men to write blasphemy, which at one time would have consigned them to the pillory. All the proprieties of literature have become subverted, so that magazines of high quality and first-class daily papers write in tones of the most reverent appreciation of every talented venture against religion; while "science" has come to mean the logic of materialism *versus* faith, and "enlightenment" the grossest darkness as to the future. This, then, is the literary development. This is the generation of the Revolution. This is the natural outcome of the principles of the Reformation, crowned as they were in 1789.

Now, in judging of the "decay of faith among Catholic peoples" we would hazard the two following propositions: first, that the modern blatancy of what is ridiculously called free-thought is a perfectly natural development of a free press, following as it does on the syllogistic working-out of the principles of the Reformation *plus* the Revolution; secondly, that the very people who are now professedly infidel would in any age have been worldly or indifferent, the change of fashion during the last generation having but substituted free-thinking for free-living. The chain of sequences was perfectly natural, perhaps inevitable. *Abyssus abyssum invocat.* Our grandfathers had not recovered from the shock of the Revolution, and were too conservative to allow free-thought even in whispers; but within the last, say, forty years intellectual fashions have developed—literary fashions, social fashions, conversational fashions—and men now speak out scepticism without reproach. Whereas in drawing-rooms, or even in smoking-rooms, some thirty or forty years ago it was thought "bad style" to so much as suggest sceptical views, it is now thought consistent with high breeding, even high principle, to question the *raison d'être* of the *être suprême.*

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Does this show a "decay of Catholic faith"? We do not admit the imputation in the least. We believe, as we have said, that the developments in "fashion"—as good a word as any other for the world's changes—are but the natural working-out of Protestant "principles," wholly extraneous not only to the faith but to the life of all persons who are Catholics; that such developments have not diminished the number of Catholics—in other words, have not caused "decay of faith"—but that the same classes of people who are noisy sceptics in these days would in earlier days have been loose or reckless men, the sole difference in their attitude being derived from an impunity which is begotten of the literary fashion. It is the fashion (thanks to the issues of the Reformation *plus* the issues of the naturally consequent Revolution) to investigate, or to imagine that we do so, the grounds of revelation and authority; to follow up science to its first sources, or what we imagine to be its first sources; to assert that education confers the right of analysis not only of all things human but of things divine. This fashion breeds an infinity of talking. It breeds also an infinity of scribbling. It breeds an infinity of complacency and of bold superficiality, which are mistaken for research or thinking power. Hence outside the church there is a decay of rational gravity, though inside there is no decay of faith. Good Catholics are now precisely what they were in the days of the saintly Louis or the English Confessor, while outsiders have changed heresies about doctrines for heresies about the Eternal "I Am." The whole process is extraneous and quite natural. Error must have its developments precisely as has truth; only error must abandon more and more, while truth must define more and more. This is just precisely what has happened. In the proportion of the increasing grandeur of the fabric of truth has been the digging-up of all foundations by its enemy; only the process by the enemy has been suicidal: it has not done the slightest harm to the truth.

So that the general conclusion to which we have arrived is that the appearance, not the reality, of the decay of faith is due solely to the development of that Protestantism which imagines that it has tried to save the church! Good Protestants say to us (their clergymen preach it): "See what the corruptions of the Church of Rome have generated in all Catholic countries." Our answer is: "See what the corrupting influence of anti-Catholic principles has generated in European society." As a matter of statistics, there are more Catholics now than when Henry VIII. declared himself to be pope—more Catholics proportionately to

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the increase of populations, not only numerically more Catholics. Lord Macaulay's bold assertion that, a hundred years after the Reformation, the church had gained more in the New World than she had lost by the Reformation in the Old World, might be supplemented by the estimate that even in the Old World there are more Catholics now than there ever were. There is no need to speak of the organization of fifty dioceses—of what might be called a complete new-born Catholic Church—in the United States, or of the colossal work of the Propaganda in Australia, in Tasmania, in half a hundred apostolic mission-settlements; nor, to come nearer to the fountains of the "reformed religion," need we speak of the re-establishment of Catholic hierarchies in Holland, in England, in Scotland; we may assert—to quote the words of a French writer—that "in France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Austria, even Germany, the constitutions 'Dei Filius,' 'Pastor Æternus,' the encyclicals 'Mirari Vos,' 'Quanta Cura,' have been addressed both to more numerous and more willing ears than they could have been two centuries ago." There is no "decay of faith among Catholic peoples." In the German Empire there are fifteen million Catholics, against twenty-five million evangelicals—that is, more than one-half of the "Christians"; in Austria-Hungary there are twenty-three million Catholics, against about four million evangelicals; in France there are thirty-five million Catholics, against about half a million evangelicals; even in Great Britain and Ireland there are six million Catholics, against about twenty-six million (all kinds) Protestants; in Italy there are twenty-six million Catholics, against about one hundred thousand Protestants; in Spain there are sixteen million Catholics, against about two hundred thousand Protestants; in Belgium there are four million Catholics, against about sixteen thousand Protestants; in the Netherlands half the (Christian) population is Catholic; while of the United States it is needless to speak here, since the statistics are sufficiently well known. But, it will be replied, "These are but census statistics; and every one knows they are unreliable." Well, we will grant it; but they are equally unreliable on both sides, and therefore let us accept them in round numbers. "Yes, but," will reply the objector, "you do not give us the census of those who prove the 'Catholic decay'; you do not tell us of the millions who ought to be Catholics, by education, by country, by surroundings; and it is just here that we charge you with decay."

Now, we have already replied that all anti-Catholic phenomena are extraneous to the Catholic life, and that they are

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generated by contact of the social sides of Catholicism with the social sides of all sects of modern thought. We have sought to show that politics, literature, social movements have necessarily generated such phenomena; the "fashions" of our time all springing, by natural sequence, from the principles of the Reformation *plus* the Revolution. It remains yet that we speak of another important point: the discrimination between different classes of free-talkers—a discrimination not often made by non-Catholics, yet important to the completion of our argument.

Let us divide all the persons who are quoted by the adversary as proving "the decay of faith among Catholic peoples" into three perfectly distinct (mental) classes: (1) the professed infidels, (2) the sceptics, (3) the weak Catholics.

Of the professed infidels it must be confessed that the spirit of the Revolutionists has descended on the Gambettas and the Berts—perhaps a worse spirit even than that of Robespierre, who at least wished to decree that "there *is* a God" and to found a gospel according to Jean-Jacques. Yet since this class is but the natural offspring of the Revolution, and has no affinity with even the superficies of Catholicism, it need not be discussed, except to say that its numbers are as insignificant as they are noisy and vulgar. One "professed infidel" makes more row in his generation than five hundred ordinarily loose-living men; and if you polled all the nations of the Continent on the subject you would find few who would enrol themselves in the category. The Bradlaughs of the Continent are, like the Bradlaughs of England, pinnacled by their rareness and their audacity.

Of the "sceptics"—the men who have their doubts, and who express them without fear but without arrogance—it is necessary that we speak with much caution. There are many different classes of sceptics. But we are about to speak only of those species of the genus sceptic which are assumed to be "Catholic-bred." Let us say, then, that there are five distinct species, of which the genesis may be easily traced: (1) the Sceptic Slothful, whose scepticism means simply that he won't be hampered by any restraints on easy living; (2) the Sceptic Scientific, who, having mastered a little science, has allowed his little science to master *him;* (3) the Sceptic Scandalized, who has allowed the human side of Catholicism to blind his soul to the side which is divine; (4) the Sceptic Liberal, who, witnessing the *fact* of a hundred religions, is too magnanimous to make invidious distinctions; (5) the Sceptic Political, who adopts his scepticism for this sound reason: that it is *hated* by the conservatives whom he hates. It is of the

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last two species only that we will say a word or two, since the first three require no explanation.

Of the Sceptic Liberal who, witnessing the fact of a hundred religions, is too magnanimous to make invidious distinctions, we are bound to say that Protestant principles *alone* are responsible for the possibility of his existence. Religious liberty having given the right of inventing every heresy, and civil liberty having given the right of publicly practising it, the world presents the spectacle of as many varieties of faith as there are varieties in the shiftings of a kaleidoscope. The superficial Catholic who mistakes natural phenomena for indications of the will of Divine Providence, and who argues that the permission of so many religions shows that *good* people need not necessarily be Catholics, permits himself the luxury of a magnificent charity which comprehends all beliefs under one will. This is what is called religious liberalism. And its offshoot is scepticism as to the oneness of the true religion, in the sense of the oneness of divine faith. Of this kind of scepticism there is a good deal. In Catholic countries, if you take a place at a dinner-table, say, in some hotel which is frequented by commercial travellers, you hear a marvellous display of the most magnificent charity (especially if there be an Englishman at the table) on the subject of the comprehensiveness of true religion. This "talk" is really scepticism of the moral sort, proceeding from moral weakness, moral cowardice. Still, scepticism it is, and most practical in its fruits; for the victims of it are invariably careless men.

Of the Sceptic Political it is necessary to trace the origin with some little care and analysis.

Democratic ideas *plus* the wildest empiricism have developed the popular conviction that newness is in itself a real good, and not a good only relatively or conditionally. Newness, both religious and political, is regarded by most half-educated democrats as a thing to be aimed at and to be cherished. But this newness has one particular charm, and this charm is its oppositeness to conservatism. Whatever is conservative is hated by that class with which "democracy" means simply bitter radicalism. Now, we shall see in one moment why the species Sceptic Political is a perfectly natural (but not Catholic) development.

Society was formerly the governing force of the world; society always cherished religion; religion is therefore disliked by the democrats because it was society's chief force. If we should attempt to define the aspiration of this sort of democracy we

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might say it is "the unification of classes"; but since class unification cannot possibly be achieved save by pulling down the higher levels to the lower levels, religion has become unsettled because a settled religion was one of the strongest (political) weapons in society's armory. And free-thinking and free-talking have become a political fashion, as expressive of democratic aspiration—not necessarily from loss of faith in the old Catholicism, but from intense party hatred of conservatism. Angry scepticism is a twin-sister of angry radicalism. It is a not unnatural generation from revolution. It is not necessarily irreligious in its *first* intention; it is a fruit of class hatred, of irritation. Nine-tenths of it is bubble and twaddle, and has no legs, though it has wings and can flutter. We must pity, even more than blame, most of its victims. We must defend such "sceptical Catholics" against themselves. If they lived in quiet times, if there were no social revolution, their scepticism would be as extinct as their hatred. But in the ardent southern mind whatever is hated is hated thoroughly, including everything that appertains to the thing hated.

And this reflection will lead us to insist yet more particularly on the point of purely natural characteristics. We have sought to draw a distinction between political phenomena and such phenomena as appear to be religious. It is equally important to draw a distinction between the characteristics of the British mind—that mind which is so scandalized by "Catholic decay"—and the characteristics of the mind of the Catholic southerner. A "Catholic sceptic"—or one who is assumed to be so—may indulge himself in all sorts of flights of fancy which are easily misapprehended by non-Catholics. The Frenchman, the Italian, the Spaniard—with a naturally more vivid imagination, a more ardent or at least mercurial temperament, than the cold northerner who has been brought up in Protestantism—will say a hundred different things about religion or its accidents which must be accepted as the mere chatter of fancy. He may mean what he says, as an inference from an hypothesis; but then the hypothesis is itself but his own imagining, and he converses with a non-Catholic without knowing or caring to know that the non-Catholic does not know what *he* knows. Hence the non-Catholic will run away with the wrongly formed impression that every chatty, frisky Frenchman is an infidel; whereas, in nine cases out of ten, the frisky chatter is but the homage which is being paid to the modern "fashion" of free-talking. This is a very important fact in the consideration of the question as to

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"decay of faith among Catholic peoples." Many a Catholic on the Continent will entertain you for an hour with his fun about scientific infidelity, and will seem, to the uninitiated, to be a caviler. Like the witty American who wrote the "Bible of the Future," in grave, rounded periods or stilted verses, such as, "Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm," in the same spirit the chatty southerner will *talk* an immense amount of nonsense while being probably all the while not a bad Catholic.

And so, too, in England (for it is as well just to allude to it) there are Catholic students of Professor Tyndall who love to talk about the "gaps" between the Nothing and the Something, between the brute of any class and the first man; just as there are students of Professor Darwin who think that evolution (theoretically) might be vindicated without damage to Catholicism. But these students do not on these accounts think of questioning the Old Testament nor of entertaining a shadow of doubt about the New. The point we would insist upon is that the "fashion" of the day is to talk about everything and to seem to know it; and to talk, too, of all matters in a frank, reckless way without regard to the inference which may be drawn. Hence the imputation of "mild scepticism." For every one English Catholic who is really sceptical, even mildly so, a hundred might be so reputed without deserving it; nor do we believe that within the Catholic body in England there are a dozen sceptically disposed Catholic men.

If from the class of "mild sceptics" we pass to that of "weak Catholics" a very few words will suffice. Let it be remembered that the immense majority of mankind are deficient in these two respects: the power of reasoning accurately, with its correlative, talking accurately; and the gift of a grand moral courage. Divide what is commonly *talked* about religion by a divisor of, say, from two to two hundred, and you might still be a long way off from really knowing what to think of the "deep religious convictions" of most persons. And so, too, of moral courage. Not one man in a hundred likes to say "straight out" what he thinks, from fear of giving offence to his hearer or from fear of seeming himself to be complacent. Hence what are called "weak Catholics" are, for the most part, merely Catholics who are wanting in robust intellect or in moral courage. That is, they are like the rest of mankind. And why should Catholics chatter about their consciences? Catholics chatter less than other "religionists," because they have to be real in their con-

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fessions. The "sacrament of truth" makes Catholics dislike chattering, or even talking with normal candor, about their consciences.

So that, if by "weak Catholics" are meant Catholics with weak faith, we do not see how we are to know much about it. Nor do we see what business it is of anybody's. Suffice it that normal Catholics are at least as earnest as other "religionists," while a minority are most indubitably more earnest; there is no argument to be built as to the "decay of faith among Catholic peoples" upon the superficial appearances of Catholic life.

And thus, finally, we arrive at these eight conclusions, which we think have been sufficiently vindicated: first, that the general turmoil of the increasing "business" of the world would necessarily give an appearance of religious decadence; secondly, that infidel political representatives are the accidents of political revolutions; thirdly, that the principles of the Reformation *plus* the Revolution have naturally generated the religious, the literary, the social phenomena which are commonly classed under the heading, modern thought; fourthly, that an (apparent) decadence is fully accounted for by the modern "fashion" of copious scribbling, copious talking, about everything; fifthly, that all such phenomena are extraneous to the Catholic life, and do not touch even its (spiritual) superficies; sixthly, that numerically, and proportionately to the population, there are more Catholics now than there ever were; seventhly, that professed infidels are very few, and mild sceptics easily accounted for on natural grounds; while, eighthly, weak Catholics are no more weak than anybody else, and have no reason to be ashamed of their exceptionalness.

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THE ROMAN PRIMACY IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

TERTULLIAN.

TERTULLIAN forms one of the principal links between the second and the third centuries. He was born near the middle of the second, A.D. 150–160, and died in the first or second quarter of the third century, A.D. 220–240. He was the son of a Roman officer stationed at Carthage; he was very well and thoroughly educated in his youth, probably in Roman law as well as in the polite letters, and was a person of remarkably strong intellect and character. He lived as a pagan until some time after he attained his thirtieth year, became a most strict and fervent Christian after his conversion, and was raised to the priesthood within a few years from the time of his baptism. He was at Rome for a time, but the greater part of his life was spent in Africa. Beginning as a zealous adherent and champion of the Catholic Church against all forms of infidelity and heresy, he became in process of time a Montanist and the great chief of that sect, in which he continued to the end of his life. Mr. Allnatt gives the dates of his history as follows: His birth, A.D. 150; conversion, 185; ordination, 192; apostasy, 199; death, about 220. Some of his works were composed before and others after he became a heretic, and all have the very highest value, partly because of the strength of their reasoning on all points in which he was orthodox, partly as testimonies to the Catholic doctrine and discipline of his day, his later works being in some respects in this latter quality of greater importance than the earlier ones.

No distinguished man who has seceded from the church has been so deeply and sorrowfully lamented by her children as Tertullian. No one has received so much respect or retained so much influence as a writer, even in spite of his fall, as he. Some, indeed, have given to Origen a position even more conspicuous in the same category. It is, however, by no means certain or universally believed that he belongs in the same category at all, notwithstanding the deservedly severe censures which have been passed upon certain errors contained in his writings as we have them. One reason for this exceptional treatment of Tertullian is found in the admiration which his marked intellectual superiority has always awakened, and in the quality of his works. St.

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Cyprian, who read them constantly, used to say when he called for one of his books: "*Da magistrum*—Give me my master." St. Vincent of Lerins writes: "Who can express the praises which he deserves, whose so many words almost are so many sentences, whose so many senses so many victories?" (*Comm.*, c. xviii.) Then, while his earliest writings are Catholic, his later ones are in part so conformed to orthodox doctrine that it is difficult to separate with precision those works which were pre-Montanist from those which were post-Montanist, and even those which contain unmistakable errors give the most valuable testimony to what was Catholic doctrine and discipline in attacking both the one and the other. Hence they have all remained among the most precious remains of Christian antiquity, and their author has done signal service to the cause of the church in all ages, his errors being so extravagant, so completely obsolete, and so unattractive as to be harmless.

Another reason is to be found in the natural heroism and nobility of the man's character and the consistent severity of his morals, which added much to his intellectual prestige, while his capital vice of pride was one which men commonly are prone to pardon easily in a great man.

The heresy of Montanism started up in Phrygia at some epoch not certainly determined by any agreeing judgment of the learned, between A.D. 126 and 171, but undoubtedly nearer the latter than the former date. Its authors, Montanus, Priscilla, and Maximilla, professed to have received some new revelation from the Holy Spirit. After some delay and hesitation they were condemned and excommunicated, and they founded a sect which, as usual, was afterwards subdivided into parties varying from each other in doctrine and discipline, and continued to exist until the fifth century. The Montanists did not pretend to accuse the Catholic Church of having altered the apostolic faith and discipline in respect to their constitutive principles. They claimed to have received a new light from the Paraclete, and to have an immediate divine commission for inaugurating a more perfect and spiritual way of life, a more advanced Christianity which was an improvement of that which the apostles had promulgated. They condemned all heretics condemned by the church, and did not reckon Catholics among heretics or pseudo-Christians, but called them *Psychical Christians*, while they claimed to be *Spiritual Christians*. They foretold the speedy coming of judgment and the end of the present world, to be followed by a millenarian kingdom of Christ, with the New Jerusalem, located in Phrygia,

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as its capital. Hence, they said, it was time for all Christians to begin a new and more perfect life, to abjure all second marriages, to fast more strictly, never to seek to escape persecution, to exclude all who had sinned grievously after baptism from ecclesiastical communion, if possible to practise strict continence, to have done with this world entirely, and to prepare themselves for the approaching Second Advent of the Lord.

It seems as strange as it is sad that such a man as Tertullian, who, as St. Vincent of Lerins says, "overthrew the blasphemous opinions of Marcion, Apelles, Praxeas, and Hermogenes, of Jews, Gentiles, Gnostics, and many others, with his many and great volumes, as it had been with thunderbolts," should have become the dupe of such an irrational and fanatical delusion. Without doubt it was pride and self-confidence which quenched the grace of God in his soul, caused him to rebel against the living, present authority of the teachers and rulers of the church, and was fittingly punished by his shameful fall into a degrading captivity under the dominion of three impostors. There is, nevertheless, a further question to be investigated—viz., what was the attraction and the plausibility in the Montanist heresy by which Tertullian was tempted and deluded, the weak spot in his mental and moral condition on which the fatal sophistry fastened its hold. His apprehension of Catholic principles was remarkably clear, and he did not formally renounce them. Yet his practical conclusions and acts were in diametrical opposition to the logic of these principles. His beginning was that of a devout child and intrepid champion of the church, and he did not pretend that he had made a mistake by serving under a banner to which he did not owe allegiance. Yet he ended in apostasy and enmity to the church. Since, then, Tertullian did not pretend to have been converted from error to the truth, from a sect to the true church, and we cannot suppose that he deliberately resolved to turn his back on the truth *as truth*, and on the true church *as the church*, how can we explain the motive and plea by which he justified himself to himself for his secession, and covered from his own mental sight the logical contradiction which changed his course like that of a ship in a fog? The answer to this query has been implicitly given in the explanation of the Montanist heresy. We know very little of the personal history of Tertullian, and what is said about the proximate ostensible causes of his secession by writers of the fourth century has not the certainty of contemporary evidence. We have to infer from the exhibition which he makes of himself in his writings what the points of contact were

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between himself and the pseudo-prophets of Montanism, and the points of repulsion between his subjective views and the position taken by Catholics in his day. Whatever personal differences he may have had with the clergy of Rome and Carthage, or particular grievances he may have nourished in his soul, it seems evident that he went astray through a passionate discontent and impatience with that human and earthly alloy which must unavoidably always debase the visible church in so far as it is a society of imperfect men. In comparison with the ideal which glittered before his imagination, he despised the reality with which he was acquainted by experience. Keenness of intellect and loftiness of soul are no safeguards against the illusions of intellectual and spiritual pride, and ascetic severity of life is no infallible antidote for either of these passions, which are sometimes fomented and heightened by those very means which subdue the passions of animal nature. Humility and obedience must be joined with mortification of the senses to make self-abnegation interior and perfect. Tertullian was deficient in humility and abjured obedience. He scorned the "*turba episcoporum*," regarding himself as more enlightened and holy than they. Yet he could not formally reject the principle of apostolic authority, or deny the legitimacy of episcopal succession in the chairs of the apostles, without flagrantly contradicting all his own teaching. It needed a subtle illusion, a specious sophistry to make him nullify in practice what he had theoretically maintained. This specious pretext was offered to him by Montanism. It presented what in modern language would be called "a higher plane," where he could soar aloft in freedom, raised alike above the unintelligent Protestantism of the heresies and the Catholicity which had become antiquated, unprogressive, and obsolete by refusing to follow the new light of the revelations of the Paraclete. He was a precursor of many followers, who, unable to shut their eyes to the perfect legitimacy of the Catholic Church, escape from the duty of submitting to her authority by a pretence of some farther and more perfect development of Christianity, virtually contained in its primitive form, and by a false distinction between what is divine and essential and what is ecclesiastical and accidental in the institution of Christ.

Tertullian made this distinction. He did not formally retract or deny what he had so invincibly established on Catholic principles against his predecessors in heresy. But he distinguished something temporary and imperfect from that which was permanent and complete in apostolic doctrine and disci-

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pline. The latter, according to him, consisted in the fundamental articles of the faith, the sacraments, and the primary laws of morality. The former lay in the hierarchical order, and in the indulgence conceded to what he considered was a state of Christian childhood by certain lenient rules of discipline. This was the false doctrine which made Montanism more than a mere rebellion against authority, or a schism—that is, made it to be an actual heresy. It subverted the divine and perpetual right of the apostolic episcopate under its head, the Roman Pontiff, as the teaching and ruling authority in the church. It treated this right as a merely ecclesiastical commission which had fulfilled its purpose and lapsed, being supplanted by a new prophetical mission from the Paraclete. The assembly of the truly spiritual Christians—viz., the disciples of the three prophets—possessed the virtual priesthood and all the gifts of the apostles in even greater perfection than the apostles themselves, and could establish a new hierarchy out of the fulness of its power. So Tertullian, without any scruple, turned his back on the Catholic Church, and, later, seceded from the main body of his fellow-seceders to make a little sect of his own devising whose members were called Tertullianists. Henceforth his history fades away into obscurity. As a sectary he had no career and left no mark. The most noteworthy of the peculiarities of his teaching as a Montanist is the opinion of the materiality of the soul. This absurdity he sustains by the authority of the crazy Maximilla, who saw a soul while in an ecstasy and described it to him. The pith of Tertullian's writings is Catholic, and all his greatness and all his fame are heirlooms from that brief period of bloom and fruitage which promised so much but ended in a blight. But it is now time to take his testimony.

Tertullian was partly contemporary with Irenæus and may be regarded as his disciple and continuator; for he was a great reader of his writings and reproduces his ideas, especially in the treatise, written while he was a Catholic, entitled *On Prescription against Heretics.* The object of this treatise is to establish a prescriptive rule of orthodox and Catholic doctrine against all heresies whatsoever, a formal demurrer or plea in bar, happily styled in French *un fin de non recevoir*, which shuts them out, *in limine*, from all right to appear and argue their cause in court. This criterion is found in the testimony of the church to the apostolic doctrine she has received, transmitted intact, and has been perpetually teaching from the very times of the apostles. The principal depositories of this doctrine are the great apos-

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tolic sees, among which the Roman See is pre-eminent, from which the other churches derive their title to be called apostolic through communion with these great churches.

Tertullian begins his plea by distinguishing true Christians as those who have found and possess the truth, from heretics who are professedly seekers after it. Their invitation to go on a search for the discovery of the truth in the Scriptures must be rejected. To discuss the Scriptures with them is useless. They have no right to the Scriptures, which belong to the church, their witness, keeper, and interpreter.

"Our appeal, therefore, must not be made to the Scriptures. . . . This point should be first proposed, which is now the only one which we must discuss: with whom lies that very faith to which the Scriptures belong? From what, and through whom, and when, and to whom has been handed down that rule by which men become Christians? For wherever it shall be manifest that the true Christian rule and faith shall be, *there* will likewise be the true Scriptures and expositions thereof, and all the Christian traditions" (*Præscr.*, c. xix., transl. of Ante-Nic. Libr.)

"From this, therefore, do we draw up our rule. Since the Lord Jesus Christ sent the apostles to preach, . . . what that was which they preached—in other words, what it was which Christ revealed to them—can, as I must here likewise prescribe, properly be proved in no other way than by those very churches which the apostles founded in person, by declaring the Gospel to them directly themselves, both *vivâ voce*, as the phrase is, and subsequently by their epistles. If, then, these things are so, it is in the same degree manifest that all doctrine which agrees with the apostolic churches—those wombs and original sources of the faith—must be reckoned for truth, as undoubtedly containing that which the churches received from the apostles, the apostles from Christ, and Christ from God; whereas all doctrine must be prejudged as false which savors of contrariety to the truth of the churches and apostles, of Christ and God" (ibid. c. xxi.)

"Since, therefore, it is incredible that the apostles . . . failed to make known to all men the entire rule of faith, let us see whether, while the apostles proclaimed it, perhaps, simply and fully, the churches, through their own fault, set it forth otherwise than the apostles had done. . . .

"Grant, then, . . . that the Holy Ghost had no such respect to any one church as to lead it into truth, although sent with this view by Christ, . . . is it likely that so many churches, and they so great, should have gone astray into one and the same faith? NO CASUALTY DISTRIBUTED AMONG MEN ISSUES IN ONE AND THE SAME RESULT. Error of doctrine in the churches must necessarily have produced various issues. When, however, that which is deposited among many is found to be one and the same, it is not the result of error but of tradition. Can any one, then, be reckless enough to say that they were in error who handed on the tradition? . . .

"In all cases truth precedes its copy, the likeness succeeds the reality. . . .

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"To a church which possessed this doctrine it was written—yea, the doctrine itself writes to its own church—'Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which we have preached, let him be accursed' (Gal. i. 8).

"Where was Marcion *then*, that shipmaster of Pontus, that zealous student of Stoicism? Where was Valentinus *then*, the disciple of Platonism? For it is evident that those men lived not so long ago—in the reign of Antoninus, for the most part—and that they at first were believers in the doctrine of the Catholic Church, in the Church of Rome under the episcopate of the blessed Eleutherius" (ibid. c. xxvii.–xxx.)

"Let them, then, produce the original records of their churches; let them unfold the roll of their bishops, coming down in due succession from the beginning in such a manner that their first distinguished bishop shall be able to show for his ordainer and predecessor some one of the apostles or of apostolic men—a man, moreover, who continued steadfast with the apostles. For this is the manner in which the apostolic churches transmit their registers; as the church of Smyrna, which records that Polycarp was placed therein by John; as also the church of Rome, which makes Clement to have been ordained in like manner by Peter. In exactly the same way the other churches likewise exhibit those whom, as having been appointed to their episcopal places by apostles, they regard as transmitters of the apostolic seed. Let the heretics contrive something of the same kind. For, after their blasphemy, what is there that is unlawful for them? But should they even effect the contrivance they will not advance a step. For their very doctrine, after comparison with that of the apostles, will declare by its own diversity and contrariety that it had for its author neither an apostle nor an apostolic man" (ibid. c. xxxii.)

"Come, now, you who would indulge a better curiosity, if you would apply it to the business of your salvation, run over the apostolic churches *in which the very thrones of the apostles are still pre-eminent in their places*, in which their own authentic writings are read, uttering the voice and representing the face of each of them severally."

The thrones here spoken of are to be understood in the literal sense of the word. Eusebius relates that St. James' throne was preserved in Jerusalem, and that of St. Peter is still preserved in Rome. The Abbé Godard, in his *Cours d'Archéologie Sacrée*, thus describes the throne:

"Behind the altar, and in the semicircle of the *apsis*, *bema*, or *concha*, extended the *presbyterium*. The episcopal chair, *cathedra*, *sedes alta*, *thronus*, was raised in the centre of the seats destined for the priests, *throni secundi*. Thus the priests, sitting on the right and left of the bishop, constituted for him a veritable senate. The episcopal chair, of marble, and with a full back, was covered by a kind of vestment suitable to the dignity of the one who occupied it. St. Augustine admonished a Donatist bishop that 'in Christ's coming judgment no apses ascended by steps, nor veiled chairs will be provided for defence' (Ep. xxv. Ed. Ben.)"

The existence of these material thrones, as well as of the

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autograpns of the epistles while they lasted, and of the apographs of the originals immediately succeeding in their place and read publicly without any interruption, was a testimony to the apostolic foundation of the great episcopal sees. What we are about to quote, overlooked in its proper place when we were treating of St. Clement's legation to Corinth, is a decisive proof of the original episcopal constitution of that church. For Tertullian refers to it as one of the churches having a succession of bishops from its apostolic founder, whose throne was there as a memorial of the fact. Directly after the last sentence quoted he proceeds:

"Achaia is very near you, in which you find Corinth. Since you are not far from Macedonia, you have Philippi, you have the Thessalonians. Since you are able to cross to Asia, you get Ephesus" (ibid. c. xxxvi.)

We have delayed thus long in the exposition of a part of Tertullian's testimony and doctrine, not directly concerning the primacy, which those who call themselves Anglo-Catholics need not to have proved to them, since they do not dispute it, because we do not argue the case with them exclusively. The primacy is the pinnacle of the hierarchical spire which tapers up to it gradually and springs out of the massive structure of the Catholic Church. The manifestation of its whole architecture, in all its parts, its foundations and walls, its principles of harmony and stability, the broad tower of its episcopate, its entire plan and style, as it was in the early time, is necessary to the proper view of its summit. To set forth the Papacy without the episcopate is to make it seem to hang in the air. Episcopacy, on the other hand, without the primacy, is a truncated cone, and a system of church authority without a central supreme see is an arch without a key-stone. *Ex pede Herculem.* From foot-*prints*, even, the proportionate head can be constructed. Thus all the testimony to the actual embodiment of the genuine Catholic idea in the second century or the third, whatever part of the one consistent whole it may be which is directly brought into view, is evidence for every part and the totality, in distinction from a fragmentary, mutilated orthodoxy like that of the Greeks, or a *dilettante* imitation of Catholicism such as some Anglicans have invented. If you see the rear cars of a train whose forward part is around a curve, you know that all are connected by coupling and drawn by a locomotive, without needing ocular demonstration of the fact. When, after traversing a considerable space, the locomotive with its long train comes completely into distinct view, you

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know that it was the same when you first caught a transient view of a part disappearing upon a track concealed from view. It would be ridiculous to suppose that its cars were uncoupled and each drawn by a yoke of oxen to the spot whence the whole is clearly visible, and that they had just then been coupled and attached to the locomotive. Still more so if you had occasionally caught a glimpse of the smoke of the locomotive, and heard the sound of its whistle and the rumbling of the train.

So it is as we peruse the pages of the early Christian writers and get partial views of the church and its movement through time. Everything they say which brings out some distinctively Catholic principle or doctrine shows the identity of the Catholic Church after she has emerged from obscurity, with herself in the apostolic age and the period immediately succeeding. Tertullian, as a Catholic writer, has no meaning or consistency, unless we *prescribe*, to use his favorite expression, the Catholic idea of one body under one head, through all his argumentation with heretics, and one see which is, *par excellence*, the apostolic see, as being the see of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles.

There are, besides, some direct references in the Catholic writings of Tertullian to the pre-eminence of St. Peter, to the succession of the Roman Pontiffs to his Roman episcopate, and a distinct acknowledgment of the pre-eminence of the Roman among all the apostolic churches:

"Was anything hidden from *Peter, who is called the Rock, whereon the church was to be built?*" (*De Præscr.*, c. xx., Allnatt).

"Run through the apostolic churches, etc. (*ut supra*). If thou art near to Italy, thou hast ROME, whence we also have an authority at hand. THAT CHURCH HOW HAPPY! INTO WHICH THE APOSTLES POURED OUT ALL THEIR DOCTRINE WITH THEIR BLOOD; where Peter had a like passion with the Lord, where Paul is crowned with an end like the Baptist's" (ibid c. xxxvi.)

The testimonies to the same effect contained in his Montanist writings are much stronger:

"I find, by the mention of his mother-in-law, Peter the only one (of the apostles) married. I presume him a monogamist, *by the church, which, built upon him*, was about to confer every grade of her order on monogamists" (*De Monog.*, c. viii. ibid.)

"Heaven lies open to the Christian. . . . No delay or inquest will meet Christians on the threshold, since they have there not to be discriminated from one another, but owned, and not put to the question but received in. For though you think heaven still shut, remember that *the Lord left here to Peter, and through him to the church, the keys of it*, which every one who

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has been here put to the question, and also made confession, will carry with him" (*Scorp.*, xx., Ante-Nic. Libr.)

The chief heresy of the Montanists, as of the Novatians who seceded later in the century, was undoubtedly in respect to this very power of the keys, lodged primarily in the supreme pontiff and also in the bishops in communion with him, by virtue of which all sins of the baptized, however grievous, were remitted on condition of penance. Consequently Tertullian accuses the Catholic hierarchy of usurping a power which they had not really inherited from St. Peter. He does this particularly in his treatise *On Modesty:*

"'But,' you say, '*the church* has the power of forgiving sins.' . . . I now inquire into your opinion, from what source you usurp this right to 'the church.' If, because the Lord has said to Peter, etc., you therefore presume that the power of binding and loosing has derived to you, that is, to every church akin to Peter, what sort of man are you, subverting and wholly changing the manifest intention of the Lord, conferring this personally upon Peter?" (*De Pud.*, c. xxi., A. N. L.)

We are not concerned to reconcile Tertullian with himself. He is a signal example of the very fault with which he reproaches heretics. In his treatise on *The Resurrection of the Flesh*, after laying down the principle that in argument the most general premises must be first established, in order that reasoning may proceed from them methodically to the particular points of dispute, he says that:

"The heretics, from their conscious weakness, never conduct discussion in an orderly manner. They are well aware how hard is their task. . . . Under the pretence of considering a more urgent inquiry . . . they begin with doubts. . . . In this way, after they have deprived the discussion of the advantages of its logical order, and have embarrassed it with doubtful insinuations, . . . they gradually draw their argument to the reception . . . " of their own heretical dogma (*De Resurrect. Carn.*, c. ii.)

This is precisely the course followed by Tertullian in his defence of the errors of Montanism. He does not bring the disputed questions to the test of the Catholic principles laid down in his treatise on *Prescription*, but argues them from the authority of "The New Prophecy" and by specious interpretations of the Scripture. The application of his own Rule to the Montanist errors—viz., the testing of them by priority, universality, and apostolic doctrine handed down by the apostolic churches, pre-eminently by the Roman Church—he evades by an ingenious distinction between "discipline" and "power":

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"But I will descend even to this point of contest now, making a separation between the *doctrine* of apostles and their *power*. Discipline governs a man, power sets a seal upon him; apart from the fact that power is the Spirit, but the Spirit is God. . . . 'The church has the power of forgiving sins.' This I acknowledge and judge more than you, who have the Paraclete himself in the persons of the new prophets, saying, 'The church has the power to forgive sins; but I will not do it, lest they commit others withal.' . . . For, in accordance with the person of Peter, it is to *spiritual* men that this power will correspondently appertain, either to an apostle *or else to a prophet*. For the very church itself is, properly and principally, the Spirit himself. . . . He combines that church which the Lord himself has made to consist in 'three.' And thus, from that time forward, every number who may have combined together into this faith is accounted 'a church,' from the author and consecrator. And accordingly 'the church,' it is true, will forgive sins; but the church of the Spirit, by means of a spiritual man; not the church which consists of a number of bishops" (*De Pud.* ut sup.)

The sense is, that the power of Peter depended on his spiritual gifts, which were then in the three prophets. Tertullian does not deny the external succession in the order of discipline of the pope from Peter:

"If, however, you have had the functions of *discipline* alone allotted you, and of *presiding not imperially, but ministerially;* who or how great are you that you should grant indulgence?" The prophets looked to Rome for sanction. Evidently Tertullian considers that the granting of that sanction would have been decisive, would have prevented the separation of the Montanists from the church. The condemnation of the new prophecy, on the other hand, in his view, entailed the loss of the gifts of the Paraclete by the church of the Psychics or carnally-minded, whose disciplinary and ministerial authority was therefore superseded by the spiritual power of Montanus, the true successor of St. Peter. He lays the blame at the door of the heresiarch Praxeas, who taught that the Father became man and suffered in Christ. With caustic and bitter satire he says that "Praxeas did a twofold service for the devil at Rome—he drove away prophecy and brought in heresy; he put to flight the Paraclete, and he crucified the Father."

"This man prevailed on the Bishop of Rome (probably St. Victor), who was on the point of acknowledging (jam agnoscentem) the prophecies of Montanus, Prisca, and Maximilla, *and by that acknowledgment bringing in peace to the churches of Asia and Phrygia* (et ex ea agnitione pacem ecclesiis Asiæ et Phrygiæ inferentem), . . . to revoke the letters of peace already sent out"

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(*Adv. Prax.*, c. i., Allnatt). This, he says, he accomplished "by importunately urging false accusations against the prophets themselves and their churches, and insisting on the *authority of the bishop's predecessors in the see.*" Tertullian asserts, however, that Praxeas "had deliberately resumed his old (Catholic) faith, teaching it after his renunciation of error; and there is his own handwriting in evidence remaining among the Psychics. . . . We, indeed, on our part, subsequently withdrew from the Psychics on our acknowledgment and maintenance of the Paraclete."

Having withdrawn from the communion of "Psychics"—*i.e.*, Catholics—Tertullian asserts that "not recognizing the Paraclete even in his special prophets, *they no longer possess him in the apostles either*" (*De Pud.*, c. xii.) Deprived of apostolic and prophetic gifts, popes and bishops cannot claim for their purely ministerial and disciplinary authority the seal of the Spirit, or exercise "spiritual power." Therefore he insolently addresses the pope in these terms: "Exhibit, therefore, even now to me, Apostolic Sir, prophetic evidences, that I may recognize your divine virtue, and vindicate to yourself the *power* of remitting such sins" (ib. c. xxi.)

It is a matter of secondary importance what were Tertullian's opinions about the primacy of Peter and his successors, the hierarchical constitution of the apostolic churches, the rule of faith and discipline, or any other points of Catholic doctrine, from the time that he abjured his first faith. Whatever remains of Catholic doctrine or language in his Montanist writings is either the truth itself or a coloring and odor of the truth which the Catholic Church taught him, and which he believed and defended, before he was seduced by false prophets.

The matter of primary importance is the testimony which Tertullian gives to what the Roman Church was, and what she and the whole Catholic Church with her held and maintained. As Pilate's mockery of Christ proclaims his royal majesty, so Tertullian's scorn reveals the dignity of the Roman Pontiff and the spotless purity of the Spouse of Christ. Hence, as the Protestant Bishop Kaye observes, the errors of Tertullian, in defending which he was obliged to expose the Catholic side which he opposed, have incidentally given to his works the extreme value which they possess. Another Protestant writer, Collette, says that he charges Pope Zephyrinus with "*usurping, on the plea of being St. Peter's successor,*" a supreme power and authority in the church. We have seen that he does not charge him with usurping his place and pre-eminence as St.

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Peter's successor, but his *spiritual power*. The charge of usurpation proves the claim, and the history of Tertullian and the Montanists its successful enforcement. Neander, in his *History of the Church*, remarks that "very early indeed do we observe in the Roman bishops traces of the assumption that to them, as successors of St. Peter, belonged *a paramount authority in ecclesiastical discipline;* that the *cathedra Petri*, as the source of apostolic tradition, must take precedence of all other *ecclesiæ apostolicæ*. . . . In the Montanist writings of Tertullian we find indications that the Roman bishops already issued peremptory edicts on ecclesiastical matters, endeavored to make themselves considered as the Bishops of Bishops—*episcopos episcoporum*—and were in the habit of speaking of the authority of their 'antecessores'" (Bohn's ed., i. 296. See Allnatt, notes to pp. 15 and 105).

Reference is specially had in the above citation to the following passage from that polemical and violent treatise, *De Pudicitia:*

"I hear that there has even been an edict set forth, and a peremptory one too. THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF—THAT IS, THE BISHOP OF BISHOPS—issues an edict, etc." (c. i. A. N. L.)

With this we may bring to a close our analysis of Tertullian's testimony, which the fascinating interest attaching to the man himself and his writings has allured us into protracting to a greater length than we intended.

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LOURDES IN WINTER.

THE railway which crosses the south of France from Bayonne, on the Bay of Biscay, to Marseilles, on the Mediterranean, approaches so close to the Pyrenees near the fashionable watering-place of Pau that the shadow of the great outlying buttresses of the mountain-chain almost falls across the track. It was after a long winter's journey under leaden skies and over foggy plains that I reached this picturesque region on a sunny afternoon, and saw the snow-peaks shining in the distance behind the brown foot-hills which border the road. East of Pau the railway sweeps around towards the south and describes a long loop reaching far into the flank of the mountains; and at the bottom of this loop, just where the romantic Vale of Lavedan opens the way to a mule-pass across the range into Spain, stands the little city of Lourdes, one of the most striking of towns in one of the most remarkable of situations. It is in a basin entirely surrounded by hills. From the railway which runs along the northern edge of the depression, high above the city, we can look down and see it all. In front of us the Gap of Lavedan stretches away towards the south, and a *gave*, or mountain torrent, rushes through it with full volume, turning sharply near the railroad to pursue its course past Pau to the river Adour; steep ridges, broken into fantastic forms, are piled on either side of the Gap—one of the nearest peaks has an elevation of about three thousand feet—and the vista is closed by vast sloping fields of snow. This is one of the minor gateways of the Pyrenees. Anciently it was a military position of importance; and it is now a road by which in the holiday season valetudinarians make their way to the hot springs of Cauterets, and adventurous tourists visit the wild cataract of Gavarnie, or the Brèche de Roland where, according to the legend, the famous Paladin clove the mountain with his sword. But the principal objects in the front of the picture are too imposing to permit the eye to rest long upon the romantic background. Two hills, one of them a sharp rocky prominence, entirely isolated, the other a spur from the greater heights on the west, stand out in the plain at the bottom of the basin: the first is occupied by a gray old castle dating from the time of the Romans; the second is crowned by the new pilgrimage church of Our Lady of Lourdes, erected over

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the Grotto of the apparition. They look at each other, the ancient fortress and the modern sanctuary, half a mile apart, and the *gave* flows between them. Separated by centuries of history and the strongest possible contrasts of association, they are strangely distinct likewise in situation and surroundings. The church is the centre of a cheerful little settlement of piety, and six or seven hospitals and convents, all of recent date, are disposed near it in favorable positions on the slopes of the basin. Around the castle, on the other hand, clings close the old town of Lourdes, running up the break-neck sides of the hill as far as the outer lines of fortification, and packing what is left of itself into the smallest possible space below—a quaint relic of those miserable days when the chief thing townspeople thought about was military protection, and their last care was for comfort, and light, and air.

I cannot say that I observed all this as I descended from the train on a bright January day. The traveller who leaves the railway at Lourdes in the dead season—there are no pilgrimages in winter—has certainly other things to occupy his attention for the moment than the charms of the landscape. Besides myself and my companion, no strangers arrived that afternoon except a nervous old lady with a little boy, and upon us four were at once precipitated the runners of at least ten or twelve empty hotels. I hurried to take refuge in the omnibus of my choice, and while the porter was fetching the luggage I had leisure to watch the rest of the pack, who were shouting around the old lady: "Voilà, madame; Hôtel de Rome, tout près de la Grotte!" "Non, non, madame; Hôtel Latapie; le *plus* près de la Grotte! Le plus près, je vous assure!" "Hôtel de la Chapelle, madame! *Attenant* à la Grotte!" Even when we were ready to start our own driver could not resist a temptation to mingle once more in the fray; he leaped from the box and made a last despairing attempt to drag the old lady with us to the Hôtel Belle-Vue. We left her at bay. She had dropped all her bags and bundles; her hands were moving nervously; the frightened boy clung to her skirts; and she looked from one to another of her assailants with a puzzled face, in which it seemed to me that a half-sense of humor struggled with profound anxiety and bewilderment. The Hôtel Belle-Vue, in common with nearly a dozen other houses of entertainment, several of them large, stood wide open, but it had no guests. The table was always spread in the salle-à-manger for diners who never came; and as it was rather cold and cheerless in that apartment, a

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warm corner was prepared for us in a cosey little *salon*, where we ate our modest but savory repast by a wood-fire, in the company of an upright piano, a collection of canticles, some illustrated books on Lourdes, and an odd volume of Dickens. The landlord, having nothing else to do, was perpetually rushing out of a back-room, wiping his mouth with a napkin and crying, "Bonjour, monsieur et madame!" when he heard our feet on the stairs. It was a comfortable house; and I am always pleased when I think of the polite master, the cheerful mistress, the obliging maids who brought us ducks' livers for breakfast and smiled good-naturedly when they threw down an armful of wood for the bed-room fire. The hotel being placed against the castle-hill, it is only a step from the garret to the garden. When you have mounted three flights of stairs you may pass from an upper corridor out upon a terrace carved from the rock, with a brick parapet, a rustic arbor, a few benches, and a few live plants. High above, the grim fortress looks down upon you, and directly over your head yawn the grated jaws of a machicolated gallery, whence in old times a shower of missiles or a torrent of boiling pitch might have been precipitated upon you. In summer the terrace, with its extensive view over the roofs of the town, must be a pleasant place for an after-dinner cup of coffee. Even in midwinter I found stray flowers in bloom there, and salads untouched by the frost which had hardened the roads.

The castle is a monument of interest not only from its great age but because, having been kept in use and repair down to the present day, it presents a more or less complete example of ancient military architecture. But keeping it in order has perhaps somewhat impaired its authenticity. Very little of the masonry now standing is even as old as feudal times; and the venerable appearance of the keep and the principal towers has been destroyed by the insertion of modern windows. Lourdes castle was one of the strongholds of the Moors when they overran the south of France, and it surrendered at last to Charlemagne more than forty years after Charles Martel had crushed the Saracenic invasion by his decisive victory on the Loire. Commanding the junction of several important valley roads and the outlet of a rich plain, its history throughout the middle ages is one of battles, fórays, and sieges. Froissart chronicled its fortunes. In the fourteenth century it was held by the English as a part of the ransom of the French King John after his capture by the Black Prince, and they kept it fast through a long and famous

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siege. In modern times it was a prison of state—Napoleon I. caught a travelling British ambassador and shut him up in it—and at last it was put to use as a barrack. Perched upon the top of a precipitous rock, and approachable only by narrow and difficult passages, it was regarded as impregnable until the invention of long-range artillery exposed it to attack from the opposite heights. Its huge square keep seems to dominate the whole country. The castle itself embraces an ample area on the summit of the mount, and its battlements enclose on the eastern side a courtyard shaded with stately trees where quarters have been made comfortable for the small modern garrison. The outer walls, reinforced with small towers, are carried far down the hill.

The chief part of the old city lies east of the castle—that is to say, on the side furthest from the Grotto; and as everything in Lourdes at the present day seems to turn itself towards the scene of the apparition, and all the life of the place to move that way, it may be said that what was once the principal quarter has now become the back of the town. A street of decent width runs through it from the railroad station towards the opening of the valley. This is the old highroad into the Pyrenees, and before the building of the branch railway which now reaches half-way up the Valley of Lavedan much travel passed over it to and from Cauterets, and other mountain watering-places as well—Luz, St. Sauveur, Barèges, and Eaux Bonnes. Lourdes was a well-known posting-station in those days, and it still derives some profit from the carriage traffic, as one may see by the neat and thriving appearance of one or two large inns on the main street, whose open courtyards tempt the weary tourist. The street spreads itself once and again into an irregular *place*, faced with houses rather better than the rest, and usually—I think always—containing a stone fountain. Mingled with the antique buildings are shops much better and brighter than one would look for in a country town of five thousand people. The shabby *mairie* occupies one side of a small square, with the tricolor hanging over the door and public notices pasted on the outer walls. Just before the high street resolves itself into a country road it passes through the Place du Champ Commun—or what we should call the Common. On the one hand a pleasant grassy esplanade looks down upon the gardens and meadows of the eastern valley; a part of it has been surrendered to a fine gray-stone Palais de Justice, not yet quite finished. On the other hand lies a broad market-place, furnished with stone benches and symmetrical

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rows of sycamores—a pretty place, no doubt, on a bright, busy day when the trees are in leaf, but desolate enough when I saw it, deep in mud and trampled by idle donkeys. In an odd little sloping square of its own, set back a few paces from the main street, is the parish church, built of stone roughly stuccoed, and topped with a belfry—certainly not handsome, but possessing a curious apsidal choir carried up exteriorly into the semblance of a round tower, with a conical roof surmounted by an iron cross and flanked by two little ear-like pinnacles. This part of the structure is said to belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The whole interior of the church has been renovated and decorated in modern times, with more zeal for the glory of God than knowledge of the laws of æsthetics. I went there on the morning of a feast-day; a solemn High Mass was beginning, and a devout congregation filled the sacred edifice. The picturesque head-coverings of the women—scarlet and blue and white and black—made a striking effect of color; the altar blazed with lights softened by a cloud of incense; at the foot of the aisle stood by far the most gorgeously attired beadle I ever saw, even in a French church—a stately old man in a complete suit of scarlet resplendent with gold lace, a plumed chapeau on his head, a sword by his side, and, in place of the usual staff, an antique halberd in his hand. The singing, by male voices, was antiphonal and unaccompanied; but there was a band in the gallery, composed entirely, I think, of reed instruments and bass strings, which played voluntaries during parts of the Mass. The execution was correct enough, but the effect was hardly musical. I returned to the church again in the afternoon and it was still full, the people kneeling in silence before the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. A new parish church was begun some years ago on a grand scale, but the work has been stopped. By going down a lane on the eastern edge of the town and peering into some obscure courts you can see the unfinished walls and exercise your ingenuity in wondering why so costly an undertaking should have been started in a place so unfavorable for its display.

But we Americans, who are used to elbow-room, must not be surprised at the economy of space which is the rule in many parts of Europe. It is common both in England and on the Continent to see churches, palaces, and noble mansions pushed into dark corners and hustled by the habitations of the poor. The country is hardly less crowded than the town. I have never seen in France or Italy the counterpart of one of our own

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villages, where every house has at least a little plot of garden, and the straggling street is adorned more or less with trees and bordered at intervals with meadows and orchards. In the Old World, however small the town, you will generally find the stone houses leaning against one another, the doors flush with the narrow street, a gutter under the windows, and no more verdure than grows in Broadway. So it is here in the old part of Lourdes. Only a very few of the best houses have anything in the semblance of a garden, and not many can even boast of a back yard. Here and there through an open gateway you catch glimpses of a dull and damp enclosed court, perhaps with a stable on one side and rambling overhanging galleries; but there is rarely a bit of shrubbery or a blade of grass. It is the crowding and squalor of city tenements repeated in the midst of the country. The streets which branch off from the main thoroughfare are little more than close lanes, winding lawlessly up and down the hillside, destitute for the most part of any semblance of a footway, roughly macadamized, and pressed upon so closely by the houses that the passer-by cannot help seeing rather more of the domestic interiors than he is likely to be pleased with. Naturally these streets, traversed by cattle, sheep, and pigs, are not clean; but I know of French towns with pretensions to elegance and fashion which are much worse. Upon the whole the people seem to practise as much neatness as their situation permits. The houses are all of one kind, plastered with rough stucco and roofed with slate. Whoever wishes to surpass his neighbor gives play to his extravagance by a mansard and an iron balcony. I observed only one house in Lourdes which rose to the splendid luxury of a flight of door-steps.

The impressions of a passing stranger with respect to the character of the people are not worth much, but I have met with neither peasantry nor townsfolk who charmed me more than those of this little sub-Pyrenean city. They seem to be simple, pious, and polite. Physically they are superior to the inhabitants of any other part of France I have visited. The men, though not above the medium height, are strong and well built; they have swarthy complexions, black hair, regular and prominent features, and a noble type of countenance. Even the heavy clog—not the barbarous sabot scooped from a solid block of wood, but a modified foot-covering made of a wooden sole and heel-piece, with a leather vamp—cannot quite take away the natural dignity of their carriage. Their peasant garb is not ill suited to a handsome race. Trousers rather full, a waistcoat, a

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short jacket worn open and sometimes ornamented with bright buttons, a round woollen cap, called a berret, like that of the Lowland Scotch, but much broader in the crown, so that it tips gracefully over one corner of the forehead—such is the costume of the shepherds, herdsmen, and small cultivators, worn also in a more or less modified form by men a little higher in the social scale. The usual material is a stout woollen homespun, the favorite color a rich reddish brown—not dyed, but the natural hue of the fleece. The women are still better-looking than the men. A pomegranate-red glows in their dark cheeks, and their bright eyes gleam under the capulet, a covering so arranged as to form a hood pinned beneath the chin, and a cape falling to the waist. It is merely a square of cloth doubled down the middle, the two folds being then sewed together at the upper edge. In the great majority of cases the color is scarlet, though blue and white are also used; but whatever the color, the whole garment is bordered with a narrow band of black. In such a head-dress almost every woman looks well. The people seem to be sober, quiet, and industrious. They trudge contentedly over the long mountain paths, accompanied by the donkeys which are generally used here for carrying moderate burdens, especially of firewood. Droll little creatures are these diminutive pack-animals, not indocile, but capable of a sort of kittenish waywardness highly amusing—to a by-stander—when the donkey is half hidden by a large load. Horses, shaking a profusion of bells and wearing collars of portentous size and grotesque shape, are used for the heaviest work; but perhaps the most interesting beasts of draught are the cattle. Both sexes are put to the yoke. The first time I saw a Lourdes cow-team—four mild-faced, pretty, fawn-colored creatures, not much bigger than donkeys, yoked by the horns, and carefully wrapped in white sheets, the ends of which were tied around their throats, as if they had just taken a bath and were afraid of catching cold—I thought it the most comical spectacle the town afforded. But I was wrong, for I saw afterwards several mixed teams of cows and donkeys. The country about Lourdes is noted for the breed of small fawn-colored cows. They are famous milk-givers, and they all wear white sheets when at work.

There was a commotion in town one day, and, going out presently, I found the butchers on their round from house to house, sticking pigs at the domestic threshold wherever their services were required. In this way of doing things, which might have been advertised as Family Killing, or Every Home

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its own Slaughter-House, there was an easy familiarity rather startling to a stranger; but perhaps it was an advantage that the client made sure of his own pork. The executioners bore with them a large trough, and no sooner had the victim uttered his last squeal than boiling water was poured upon him and the shaving and other operations of the post-mortem toilette were performed immediately. All these deeds were done before the house-door, where they certainly added something to the normal dirtiness of the narrow street, besides interfering a little with traffic; but they were looked upon with high favor by the children of the town, who attended the ceremonies in great numbers. In the afternoon I passed a single-room tenement whose open door and window exposed a full view of the diminutive interior; and there, in the smallest possible chamber, close against the bed, was the largest possible pig, newly killed and hung up to drip.

Stepping out of the shadow of the castle and leaving the crooked lanes, we cross the *gave* and enter another world. The bottom-land between the town and the sanctuary is a smooth meadow, resembling the rich grassy plains in the midst of the hills to which, in New Hampshire and elsewhere, we give the name of intervales. At the time of the apparition it belonged to the municipality, and soon afterwards it was purchased for the diocese by the Bishop of Tarbes. For a long distance in front of the basilica nothing is allowed to encroach upon this beautiful ground. Costly public works are going on at this side of the town: roads have been improved, bridges have been enlarged, the banks of the river have been faced with masonry, the mill-race which used to flow in front of the Grotto has been turned into a more convenient course, and improvements are in progress which have already given not only to the surroundings of the sanctuary but to all that part of the town which faces it an aspect of singular elegance and neatness. There are two approaches to the new quarter. One is a broad, substantial avenue, with heavy stone retaining-walls, brought around the north side of the castle-hill and carried across the *gave* by a new bridge. The other, known as the Boulevard de la Grotte, is a prolongation of the principal cross-street on the south side of the castle. It is evidently the chief thoroughfare in the pilgrimage-season, for from the spot where it quits the old town down to the barrier which marks the precincts of the sanctuary it is lined with shops and booths for the supply of the wants and fan-

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cies of strangers. Within the ample grounds controlled by the priests in charge of the Grotto—the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception—neither shops nor itinerant venders are suffered to intrude. Although customers were so very rare at the time of my visit, the merchants displayed their wares all day and the pedlars infested the road. The long and gentle descent was like a promenade through a fancy fair. At the appearance of a stranger the dealers rose with one consent and cried afar for the favor of a little trade. There was one young woman who used to follow me every morning to the very barrier and beg me to purchase, I forget what small objects out of her basket, for the reason that she wanted to be married. The stock of the booths consists principally of rosaries, medals, statuettes, and photographs; but there are many articles also in colored Pyrenean marble, in lapis-lazuli, in agate, in wood, in metal, and so on, which are classed under the comprehensive designation of souvenirs of Lourdes. Of course it was natural that in a remote little rustic town, suddenly become a resort of thousands of travellers, a spirit of business enterprise should soon be awakened and poor people who had never seen much money should catch eagerly at the dazzling opportunity for profit. Nobody had a right to forbid them; and, after all, what is the harm? The sign *Terrain à Vendre*, "Lots for Sale," stares at you now on innumerable vacant lands. Even the relatives of the devout peasant child, Bernadette Soubirous, to whom the celestial vision appeared, are not unconscious of the commercial value of the connection; and among the curious signs over the booths, in which a quaint unworldliness is mingled with a talent for advertising, not the least remarkable are those which impart to the public certain bits of personal history, as in the following examples:

OBJETS DE PIÉTÉ tenus par
SOUBIROUS,
FRÈRE DE BERNADETTE.

OBJETS DE PIÉTÉ tenus par
Blaisette Moura, tante de Bernadette.

Objets de Piété de N. D. de Lourdes.
TENUS par la SŒUR de BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.

Objets de Piété.
JEANNE ABADIE,
Présente à la Première Apparition.

The dedicatory inscriptions over the booths, however strange they may seem in our unaccustomed eyes, are in accord with the pious usage of an older time, when religion was not kept put

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away for Sunday. One sign, in English, reads: "To Our Lady of Lourdes. Speciality of Statues. Pious objects in Gold and Silver, Warranted." Another begins, "A la Protection de N. D. de la Grotte," and ends with the promise of "prix fixe." A dealer in terra-cotta images makes the announcement, which I confess I found startling, of a "liquidation de vierges, etc.," or, as we should put it, a "great sacrifice of virgins." But if there is an incongruity in some of these advertising-boards, there is surely no intentional irreverence, and we forget all about them as soon as we enter the quiet and decorous region of the sanctuary.

The avenue which passes by the north side of the fortress has few buildings as yet of any kind. It overlooks a deep depression just at the base of the castle-hill, a wet and dirty hollow with a mill-stream running through it, a few squalid cottages, and an old mill built over the brook. It is a poor outskirt of the town, which has suddenly been hemmed in by fine new structures, and it looks ashamed and forlorn in such unsuitable company. It is here that Bernadette lived. The house is a rude stone building in the shape of an L, one arm of which is merely a dug-out, formed against the side of the hill. When I first saw it the door of this wing stood open, and there was a donkey inside looking out. The other wing is of better but still very humble appearance; the open windows of the attic story disclosed what looked like a decent guest-chamber; and on the roof was a large sign-board, with an inscription which may be thus translated: "Paternal Home of Bernadette Soubirous. Kept by her Brother. Articles of Piety for Sale. Furnished Rooms to Let."

The meadow in front of the sanctuary church has been laid out as a magnificent lawn of noble dimensions and graceful contour, and down its middle stretches a broad double pathway, traversed in the spring and summer by the processions of pilgrims. At the head of the lawn the pathway encircles a marble statue of Our Lady; at the foot it goes about a marble cross. The *gave* passes under the road a little way beyond the lawn, and then making a sudden bend to the left, at right angles with its former course, it marks the northern boundary of the sanctuary-field. Along its shady bank is another wide pathway, and the masons are at work upon a stone parapet, cut in the shape of a seat with back, which will give a delightful resting-place for the weary and infirm. Several hundred feet of this wall have already been completed. There is a thicket of trees and bushes at the head of the lawn; and then we come to the limestone hill—*Massabielle*,

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or the "old rocks," it used to be called in the patois of the district—in whose northern face is the Grotto and whose summit is capped by the basilica. The Grotto fronts the river. Formerly the canal or mill-race, of which frequent mention is made in the narratives of the apparition, passed before the cave, uniting with the river a few paces below. But, as I have already said, the canal has been turned aside; it is carried across the meadow by a subterranean channel; and all the area in front of the Grotto has been cleared and graded. An ample space next to the venerated spot is covered with a pavement of artificial stone, and the same composition has been spread over the floor of the cave itself Nearly all readers of this magazine are probably familiar with pictures of the Grotto. The principal cavity is thirty or forty feet wide, about twenty feet deep, and twelve or fifteen feet high at the front, sloping gradually towards the back. Just over it is another opening, measuring perhaps six feet in height by two in width, and communicating at the rear with the cave as well as with a third and much smaller perforation in the front of the cliff. It was in the second opening that the vision of Our Lady appeared to the child Bernadette; a celestial light encompassed her, a blue girdle was around her waist, her feet touched the branches of a wild rose which grew in a crevice of the rock. A rose-bush grows there still, and I found it green in January, as were also many of the vines and shrubs which cling to the rocks. In the cavity is a life-size statue representing the apparition as Bernadette described it—not in the attitude in which it first presented itself to her bewildered sense, with the arms hanging by the side and the head inclined, but as she saw it six weeks later, on the feast of the Annunciation, 1858, with hands clasped and face turned towards heaven. The spring which the child, at the bidding of Our Lady, uncovered by scraping away the dry soil, flows from the left of the large cavern—the left as one looks in—in a corner where the sloping roof meets the floor. For a foot or two of its course the rill is protected by a wire grating to keep out obstructions yet leave its source visible; then it is led by a covered conduit to a marble drinking-fountain outside the cave. The water runs from the fountain in three perpetual streams, and, falling into a marble basin, is conducted to a series of faucets, whence it may be drawn at pleasure by those who wish to carry any of it away; and finally, after supplying two or three little bath-houses, it flows into the *gave*. A substantial iron railing extends across the mouth of the Grotto, but its gates stand ajar, and people pass in as they wish, to lay flowers before the

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statue, or to add to the multitude of lights always burning in the large iron candlesticks, or to remain awhile in prayer and meditation within the enclosure. Four or five wheeled chairs at the back of the cave bear records of the miraculous cure of grateful cripples, and the rock is hung with at least two hundred crutches cast away by the lame and infirm who have been healed at the sanctuary. On the pavement outside are a few low benches without backs; at these and on the stone step before the railing I always found a number of devout persons kneeling bare-headed in the wintry air. The shrine, the lights, the praying figures, are in full view of the railway passengers as the trains roll by on the other side of the river; but, screened by the trees, and the rocks, and the broad intervening meadow, the quiet sanctuary seems far away from the bustle of the town, and even the church overhead is almost hidden from it. The steep, zigzag footpath and the long, sloping carriage-road by which the basilica is approached are both too remote from the Grotto to disturb the impressive seclusion.

The church is so placed that it looks towards the castle—that is to say, its front is at a right angle with the front of the Grotto—and the Grotto is almost directly under the chancel. To obtain sufficient space for the building on the summit of the irregular rocks, it was necessary to construct an artificial platform by laying thick walls of masonry, which begin in some places at the very base of the cliff and rise to the height of nearly one hundred feet. Fortunately it was possible to do this without disturbing that part of the rock which contains the Grotto. The huge white wall has a certain air of solidity and magnitude, but it undoubtedly mars the effect of the white marble church on top of it, for it aggravates a fault inherent in the plan of the edifice, which seems much too high for its width. It is indeed difficult to resist the conclusion that the exterior of the church, despite some admirable features, is an architectural failure, the result having been by no means commensurate with the expenditure of money, ingenuity, and pious enterprise. The basilica is usually said to consist of two Gothic churches, one above the other. The lower is styled the crypt, and is arranged in some similitude to the subterranean vaulted chapels so common in old cathedrals. It is not a true crypt, however, but a basement, being entirely above ground. Neither is it properly a church. The whole central portion of it is occupied by what appear to be solid walls of masonry, corresponding in outline with the nave of the church above. There are corridors on each side, containing confes-

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sionals and leading into a chapel in the apse, whose numerous interlacing arches are hung with lamps half relieving the solemn obscurity. Three altars are set in as many bays, but practically the vaulted chamber forms only one large chapel. The glory of the basilica is the interior of the upper church. Arranged as a single long and lofty nave, with a high clerestory and neither side aisles nor transepts, it is simple as possible in design and owes all its brilliancy to the splendor of extraneous decorations. The white walls are hung with the silken banners brought by bands of pilgrims from near and distant lands. Ensigns of the great powers droop in the semicircle around the sanctuary, that of the United States conspicuous in the foreground. A multitude of swinging lamps hang among the standards. The rich embroidered flags are suspended from the very roof; and we lose the sense of disproportionate height in the profuse display of a style of ornament to which high interiors are so well adapted. On the sides instead of aisles there are chapels, and a row of chapels is carried around the apse behind the resplendent high altar. The magnificent blaze of color produces an effect which description can hardly exaggerate, and the spectacle must become more and more lustrous as fresh trophies are added every year, and the mementoes of the earlier pilgrimages, gradually assuming the mellow tints of age, accentuate the display with the force of contrast. The walls of the church and the long corridors in the crypt are covered with marble tablets commemorating cures and other favors obtained at the Grotto. I estimated the number of these memorials to be about a thousand. A spacious esplanade in front of the church commands a superb view over the meadow, the town, the Grotto, and the valley of the *gave*, and long terraced flights of steps, only the substructure of which is now complete, will descend from it to the head of the lawn.

I have tried to give an idea of the outward appearance of Lourdes at a season when it is not disturbed by the presence of a crowd of strangers, who necessarily lend it an aspect not its own. But I despair of making the reader sensible of the spirit of piety and profound recollection which broods over the sanctuary in these quiet days and fills it with a grace which must touch even the casual tourist. Masses are said almost continuously in the crypt every day from before sunrise till nearly noon, and every day there is a large congregation, with a long line of communicants. The peasant visits the church on the way to work; the housewife begins her daily routine by spending half an hour at the altar; the townspeople go there often; and I have

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seen shepherds and herdsmen run in for a short prayer and hurry off again at speed to catch up with their flocks and herds. In front of the Grotto there are always people on their knees, silent and absorbed. Voices are hushed, footfalls are soft, no sound is heard but the plash of the fountain and the singing of the river. We are far away from the world. We have come to a land where people believe in God, and the signs of God's goodness are all about us.

ONE SESSION OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT (A.D. 1781–82).

THE most momentous of all the sessions of the Irish Parliament was that which opened in the Irish capital in October, 1781. For a considerable period the popular discontent had been made evident, and, now that the manhood of Ireland was permitted to carry arms to guard their shores from invasion by the French, men's thoughts centred on the acts and discussions of the Lords and Commons. That fear of the Volunteers' bayonets rather than Grattan's eloquence would decide the fate of Ireland no one doubted; yet all recognized, too, that just in proportion as hireling place-holders should be bold or craven in the parliamentary benches, in equal measure would be the English dread of Irish valor and union. As Davis wrote in after-days:

> "When Grattan rose none dar'd oppose
> The claim he made for freedom;
> They knew our swords, to back his words,
> Were ready did he need them."

When that section of the Irish people which had hitherto sought to arrogate to themselves the sole representation of the Irish nation, recognizing the will of a united people and encouraged by the sight of victorious patriotism across the Atlantic, set themselves to burst the shackles which bound their motherland and success of a real kind crowned their efforts, they regarded her nationhood as eternally proclaimed, her rights and freedom as perpetually secured. But when their hopes were highest Irishmen should have seen that subtle dangers lurked around, and they should have remembered that no danger is so

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terrible as in the hour of rashly presumed security. At the very moment when the entrance of Ireland upon a new era seemed certain it was palpable enough to those who could read the signs that Ireland had need of a stern determination, of a bold bearing and a firm hand, in order to secure the continued possession of the rights won so bloodlessly; and hence arose those discussions from which, while seeking to give a brief account of the routine transactions of an Irish Parliament, we shall have to quote.*

On Tuesday, the 9th of October, 1781, the first meeting of the Parliament which was destined to enact the freedom of their native land took place, and our reporter notes that "the number of members present was much greater than has been known upon the opening of any former session." The usual message having been brought, with all customary formality, by the Usher of the Black Rod, the members of the House of Commons repaired to the House of Lords, where his excellency the lord-lieutenant, the Earl of Carlisle, read his speech, made on behalf of his "sovereign lord, the king." Every day had been making more and more clear to the dullest minds that the battle of Irish independence was about to be fought, and that it was to be decided outside the House and by men nerved to battle by the memories of gross injustices, of a thousand wrongs. Lord Carlisle had not long accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland; his chief secretary was one Eden, an open and avowed opponent of every national aspiration; and therefore little of interest attached to this opening address. The Volunteers had not as yet spoken so plainly that the English government could not dare to still make pretence at the policy of "never minding," so that the noble earl's address was a dreary mass of platitudes, conveying, however, in the following words an assurance which no doubt brought smiles to the faces of many of his auditors:

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to execute his majesty's commands by assuring you, in his royal name, of his determination to continue the most parental attention to the rising prosperity of this country, the true interests of which are, and must ever be, inseparable from those of Great Britain."

After the delivery of the speech from the throne the Com-

* Our quotations are from *The Parliamentary Register; or, History of the Proceedings and Debates of the House of Commons of Ireland, the Fourth Session of the Third Parliament in the Reign of his Present Majesty.* This work, a kind of Irish Hansard, was published annually, while Ireland had a parliament to be reported, by an association of Dublin printers—viz., James Porter, of Abbey Street; Patrick Byrne, of College Green; and William Porter, of Skinner Row.

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mons returned to their own House, and, the Speaker having taken the chair, Mr. O'Neill moved a servile and laudatory address in reply to the viceregal oration. The adoption of this address was seconded by Mr. Holmes and supported by Sir Samuel Bradstreet, recorder of Dublin, who, however, declared—

"That, as representative of the first city in Ireland, he thought himself called upon to complain of the great neglect our trade had suffered; that while the most paltry privateers of the enemy continued to make depredations on our coasts, the executive government of Ireland could not command a single frigate to go in pursuit of them or to guard our channel from those plunderers."

These remarks brought Mr. Fitzgibbon to his feet, who declared he deemed "this an improper time to enter on such a subject," and demanded, in amazement, "if the gentleman intended to pledge the House for the maintenance of an Irish navy." The simulated amazement and indignation of Fitzgibbon brought forth hot retort from Mr. Yelverton, who in turn asked:

"And pray why not an Irish navy? Why should not the trade of Ireland be protected by ships under the command of the executive power of Ireland, especially as Parliament has already provided for the expense? For one of the acts which grant the hereditary revenue to his majesty expressly declares it is granted for the protection of the trade of Ireland, but it is applied to the support of that infamous list of pensioners who fatten upon the national wealth while her dearest interests lie neglected."

Shortly afterwards Grattan rose, and, remarking that he did not mean to oppose the address, commented on the absence of any mention in it of "the word Volunteer—that wholesome and salutary appellation, which he wished to familiarize to the royal ear." One can imagine how "Farmer George," snuff-box in hand, pacing the terraces of Windsor, must have marvelled at the audacity of the Hibernian senator when he received report of his slyly humorous thrusts, and at the rising fearlessness of the leaders of Ireland's citizen-soldiers. Surely his majesty must have wondered at the strange fact that in order to get the address to his own viceroy passed it became necessary to ask the House to vote its marked thanks to the Volunteers—dangerous men who were already talking what, in the puzzled ears of the poor Hanoverian monarch, sounded something like sedition, and, worst of all, talking their treason with firelocks in their hands and with clanking sabres at their sides. Indeed, the poor king must have pondered uneasily over the turn of affairs in Ireland.

On the day following the opening—that is to say, on the 10th

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of October—Bradstreet, the recorder, introduced, in union with Yelverton, a Habeas Corpus Bill for Ireland, justly remarking that until some such measure was passed into law and afforded its protection "the liberty and safety of the subjects of Ireland were insecure." The worthy recorder never dreamt that a century later this same Habeas Corpus Act would be in the same land counted but as waste paper when compared by its whilom rulers with the depraved suspicions of any jealous or idle constable. On the 11th of October the members, with the Speaker, carried the address to the Castle, whence, the wordy, if worthless, document having been read, they shortly returned to the Parliament House. Here they assembled only to adjourn until the 29th—a step which, however, they were not allowed to take until Mr. Yelverton had made some remarks, reported as follows:

"He gave notice that immediately after the recess he would move the House for leave to bring in the heads of a bill to regulate the transmission of bills from this kingdom to England. At the present our constitution was the constitution of England inverted. Bills originated with the British minister, and with this House it only remained to register or reject them. This was the miserable state of Ireland, and in this state it would remain as long as a monster unknown to the constitution—a British attorney-general—through the influence of a law of Poynings, had power to alter our bills. This, he said, was so generally admitted by every member of the House that last session, when he moved for a modification of Poynings' law, gentlemen urged that though this power lay in the hands of the English attorney-general, yet it was never exercised to any bad purpose; but the declaration was scarcely made when an altered sugar bill annihilated our trade to the West Indies. To prevent such an abuse in future, and to relieve the constitution from this oppression, he would again move the bill he had mentioned."

The House met again on the date fixed, on which day two most important petitions were presented, one from the merchants of Dublin, the other from the refiners of sugar, complaining of the trammels and cruel disadvantages inflicted on Irish trade through the astute use by English ministers of the powers conferred by Poynings' law. The consideration of these petitions was, after some discussion, postponed to the following Thursday, when Grattan in the course of a speech declared that "though the crown of Ireland was inseparably annexed to the crown of England, yet the king of England had no right to rob the king of Ireland of the brightest jewel in his crown—his trade —to embellish that of England." The patriotic party was defeated in the ensuing division, and, if only for that of one amid

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the four, it is interesting to note the names of the tellers. They were Mr. Grattan and Sir Lucius O'Brien, Mr. Fitzgibbon and Mr. Parnell. Strong feelings were being excited on both sides of the House, and therefore it seems no way strange to come across a report of what our newspapers of the present day would style "a scene." Grattan, in the course of his remarks during the debate on the merchants' petitions, had charged Eden, the chief secretary, with being an avowed enemy of Irish trade—a charge the truth of which Eden had indignantly repudiated, and, therefore, on the day following Grattan rose to substantiate his accusation. But he had hardly done so when he was called to order by the chief secretary, who asserted that past debates could not be referred to. The Speaker, of course, impartial man that he was, decided in favor of the government officer and ruled against Grattan. Our report continues:

"Mr. Grattan, rising to reply, was called to order; but, reluctantly yielding, much confusion arose. Many members spoke to order. The Speaker called to order. Mr. Eden expressed his wishes that more order should prevail.

"The Speaker said it was only his duty to call the House to order when they were proceeding wrong, but it was the business of the House to enforce it. He appealed on this ground to Mr. Eden, who spoke in the highest terms of the Speaker's conduct, and paid him every compliment for the wisdom, ability, impartiality, and spirit of his behavior in the chair.

"Mr. Grattan still attempting to proceed, and to speak upon the subject of the Judges Bill, which was not before the House, Mr. English called him again to order with some acrimony of expression; but Mr. Grattan persisted in proceeding, when Sir Boyle Roche called him again to order and observed that he made use of language that was totally unparliamentary.

"Mr. Grattan immediately turned towards Sir Boyle and exclaimed:

> "Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I could 'plaud
> But that the name of *Bravo* stains the soldier."

Upon which, amidst much confusion, the fire-eating baronet was observed to leave his seat and utter a whispered challenge in Grattan's ear. The report continues: "The House took the alarm, and, as is usual on such occasions, was cleared; when the Speaker called the gentlemen to him and insisted that the matter should subside, which they promised"—a precaution on the part of Mr. Speaker by no means unwarrantable, seeing that before then, for lesser occasion, the sequel to hot debate in the same House had been the measuring of blades or the clicking of pistol-locks in some convenient spot in the Phœnix. On Tuesday, November 13, Grattan made a long speech against the per-

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petual Mutiny Bill in force in Ireland as distinguished from the annual one adopted regularly in England. He declared that—

"He was not come to say what was expedient; he came to demand a right, and he hoped he was speaking to men who knew and felt their rights, and not to corrupt consciences and beggarly capacities. He begged gentlemen to tell him why and for what reason the Irish nation was deprived of the British constitution. He said the limitation of the Mutiny Bill was one of the great hinges of the constitution; and ought it, then, be perpetual in Ireland? We want not an army as Great Britain does; for an army is not our protection. Was your army your protection when Sir Richard Heron told you you must trust to God and your country?* You want it not for defence, you want it not for ambition; you have no foreign dominions to preserve, and your people are amenable to law. Our duties are of a different nature—to watch with incessant vigils the cradle of the constitution, to rear an infant state, to protect a rising trade, to foster a growing people."

Despite all the eloquence of Grattan and Flood, of reiterated argument and expostulation, the national party was again defeated by the stolid phalanx of place-holders supporting government. The English ministry were determined to relinquish not one iota of their intolerant claims until compelled to do so, while that miserable section of Irishmen who play the poor and servile part of West-Britonism held with all the tenacity of angry despair to every olden position. Eloquence, reason, or caresses alike were wasted; nothing but the bayonets of the Volunteers could open Ireland's path to freedom, nothing but the sheen of their weapons illume the night of her slavery. Through the length and breadth of the land a mighty spirit was passing; the people, stirred from their lethargy of sorrow, were becoming awake to a sense of their own strength.

In the case of Ireland it was not the furious struggles of a hateful and heedless mob with which England had to deal; she was face to face with a nation mindful of past wrongs, angry at present injustices—she had to deal with an entire people, patrician and plebeian, gentle and ignoble, clamorous for the commonest rights of men, vowed to dare all for free exercise of the right to live and thrive on the spot of earth a beneficent Providence had given them for their own. No lapse of time can consecrate a crime, no seeming success extenuate a wrong. A wrong a wrong remains, in spite of time or power; and not all the centuries which had passed since its first beginning, not all the forces which had hedged it round about, had made English rule aught but wrong-

* A reference to the reply of the then chief secretary to the magistrates of Belfast, who claimed protection for their town when Thurot's expedition menaced the coasts.

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ful in Irish eyes. The educated and wealthy Protestant resented the intolerant interference of England with Irish commerce; the Catholic recollected the tales of the past his father had recounted in their old and humble chimney corner, he recollected the hunted priest and the hedge-schoolmaster. Both classes alike had resolved to end for ever that "organized hypocrisy" which was known as English domination. But if Ireland was to be freed it should be by action outside the Houses of Parliament, where a venal and shameless majority were ready at all times to barter their birthrights as Irishmen for such mess of potage as the English ministers might offer. Therefore it was that—as the poet of a later and less lucky time tells us*—one morning in February, 1782—

> "The church of Dungannon is full to the door,
> And sabre and spur clash at times on the floor,
> While helmet and shako are ranged all along,
> Yet no book of devotion is seen in the throng.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "The church of Dungannon is empty once more—
> No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor;
> But the councils of England are fluttered to see,
> In the cause of their country, the Irish agree."

We should, however, wander far from our proper task were we to now seek to trace the course of the Volunteers or the action they took to secure the freedom of their native land. Thursday, November 22, an important debate arose in the House on the question of the imposition of a prohibitory duty on English refined sugars. At this period, and even for some years after the Union, Ireland possessed a prosperous trade in refined sugars. Many refineries existed in various parts of the island, the refiners being amongst the wealthiest of the Irish merchants. It was therefore necessary that, while high duties should be imposed on sugars already refined in other countries, raw sugars not yet refined should be imported at a low rate. Mr. Parnell supported the government propositions for peculiar reasons. His theory was that the Irish refiners—then in the habit of buying their raw sugars in the English markets from English merchants and brokers—would, by the denial of more than a certain limited protection, be driven to seek the establishment of a direct West-Indian trade for Ireland. He thought, perhaps not wrongly, that high protective duties seldom taught merchants the wisdom of

* Thomas Davis.

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seeking the cheapest market for their raw materials and were little productive of economy or thrift. He seems to have overlooked the fact that the tutelage or protection little needed by, perhaps harmful to, the grown and stalwart man is essential to the infant. The trade of Ireland needed both fostering and support. The patriotic party, it is needless to say, only urged their proposals to have them rejected. On Tuesday, December 5, Barry Yelverton, who should have moved his resolution relative to Poynings' law, delivered a long speech beginning as follows:

"I had determined this day to bring on a motion which I think it my indispensable duty, at a proper time, to pursue—a motion of which I will never lose sight until a mode of legislation utterly repugnant to the British constitution shall be done away; but the melancholy intelligence received from America has, for the present, diverted my attention from that object and turned my thoughts into another train."

The "melancholy intelligence" which had so affected the weak-kneed nationalist was the report of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown—intelligence which boded more good than ill to Ireland: good which, however, to men still half blinded by the glamour of the darkness of slavery, was as yet not quite discernible. Yelverton's motion was one pledging the House to support the king in his varied troubles and offering his majesty honeyed condolences. Grattan, in the course of the discussion, asked:

"Will you send more armies to be slaughtered, more generals to be made prisoners? Will you urge on a frenzy that cannot enslave America but must ruin England? . . . England has still the old hankering after power; . . . till she shall renounce all claim to control this country it would be madness in Irishmen to support her ambition."

On a division Yelverton's motion was carried, but Flood rose immediately and gave notice of a resolution relative to Poynings' law. This resolution, which he supported in a magnificent oration, was rejected on the 11th of December. Events were moving fast, however. On the 16th of February, 1782, "the church of Dungannon was full to the door," and on the 22d of the same month Grattan moved a spirited and patriotic address to the king, delivering a bold and eloquent speech. He said:

"Ireland is in strength. She has acquired that strength by the weakness of Britain, for Ireland was saved when America was lost. When England conquered, Ireland was coerced; when she was defeated, Ireland was relieved. Have you not all of you, when you heard of a defeat, at the

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same instant condoled with England and congratulated Ireland? . . . An Irish army, the wonder of the world, has now existed for three years, where every soldier is a freeman, determined to shed the last drop of blood to defend his country. . . . The enemy threaten an invasion; the Irish army comes forward; administration is struck dumb with wonder; their deputies, in their military dress, go up to the Castle, not as a servile crowd of courtiers attending the lord-lieutenant's levee, but as his protectors; while the cringing crowd of sycophants swarm about the treasury, and, after having thrown away their arms, offer nothing but naked servitude."

After speeches from Flood and Bushe and others, with weak harangues from the government side, the attorney-general moved the postponement of the debate until the first of August. "The cringing crowd of sycophants" caught eagerly at the chance and voted in its favor. But a change was coming: steel had proved itself a truer metal than gold, and Irishmen

> "Remember still, through good and ill,
> How vain were prayers and tears,
> How vain were words, till flashed the swords
> Of the Irish Volunteers."

The Dungannon declaration had done its work: the British ministry was changed. Lord Carlisle and Eden retired to their native shores. Fox had been called to the councils of King George, and the Duke of Portland was sent as viceroy to Ireland. Hence on the 16th of April the reporter whose services we have availed ourselves of heretofore records that "the House having met, the galleries and bar being crowded with spectators, and every heart panting with expectation, about five o'clock, when the Speaker had taken the chair," Hely Hutchinson, who had been appointed chief secretary, read the historic message from the viceroy yielding on behalf of the king all that Ireland had demanded. It was a scene for defter pens than ours to record—a moment to be treasured in the memories of Irishmen for centuries. Youth and beauty, rank and fashion, filled the galleries of the senate house; patriot valor guarded its portals. Grattan moved the Declaration of Rights; it was carried—Ireland was free. The last rays of the setting sun flashing on the bayonets of the Volunteers, coloring the walls of the Houses of Parliament with the roseate and golden light, seemed God's benison on man's work so manfully done and the harbinger of a glorious future.

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A WAKE IN CONNEMARA.

THERE is nothing more characteristic of the temperament of the Celtic race and the influence which the circumstances of life and the effects of national history have had upon the Irish branch of it, nor more misunderstood by its Saxon neighbors from the contrast of their custom and temperament, than the custom of the wake, once universal in Ireland, but now disappearing with other national peculiarities of the people. There is something peculiarly shocking to the Saxon habits of decorum in the idea of a boisterous merriment about the corpse of the dead, and it is attributed to an incurable shallowness of temperament and lack of deep feeling in those who practise it. It is considered both an indulgence and a desecration, and there is a total misunderstanding of its original purpose. Something of the difference between the Celtic and the Saxon custom of mourning, as exemplified by the solemn funeral of the one and the wake of the other, is unquestionably due to the radical differences in temperament, but much also to the hereditary difference of circumstances that have made misery a constant companion with the one and an infrequent guest with the other. When sorrow comes seldom the impulse is to endure it, and even make much of it. When it comes often the struggle is to escape from it and throw it off by every means in the power. The Saxon people, comfortable and prosperous, paraded their misery; the Irish, unfortunate and suffering, endeavored to conceal theirs. The purpose of the merriment of the wake was to distract the mind of the mourners, to give them some relief from the otherwise unendurable sorrow, and its characteristics were as deeply sad to the sensitive observation as all jests that "do conceal the wound." It was not an evidence of the lightness but of the depth of feeling, and if the contrast was to be made there was likely to be more real grief and pangs of suffering under the distraction and tumult of the Irish wake than under the sober decorum and cold solemnity of the English funeral service. But without any invidious comparison, and allowing the same strength of natural feeling to all of humankind, the Celtic custom was merely the expression of its temperament and by no means an evidence of want of feeling.

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There has been so much of degrading caricature concerning the Irish wake, as in regard to other national customs, in that English literature which was for a long time the accepted exponent of Irish life, and which has been continued by such native writers as Maxwell, Lever, and Lover—who wrote mainly for English audiences, and of a purpose or from natural exaggeration drew more for effect than for truth—that there is a generally false idea concerning its nature. There is a general impression that it is a scene of drunkenness, irreverence, and at best of boisterous tumult; that its substance is a wild riot and its frequent conclusion a general fight. How false this is, and how much it is resented by the Irish people, has been shown to the American people in one way by the fact that the wake scene in Mr. Boucicault's "Shaughraun" cannot be given before an Irish audience without vigorous hisses and sometimes with more emphatic evidences of disapproval. The humors of the wakes as described in the stock Irish novels like those of Maxwell and Lover are no more natural or truthful than the vulgar comicality of the stage Irishman is like the real wit of the peasant, or the coarse humor of the music-hall songs is like the deadly pathos of such expressions of native feeling as "The Night before Larry was Stretched." The real wake is by no means devoted to merriment in any sense. Even where the sorrow does not break through the attempts to hide it, it is only the alternation of the set lamentation—the song and story follow the *keen*.* He is a very dull observer indeed who does not feel the real pathos of the wake, or whose heart-strings are not touched by the depth of its expression of grief as a whole as well as in the weird and wild sorrow of the *keen*. Such as it is, however, the wake is disappearing, fading with the native language and other peculiarities of the Irish people. Wakes have long been disapproved of by the Catholic clergy, and in the greater part of Ireland have been reduced to little more than a simple vigil around the dead. In the west they still retain many of their predominant features, or did before the last famine, which is said to have made such changes, although the custom which used to prevail of accompanying the corpse to the grave with the *keen* along the road has for some time been extinct, unless it be in some of the islands.

One late autumn I was a sojourner in a dwelling-place appropriately nicknamed "Mount Misery," which overlooked a dark, undulating landscape, brown heath and black bog, with the patch of a green field here and there, gray walls and sod-roofed

* The correct Gaelic orthography is *caoine*.

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cabins, that lay between it and the low, dark banks and gray waters of the great Lough Corrib. The house was an appropriate type of more than one to be found in the west of Ireland. It had once borne the more hospitable title of the "Friar's Head," and been inhabited for a generation or two by a family of the inevitable Blakes, or Brownes, or Lynches of the pure Galwegian stock. The house was not an old one, but probably had never been finished, and in any event showed all the unredeemed ugliness of premature decay. It was built of dark, gray stone in the narrow and unrelieved style of architecture of the Georgian era, and stood on a gentle eminence at a distance from the main road. An empty and ruinous porter's lodge stood by the gate, which hung heavily on one hinge, and an ill-trimmed and unthrifty plantation flanked the muddy avenue, leading to a bare, furze-grown pasture that was once the smooth, green lawn in front of the mansion. A few ragged evergreens surrounded the house, whose barren nakedness, however, was not relieved by the curtain of ivy which in that country of ruins so tenderly enwraps the wrecks of fortune and war and makes them an ornament instead of a blot upon the landscape. The mansion was of two stories in height and its walls were substantial; but its roof-tree had sunken from the horizontal; one chimney had blown down and the other was ragged and visibly leaning; and the upper windows were smashed in or boarded up. The dog-kennels were tenanted at will by a couple of pigs of the greyhound or razor-back species. The extensive stables were now only occupied by the poor old *garran* of the farmer and the doctor's bit of a blood mare, with a piece cut out of her cheek where he had driven her into a gate-post one dark night. Turf and manure were piled against the walls of the house; the garden showed tokens of potato ridges and the stumps of gathered cabbages; and the stable-yard was a morass in which broken wheels and implements showed like the grave-stones of departed prosperity.

Within the house the picture was not more cheerful or encouraging. The hall-door, carefully pried open, admitted you into the entry, on one side of which was the living-room of the family, once the great dining-room. The plastering had fallen in great patches and the mouldings were knocked off. The table, on which the circles of the hot tumblers of twenty years ago were marked, was propped in one corner on the uneven floor. The chairs were broken-legged and broken-backed, and the dresser showed a meagre display of cracked earthenware. In the great chimney-place a prematurely sad and ragged young

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woman watched the boiling of a pot over a dull and feeble flame, holding a child in her arms, while a couple more disputed possession of the hearth with a dog and some guerrillas of fowls. The tenant of the place was a "weak"—that is to say, poor—farmer, who had lived there since the late Blakes, or Brownes, or Lynches had succumbed to the combined evil effects of hunting, horse-racing, and hospitality, and the estate had fallen into the hands of a receiving attorney, who exacted a rent that left a very slight margin above a steady diet of potatoes.

There were, however, two other inmates of the house—the doctor, whose guest I was, and his boy. The doctor lived in the rooms on the other side of the entry, once the drawing-room and library, which he had fitted up with considerable comfort, although in a somewhat heterogeneous way, the guns, books, fishing-tackle, gallipots, and other miscellaneous effects of a young bachelor doctor and sportsman being scattered about in considerable confusion. He was himself the frankest and jolliest of young fellows, fresh from the racket of the Dublin medical schools, and full of abounding health and spirits. He was in charge of a dispensary district of some twenty miles or more in extent, and many was the long ride he had to lonely cabins in the mountains around, where disease and poverty, lying on damp straw pallets in darkness and cold, blessed the sight of his cheery face. He was mighty with the gun on the hillside and in casting the forty-foot line in the stream; and if his mare Fanny had not the strength nor the stride for the first place in a Galway hunting-field, he generally contrived to have a fair position at the end of the run. He was indefatigable in teaching his boy, Andy *Ruadh*, a red-headed imp about three feet in height, the accomplishments of a London tiger, which formed a most heterogeneous graft on the original stock of Connaught wildness; and with a monthly cargo of novels from the metropolis, a good conscience, and the friendship of his nearest neighbor, the parish priest, the days of his exile passed pleasantly enough until a better appointment should come.

I had expressed the wish to attend a genuine old-fashioned wake, and upon the first occasion—the death of an elderly farmer in a townland about ten miles from "Mount Misery"—we set forth. At about four o'clock Fanny was brought out and put into the shafts of the jaunting-car. We balanced each other on the sides, Andy climbed into his seat in the centre, and we flashed through the avenue and out into the post-road. Rain is the normal condition of things at this season of the year in Conne-

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mara, and we were not disappointed when the night fell in a heavy mist, soon settling into the soaking deception of a fine drizzle. With mackintoshes buttoned tightly, and the coal of the pipe burning dimly under the nose with that special gratefulness both of warmth and fragrance that comes from tobacco in the wet, we rolled along in darkness mile after mile over one of those solid limestone roads which are a special wonder to an American, and for which he would be glad to exchange some of his more pretentious paved streets. At long intervals we would pass the light of a wayside cabin glimmering with a feeble halo through the mist, and a dog would bark or a melancholy donkey send his dismal hee-haw after us; but there were long stretches of the darkened land without sign of life. Finally the car turned into the mouth of a narrow *boreen* which Andy must have discovered by instinct, and went floundering along through the mud, stray branches of the hedge now and then giving us a sharp splash across the nose or a wet tickle in the ear, until we came to a long, low house at the foot of a great, dusky mass of hill. The windows were streaming with light, and as we drove into the yard we could see that the doorway was filled with dark, quiet forms.

There was no sound of merriment, not even of voice, from the house. All was still, as if in expectation, when there came from it a long, piercing, mournful wail—*u-lu-lu!* * It rose to a high, tremulous cry, filling the misty air with an indescribable chill, and sinking into a low moan. It was thrice repeated, and then followed by a rapid recitation in Gaelic in a sustained key. The cry seemed the last excess of anguish and lamentation, and, although I know that in one sense it was artificial, it overcame me with an actual shudder. It was the *keen*.

After the recitative had ceased way was made for us into the room where the corpse lay. It was large though low, and around the bare, rough walls candles were stuck up with lumps of clay. Its only ornaments were a religious picture and a faded lithograph of the "Liberator." In the centre a couple of stools supported a coffin of unpainted deal. No glass protected the white, wan features of the corpse from the tobacco-cloud that filled the air, eddying around the candles and under the cobwebs of the thatch. The principal mourners sat at the side of the coffin, and consisted of the son, a stout farmer of fifty, and his wife, and a half-dozen of children in youth and girlhood. The room was filled, except in the space immediately at the head of

* *Fhuil le luadh*—that is, blood and ruin.

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the coffin, with all the neighbors for miles around, seated on benches, stools, and turf kishes, or on the uneven floor. An impressive quietude and solemnity reigned upon the countenances of all. The faces of the assemblage were characteristic of the locality. They were sharper in outline and wilder in expression than their congeners of the south. Their features were more regular, with darker complexions and hair, and less of the Milesian outline. Some of them had the dark, flashing eye and the regular oval of the Spanish face, and there was the carriage and turn of the head of the dwellers of the mountain. They were poorly clad, and few of the women had the comfortable long blue cloaks of the southern farmers' wives, or the cap with its frill of lace around the shining hair. Some of the men were ragged beyond description, and the *suggaun*, or hay-rope, around the waist was all that kept their garments in any degree of consistency. Several of the men, and women also, were barefooted, although the night earth and air were both damp and chill.

The keener sat on a low stool at the head of the coffin. When she had finished her recitative, as we entered, she had drawn the hood of her cloak over her face, and a slight rocking of her body gave the only sign of life. It was as if she were meditating under the excess of grief. After a silent interval of some minutes she threw back the hood of her cloak, revealing the pale face of a woman of about forty, with a fixity of look as of one in a trance. Without lifting her eyes from the face of the corpse she repeated her tremulous cry and continued with a rapid recitative, apparently addressed to the dead rather than the audience, and then subsided again into silence. The following is a literal translation of a portion of her invocation, and characteristic of its entire language and substance:

U-lu-lu!
Ah! he is gone;
The sweet, clean old man is gone.
Happy was his face when he came to die;
But his children lamented;
His grandchildren lamented;
There were tears and cries around him.
Ah! he is gone.
He was honest; he was true; he was devout;
His voice was low and kind;
He wronged no man.
His cousins and all his relatives lament him,
All his neighbors lament him.
Ah! he is gone.

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He is with the angels, above, above,
In brightness and happiness;
We shed tears for him below
In darkness and sorrow.
May the winds blow soft on his grave;
May the turf grow green upon it,
As he sleeps with his fathers of many generations,
And pain and weakness feels no more.
Ah! he is gone.
Uhla-uhla-gohla-goane!

As the keener continued silent the spirits of the company were relieved from their tension. They began to talk and to move. One or two got up and filled their pipes from a plate of tobacco on the coffin, and there was a gradual relaxation of the talk to gossip and joke. A little old man, wrapped in a gray frieze overcoat much too large for him, with a face like a withered apple and a look of humor in his unfaded blue eyes, wiped his dhudeen on his sleeve, and, handing it to his neighbor, commenced the recital of a story in Gaelic. He gave out his narrative with much comic emphasis, drawing the sympathetic attention and laughter of his audience. The story was evidently well known, but none the less pleasing on that account, the audience anticipating with knowing smiles the jocose turns. The story is a familiar one in the fireside legends of Ireland, and is a characteristic specimen of them. It is called "The Well at the World's End," and its substance is as follows:

There was a king, who had three sons. Being taken grievously sick, he was told by a wise man that nothing could cure him but a drink of water from a well at the world's end. His eldest son volunteered to go and get the precious water over the seven seas and seven lakes, and seven mountains and seven plains, that lay between it and the palace. On his way he met a poor old woman, who asked an alms, but the stingy prince refused to give her even a bit of bread. When he came to the castle in whose courtyard was the well he blew his bugle, and out rushed a giant lion that bit him savagely, but, on consideration for the old father, let him go in. He went into a long hall, and there he found fifty knights standing in armor and all sound asleep. On the throne was a beautiful princess with a crown on her head, who told him where the well was, and that if he did not get his bottle filled and be out of the castle before the clock struck twelve it would be the worse for him. He stayed so long gallivanting with her that the clock struck and the knights woke up; the castle-door

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shut itself, and he was a prisoner. He was thrown into a dark dungeon. As he did not return, the second son set off, but treated the old woman no better and met with exactly the same fate. Lastly the youngest son set out, and he gave the old woman an alms as well as kind words, and she bestowed on him a magic cake. This he gave to the lion, who was too busy in eating it to do him any harm. When he spoke to the young lady, and she told him about the well, he went off and filled the bottle the first thing, and returned to compliment her afterward. When the clock struck twelve the knights did not wake, and the lady showing him where the unfortunate princes were confined, he released them and they all went home to the palace together, where the king was cured, and the youngest prince and the lady were married. "And if they didn't live happy together afterward, that you may."

When the *shanachy* * had concluded his tale, which was embellished with many flourishes and digressions here omitted, whiskey was passed around, and a Connemara Hebe appeared before us bearing in one hand a bottle and in the other a tumbler with its bottom fixed in a stand of wood. Even in that land of fair women I had not seen a more brilliant and striking face. Hardly more than sixteen, there was a fulness to her figure and a bloom on her cheeks, as the Irish song says,

"Like the apple's soft blossom,"

which the kindly air of Ireland alone gives in purest perfection to womankind. Her eyes were as dark and limpid as those of Andalusia, and the regularity of her features and the darker tinge of her complexion gave token of that Spanish blood that still survives in unabated strength after so many generations since its original introduction in Galway. There was a dimple in her chin and in her cheek that gave piquancy to the regular features, and her crown of hair was silky and fine enough to be the "brag of Ireland." She was better dressed than some of the rest, a silk handkerchief being pinned across her bust with a silver pin of an antique shape, a clean cotton gown fastened to a roll behind displaying a bright scarlet petticoat. "Plase, if you plase," she said, dropping a decided curtsey; and we took the least taste in life of the pure element to her good health, which she repaid with a smile half timid and half gay, and altogether

* Correctly, *seanchúidhe.*

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innocent and bright, and rapidly withdrew. The mirth continued in various ways without becoming at all turbulent or even boisterous. Occasionally some one would come in, cross himself and pray by the side of the coffin, where the keener sat unmoved like a statue of grief, and then rise up and join in the merriment; but at all times there were frequent ejaculations of sorrow and sympathy, and a special endeavor to cheer and distract the minds of the nearest mourners. The undercurrent of pathos was visible under it all, and, strange as it may seem to some, the very mirth and merriment did not seem incongruous with the presence of death, while it was far from being in any feature the irreverent festivity the wake is usually depicted. If such take place in Ireland it has never been my fortune to see one.

An hour's stay in such a scene was enough to impress it vividly on the mind, and we withdrew. Our departure seemed to arouse the keener, who had remained silent and motionless since our entrance, and as we passed out into the thick, damp air once more the long, wailing cry thrilled in our ears and haunted our minds as we moved heavily down the lane.

It commenced to rain soon after we started, but fortunately a hamlet with a decent country inn was not many miles away. In a short time we were steaming before a roaring turf fire in the best room, and buxom Mrs. O'Farrell shook her fist at Katty to hurry up the laying of the table, and turned to smile on us with two steaming tumblers, saying, "Drink that, my poor boys, for fear the cowld would get into your hearts."

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THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART IV.—APPARENT DIRÆ FACIES.

CHAPTER II.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

PRETTY Georgiana Dambleton was threatened with consumption. Her husband and mother-in-law took her to Ems, where, later on, she was to try the grape-cure. Harry Grünerode was also sent there by the doctors. He had always been weak and sickly, and now at fifteen he did not seem to have power to develop. He had a constant cough and was getting very thin. His mother, whom it took a great deal to make anxious, roused herself for her Benjamin's sake and went with him to Ems, even though it cost her a sigh to leave her comfortable house in town and her large establishment at Grünerode for a watering-place. Sylvia, of course, accompanied her aunt. She welcomed everything and anything which took her out of herself and distracted her mind; for she was still wavering about her future, and October, in the meantime, was drawing nearer every day. By that month she would be obliged to make up her mind. Herr Goldisch, who had gone to New York on business, wrote to her before starting that he respected her feeling of delicacy toward Valentine's parents, that it strengthened his appreciation of her mind and heart, and that he only begged her to let him have an answer on his return in October. If she consented she would make him truly happy, and he hoped to instal her at once at his lonely fireside and to secure a kind mother for his forlorn little boy. Lehrbach's examination was also to take place in October, and sooner or later his appointment was to follow. So October was to be the decisive month, and in spite of herself she often thought of Bertha's superstition about the 13th. At eighteen she had come to her uncle's house on that day, and at twenty-six Lehrbach had proposed to her. What would happen on the next 13th of October? Did it not seem as if this day had a strange and iron control over her destiny, so that it could not pass by

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without bringing her some momentous change? In proportion as the glare of the world and its selfish enjoyment darkened the light of supernatural faith Sylvia grew more disposed to believe in a fate which rules the course of helpless man—a comfortable creed for all weak and foolish people who wish to justify their crimes and sins. There were times when Sylvia flattered herself that Lehrbach was much too marked a man to tread the beaten path. An exception would be made for him, and he would be given a better place than fell to the common lot; and were this to be the case she would unhesitatingly decide in his favor. Goldisch might be as kind and good-natured as he pleased to her; Lehrbach's affection had a very different charm about it, and he himself was such that the mere thought of his looking down upon her for her fickleness wounded not only her pride but also her feelings. Her mental turmoil was to end in October. Sometimes she sighed and wished herself in the quiet November days, just as if she had not had her peace of mind in her own hands. She fancied rather that some chance event or other would push her, as it were, on to the right path. Meantime she was delighted to be at Ems with Mrs. Dambleton and Georgiana, whereas the baroness groaned: "But, love, are you sure you telegraphed for the little brown coupé the day before yesterday?"

"Yes, quite sure, Aunt Teresa," answered Sylvia.

"The day before yesterday, you see, and yet it has not come. What is the use of railroads, if they can't bring an empty carriage when one wants it? But perhaps you did not say by express?"

"No, I didn't think of it. But you know that my uncle is a little particular about his carriages. You have already had the blue calèche sent."

"Do be reasonable, love. It is quite impossible for me to drive in the fearful hired carriages here."

"Well, you have got the calèche to go to. My uncle won't understand what you can want with the coupé in this dreadful heat."

"Sit down then, love, directly, and write him word that I must have the coupé at once in case the weather changes. There is only one drive here, up and down the Lahn, and sometimes there is a foggy dampness in the air which is very bad for Harry; so lose no time about it, love. My writing myself here is impossible, for, in the first place, the table is rickety; and, in the second, they put me up no red ink, and that blockhead of a John has not managed

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to find out where it is to be had at Ems. I can't possibly write without red ink. Yet Ems is thought a fashionable watering-place! Really, it is astonishing how much one has to do without —even the ink one likes! Did you remark what a most hideous sofa-cushion there is in the drawing-room? The sofa goes down suddenly at each side. I can't invite any one to sit down upon it. To be comfortable here one needs to bring furniture for several rooms, and first and foremost one's own cook."

So grumbled the baroness, although she had some of the best apartments at Ems and an excellent dinner every day, as she dined with the Dambletons and not at the table-d'hôte. She had been beyond anything spoilt. Aurel came with Phœbe and Valentine to see the baroness. Mrs. Dambleton was very friendly to Valentine and avoided anything which recalled the past, so that there was no appearance of constraint in the little circle. She expressed her feelings when she was alone with Sylvia: "I can't get over my trouble at Valentine's having made my poor brother so unhappy. He has had years of vexation and sorrow, and now he has a solitary life, all through her."

"Why did he marry her at all? They were not suited to each other in age, taste, sympathies, or feelings," said Sylvia, feeling embarrassed.

"Alas! how little a man knows a girl before he marries her, and how much less she knows him. In her mind he is what she has dreamed about, and in his she is what he likes to make her. When you consider the extraordinary misapprehensions which exist in this particular it is a wonder that so many marriages turn out well, and a marvel *why* they turn out well. In spite of great differences of age and character some marriages are very happy, and others which are perfectly suitable very unhappy. To be happy in marriage there must be good-will on both sides; and this is the chief thing, in my experience. If they are both determined to do their own part the marriage is happy."

"Then you would say a mutual inclination is unnecessary?"

"If it is there, so much the better. It lightens many things, but it carries some deceptions with it. Perhaps you think me very matter-of-fact, but matter-of-factness only dies with us. Poetry evaporates. If my brother could make a second marriage grounded on reciprocal kindness, good intentions, and respect, what a comfort it would be to me!"

Georgiana and Vivian came into the room and the conversation took another turn. Sylvia did not know whether to be glad or sorry. She had wanted very much to take Mrs. Dambleton

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into her confidence and to ask her advice as to which of the two men she should choose. But as she was certain that Mrs. Dambleton would have been for Herr Goldisch, consulting her seemed to be unfair for Lehrbach, and she said to herself: "No, nobody shall decide but I myself."

Towards the end of their stay at Ems Clarissa Lehrbach wrote to Sylvia, pressing her, as she was so near, to go and see them. The invitation brought Sylvia to an important decision: she would go to see her old friends, but instead of one week she would stay from four to six weeks, and the visit should serve as a kind of novitiate which would prove to her whether or not she had it in her to live on very little. There was a hard struggle to bring the baroness to consent to so long an absence, and Sylvia was obliged to enlarge upon Frau von Lehrbach's and Clarissa's right to her gratitude—the one as the widow of her guardian, the other as her old friend—before she won the day. Happily Harry was somewhat better, and Aurel and Mrs. Dambleton took her part. She was first to go with the baroness to Heidelberg, whither Harry and Georgiana were ordered for the grape-cure. The baroness settled herself down there as if she had meant to end her days at Heidelberg, and then Sylvia received a six weeks' leave of absence. Aurel and Phœbe, who were to return to Paris, went a little out of their way to see Sylvia safely to Frau von Lehrbach's, and in the meantime Valentine stayed with her mother.

In the course of years Aurel had become a tolerably dry man of business, as his married life offered no scope for softer feelings. He had never been remarkable for brains, and his abilities were not above the average. Sylvia was at a loss to understand her girlish love for him, and Mrs. Dambleton's remarks about happiness in marriage struck her forcibly as very pertinent. Perhaps ten years would change Vincent as completely as they had changed Aurel, who seemed to retain nothing but his piety, his good-nature, and his universal benevolence. Perhaps he had never had more, and possibly she had deceived herself about him. Might not the same be said of Vincent, and did not his love for her make her credulous?

Her mind was full of these bitter thoughts as she sat with Phœbe and Aurel on a bench in the new promenade at Mainz. They were just in front of the juncture, known as the *schöne Aussicht*, and which every stranger goes to see, where the Main and the Rhine join their waters, and a fine view of the noble river and its banks spread out before them. It was near the hour of

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sunset; the glowing west formed a background of gold, against which the old city with its cathedral and numberless towers stood out in grave and majestic outline. Such an appearance is characteristic of cities which have a great history and have sprung from it, and not been made after the fashion of modern towns. However much a city which is some two thousand years old may have lost of its ancient splendor, and in spite of a population indifferent to its claims to antiquity, it still retains a certain grandeur of its own by the side of which all towns built in the last few hundred years look small and pretentious, much like an upstart in the presence of a noble lord.

Phœbe hastily sketched the view, whilst Sylvia looked sorrowfully from the grave city to the dancing waters, and from the far-off limes on the hillside to the hazy summit of the Taunus, which was glowing in the western light. A sound in accordance with the lovely scene broke suddenly upon them. It was a bell, two single tolls and then a peal—the evening Angelus. It seemed like a signal, for every church and steeple rang out a solemn chime, and above them all, over country and river, was heard the great cathedral bell, which is reserved for eves of the highest festivals, as an outward token of the deepest joy.

"To-day is only Friday; what are the bells ringing for?" asked Phœbe, looking up from her drawing.

"To-morrow Catholics keep the great feast of the Assumption," answered Aurel.

"Oh! yes; of course I remember—the Emperor Napoleon's feast-day," she said carelessly.

"How beautiful the voices of bells are, making a chorus from heaven to suggest thoughts which are not of earth!" exclaimed Sylvia.

"Our man was just telling me how the story goes that at the time that great bell was being melted some rich monasteries in the place sent whole barrelfuls of silver coin to the furnace; and this, they say, accounts for its beautiful tone."

"What holy lavishness!" Sylvia said.

"It's to be hoped that it's only a story," said Phœbe, who went on busily drawing till the sun had set. Its golden bed changed to crimson red, and then to faint purple streaks which melted into the ethereal sky. The evening star rose peacefully out of its blue depths like an immortal hope after earth's deceptive happiness.

Sylvia was walking along the railings, ostensibly to get a cool breeze from the river after the oppressive heat of the day,

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but really to hide a feeling of extraordinary sadness which had come over her like that burst of night over earth and river.

"Why, Sylvia, are you crying?" asked Aurel, who had followed her.

"The older I grow the sadder life seems to me to be; for, we may do what we like, we are in reality solitary and lonely creatures, and there are times when one feels it acutely."

"I have known what it is, Sylvia. There is nothing for it but plenty of occupation. Daily work deadens any over-plus of feeling, Sylvia."

"We will go to the cathedral and see the Empress Fastrada's monument," said Phœbe, who had finished her sketch and closed her album. She was tormented by jealousy, although Aurel gave her not the slightest grounds for anything of the sort, and felt herself quite in the shade by the side of so pretty and interesting a girl as Sylvia. Their tête-à-tête vexed her inexpressibly. Sylvia broke it off at once, and they drove back to the town and got down at the cathedral.

It was fast getting dark, but the cathedral was still open, as there were many people lingering by the confessionals. The church was dimly lighted by single gas-jets and wax candles scattered at the different confessionals which were occupied. This had the effect of bringing out the mass of pillars, whilst the shadow of perpetual darkness seemed to rest on the body of the church. The cathedral at Mainz certainly appears with the greatest effect under a dim light, which displays its beautiful proportions and hides many disturbing points of detail. One wonders at the lofty ideal which must have been in the mind of its architect, and which gave his blocks of stone their boldness and harmony. No sound broke the stillness of the vast and dim aisles; a footstep or the rustle of a dress was lost in its size. Only a little movement was observable in the side-chapels as the penitents approached, or moved away from, the confessionals.

"It is just like a séance," whispered Phœbe in a querulous tone. As soon as she had been to Fastrada's monument and declared that it could boast of nothing but its eleven hundred years—which is an undeniable fact—she was moving out to the carriage. At the porch, as their hired man was opening the door, Aurel said:

"Don't wait tea for me. I am going to stay a little while."

"Then I shall stay, too," said Phœbe in a tone of decision and she went back into the cathedral.

"And so shall I," added Sylvia.

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"Do as you like about it, Phœbe; but have the kindness to let me alone and drive back to the hotel, if you find the time too long."

"Why, what on earth makes you want to stay such a time?" she asked.

He did not answer and went into a side-chapel.

"He wants to go to confession, Phœbe," said Sylvia. "Let him alone."

"Go to confession? What's the use of that?" she whispered impatiently.

"It's what many Catholics do on the eve of great feasts."

"Do you want to go to confession, too, Sylvia?"

"I may," answered Sylvia in a low and hasty tone, and she went into a side-chapel, where there was a black wooden statue of Our Lady over the altar. She knelt down, and Phœbe seated herself in the middle aisle, so as to keep an eye upon Aurel and Sylvia in their respective side-chapels.

Aurel made his confession. If Sylvia had done the same it might have affected her decision and brought her rest and peace. She was once or twice on the point of getting up and walking into the confessional. She hesitated, and fought with herself, feeling at one moment as if she must do it, and at another as if something held her back. She did not go to confession, but remained perplexed as before and let the easy opportunity of grace pass by. When Aurel and Phœbe were ready she got up with red eyes and drove with them to the hotel, and was no sooner there than she would willingly have returned to the cathedral. But it was late; Phœbe threw herself down exhausted on a sofa, and Sylvia had to make the tea, after which they said good-night. Sylvia was restless, and the evening was dark and sultry. She went softly back to the drawing-room, opened the balcony window, stepped out, and began to walk up and down after her impetuous fashion. Her guardian angel whispered to her: "You are at a turning-point of your life; look to it. You want to find out which way you ought to go, and to do this with inward liberty of spirit you must put away from you all love of self, vanity, and worldliness, humbly ask God for light, and try to find out what he wants of you with a pure conscience and a ready will." This was the voice which appealed to her from a corner of her heart of which she was hardly conscious. It spoke softly and at intervals in the midst of other voices which repeated in a hundred different tones, "Why do you delay? Throw yourself into love's arms. One day of it is

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worth years of anxiety"; or, on the contrary, "Don't sacrifice a good position to a passing dream"; or, again, "You have committed no great crime. Why should you go to confession? You gave it up many years ago. It would be a perfect self-torment to take to it again; and if through it many unnecessary demands are made upon you, you will be involving yourself in worse indecision."

Wearied out in body and mind, she sank down on a chair near the window and her thoughts ceased to take definite shape. A crowd of vague and broken pictures passed through her mind. Two o'clock struck from the cathedral. The night air blew a refreshing breeze from the Rhine and cooled her burning forehead. The noise of the great river fell upon her ear in the deep stillness. The bridge of boats to Castel with its lanterns lay before her, and as she gazed at the narrow and shining path across the water a strange thought struck her.

She could not fathom the depth of those waters, nor measure their breadth in the darkness with her eyes, nor follow their course. "Does not faith throw just such a bridge, narrow yet firm and bright, across the deep and dark waves of human life?" she said to herself. "Are not the people who walk upon it to be envied? What would become of Aurel in his wretched married life if he had no religion? Faith cannot make him genial or attractive, but it makes him conscientious in very trying circumstances. Oh! why have *I* not got this faith? How did I lose it? Was it because I did not use the means of grace which God put into my power?"

A train puffed along at the opposite side of the street and disturbed her cogitations. She left the balcony and the drawing-room, and went to her room, where, tired out as she was, she fell into a heavy sleep. When Sylvia and Phœbe appeared the next morning Aurel had long been back from the cathedral. They had only just time to breakfast before they started, and that same evening Sylvia was with the Lehrbachs.

CHAPTER III.

A NOVITIATE.

SYLVIA was discomfited on the very outset by finding Frau von Lehrbach no longer in her old house or in that large and comfortable sitting-room where four years before they had been so happy together. As a widow Frau von Lehrbach's means

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were very narrow, and she was obliged to support Theobald, who would have no settled profession for some time, whilst Vincent did his very utmost not to be a burden to his mother and not to get into debts which would cripple his future action. Frau von Lehrbach, therefore, had taken some very small lodgings. Mother and daughter lived in one room and slept together in another. They had their meals in an ante-room, next door to which, on the opposite side, was a tiny room which Vincent or Theobald slept in when they came home, and which was now allotted to Sylvia. Clarissa made no secret of all these contrivances, but Sylvia quietly thought to herself that the small rooms made the old-fashioned furniture, which had been thirty years in use, look miserably shabby.

"So you see, dear Sylvia, why I asked you not to bring a maid with you," Clarissa added.

"Oh! it doesn't matter at all. One of your maids will help me a little, I dare say," answered Sylvia.

"*I* will," said Clarissa cheerfully. "We have only one servant, and she is something far beneath a lady's maid."

"Goodness! one servant for two persons? O Clary! I shall be dreadfully in your way," exclaimed Sylvia anxiously.

"Not at all. But we won't make a fuss with you, as we always fancy you belong to the place and are one of us."

Frau von Lehrbach was as kind to Sylvia as Clarissa, and there was so deep a sympathy between mother and daughter that it appealed once more to Sylvia's feelings, as on her previous visit, and did her good. But this was only one side of the business. Formerly she had been very happy as a guest, but she had never asked herself seriously whether she could make herself permanently contented with a similar lot. Or if she had then put herself the question she might have answered it affirmatively, both because she was younger and consequently more enterprising, and because the reality was so far removed from her that she did not grasp all that it involved. But now it was quite different. She looked the whole question resolutely in the face, and asked herself: "Can a happy family life make me contented to give up every comfort and to do with as little as possible for the rest of my days?"

Moreover, four years back this family life had come before her in the heyday of its summer. Father and mother were still alive in the full possession of their faculties; the sons, with their youthful energies, were at home, and Mechtilda, the bride, was on the eve of her marriage. It was like a beautiful summer's day

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when light and coloring are all around, sweet-smelling flowers and songs of birds in the air, and the blue firmament in its clear depths seems replete with hope. But now Sylvia saw the same family under the shadow of poverty and mourning; she found Frau von Lehrbach so shaken by her husband's unexpected death, and so anxious about her sons, that she had not yet regained the peaceful equanimity of former days, whilst Mechtilda had succumbed morally to the worries of household and children. Of her two children one was very sickly, and she herself looked wretched, thin and pale, and worn out. Her own four walls absorbed her eyes, ears, and thoughts to the utter exclusion of any other interest in life. The anxious work of housekeeping on small means, which were complicated by the arrival of a baby every year without a proportionate rise of income, pressed upon her the more because her husband looked for a certain amount of comfort and was much put out when he could not get it. Sylvia took it all in with a sinking at heart, and one day she could not help saying to Clarissa:

"In the name of goodness, Clary, what do people mean by domestic happiness? Mechtilda has got to look the picture of misery, and Velsen like a penny-a-liner. Between kitchen and nursery she wears herself out, and he doesn't make his suits or his writing very lucrative. Then there are the children into the bargain—one that can't talk yet, and the other that can't run about, and each making more noise than the other. *I* certainly am not made for this sort of happiness."

"The married state never attracted me either," answered Clarissa quietly. "Those who are called to it most certainly have the grace to fulfil its heavy duties."

"But there are marriages where there is more money, which must lighten these duties a good deal," said Sylvia.

"Certainly there are; but here, and in our position, they are quite the exceptions. And the first duty of marriage—sanctifying one's own soul and those of all one's family—remains the same. Indeed, it is a great question whether a brilliant position is a help to it or not."

"You are just like your brother, Clary—so fearfully earnest; and you soar so high, as if worldly things did not exist, or at least were not worth taking into consideration."

"Before God and in eternal life do you think they will have any worth apart from our good use of them?"

"I am talking of time, not of eternity. They are as far apart as heaven from earth, Clary."

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"And I find it impossible to separate the two, Sylvia. The poor little stream of time is always flowing to the great ocean of eternity, and I am borne with the current."

"Does this view of the thing make you happy?"

"*Happy!* That is an ambiguous word, Sylvia."

"I know it is, Clary. Mechtilda says she is happy with all her worries, and Martha says she is happy in her fearfully hard convent. In my opinion happiness consists in being so perfectly contented with one's lot that one would never wish to exchange it for any other. Is this your case?'

"Quite. Neither marriage nor the religious life has ever attracted me. I am too independent, and I could not find room in my heart for more than my parents and brothers and sisters."

"And God," added Sylvia.

"Oh! of course," exclaimed Clarissa eagerly. "God is the keystone of all love, and one finds him in all its notes. It is only where this is the case that any one can feel perfectly contented with his lot, be it humble or brilliant."

"I wish I had your calm heart and your generosity in living all for others," sighed Sylvia.

"Indeed, it's no merit of mine, but a matter of grace. Only ask God to send you abundance of grace," said Clarissa simply.

Again Sylvia sighed. She did indeed admire Clarissa's unselfishness, but she had not the generosity to pray for it. She remarked that Clarissa nearly always went against her natural inclination. Clarissa liked reading, music, serious conversation, long walks in the surrounding country, which was very pretty, and quiet hours before the "Hidden God." Instead of all these things she was obliged to busy herself with housekeeping; for, small though their establishment might be, it necessarily required a ruling spirit. Music was given up, as Frau von Lehrbach's weak nerves could not bear the noise of a full grand piano in the small room. It was nearly impossible to get any reading, because Mechtilda, with an eye to her own comfort, was wont to send one of her children to their grandmother's, and Clarissa had to keep watch over the noisy creature and to see that her mother was not worried.

They spent the evenings regularly with Mechtilda, who was tied to the house by husband, children, and ailing health. But the evenings had not the cosiness of former years. Mechtilda had become quite tiresome and could talk of nothing but domestic matters, the state of the market, the stupidity of her servants,

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and her own weak health. If any reading were attempted she interrupted it at every moment. Either a child was crying instead of going to sleep, and she had to see what was the matter, or the maid happened to drop a plate in laying the cloth in the next room, and she would get up to ask about the breakage. Then she would come back and grumble:

"Goodness gracious! I wish we might eat off pewter plates and dishes. These tiresome servant-maids would not be always breaking *them* to bits."

"But," said Frau von Lehrbach, "they cost a fortune in the first instance, so many china plates may be broken for the same money."

"But I should be less worried, mother, and that is something," replied Mechtilda. After these interruptions the book was not always resumed.

At supper-time Mechtilda's husband made his appearance, and five minutes after the meal he hurried off. His first words to Frau von Lehrbach would be, "Has the croaker been grumbling well to-day?"

This was his way of alluding to his wife; and although he spoke in joke, Mechtilda did not see the fun of it. Velsen was good and laborious, but he was uncouth, and he wounded Mechtilda's naturally quick and sensitive nature at every turn. For all that they were fond of each other, and did all they could to be happy together in spite of mutual rebuffs. But if Sylvia had expected to find their marriage an ideal one, having a charm about it greater than the scantiness of their means, after which pattern she would go and do likewise, she was completely undeceived. Their two hearts fed upon home-made bread, not upon ambrosia.

Sometimes Clarissa was able to snatch an hour before supper from her mother and sister for a walk with Sylvia. Generally speaking, Mechtilda had all kinds of small things to be made for the children, and she looked to Clarissa to help her in the evening, or Frau von Lehrbach wanted a little reading out; so that Clarissa's hands were tied on all sides, and she never had her time to herself. Yet she seemed not to notice it all any more than she did the petty disagreements between her sister and brother-in-law, or Mechtilda's querulous sighs and groans. There was always a peaceful look in her deep blue eyes and a good-natured expression about the firm mouth. Her whole bearing spoke strikingly of a rest which was neither indifference nor abstractedness. It was the higher peace of faith and charity.

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She was one of those rare souls who, in the quiet of their hearts and consciences, and unaided by external circumstances, come to see that true happiness is to be found in God alone, and that it is entirely independent of circumstances, position, or duty in life. Sylvia looked up to her in wonder as to a being not of this world, and might, perhaps, have felt sufficient confidence in her to ask her advice, only she knew how fondly Clarissa clung to her brother and how much she thought of him. "Clarissa will look down upon me," said Sylvia in perplexity to herself, "when I tell her that Vincent has loved me for two years, that I have encouraged him and return his affection, and that I am doubting now whether I won't take a rich man instead of him, who, good and worthy as he is, does not inspire me with the smallest affection. She will not think me good enough for Vincent, and will despise me for preferring some one else to him; and I really cannot bear this from her."

After a week of her stay Sylvia was thoroughly weary of it. Everything was so different from her usual habits. She could not put on her fashionable dresses, with their sweeping trains, in simple rooms without carpet or waxed floors. It would have been incongruous. And who was to look after her bows and laces, and sleeves and finery, now that she lacked her faithful Bertha? She did not care for the trouble of it. She was accustomed to read or sing or paint, and to find her dress all ready by the time she wanted it, whether it was for going out or for a dinner-party or a ball. Certainly as Lehrbach's wife she would live a very retired life, and not mix with the fashionable world; but even supposing she had to give up her evening and ball dresses, she was firmly determined neither to go about untidily, as Mechtilda did, nor to make her own clothes, as Clarissa did.

"You and your busy needle are much to be admired, Clary," she said one day to her friend. "If your mother would only read out to you, as she used always to do, I could understand this perpetual sewing and not find it so hard. But to stitch for ever without any break does indeed require much courage."

"As soon as ever mother feels strong enough we shall begin our reading again, and for the present, Sylvia, we can talk to each other and can listen to you sing; and, besides, one can think undisturbed at work. I don't dislike it at all."

"Thoughts are generally painful things," Sylvia sighed.

"That would be a sad business. No, I lay any painful thoughts I may have at the foot of the cross or in the Five Wounds, and then I go back to pleasant ones."

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"Of course you think about saints' lives and such like holy things?"

"Sometimes, but not always. We have read so much history and biography, and so many books on literature and art, that I find perpetual matter for thought."

"Do you? I think such books are dry and uninteresting."

"Perhaps you do, Sylvia. Such books are not merely entertaining, and they require some concentration of mind to be enjoyed. But after giving one's self this much trouble it is so interesting to follow man's course through time, to see great struggles and intellectual battles, and creations of human and of spiritual genius. One sees the noblest gifts misused, bloodshed and downfall, the contrasts of greatness and decline, and above all these events God, whose will it is to lead every man through our Lord to his church."

"I might fancy I was listening to Vincent," said Sylvia musingly.

"I dare say you might. We are twins in sympathy, and often, instead of dwelling upon my own future when I am alone, I think of his. I cannot think of anything for myself. I began my life here, and I shall end it here in the midst of the small things which are proportioned to my small capacity; but I let myself indulge in bold wishes and high-flown hopes about Vincent, as there is ground for them, in my opinion. I fancy a time must come when *men* will be wanted, manly characters who will build up right and justice from ruins on the basis of eternal truth; and then I think that he will be among the number."

"Do you really think him so strikingly clever that he is bound to have a brilliant career?" asked Sylvia eagerly.

"So strikingly clever? No; for he is very independent and has an unbending nature. Thus he has been through his law studies and will make a practical use of them, as he invariably shapes his life to his principles. He will never be made into a puppet which is set in motion by unsteady hands and put in the way of all kinds of good things; he will never purchase an advantage at the price of his independence. I am not thinking of what people call a brilliant career, which does not always go with real virtue. But I *do* think that society is in a state of miserable chaos which is only kept together by material power, and gagged by wiles and deceit, and that perhaps at no distant day these shackles will give way. Then the good, who are now lost and powerless in the crowd, will come to the fore and restore order and true liberty to our unfortunate world."

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"But, all the same, I should be glad for him to succeed as well as possible with his examination," answered Sylvia. "You seem to be thinking of rather hazy times, you know, which would require a revolution amongst the people. My uncle is sometimes angry and horrified at the mere possibility of such a thing. In the meantime Vincent has to live as comfortable as he can."

"His happiness is in God's hands," said Clarissa gently. "Pray for him. God's grace and his own efforts are his sole support amongst the numerous dangers and temptations of this great world of ours."

Sylvia had it on her tongue to add, "He has my love," but when she looked into Clarissa's truthful eyes she felt she could not stand their scrutiny. Clarissa would have read her very soul, and then have turned sorrowfully away at not finding there that deep and unworldly love for Vincent which alone could have made him happy. Poor and divided and fluttering creature that she was, she was incapable of rousing herself and no longer equal to the effort of concentrating herself upon even a human affection. Still, she had a secret sympathy for goodness and truth, but was not true to her instinct.

Sylvia was silent for a while, then she said: "Clary, you are certainly made to be Vincent's twin sister. I look upon you as an extraordinary girl."

"Heaven preserve us! What are you thinking about? I am a most ordinary individual, with nothing wonderful about me except the habit of good habits," exclaimed Clarissa, laughing heartily.

"That's just it, Clary. You've acquired readiness in the greatest virtues."

"I know nothing whatever about that," said Clarissa, getting up from her work. "But now we've talked enough, or you won't admire my readiness in cooking pancakes."

"O Clary! this is what I call intolerable. You interrupt the most interesting conversation to go to the kitchen," exclaimed Sylvia impatiently.

"Certainly I do. We must have something to eat. And don't you know that St. Catherine of Sienna had wonderful ecstasies in the kitchen? Of course this won't be my case, but I am equally certain that kitchen avocations won't harm my soul. Duty never does."

"There you are, Clary—always thinking of your soul and your duty. It is so hard!"

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"'Tis only part of my good habits. If we have our crucified King and his divine promises before our soul's eye, Sylvia, it is easier than you think."

"Oh! dear," sighed Sylvia. "This means that I am to overcome one difficulty by a greater one. What are you asking me to do?"

"I am asking for nothing, but God wants your soul; this much is positive." So saying, Clarissa went out of the room. During Sylvia's stay she wrote to Vincent. She said to him: "I can't tell you how grieved I am in my own mind about Sylvia. All that was good and is good in her is losing ground because she lacks the magnet of living faith which attracts, and strengthens, and develops our good qualities. At times she sees her need, but only by glimpses. It looks as if she were afraid of acknowledging it to herself, for fear the avowal might necessitate steps she had rather not take. We must use her carefully and not require much from her. It is only indirectly that one may hope to influence her, for she will not bear much and makes very small attempts at anything herself. Indeed, she is so accustomed to lead an outward life of show and appearance that sometimes I have a painful feeling that she may not be perfectly sincere."

Vincent by no means shared this opinion of Clarissa's about Sylvia. He looked at her with a first-love's tender eyes, and his was a first love in real earnest. It was neither produced by a vague need to love something nor was it the spurious offspring of an overheated imagination. Strong, ennobling, and self-sacrificing, it had grown up in his heart, and he pictured its future action to be the eternal sanctification of two souls, who, bound together by a deep sympathy, should tread the same path and share life's thorns and roses. This was how he looked at marriage. With him it was no enthusiastic figure of speech, but a heart-felt need and a strong determination which Sylvia's shortcomings by no means repulsed. They only made him feel a greater need of perfection himself, in order that he might prove a sure and faithful guide to her. Clarissa's reproaching Sylvia with want of honesty affected him painfully; for whilst Sylvia's inward perturbation and the contradictory points in her character appeared to Clarissa—and rightly, too—in the light of a want of truthfulness, Vincent accounted for it by her wishing to be silent about their mutual relations, and possibly seeming, in consequence, to be wanting in sincerity. It distressed him greatly to be the cause of the misunderstanding; still, he was more

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than ever determined not to tell his mother of his engagement till he had an independent position. In her nervous condition it would have worried her to death to weigh all the possibilities of their engagement never coming to a marriage, and Vincent meant to spare her this anxiety of mind. He wrote just a few lines about Sylvia back to Clarissa, begging her not to expect too great things of people. He said: "If you had only seen Sylvia for one day as I saw her for months together you would not accuse her, with her loving heart, of any want of lively faith. She was an angel of mercy to us all when we were so ill."

As Clarissa read these lines she begged Sylvia's pardon mentally for her harsh judgment, but did not for all that fall into her brother's view. She saw through Sylvia's character, or rather through the feminine mind, better than he did. A woman is made up of contrasts and contradictions, and is so strange a mixture of lightness and energy, laziness and activity, superficiality and depth, many colored tones of thought and perfect simplicity, that often a man does not know how to take the enigmatical creature. His judgment fluctuates between flattery and a too unfavorable verdict. Still, Clarissa was far from wishing to deny that Sylvia had been an angel of goodness, and that she would be an angel again if opportunity offered; but she remained true to her conviction that a solid piety would be the only means of introducing harmony and order amongst the good elements which were smouldering in Sylvia's heart, and that unfortunately her friend did not possess this piety.

Vincent said in the same letter that he was on the eve of his last examination, after which he meant to come and see his mother. Sylvia's heart beat quickly and anxiously at the thought of meeting Vincent in the midst of his own family, for one thing was certain: there was an elevation of feeling about him, a mental soaring, which went far beyond her own conception of earthly happiness. She knew his was the nobler sentiment, and sometimes she wished he would impart it to her, thus reconciling her to the modest position which awaited her as his wife, and towards which she felt an ungovernable disgust. But the question whether she could make herself permanently happy on very small means always plunged her back again in her sea of doubts; for though it was easy to grow used to a kind and loving husband, it might be difficult to resign one's self to constant privation. She trembled at the thought of meeting Vincent under his mother's roof.

Towards the end of September Baroness Grünerode left

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Heidelberg and asked Sylvia to meet her at Frankfort, whence they could travel home together. Bertha and a man-servant were sent to fetch her.

"My goodness, miss! how very odd your hair is done," exclaimed Bertha, after the first words of greeting. "Why, you are quite flat on the top of your head! What have you done with the long, thick, fine plait of hair which made you look so wonderfully interesting? If there is no handy maid in the house the town is not so God-forsaken as to have no hair-dresser. Really, miss, I assure you you can't appear as you are before your aunt to-morrow. You look quite different, and not at all to advantage, miss. You see you can't get on without your faithful Bertha."

Sylvia cast a furtive glance at the very diminutive glass hanging over the drawers, at which Bertha called out in a tone of profound scorn: "That thing there can't be called a toilette glass. You must have a large one to see yourself from head to foot, and a small one on the table, and a hand-glass to be able to look at the back of your hair; and here there is nothing of the sort. Dreadful indeed!"

"Don't be jabbering nonsense, Bertha. They are still in mourning here, and they don't trouble themselves about the fashions," said Sylvia, irritated by the loquacious girl's reminding her of those elegant habits which she would willingly have forgotten, if it had only been possible.

The following day Clarissa accompanied Sylvia to the station and said tenderly: "How can I thank you for the pleasure you have given me, and for your sacrifice in staying so long with us?"

"There was no sacrifice in the matter, Clary."

"Oh! yes, there was, and a great one too, Sylvia dear. Don't you think I have remarked how uncomfortable our narrow means have made you? And still you stayed on. I fancy you must have felt like a beautiful bird from foreign parts who falls by accident into a dark and quiet wood. Now you are glad to fly back to your golden cage."

"Did you find me so disagreeable, then?" asked Sylvia with a touch of pettishness.

"On the contrary, you have been as nice as you could be, both to me and to my mother. But for all that you are not going to persuade either yourself or me that ours is the kind of position you like, or would wish for or choose. You look upon it as full of labor and toil. Now, can you deny it?"

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"No, Clary, I am afraid I can't."

"And in spite of this you have been willing to stay with us six weeks out of friendship. May God reward you, and may he give you that which we all most need!"

"Which is—" said Sylvia breathlessly.

"The knowledge of ourselves," answered Clarissa. "If we only realize thoroughly what and who we are we shall become humble, and God showers his best graces on humility."

"Oh! if I were only like you," exclaimed Sylvia sorrowfully.

"You must look higher," answered Clarissa earnestly. "Don't rest contented with sinning creatures. Loosen your thoughts a little from earth and the things of earth, and heaven will grow more accessible to you. And now good-by, dearest Sylvia."

"O Clary! shall we ever see each other again?" exclaimed Sylvia with emotion.

"Why not?" answered Clarissa calmly. "Even if death came to separate us I should still look for our meeting in a place where there is no sorrowful parting. We must pray and do our best to get there."

They kissed each other, and Sylvia got into the train, which moved slowly away. She held her head out of the window to catch a last and lingering sight of Clarissa's tall figure in her flowing mourning. When at last she could see her no longer she leant back in the carriage, shut her eyes, and said to herself: "The faithful creature wishes me self-knowledge. I think her wish is fulfilled. I must give up Vincent."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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STRIVING.

STAND on the snow-clad peaks of faith and see
The vaunting toilers in the vale below—
Men in pursuit of myth and phantasy,
Warmed into action by their passion's glow,
Striving in vain by rosy paths to go,
Yet know not whither; straight before them lies
A foot-pressed path up toward the gleaming snow,
Through it ascending to the love-lit skies—
Ah! no, the wondrous height dazzles their doubting eyes.

Some, on the self-plumed wings of private thought,
Soar to their little heights and call it bliss.
Entranced by rays of seeming wisdom caught
From earthly sources, some adore and kiss
Such as themselves; nay, even the vile abyss
Of human sin is odorous with wreaths
That had been twined for heaven, serpents hiss
Where buds should bloom, and dying man bequeaths
To man contempt for Him who through his being breathes;

Striving to prove mankind a cultured beast,
To drown the voice of the immortal soul,
Make life a wine-tinct, rose-crowned pleasure feast,
And cull the gifts, from God's own hand that roll
In rich profusion, Nature's meagre dole.
Thus would they fling the sacred name aside,
And yield to phantasms of the brain a sole
And blind obedience; scorn the Crucified
And those who kneel to pray "O Father, be our guide."

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PAX. Chronological Notes containing the Rise, Growth, and Present State of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Benedict. Drawn from the Archives of the Houses of the said Congregation at Douay in Flanders, Dieulivart in Lorraine, Paris in France, and Lambspring in Germany, where are preserved the Authentic Acts and Original Deeds, etc. An. 1709. By Dom Bennet Weldon, O.S.B., a monk of St. Edmund's, Paris. London: John Hodges, 24 King William Street, Charing Cross. 1881.

This title is enough to show that the *Chronicle* and its editor are alike very old-fashioned. The *Chronicle* is published in quarto, with red letters on the title-page, and other quaint, antique forms. The Benedictine Order is like a great circle within a greater, in respect to the Catholic Church—a sort of great universal *Christadelphian Ecclesia*, to borrow an appellation from a curious sect of this name existing in Jersey City, inside of the Catholic Church. It has its own hierarchy, rites, feasts and fasts, breviary and laws, and has had a vast extension, a long history. Cardinal Newman, in his exquisitely beautiful essay on "The Mission of St. Benedict," assigns to it poetry as its characteristic mark, and it is indeed the embodiment of the poetry, romance, and child-like enthusiasm of religion. Its annalists claim for it 37,000 houses, 30 popes, 200 cardinals, 4 emperors, 46 kings, 51 queens, 1,406 princes, some thousands of nobles and bishops. It has had during its long existence many millions of members and many thousands of saints, abbots and learned men.

The author of the *Chronicle*, Dom Bennet Weldon, an English convert to the Catholic faith, was born in London in 1674, and died in 1713. His notes embrace the period between Queen Mary and the death of James II. They make a curious and interesting addition to that special class of historical works now coming so much into vogue in England, which reproduce original, contemporaneous documents, and are therefore very trustworthy and life-like. The book has been carefully edited and published in an elegant style. An appendix has been added containing many particulars concerning Benedictine religious houses of men and women, and lists of superiors and subjects. The editor's Preface also is full of information respecting important facts of modern Benedictine history. One fact is specially worthy of mention—the active part taken by the monks to promote the art of printing when it was still in its infancy. The monks of Mentz were foremost in Germany in encouraging printing, those of Subiaco in Italy, and in England the monks of Westminster set up the first press, their example being soon followed by those of St. Albans, Tavistock, Abingdon, and Canterbury.

ALL FOR LOVE; or, From the Manger to the Cross. By the Rev. James J. Moriarty, A.M. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

The title *All for Love* seems to have been suggested by that of Father Faber's famous book, *All for Jesus*. It refers, however, not to the love of man for Christ, but to the love of Christ for men, as exhibited in the work

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of redemption. The manner of treating the subject is between the method of meditation and that of spiritual conference. There is a thread of argument, but the main object is to awaken pious emotions. The hidden life of Christ at Nazareth, the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, and the Passion are the topics which seem to us those which are treated in the best manner by the author. We are glad to quote the kind words he has used concerning the Jews, near the close of his last chapter: "The reason the writer has for dwelling at some length on this perfect realization of the ancient figures and fulfilment of the prophecies is the desire which all Christians ought to have for the conversion of that noble and grand old Jewish race, from whom have sprung those whom we venerate most in the world—Jesus and Mary. This great people were for long ages the sole depositaries of God's truth, and we should pray that they may acknowledge their Messias, Lord, and Redeemer, and be once more received into divine favor."

The practical reflections with which the author directs the mind and heart of the reader to imitate the example given us by our Lord in his actions and sufferings are excellent and useful, particularly those with which he concludes, and sums up the lessons of the entire Life and Passion of Christ.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN. A narrative of the principal events in the life of Mary Stuart, with some remarks on Mr. Froude's *History of England*. By James F. Meline. (A new edition, with a new appendix.) New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

It seems only yesterday that the three favorite writers with the English-speaking world were Carlyle, Kingsley, and Froude. In a certain class of minds they had grown almost to the proportion of apostles. They were supposed to represent the innate love of truth. Their mission, it was said, was to demolish cant, sham, make-believe—hypocrisy, in fact, in its every phase. Very strangely, they were as popular here in America as in England; perhaps more so—it was here that Carlyle's talents, such as they were, obtained their first real recognition. Yet all three of them were defenders of absolutism, of Cæsarism, of brute force. Their idols were, almost without exception, unyielding monarchs, oligarchies, military usurpers, or brawny athletes. The meek and lowly counted for nothing with these writers. For oppressed peoples they had only scorn, and for the unhappy poor, sneers. Accomplished facts, success, which are after all but skilfully chosen synonyms for the immoral maxim that the end justifies the means—these were the test which preachers of the so-called muscular Christianity were to apply as the measure of the justice and the wrong-doing of men or nations. With them success was virtue and misfortune vice. They exemplified their new gospel of "thorough" by the lives of their saints. Who were their saints? Specimens of them are Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Frederick of Prussia, Catharine II.! The first Napoleon was omitted from their martyrology, perhaps only because he was an enemy of England.

And these writers were said to embody in a manner the genius of the English nation. But how so? The English constitution—an inheritance

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of Catholic times and teaching—has long been the model for other countries striving after free political institutions in which all the classes of the commonwealth may come in for their due share of privilege and responsibility. But the spirit which these writers embody is the spirit of modern England, which has built up a vast empire by subjugating other races and nations to its own will and interests. A true history of England since the beginning of Protestantism will present an appalling array of atrocities: chief among them Drake's sanctioned piracies; the systematic oppression of Ireland for three centuries; the sale of thousands of Irishmen as slaves in foreign parts; the persecution of Catholics in England itself; the ill-treatment of the American colonies; the cruel and perfidious conquest of India, and its subsequent harsh government; the bombardment of Copenhagen without a declaration or notice of war; the destruction during the Peninsular War of Spanish manufactures under pretence of keeping them from the use of the French; the Opium War against China; the wanton invasion of the Boers' territory in South Africa. It is no wonder that readers bred to an attitude of apology for such a system should have been prepared to accept the new prophets of force as men of light.

But Kingsley came to an ignominious end when, after having posed as an ardent worshipper of truth, his tergiversations brought down upon him Newman's weight in the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. The hollowness, the dyspeptic cynicism of Carlyle were only recently made known to his admirers through the indiscretion of his candid friend Froude in publishing the *Reminiscences*—a book which is the master-key to all of Carlyle's railings. As for Froude himself, fortunately it must be owned, he has been wonderfully indiscreet from the first. His *History of England* was not consistent with itself in the attempt to make out that impiety, treachery, selfishness, and brutality had brought blessings upon England. The late Colonel Meline, in the volume now before us, showed Froude's unfitness for historical work. Froude, he says, "has fine perceptive and imaginative faculties—admirable gifts for literature, but not for history; desirable if history depended on fiction, not on fact; precious if historic truth were subjective." And again: "In matters of state Mr. Froude is a pamphleteer; in personal matters he is an advocate. He holds a brief for Henry. He holds a brief against Mary Stuart." "He is the declared friend or the open enemy of all the personages in his history." Historians of Mr. Froude's stamp are not content to take facts as they find them and arrange them in the order in which they occurred. They make the facts "harmonize"—with whatever thesis they are attempting to maintain. They have theories to float, heroes to idealize, political systems to hold up for the admiration or to point out for the contempt of the trustful reader. They are endowed with that strange gift of "mind-reading," but, what is stranger still, they read the most secret thoughts of people who have been dead and buried for centuries, and they have no hesitation as to assigning with certainty motives for actions, even where intelligent contemporaries were unable to form an opinion as to the motives. The chroniclers of old used to set down in scrupulous order whatever facts, or supposed facts, had come to their knowledge. But the chronicles they compiled were merely the dry bones of history. Our philosophical historians, with great skill and consummate art, build up about these bones the beautiful contours of real

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flesh and blood; and though the added beauty may not be exactly like the original forms or colors, there is nevertheless the semblance of life. A philosophical historian's narrative may not be truthful, but it is at least apt to be picturesque.

Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian was first published in 1871, and at once attracted general attention. It was welcomed by Freeman, Hosack, Agnes Strickland, and others as an extremely valuable contribution to the criticism which Mr. Froude's shocking distortions of history had aroused among the learned in England. Shortly after its appearance Mr. Froude made his celebrated visit to this country on a lecturing tour, his subject being the English dominion in Ireland. He was ably answered by Wendell Phillips and the Dominican friar, Father Burke, and was shown to be "a pleader of a cause rather than an impartial historian." At a lecture given in Boston Mr. Froude affected to challenge his critics to a test of his own accuracy regarding Mary Stuart's history, and Col. Meline was offered the columns of the New York *Tribune* for a rejoinder. Two letters from Col. Meline were published in the *Tribune*, November 23, 1872, and December 7, 1872, the second of which—containing also in substance the first—now for the first time appears in a permanent form as an appendix to this new edition of *Mary Queen of Scots*. In this appendix we read:

"It was the intention of the gifted author of *Mary Queen of Scots* to review Mr. Froude's *History of Ireland*, but this and many other historical sketches contemplated or begun were cut off by the cold hand of death. On August 14, 1873, after long and weary months of suffering, endured with the courage of the Christian soldier that he was, he yielded his soul to its Creator with an humble yet confident trust in his loving goodness and mercy. Accomplished scholar, brilliant writer, gallant soldier, refined and Catholic gentleman, he was indeed a loss to the cause he loved so well. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Several new works of interest on Mary Stuart have appeared since Meline's death, but nothing that can change the effect of the fearful array of evidences of Mr. Froude's dishonest methods in history which *Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian* first made known to the general American reader. We are therefore extremely glad to welcome this new edition. The whole of the myth of the "Reformation" is gradually coming to be understood through the labors of a new school of critical writers, both Protestant and Catholic.

THE CATECHUMEN: an aid to the Intelligent Knowledge of the Catechism. By J. G. Wenham. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

This is an excellent work and cannot be too highly recommended. There is nothing so important in the present age as that our Catholic youth should be well instructed in their religion, and this can only be done, at least in our large cities, by intelligent laymen devoting their time and attention to this work. In spite of all that may be said in favor of parochial schools, a large proportion of our children go to work at an early age, and in consequence fail to receive the advantage of the careful instruction provided there. If these children are not looked after the church will suffer great losses in the rising generations. There is one effectual way to meet this need, and that is by well-organized and carefully-conducted Sun-

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day-schools or catechism classes. Certainly far more than a majority of our Catholic youth of both sexes are at work by the age of fourteen, and it is from fourteen to eighteen that they are able to receive an intelligent knowledge and explanation of the faith. Nothing can ever take its place; sermons may do a great deal, but that intelligent understanding of our religion which can stand the test of the scepticism, materialism, and infidelity to which it will be exposed in these times can be acquired only by a thorough and systematic study of some of the larger catechisms, and this in its turn can be secured only by making the catechism classes attractive and interesting. That our Catholic youth will not avail themselves of such teaching if offered is a false idea. If our intelligent laymen would interest themselves in this work there would be little doubt of results. And it is just such manuals as Canon Wenham's that will enable them to do the work in a competent manner. *The Catechumen* contains a short yet sufficiently complete explanation of every point of Christian doctrine, and, as far as we have examined, accurately theological without being dry or technical. It is divided into four parts. Part first treats of religion in general, and these chapters are exceedingly well written; part second treats of the Creed; part third of the commandments; and part fourth of the sacraments and prayers. This arrangement makes it easy, from the table of contents, to find information on any subject desired, and is also in conformity with most of our larger catechisms. We recommend *The Catechumen* to all the laity who desire to be informed concerning their religion, as the best book of the kind in English that has yet come under our notice; and certainly no one who pretends to *instruct* others—for such is the duty of the real Sunday-school teacher—should be without some such work.

CATECHISM MADE EASY. Being a familiar explanation of the *Catechism of Christian Doctrine.* By the Rev. Henry Gibson. London: Burns & Oates. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.) 1882.

This is an explanation, question by question, of the catechism generally used throughout England, and also formerly used considerably in Ireland. Our *Boston Catechism* is substantially a reprint of the same, so that Father Gibson's work will be of great assistance to those teaching this catechism. But it will also be valuable to any teacher of catechism, since it follows the division of the Creed, the Commandments, and the Sacraments. It would have been better if the table of contents had been arranged more systematically, and instead of making the number of the instruction, which is of no importance, the most prominent thing, the subjects had been arranged in a tabular form so as to strike the eye at once.

It is a similar work to *The Catechumen*, but the explanations are more familiar and better adapted to smaller children; it is also illustrated with many examples, and, which we are pleased to see, many of them taken bodily from the Holy Scriptures. As for the stories, so far as we have examined, they seem to be prudently selected and their authority generally given. Altogether it is a very useful work, and the more of such books as this and *The Catechumen* we have in English, the easier and the better the catechism can be taught to our children, whether by religious or laymen. Canon Wenham and Father Gibson have done good service to the cause

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of religious education, and we trust other priests engaged in the instruction of children will give to the world the benefit of their labors.

MEMOIR OF FATHER LAW, S.J. Part i. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

Not quite a year ago the papers announced the death of Father Law from fatigue and hardship incurred in the service of the Zambesi Mission, and very general interest was awakened in his fate, the African continent having of late much occupied the attention of the civilized world. The father of the Jesuit missionary, the Hon. W. T. Law, having collected and arranged the materials for his biography, gives us in this first part the memoirs of his boyhood up to his fifteenth year. Mr. Law, the father, is a younger son of the first Lord Ellenborough and a grandson of the famous Bishop Edmund Law of Carlisle. Whether he is a relative of the more celebrated William Law or not we do not know. After a short career in the army he graduated at Cambridge and became a clergyman, holding several benefices in succession and also having been at one time chancellor of the diocese of Wells. Some thirty years ago he was received into the Catholic Church, and now resides at Hampton Court. Besides his son who became a Jesuit, several ladies of the Law family became religious, and we hope to find in the second part of the memoir of Augustus Henry Law some details of this most interesting event of the conversion of a family so distinguished and estimable. The memoir, so far as it has gone, is deeply touching, as a tribute from an aged and excellent father to the memory of a good and noble son. It is a simple and domestic story, composed mostly of family letters, in which we have found a great charm. It reveals the interior of the best kind of English family life. It narrates the childish history of the young Augustus as a schoolboy, and then tells in his own artless and sprightly language the story of his first three years as a midshipman on his first long cruise. It is a picture of a bright, amiable, and perfectly happy boy, innocent and pious from the beginning, and also full of life and gayety. It is very pleasing to find a representation of such a wholesome and pure school life, and, what is more remarkable, of what seems to have been a very similar régime on board a man-of-war. May the author of this Life be spared to complete the narrative of his son's career in the navy, according to his intention, and to see the work he has begun finished by a competent hand, recording the religious and priestly history of Father Law. Such a book ought to do immense good among young people from its very attractive as well as edifying character.

LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS. Written by himself. Hartford, Conn.: Park Publishing Co. 1882.

In the first part of this very interesting volume incidents are narrated which read like those of a past age. One can hardly believe that there could be a living witness to the deeds recorded against individual slaveholders. Yet not only is there undeniable testimony of the utter baseness to which were reduced many examples of master and slave in the olden time, but the witness himself actually passed through the terrible ordeal. He knows from personal experience how sharp and cruel was the master's lash; and the recital of his youthful adventures as a slave-boy in Talbot County, Maryland, is both interesting and instructive. The daily life and

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condition of the slave cannot but give interest to a story told by the actor in the scenes which he describes; and the historical facts stated cannot but prove of high value in the formation of a just opinion of the real status of the actual system of slavery as it existed in the South.

In the amiable character of Mrs. Auld, who first taught the child-slave his alphabet, we are presented with a picture said to have been by no means uncommon in those days. On the other hand, the brutality to which man, claiming to be civilized, may be reduced by a system is strongly portrayed in the cases of Gore and Covey. The incidents attending the escape of Douglass are fully narrated, with names of persons and places given, so as to make a very complete account of an event of much consequence both to himself and his race.

Not without importance is the second part of the volume, containing a record of the anti-slavery agitation, the men who led therein, the author's visits to England, his meeting with O'Connell, and the expression of his great admiration for that pre-eminent man.

His estimate of the great Emancipator we give in his own words:

"Until I heard this man I had thought that the story of his oratory and his power was greatly exaggerated. I did not see how a man could speak to twenty or thirty thousand people at one time and be heard by any considerable number of them; but the mystery was solved when I saw his vast person and heard his musical voice. His eloquence came down upon the vast assembly like a summer thunder-shower upon a dusty road. He could stir the multitude at will to a tempest of wrath, or reduce it to the silence with which a mother leaves the cradle-side of her sleeping babe. Such tenderness, such pathos, such world-embracing love! And, on the other hand, such indignation, such fiery and thunderous denunciation, and such wit and humor, I never heard surpassed, if equalled, at home or abroad. . . .

"In introducing me to an immense audience in Conciliation Hall he playfully called me the 'Black O'Connell of the United States.' O'Connell was at this time attacked as opposing American institutions because he denounced slavery. In reply he said: 'I am charged with attacking American institutions, as slavery is called; I am not ashamed of this attack. My sympathy is not confined to the narrow limits of my own green island; my spirit walks abroad upon sea and land, and wherever there is oppression I hate the oppressor, and wherever the tyrant rears his head I will deal my bolts upon it; and wherever there is sorrow and suffering, there is my spirit to succor and relieve" (p. 242).

It is much to the credit of Mr. Douglass that he gratefully appreciates the vast influence exercised by the Liberator against slavery.

The style of the book is creditable, but not such as to warrant the statement made in the introduction: "He has surmounted the disadvantage of not having an university education" (p. viii.) This disadvantage can be surmounted, if at all, only by men of genius belonging to an order far higher than that to which Mr. Douglass will aspire.

As to the future of his race, the author makes it appear that there are very good grounds to look for their rapid advancement. And one of his grounds for this hope is worthy of consideration: "My hope for the future of my race is further supported by the rapid decline of an emotional, shouting, and thoughtless religion. Scarcely in any direction can there be found a less favorable field for mind or morals than where such a religion prevails. . . . Instead of adding to faith virtue, its tendency is to substitute faith for virtue, and is a deadly enemy to our progress." These words necessarily refer to that form of Protestantism (known as Methodism) most prevalent amongst the colored population.

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On the whole, the book is not only worthy of perusal but of much value for its contents, relating as they do to a most important period in the history of the Republic, and revealing in a peculiarly clear light some of those deeply-hidden causes from which has sprung the present transition-state of the nation.

MISSALE ROMANUM. Quarto, 1876; ditto, in small folio, 1882. Fr. Pustet & Co., Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati.

A comparison between these two editions of the Missal will show what great improvements have been effected in the second, a copy of which we have just received. The quarto Missal is a very good one in respect to size and type, especially for small altars and daily use. Through want of sufficient care on the part of the proof-reader or the ecclesiastical examiner, however, it contains several grievous typographical errors. In the Preface of Pentecost it has *sed in supernæ virtutes* for *sed et*. In the third Mass for Christmas the title of the Gospel has *Sequentia* for *Initium*. In the Mass of the Feast of Our Lady of Carmel the title has *Joannem* for *Lucam*. In the Mass for the Feast of St. John Nepomucen the Collect has *linguam caute discutire* for *custodire*. We have noticed other mistakes also, but cannot now remember what they are. This leads us to observe that altar-cards have frequently mistakes in words or punctuation, and ought to be more carefully corrected before they are printed. In the *Credo*, especially, there is a great variety of punctuation. *Crucifixus est pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato* is one form, and *nobis: sub Pontio Pilato passus*, etc., is another and the correct one. Even the *Ordo* is an uncertain guide. The Feast of St. Raymond of Pennafort, displaced from its seat by the Desponsation of the B. V. M., was assigned in the Ordo of 1881 to January 28, and in that of 1882 to February 9, as its fixed day, without assigning any reason or authority. There have been so many variations and palpable mistakes in the Ordo in past years that its character for accuracy has suffered and needs to be rehabilitated. We speak of these things to show that eternal vigilance is the price of correctness in all liturgical publications. Mr. Pustet has probably corrected in the later issues of his quarto Missal the mistakes which had crept into the edition of 1876. We have looked at the corresponding places in his new folio edition and found them all correct. A general inspection of the whole which we have made with the help of some other persons who are critical in such matters has satisfied us that the description which the publishers have themselves given of it in their advertisement is correct, and that they have spared no pains to make it accurate, complete, and most convenient for use. Its typography and general style of execution are excellent, particularly the manner of printing the Canon. The title-picture, vignettes and initials, and the twenty-six large woodcuts of Prof. Klein are in good taste and pleasing to the eye of an amateur. The edition has several other editorial and technical advantages. The proof-sheets have been submitted to the Congregation of Rites, and revised under its direction, and both text and chant have received its approbation. In its simpler form of binding, in black roan with red edges, the Missal is of very reasonable cost, at $12; and there are several more ornate styles of different prices up to $35, which is the cost when bound in blue ornamented calf covers with gilt

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clasps and corners. We have no fault to find with the copy we have received, bound in black roan with red edges, except the marbled lining of the covers, which is too much like the style of a school-book, and would look better if exchanged for a white or black lining.

The Roman Missal is a wonderful and beautiful thing, and in this new edition of Mr. Pustet it has been put into an exterior form which is quite suitable to its sacred dignity and creditable to the publishing firm of which he is the head.

EPITOME EX GRADUALI ROMANO, quod curavit Sacrorum Rituum Congregatio, redacta a Francisco X. Haberl, magistro capellæ musicæ in ecclesia cathedrali Ratisbonensi. Sumptibus Frederici Pustet. 1882.

Of late years a desire to introduce some of the proper of the Mass has been manifested by many of the pastors of our large city churches, and it is to meet this want that Mr. Haberl has edited the above-mentioned work, containing as it does, in a distinct volume, the Masses which are celebrated on the Sundays and principal feasts of the year. The work is an epitome of the Graduale issued by Messrs. Pustet & Co. which has already been noticed in this magazine; we have nothing, therefore, to add but our good wishes that its success may lead to such a cultivation of taste as to demand the complete and uncurtailed office in the church's music.

ORIGINAL, SHORT, AND PRACTICAL SERMONS FOR EVERY FEAST OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. Three Sermons for every Feast. By F. X. Weninger, S.J., Doctor of Theology. Cincinnati: C. J. H. Lowen, 208 Sycamore Street. 1882.

These sermons form the promised addition to the series for Sundays previously noticed in this magazine. They are written in the same plain, practical, and forcible style, and are somewhat longer, which is, we think, an improvement. Over thirty feasts are selected, many others, therefore, being included besides the holidays of obligation. This volume, like the one preceding it, will certainly be a valuable addition to this important class of literature, and will be highly welcome both to clergy and people.

EUROPEAN BREEZES. By Marie J. Pitman (Margery Deane). Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. (American Statesmen.) By John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

THE POPE AND ITALY. Translated from the Italian by Alexander Wood, M.A., F.S.A. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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METHODIST MISSIONS IN HEATHEN AND CATHOLIC LANDS.*

THE *Sixty-third Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year* 1881, makes a portly volume of three hundred and thirty-three pages crammed with interesting figures and facts. It covers the missionary operations of this society in all parts of the globe during the last year, and affords some indications also of the work of the same society in past years. The Methodist missionary field is a very extensive one. Its motto is that of John Wesley: "The world is my parish." The cover of the volume is illustrated by a very badly executed map of the two hemispheres, showing Asia, Africa, most of Australia, a large portion of North America, and the heart of South America in deep mourning. These black spots on the world's face are probably intended to indicate the places where the light of Methodism and of Christianity has either never shone or has been quenched. And unquestionably, to a Christian eye, the waste is indeed a dark and dreary one. The fact stands to shame us that, with all the physical and mental superiority of the white races that claim to be Christian, the greater portion of the world and of men are left out in the exterior darkness. They do not know Christ, and cleave as closely to idolatry and superstition as though the Redeemer of man had never been born into the world.

* *Sixty-third Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year* 1881.

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Why this is so and should be so is not the present purpose of inquiry. What is sought here is an examination of what the Methodist Missionary Society is doing to spread the light of the Gospel abroad. Certain it is that large sums of money are annually contributed towards this as towards other Protestant missionary enterprises. The people who contribute so liberally towards the dispensation of the Gospel and the conversion of the heathen do so from the very best of motives—from a spirit of true zeal and Christian charity. No amount of failure daunts them or shakes their faith in the goodness of the work. Time and again not Catholics only but Protestant journalists and writers have exposed the hollowness in great measure of Protestant missionary effort. But the lesson is lost or thrown away. It is charged, and with reasonable show of truth, that these foreign missions, on which such vast sums are annually expended, serve for little else than to afford snug berths for the missionaries and their wives; that the heathen are not converted, or at least that no practical impression is made on the masses to whom these comfortable, well-to-do married apostles and their families are sent. But all to no purpose: there are the heathen to be converted; here are the missionaries to convert them, and here the sinews of war in the shape of means. That seems to embrace the general presentation of the entire matter to the well-meaning persons who keep these enterprises afloat. Under such circumstances it is worth while to examine the facts and figures regarding the missions and the missionaries set forth in this sixty-third annual report.

Financially the report is a flourishing one and speaks for the earnestness of the people in this work, which to practical yet not unsympathetic minds seems futile and wasteful. The winter of 1881 was a very rigorous one, and much of Methodism lies among the poor:

"In large sections of the church," says the report, "great distress prevailed for months, and the usual church and revival work was prevented. . . . When it seemed almost impossible to secure the necessities of life it could not be but that our collections should feel the drought. Special efforts were made to present the missionary cause, and our people half forgot their losses in their generous support of this important and imperilled interest. The result was a grand advance of $74,994 17 for the year, which has already been expended in the work."

The General Missionary Committee advanced on the appropriations of the previous year, and the wonder of the report is that they did not advance "another hundred thousand dollars in

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their appropriations." Perhaps the committee was advisedly cautious; but in spite of all drawbacks the report states triumphantly: "We are pressing toward one million dollars, a year for missions for our Methodism." Now, let us see what is done with the million dollars, and what the generous-hearted people get in return for their money and their zeal in the cause.

The appropriations for Methodist missions for the present year amount to the highly respectable sum of $752,262. Of this $327,327 go to foreign missions, with which the present article is chiefly concerned; the rest to domestic missions of various kinds. The foreign missions are divided up among Africa, Central America, South America, China, Germany and Switzerland, Scandinavia, India, Bulgaria and Turkey, Italy, Mexico, and Japan. Of these respective fields for missionary zeal and apostolic work China receives the largest apportionment, amounting to $70,357; India comes next with $62,759; then follows Scandinavia with $45,926; Japan, $38,281; Mexico receives $30,000; Italy, $25,000; Central and South America, $13,250. Thus it will be seen that our charitable friends, the Methodists, kindly set apart $68,250 for the conversion of the Roman Catholic heathen, which is more than they give to India, ten times more than they bestow on Africa, and only a little less than they devote to the children of the Celestial Empire.

To begin with the country that receives the largest appropriation: The headquarters of the Chinese mission is at Foochow, where, according to the report, a mission was begun as long ago as 1847. All the missionaries reside at Foochow. To the uninitiated the report is here a little confusing. The names of five gentlemen are set down as "missionaries," and the names of five ladies, the wives of said gentlemen, as "assistant missionaries." There are also four "missionaries W. F. M. S."—cabalistic characters that stand for the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society." These missionaries are of the devout female sex, and are, at date of last report, unmarried. A recapitulation, however, of the working force of the mission gives only 3 missionaries, with 2 assistant missionaries, 4 missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, 77 native preachers, and 44 native teachers. Such is the result, as regards missionary force, of thirty-five years of Methodist missionary labor in Foochow and its district.

These figures were for 1880, the reports for 1881 not having arrived at the time of going to press. The members—native and foreign combined doubtless—number 1,468, with 697 proba-

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tioners. The children baptized are 676; the adults, 169. There are 19 day-schools with 193 scholars, and 29 Sabbath-schools to accommodate 934 scholars. The churches are 15, with an estimated value of $9,150. The estimated value of the parsonages is $3,450, and of the schools, hospitals, and other property $40,200. There was collected for the Missionary Society $185 96; for other benevolent societies, $22 60; for self-support, $650 46; and for church-building and repairs, $317 03. The report from Central China is in keeping with this. The members number 46 and the probationers 44. There are three churches, with an estimated value of $5,500, while the four parsonages are set down as worth $12,500, the school, hospital, and other property dwindling away to $2,500, and the collections for self-support amounted to precisely $15 92. North China makes a little better showing. It boasts of 210 members and 151 probationers, with church property worth $11,700, and parsonages worth $33,000. It will be observed that the parsonages are worth nearly three times the churches. The schools and other property are estimated at $12,700, and $130 02 was collected for church support. Thus after thirty-five years' labor all the Methodists, native or foreign, in all China do not number two thousand, and for their benefit an appropriation of over seventy thousand dollars was made for the present year.

The reports accompanying the statistics are very meagre as regards facts. The Rev. N. Sites writes cheerfully from Foochow that "incidents of triumphant Christian deaths are multiplying." The Rev. F. Ohlinger writes more at length from the Foochow district. He states that his city charge "has enjoyed a healthy revival, affecting first and chiefly the large percentage of lukewarm members with which the charge had been burdened for many years"—a significant admission. He also reports "a number of conversions from heathenism"—number not stated. A large portion of his "report" is devoted to the "death-bed experience" of Sia Heng Ho, a brother of one of the native preachers. The Chinese are an intelligent people and are alive to the value of instruction. An increase of five students to the Biblical Institute is reported. This is not surprising, inasmuch as the native students at the Institute "receive about $2 20 per month each from the Missionary Society, besides the grant of books, room-rent, tuition, and incidentals free." The report adds the cheering assurance that "a change for the better is readily noticed in the outward appearance of these young men after subsisting for a season on the Missionary Society's rice." And here

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leaks out a little secret indicative of a great deal as to the Chinese converts. The Rev. Mr. Ohlinger deprecates putting any bait at all, in the shape of money and rice, in the way of the young men. "This support is sufficient to tempt many who by entering the Institute do the church an irreparable injury." The tendency is "to draw unworthy young men." The Chinese persist in looking upon "the Christian Church as a grand undiscriminating charity establishment." He gives the instance of a woman, acquainted with his mission for fifteen years, who said to him: "I will attend services whenever it does not rain if you will admit my son into your college free of matriculation and tuition." A well-to-do, middle-aged man put the case before him with all the skill of an American politician. "I have heard the Christian doctrines till I am satiated," said this blunt "probationer." "Now, Sing Sang, what will you pay me (of course you pay others) to become a Christian? It is money I want to see next." And Mr. Ohlinger adds by way of comment: "We are prayerfully seeking a solution of this old and vexing problem."

The missionaries succeeded in establishing last year for the first time an Anglo-Chinese College, with the Rev. F. Ohlinger in charge. That reverend gentleman states by way of reproach and warning to his own body: "Infidels, sceptics, and Romanists have already begun the work we have so long neglected, and are materially doing it in their own way and for their own ends." They have forty-five students in the college, eager apparently to learn the English tongue and taking Methodism in as a side-dish. In speculating what would become of these young men without the college Mr. Ohlinger says:

> "A pretty large class would become Christian preachers, barely able to read the Bible in their own classic style, trembling when confronted by the pupils of infidel and Roman Catholic Europeans, everywhere denounced as propagators of ignorance, unable to converse with the bishop who ordains them, to say nothing of participating in the great council of the church that sends them forth."

It is to be presumed that Mr. Ohlinger knows of what he is writing. Methodism has been in the country thirty-five years; the college is in existence just a year; of what kind, then, are the majority of the Chinese Methodist preachers who figure on the lists of the reports?

The Rev. D. W. Chandler, who is in charge of the Hok-Chiang district, is "able to report a little progress in many departments of work." Of another district (Ing-Chung) he writes that he does not expect that "the statistics will show any mate-

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rial increase in any department of work." Of the entire mission in Central China Rev. V. C. Hart, the superintendent, reports: "We found at the beginning of 1881 the whole field as destitute of laborers, yea, more destitute than in 1875, when we first formally asked to take up these cities." The Rev. Mr. Bagnall, superintendent of another district, reports: "As the weather permits we go on the streets and to the water-side to sell books and tell of God's free gift." He also reports the baptism of two men within the year. He visited several cities in which a Protestant missionary had never been; and in one of these, Ch'ong Ren, was a Catholic chapel. The Rev. Mr. Lowry, superintendent of the mission in North China, concludes his report by saying: "We feel the need of a fresh baptism of the Spirit. We are surrounded by discouragements and annoyed by constant vexations, which combine to rob us of our early enthusiasm and zeal."

It will be seen from this that Methodist missionary enterprise in China has been crowned with anything but success, and an apportionment of over seventy thousand dollars is bestowed on things set down as churches, circuits, and so forth that, if all were rolled into one, would not constitute a respectable country parish. But if this is true of China what shall be said of Africa, where Methodist missions commenced as far back as 1833? The Rev. J. S. Payne opens in a most dismal strain: "The report of this first of the Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1881, cannot but fall far short of the deep interest which the work in this section of the world awakened in former years. The work has not been prosecuted with the vigor of those years." The African race has shown itself especially open to the influence of Methodism; yet in all Africa the church numbers only 2,044 full members, with 141 probationers, after fifty years of labor. The value of church property is $33,434. The comparatively small apportionment set apart by the committee for the conversion of the African heathen seems fully justified by the result. The truth is, Methodism has not touched Africa any more than it has China.

There is a story told of the "good old times" in Ireland, when the Catholic people were taxed to support a Protestant Establishment that had no following worthy of name, of a Protestant curate and Catholic parish priest who became neighbors and friends. The Protestant curate was a very worthy gentleman, who drew his annual salary and his tithes with becoming zeal and regularity, in return for which he had hardly half a dozen souls in all to care for, the people of his parish and dis-

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trict being Catholics. But on the annual episcopal visitation it was necessary to make some show before the bishop. Accordingly, on the Sunday when the bishop attended services the worthy curate borrowed a congregation for the time being from the surplus of his friend the priest, and the bishop went away delighted at the flourishing condition of the church in that quarter.

It seems that our friends the Methodists, in their zeal for making a show and justifying expenditure, do not so much borrow congregations as hire them. They treat them like Hood's negroes. As no quantity of scrubbing-brush, soap, and flannel will wash them white, they *gild* them. The inducements held out to the Chinese have been already noticed. Mr. Hollett said to the Liberia Conference, convened at Monrovia in January, 1881, that if the Conference resolved on pushing the work of conversion it would be well to avoid, among other practices, "the unfortunate custom of some of the early missionaries of hiring the natives to attend church and school." Mr. Harman, presiding elder of the Cape Palmas district, writes: "The work of our church has been greatly retarded in some places, and at other points virtually stopped," in consequence, as alleged, of "pecuniary embarrassments." Nevertheless, in the church at Cape Palmas "there is a most glorious revival going on"; "sinners seem to be deeply concerned about the salvation of their souls," and it is satisfactory to be assured that "the number of mourners is increasing every night."

Before inquiring into the Methodist efforts in strictly Catholic countries let us see whether their missions in India and Japan, which may be regarded as more or less legitimate fields for Methodist operations, have been better rewarded than those in China and Africa. The mission in North India was begun in 1856. The report opens with the statement that "the year past has been one of special encouragement in the North India mission, and of some numerical increase."

Well, matters do look a little more flourishing in India, chiefly, perhaps, because there is a larger resident English-speaking population in India than in China or in Africa. The number of Sunday-school scholars reported is 11,996. Unfortunately, the proportion of native to foreign scholars is not given; but even suppose all to be native, it is only a drop of water in an ocean. The presiding elder reports: "We cannot afford to employ an American who, as a workman, is in nowise superior to the native preacher on an adjoining circuit, while he

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costs the society eight times as much as the native brother does." Of the 7,501 pupils in his schools about 6,000 are "non-Christians." "Some of the leaders of these classes are already Christians, and others are inquirers." Evidently they take pretty much any they can catch. "Multitudes in the caste are talking of the religion, and many do not hesitate to state that they will soon become Christians"—for a consideration, it is to be feared, as in China and Africa.

At Bareilly "the year has been one of trial," writes Rev. T. J. Scott, "through the evil conduct of a few members. Satan troubled us greatly—the evil-doers were cut off." In the Budaon circuit the Rev. Mr. Hoskins states of the Chumars that "at first they feared to study, lest they be outcasted; but by employing men from among them as teachers, on an average pay of three rupees per month, and by requiring these teachers, with the more promising of their scholars, to attend the school in the mission compound for three hours daily, we have secured constant progress in study for both teachers and pupils." In plain English, these men were willing to be engaged at a salary of three rupees a month. This reads very much like the Chinese and African practice of hiring converts. These people are not Christians, even of the Methodist stripe, and the report does not present them as Christians. In the same way they employ Hindu and Mohammedan boys to act as "collectors," paying them "at the rate of one rupee per hundred for the average attendance of the month, and to each pupil is given a Scripture-verse ticket." "The masses of the people are as obdurate as ever," writes the Rev. J. E. Scott. "Hindus are still joined to their idols, Mohammedans still read the Koran and pray four times a day, and that good time when the halo-crowned missionary can sit under a palm-tree, with anxious crowds flocking about him earnestly inquiring the way to heaven, in these regions has not yet dawned." All the reports from the various circuits and districts go to confirm this honest avowal of the Rev. Mr. Scott. There is no Methodism in India save what is imported. One missionary recommends to give the natives plenty of magic-lanterns. It seems they will sit spellbound watching the illusion for hours, and the stories of the Bible and of our Lord's life are thus cleverly presented to them. The total number of members for North India in 1881 was 1,666, and of probationers 1,128. The estimated value of churches was $59,327; of parsonages, $72,795; of schools, hospitals, etc., $94,230. In southern India about one-seventh of the members are set down as natives, the

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whole number being 1,335, with 686 probationers. Japan has 478 members and 160 probationers; the value of churches being $6,250, and of parsonages $23,000. Such is the result of Methodist missionary effort in this land of from twenty to thirty millions since 1872. Rather a long way after St. Francis Xavier.

The Mexican missions were set on foot in 1873. Bishop Merrill has episcopal supervision over them. They have nine missionaries, with eight assistant missionaries in the shape of eight wives of the missionaries. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has five missionaries, all unmarried. There are two ordained native preachers and five unordained, with ten local preachers. Such is the Methodist missionary staff, male and female, sent out for the Methodization of the Catholics of Mexico. The country has been divided up into eight "circuits," each with its special missionaries, the city of Mexico being the centre.

The report opens by stating that the "mission during the past year has been called to suffer persecution even to martyrdom." This means that the missionaries created disturbance in various places by their abuse of Catholicity, and had to suffer in consequence. Our good friends must make some allowance for human nature. The Mexicans are a hot-blooded people, and are probably not beyond resenting the tirade of insults to their faith and deepest convictions in which missionaries of this kind usually indulge. In one instance it appears that one of their preachers, a Mexican, and his companion were assailed and died from the wounds received. Particulars of the fray, however, are of the vaguest description, and the history of similar occurrences leads one to receive all such accounts with grave suspicion so far as "martyrdom" goes. Protestant missionaries are assaulted in no Catholic country, unless they provoke assault by habitual ruffianism. They are simply regarded as natural curiosities.

After nine years of labor what has been accomplished in Mexico and what are the prospects? Superintendent Drees considers these important matters in his report. These past nine years he sets down as "the heroic age of Protestantism in Mexico—a time of baptism in fire and blood, of mobs and violence, of fanatical hatred and obloquy." Rather a warm beginning; and Superintendent Drees waxes warmer as he goes on to enumerate some of the obstacles to Methodist and Protestant progress in Mexico, chief among which, of course, is what he mildly describes as "the deadening, brutalizing influence of Romish dogma and practice over the mind and conscience of the masses of the people." This is just an instance of the ruffian-

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ism that brings on its own head the invited penalty of its violence. Mr. Drees goes on to speak of "the great prevalence, almost unrestrained, of ignorance and personal and social vices, such as lying, drunkenness, impurity, lack of respect for the marriage tie, and infidelity to the conjugal union." Why, one would think Mr. Drees was describing the general moral condition and social aspect of his own Methodist-ridden Massachusetts or Connecticut, or other States of the Union. Mr. Drees also finds it difficult to attract people to Methodism away from what he graciously calls the "religion-made-easy of Rome, taught to satisfy the conscience with religious forms, clothed with external pomp, but devoid of all spiritual life and power." He complains, too, that "the prestige and power of wealth and social position are still held by the Roman Church" in Mexico. The strong tendency of educated men he declares to be "toward scepticism, rationalism, and irreligion," so that if they reject or recede from Catholicity they have only a smile of scorn for Methodism. Then, again, as usual, "the financial provision for the work of the mission has never been commensurate with its opportunities and just demands." On the strength of all which facts Mr. Drees finds "abundant ground for encouragement and for deep gratitude to God." Mr. Drees must be a Methodist Mark Tapley.

The Rev. J. W. Butler, in charge of the Mexico city circuit, cautiously admits that "it may seem that the statistics for this circuit do not show a very large increase over those of last year," but he can report "a great improvement in the general stability of the church, as well as increased evidence of true spirituality in our members." It is at least pleasing to be assured of that; for doubtless the members stood in need of such improvement. The reverend gentleman modestly attributes this advance chiefly to "the efficient work being done by Mrs. Butler among the women." "The Bible-woman supported by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society devotes at least six hours per week to her work, which consists in systematic visitation, reading the Scriptures in the homes of the people, distribution of religious tracts, and inviting people to the services." The arduousness and importance of this Bible-woman's labor will be at once manifest, the more so when it is considered that "Mrs. Butler's personal example has been such an incentive to her."

The total number of members in all Mexico is set down as 338; the number of probationers, 398. There are 16 day-schools with 544 scholars, and one "theological" school with

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one teacher and six students. There are 8 churches, whose estimated value is $51,050, the value of the parsonages being $46,800, and of the schools and other property $12,665. It is to be hoped the Committee on Foreign Missions will consider that a cheering exhibit of nine years of evangelical work. The reports are uniformly doleful, and testify to hopeless opposition and repugnance on the part of the people. The missionaries have attempted to bag converts in the usual style by kidnapping children. Orphanages have been established for this purpose, but the superintendent reports: "We have as yet not had the satisfaction of seeing any such results as were the prime motive for their establishment." There are, it appears, legal difficulties in the way of "securing the necessary control of the children." Most of the children received are too young to judge whether or not they will eventually go to swell the small Methodist army in Mexico; while "most of those who were received at a more mature age have been occasion of great sorrow to those who labored for their good."

The mission in South America was begun as long ago as 1836. It has three missionaries, with their wives as assistant missionaries, and three ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The work is divided between the natives and the English-speaking immigrants whose children "are natives, adopt the language of the country, and, unless converted, will sink deep into the prevailing evil ways." The English element is pronounced as, "in the main, the best" of the immigration, though "the vices of Englishmen (especially drunkenness) are considered by the natives as the ripe and legitimate fruits of Protestantism." During the year the superintendent procured leave of absence, and his post of "pastor, editor, and superintendent" was filled by his wife, Mrs. Wood.

Not a line that these men write from their various missions but breathes the bitterest hatred of Catholicity, which many of them put on a level with paganism. And yet they are surprised that Catholic peoples do not welcome them. "God grant," says the report from Montevideo, "that the demons of priestcraft, petty tyranny, and anarchy may be shorn of their power, that this work may go forward!" And this sort of thing is constantly interlarded with pious cant and appeals for support. We are informed from Buenos Ayres that "Brother Thomson continues to be a power in the land," and that "Mrs. Thomson earns, by efficient labor, her right to the title of assistant missionary, notwithstanding heavy family cares," and that "mention should be

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made also of Brother Thomson's venerable mother, a patriarchal princess in Israel, who presides over a class of ladies." Taken all in all, the Thomson family must be a very remarkable one in Buenos Ayres. In Rosario de Santa Fé "the missionary, Brother J. R. Wood, being away a large share of the time, . . . on several occasions the pulpit was occupied by Mrs. Wood, Miss Goodenough, and Mrs. Clemens," doubtless with goodly effect. In points further inland it is stated that "Romish parents bring their children to the missionary for baptism instead of taking them to the priests." To which the only comment necessary is that there is a vast amount of lying in this world.

The mission in Italy was begun in 1872. Bishop Foss has episcopal supervision, and Leroy M. Vernon, D.D., is presiding elder. "The pre-eminent urgent need of our church in Italy now," writes the superintendent, "is respectable places of worship, plain yet genteel chapels, having at least the general aspect and character of a place of Christian worship, of a house of God." "The most striking event of the year —indeed, perhaps of the entire history of this mission—was the conversion of Monsignor Campello." Then follows a detailed account of this worthless man's so-called conversion to Methodism. Its effect is graphically described as "like the explosion of a bombshell on the threshold of the Vatican," and much more of the same effusive style of eloquence. The world knows what these "conversions" mean, and the kind of priests who profess to abandon Catholicity for Protestantism of any kind. Eminent men have at times fallen from the church, but not into Protestantism. But this poor battered creature was eminent in no sense, save for a scandalous life. And the final abandonment of the cassock by such a man is glowingly set down as "the most striking event of the entire history of the mission"!

The superintendent claims to have begun "a very auspicious work among the soldiers of the Italian army in Venice . . . with the encouragement and covert co-operation of some of the higher officers." The report ends with a flourish as to the present condition and future prospects of the mission in Italy, and with the following statistics: one foreign missionary and one assistant; 13 native "ordained preachers" and 6 unordained; 708 members and 311 probationers (these members, it is to be presumed, include the English-speaking Methodists in Italy); the number of children baptized was 20; number of churches 2, at an estimated value of $26,500, the parsonage being valued at $6,500.

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For self-support was collected $216, and the number of volumes printed during the year was precisely one.

A recapitulation of the net results of Methodist missions in distinctively Catholic countries, covering a long series of years and a vast amount of expenditure, shows:

COUNTRIES.	Foreign Missionaries.	Assistant Missionaries.	Native Preachers.	Members.	Probationers.	Value of Churches.	Value of Parsonages.	Collected for Self-support.
Italy.....	1	1	13	708	311	$26,500	$6,500	$216 00
Mexico.....	8	7	3	338	398	51,050	46,800	1,584 74
South America.....	3	3	12	224	274	55,000	16,000	3,817 00
Grand total.....	12	11	28	1,270	983	$132,550	$69,300	$5,617 74

Annual appropriation for missions in Catholic lands (1882), $68,250.

These figures speak for themselves as to the extension and actual condition of Methodist missionary work among Catholic peoples. After a range of nearly half a century of labor they can point to 1,270 members and 983 probationers in all—"But a ha'porth of bread to all this quantity of sack." The society's work in heathen lands is about equally successful with that in Catholic lands; and to further such magnificent results the Methodist conference appropriates $327,327. According to the *Independent* (March 23, 1882), "a large number of Methodist Episcopal conferences reported last year losses of members and probationers, varying from tens to thousands," here at home. Would it not be better to look after these breaches at home than to spend $68,250 yearly on a number of members scattered over the face of the earth, who, if collected together, would not fill a church of respectable size? Still, of course, if Methodists are willing to continue squandering their money in this foolish fashion that is their affair. To the average common-sense mind it will look like very profitless labor, save in so far as it provides homes and salaries for a dozen missionaries with their wives as assistant missionaries. And notwithstanding the decrease in membership here at home there has been an increase of 334 churches and of more than $2,000,000 in the value of church property, as also very large increases in the list of benevolent collections; which goes to show that while the Methodist body is falling off in membership it is making a decidedly closer alliance with the mammon of iniquity. Per-

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haps the zeal for souls is possibly yielding a little to the zeal for dollars.

In addition to these Catholic territories a domestic French mission, with headquarters at New Orleans, was put on the list this year; but beyond an appropriation of $200 no further mention is made of it, save the desire long entertained "to enter France itself." Nine thousand dollars were set apart for the field in New Mexico, which was opened in 1850 and has Bishop Bowman and a corps of fourteen missionaries (nine American and five Mexican) at its head. The American members and probationers number 175, and the Mexican members and probationers 305. There are 7 day-schools, with 211 scholars; 3 American, 4 Mexican, and 3 "mixed" churches dedicated. The reports have a discouraging sound.

It is useless to go any further into the minutiæ of the Methodist missions, foreign or domestic. The reports vary little in character. The total number of members and probationers in the foreign missions for the year 1881 is set down at 36,909. It does not follow at all that probationers become, or are allowed to become, members, any more than it follows that members always continue. As the *Independent* says of the Methodist Church here, "the statistics of probationers are so variable that they confuse the result. . . . Give them in a separate column for what they are worth, but do not count them in the totals as members." But granting even that they were all members in good standing, the Methodist Episcopal body in this country could only point in all the world to 36,909 members outside itself. This is the grand result since 1821. From 1821 to November 1, 1880, the aggregate disbursements of the Society for Foreign Missions were $5,684.106 68; and, as the preface proudly states, the Methodists are "pressing toward one million dollars a year for missions for our Methodism." "For missionaries for our Methodism" would perhaps be nearer the truth.

It is needless to moralize on these facts and figures presented by the society's own report. After half a century of trial they stamp as a dead failure Methodism as a missionary force. It has not touched the heart of a single people. It has brought no converts worthy of mention into its own body; and this with means at its disposal that no Catholic missionary could ever dream of commanding. Compare it with the ten years' mission of a St. Francis Xavier, and where does it stand? The one moral of the whole subject is that apostles rather than money are needed to convert the world to Christ.

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STELLA'S DISCIPLINE.

X.

WITHOUT a word of comment Ferroll pulled out his watch, gave one glance at it, and said quickly but quietly:

"We shall have time to catch the twelve-o'clock train, if you will come home at once and change your dress."

She started to her feet, and was turning blindly to rush away when he seized her hand and stopped her.

"I must get something to put around you," he said.

"No, no! No need to wait for that. It is only a few steps," she answered.

As this was true and time was pressing, he did not insist on staying to procure a wrap, but, drawing her hand within his arm, led her without delay through a side entrance into the street, crossing which they soon reached their destination.

As they entered the hall both looked up at the tall clock, the ticking of which reminded them that it was there.

"Oh! it is nearly twelve o'clock," cried Stella in an agony. "I shall not get to the station in time! Let us go at once—let us go at once! My dress makes no difference."

"The train is not due till 12.20, and that clock is always fast. We shall have full time," answered Ferroll. "Only be quick in changing your dress while I order the carriage. I will see if I can find a servant to send to you."

"Never mind that," she answered, running up-stairs.

The gas was burning low in the room she entered, and, attempting to turn it up, in her nervous haste she turned it off, leaving herself in darkness. Shaking her hands and exclaiming with impatient terror, she groped about in search of a box of matches which she knew was somewhere about. "Somewhere!" she kept repeating to herself as she knocked over toilet-bottles and stumbled against chairs, consuming precious minutes before she at last succeeded in finding them. Just as she lighted the gas again the clock struck twelve.

"O—h!" she cried despairingly, and began, as well as the trembling of her hands would permit, to unfasten her dress, but stopped on hearing Ferroll's step upon the stairs.

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"Are you ready?" he called to her as he approached the door.

"I will be there in an instant," she responded.

Looking around desperately, she snatched up an ulster which chanced to catch her eye, seized a hat and veil, and ran out to him.

He was surprised to see her still in her ball-dress, but, shocked by her white, scared look, ventured no remark on the subject. Leading the way down-stairs, he paused an instant before leaving the house to put the ulster on her and to place her hat on her head. She had been carrying both in her hand. A moment later they were in the carriage, dashing furiously along toward the station.

Before they were half way there the distant rumble of the train as it was approaching became audible. Stella grasped her companion's arm with a force that almost drew an exclamation of pain from him.

"Don't be alarmed. We shall be in time," he said encouragingly.

But the rush of the train grew clearer and louder every second; they could hear the stroke of the engine now, and knew by its diminishing speed that it had nearly reached the station; now the whistle sounded.

Stella uttered a sharp cry. "I shall be left! I shall be left!" she exclaimed distractedly.

"No; here we are!"

He put out his hand and unfastened the carriage-door, and, the instant they drew up with a jerk at the end of the station-platform, flung it open and sprang to the ground, Stella following him almost before he could turn to assist her. A train was standing puffing and snorting before them, and he was leading Stella toward it when he bethought him that this was the wrong direction for the engine of the train he was looking for to be.

"Where is the down-train?" he asked rapidly of a negro boy standing near.

"Yonder, sir, in front, the other side of this one," was the reply.

Ferroll seized Stella's hand. "We must hurry," he said. "It stops only three minutes."

Before his last words were uttered they were literally running down the long platform. As they started Stella's train caught on a splinter of the flooring and held her fast, but Ferroll tore it off with an audible rending of silk, and, to prevent a

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repetition of the accident, carried it with one hand, while with the other he grasped Stella's fingers, and they ran on. Both uttered a silent ejaculation of thanksgiving when they came to the end of the train that shut them off from the one they were seeking; side by side they sprang from the platform to the ground, crossed the intervening track, and found themselves at last beside the down-train, which, fortunately, was still stationary. Ferroll was out of breath himself and Stella was gasping when he half-lifted, half-dragged her up the high steps to the platform of the first car they came to.

She pressed his hand with a look of gratitude more expressive than words when he had placed her in a seat. "Give my love to Gertrude," she commenced falteringly, "and—"

"I am going with you," he said.

"Oh! pray do not. I have caused you trouble enough already. Indeed I can go alone perfectly now."

"But—" he began in a tone of remonstrance, then checked himself, said "Very well," and left her.

Retiring a little distance behind, he flung himself into a seat with a deep breath of relief as the train, with a sudden movement almost like the bound of an impatient horse, was off.

Stella sat like a statue where she had been placed. So long as she was goaded on by the necessity for action she had been able to exert herself and to control her thoughts somewhat. She felt perfectly nerveless now, and her brain was in a whirl.

"An accident which may prove fatal—an accident which may prove fatal—an accident which may prove fatal—"

If she had possessed the muscular power to lift her hands she would have held them over her ears to shut out the sound of these terrible words that seemed ringing through them. An accident! What sort of accident? The term represented only one idea to her mind—fire. Oh! was her mother writhing in the indescribable agonies caused by burning? Or perhaps—but no; that thought was *too* horrible! She turned from it with an inarticulate gasp which would have been a cry, if her tongue had not been like lead in her mouth. A strong, convulsive shudder seized her; she shook so perceptibly that Ferroll noticed it, sprang up involuntarily and made a step forward, but stood still then, doubtful whether to go to her or not.

He thought it no wonder that she was cold. A ball-dress is not very well adapted to the exigencies of night travel in January, even in a warm climate and well-heated car; and the wrap she wore was a very light one. Mr. Ingoldsby was much con-

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cerned, therefore, as, standing tall and solitary in the aisle of the car, he looked across two or three seats, the occupants of which were reclining doubled up in various attitudes of slumber, to where she sat bolt upright and shivering.

His precipitate movement when he left his place disturbed his opposite neighbor, a young man who was dozing uneasily, with his feet resting on the arm of the seat and his head and shoulders propped against the side of the car. With something like a groan of discomfort he made a little change in his position, and was about to compose himself again to his slumbers when, by an impulse, he opened his eyes and looked at the figure standing motionless near him. As he looked his eye quickened with recognition.

"Ingoldsby!" he exclaimed.

Ferroll turned at the sound of his name, and took the hand which the other, who had started to a sitting posture, held out, shaking it warmly.

"Haralson! I am delighted to see you. Where did you drop from? How are you?" he said.

"I am on my way home from Richmond, and I am as stiff as a poker," answered Mr. Haralson categorically.

He pushed back the tumbled little crisps of light-brown hair from his very handsome forehead, and with a grimace of impatience tore off a white silk handkerchief that was tied carelessly about his throat.

"How warm it is!" he exclaimed—"quite a different temperature from the one I left a few hours ago. And how uncomfortable it is to try to sleep on one of these seats! But I can't stand being stifled in a sleeping-car in this latitude."

"I wish I had happened to get into the sleeping-car," said Ferroll, turning his head to glance at Stella. "But we were fortunate to have hit this one; we might have struck the smoking-car."

Seeing that his friend's glance had followed his own with an expression of curiosity, and now fixed itself with surprise on his evening dress, he leant over and explained where and on what errand he was going; then, having despoiled Mr. Haralson of a heavy overcoat which had made that gentleman's pillow, and the handkerchief just taken off, he rather hesitatingly approached Stella.

"Forgive me for disturbing you," he said very gently, "but pray let me try to make you a little less uncomfortable than I am sure you must be. You are chilled. Come nearer the stove."

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Stella, yielding more to the tone than the words, allowed him to lead her to a seat beside the stove. As he was tying the handkerchief around her neck and buttoning her ulster, which hung carelessly open, she said:

"I am not cold, but oh! I am so wretched."

The words seemed to burst from her lips suddenly, almost without volition on her part.

"It is natural that you should be distressed," said Ferroll kindly; "but you are more alarmed than I should be were I in your place. There is always so much excitement felt about an accident, particularly at first, that one must allow a wide margin for exaggeration of speech."

"Do you think so?" she said eagerly.

"I really do."

"But the telegram?" she suggested in a tone of sickening apprehension.

"That was written and sent hastily, no doubt. Who sent it, by the way?"

"Our family physician, Dr. McDonald. That is why I am so alarmed."

"What sort of man is he—sanguine or despondent generally about his patients?"

"Very despondent."

"And you allow yourself to be so frightened? Why, my dear Miss Gordon, I feel quite reassured since you tell me this. Stop and think a moment, and you will remember that the greater number of accidents you ever heard of were considered worse at first than they afterwards proved to be. A slight one is thought serious, and a serious one desperate, as a rule. And since Dr. McDonald is not, you say, a cheerful man in the way of viewing medical matters, I have no doubt he has unintentionally exaggerated the gravity of this accident. Try to go to sleep, or you will be quite exhausted when you reach M—— at daylight."

He tucked her up carefully in the overcoat and left her a little comforted. Recalling what he had said, she thought it very reasonable; and, moreover, the first stunning effect of the shock being over by this time, there came a natural reaction of hopefulness. She had never in her life had a serious grief or misfortune, and was therefore unable to realize the possibility of such a thing. Then Ferroll's care had made her very comfortable in a bodily sense, and the excitements of the evening, both pleasurable and painful, had greatly tired her. Without any premonition sleep fell suddenly on her eyelids.

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An hour afterwards she was awakened by the sound of the whistle as the train drew up at a station. There was the usual slight stir among the slumbering passengers, a few sleepy exclamations and sighs, a few words exchanged, and then everybody became silent and still again.

Everybody but Stella. She had slept soundly and was refreshed; and the moment she was awake her first alarm returned in full force. She felt impatient of the loss of an instant's time, and it seemed to her that the prescribed three minutes for the stopping of the train were lengthening themselves indefinitely. Could it be only three minutes, she wondered presently, since she had been wakened by the whistle and the sudden cessation of movement? Surely it was more than that. She started up, and, bending toward the light, examined her watch. It had stopped. Rising from her seat, she looked about her in search of Ferroll, but he was not to be seen. She walked to the door at the rear end of the car and glanced out. Darkness and the sleeping-car were all that met her sight.

Turning, she passed between the two rows of seats and their unconscious occupants to the opposite door; and at last her perseverance was rewarded. As she pulled the door noiselessly open she heard Ferroll's voice inquiring in a tone of concern:

"And how long shall we be detained?"

"She'll be up in about a quarter of an hour now. The conductor's this minute got a telegram," was the reply of a train-hand who was passing the car as he spoke.

Ferroll stood just outside the door, but with his back to it, so that he did not see Stella, and she was about to address him when a puff of cigar-smoke floated into her face and another voice near him exclaimed:

"Just my luck! The same thing happened as I went on. Ned Southgate, who was on his way to Baltimore to take the Allan Line steamer, was very much afraid he would lose his passage, we were so much behind-time. By the way, what has Miss Gordon done with Gartrell? You know, of course, that she broke with Southgate on Gartrell's account."

"Did she?" said Ferroll in a tone evincing no great interest. "I have little acquaintance with her; never met her until about a week ago. She is a friend of my sister, whom she has been visiting. That is all I know about her."

"It is a wonder you don't know a good deal more after being in the same house with her a week," remarked Mr. Haralson.

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"She has the character of being a consummate flirt and coquette."

"He who runs may read that," said his friend. "But flirting or being flirted with is a thing not at all in my line."

"She didn't pay you the compliment of riddling you, then?"

"No," answered Ingoldsby, with a slight laugh. "I fancy she had as much on her hands as she could attend to before I appeared upon the scene. She made mincemeat of poor Tom and half a dozen others, I believe."

"I should like to exchange broadsides with her," observed Mr. Haralson, in a tone which indicated that he had no fear of what the result in that case would be as regarded himself. "I went to M—— twice on purpose to see her, but she was from home both times. She must be out of the common to have tackled Gartrell successfully."

"She would need to be so much out of the common to have done that," said Ingoldsby, "that I am incredulous of the alleged fact. Gartrell is the last man in the world not to be able to hold his own with any woman in an affair of this kind. That he could be made a fool of by a girl like this—almost a child—is inconceivable. It is much more probable that he was trifling with her than she with him."

"There's no telling," said Mr. Haralson, sending another whiff of smoke into Stella's face as she stood unconsciously riveted to the spot, forgetting for the instant even her anxiety about her mother in the pungent mortification she felt at hearing herself spoken of in such a manner. "Brant. Townsley, who was my informant in the matter, don't believe that she discarded Southgate, as reported. He thinks the hitch was the other way, though he says he could not make Southgate admit this. But he suspects that she did reject Gartrell."

Stella stayed to hear no more. Softly closing the door, which she had been holding very slightly ajar, she returned in haste to her place beside the stove with an additional and all but intolerable pain gnawing at her heart. The sense of mortified vanity of which she had been sensible when she heard Ferroll's laugh at Mr. Haralson's question, and knew by its ring of amusement that, though he was too dignified to say so, he had perceived her attempt to captivate him, was lost in a much stronger emotion—remorse for the anger and coldness she had shown to her mother. Haralson's careless, gossiping remarks about Southgate and Gartrell brought it all back so vividly to

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her recollection, and she saw so plainly now how entirely the whole affair—her quarrel with Southgate and her mother's advocacy of Gartrell's suit—had originated in her own inordinate vanity and self-will.

She was reclining very much as Ferroll had left her, with her eyes wide open and fixed in a sort of hopeless gaze on vacancy, when he came to her side a few minutes afterwards, followed by a servant carrying a salver.

"What *is* the matter that we are stopping so long?" she exclaimed in a despairing tone when she saw him.

"The train from the other direction was not on time," he explained; "but it will be up in a few minutes now, the conductor says. I scarcely regret the detention, since it has enabled me to get you some supper. If you do not take something," he added, seeing her about to decline it, "you will have a violent headache to-morrow after such a night as you have passed. Let me prevail on you to drink this coffee, at least."

She received the cup he offered, and drank the coffee as if it had been a draught prescribed by a physician, but shook her head when he further suggested a biscuit.

"I feel as if food would choke me," she said.

The remaining hours of the night seemed to her interminably long. Yet when the end of her journey was approaching, when suspense would soon be succeeded by she knew not what horrible certainty, she almost wished to prolong even her present suffering. She felt faint to the tips of her fingers. When Ferroll joined her, as the train began to slacken speed, it was almost a matter of doubt with her whether she would be able to rise from her seat and walk out of the car.

It was just after daylight as, more supported than led by her kind escort, she left the train.

"Come into the waiting-room a minute," Ferroll said, "and I will get you a glass of water."

She was permitting him to take her there—for she almost feared, as he did, that she might faint—when a gentleman approached hastily.

"Stella!" said her father's voice, and she turned with a scarcely articulate cry of "Papa!"

"Your mother is a little better," Mr. Gordon said at once, in answer to the unspoken question in her eyes.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, and a flood of tears, the first she had shed, poured suddenly down her cheeks. But she controlled herself almost immediately and said:

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"This is Mr. Ingoldsby, papa. You must thank him for me, he has been so very, very kind."

XI.

LATE in the afternoon of the day before Mrs. Gordon was driving near a railway track, and her horses, which were young and not thoroughly broken to the sound of the steam-whistle, ran away. Had she remained quietly in her seat no harm would have happened to her, as the driver soon succeeded in controlling the animals. But being alone in the carriage and extremely frightened, she managed to open the door and throw herself out.

She fell heavily to the ground, striking her head against the sharp edge of a stone, which cut a deep gash in her temple near the artery, causing profuse loss of blood; added to which one of her ankles was so bruised and fractured as to make it a question with the medical men of M——, the principal of whom were soon surrounding her, whether immediate amputation of the limb was not absolutely necessary.

Having decided, on a hasty consultation upon the spot where the accident occurred, to defer such an extreme measure, for the time at least, the unfortunate lady was conveyed home slowly and with great difficulty. It was not considered safe to administer an anæsthetic, and hours passed before she could be brought under the influence of opium. At last, however, her groans of agony ceased to rack the ear of her husband, and then he remembered Stella.

Just as the thought of her occurred to him his sister-in-law, Mrs. Rainsforth, laid her hand on his arm and said:

"That poor child, Roland! Have you telegraphed to her yet?"

"No, I did not think of her until a minute ago," he answered. "I will ask McDonald, who is going home for an hour or two, to call at the office and send a message. If it is too late for her to receive it in time to take the night train, it will be delivered very early in the morning."

"It is a good thing that she has escaped all she would have suffered if she had been here this evening," remarked Mrs. Rainsforth, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Yes; I am glad she was not at home," responded Mr. Gordon.

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Dr. McDonald went farther than this in his feeling on the subject the next day. He wished that she had not been permitted to come home, and bluntly suggested to her father and her aunt that she should be sent to the house of the latter, and *kept* there, he added emphatically, as long as Mrs. Gordon continued in her present critical state.

"I have no patience with such folly!" he said angrily to Mrs. Rainsforth, as they stood together beside Stella's bed the morning after her return. "If she don't choose to make herself useful, as she ought, she might at least keep quiet and not be distracting your attention and mine from the care that her mother's desperate condition requires."

"Hush, hush, doctor!" said his companion a little indignantly. "She will hear you. You must remember what a shock it was to her to find her mother in such a state."

Before the doctor could reply Stella opened her eyes, that looked large and hollow out of a face as white as marble, and fixed them on Mrs. Rainsforth's. "O Aunt Isabella! is mamma no better?" she said faintly.

"Not much, my dear," replied her aunt, pushing the hair back gently from her forehead; "but I hope you are. Won't you try and take some breakfast this morning?"

"Yes. I heard what Dr. McDonald said," she went on meekly. "I suppose I ought not to have been so weak—but—"

"You could not help it," said Mrs. Rainsforth soothingly. "We all know that."

"I will try to—control myself. Can't you give me something?" she asked, looking up at the doctor wistfully. "I feel so faint."

"I'll send you a draught," he answered ungraciously. "But you must stop crying, and take your breakfast if you want to gain strength."

"I will," she answered.

"How long have I been at home?" she inquired of her maid presently while trying to take a little food. "Only since yesterday morning! It seems to me a century instead of twenty-four hours!"

She felt as if she was in a horrible dream. All seemed indistinct, inconsistent, incredible, yet she knew it was a monstrous reality. She could dimly recollect having made a terrible scene at her mother's bedside when, on entering the darkened chamber, she had found Mrs. Gordon lying colorless, motionless, unconscious of her presence, deaf to her passionate adjurations.

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She could see as through a mist the fiery glance of Dr. McDonald, and feel the fierce grip of his bony hands as, seizing her by the shoulders, he forcibly removed her from the room, asking harshly, while hurrying her along, if she "wanted to kill her mother," that she was acting in this irrational manner! Then came a succession of confused memories of having been rescued from the irate physician by feminine tongues and hands, and, with much expression of sympathy and no slight resistance on her part, taken to her own room; of frantic grief and hysterical weeping; of her father's standing beside her with a glass of wine which he insisted on her drinking, and which turned out not to be wine after all when she did drink it, but a draught bitter as the tears she was shedding; of being very sleepy and struggling against the influence of the opiate she had been made to swallow; of waking from deep unconsciousness with horrible sensations of nausea and exhaustion, and being sent off to sleep again by another anodyne, from which sleep she was now just awakened.

Very dark to Mrs. Gordon's household were the days which followed—days lengthening into weeks, until more than a month passed before the physicians gave any definite hope that her life was safe.

In all this period Stella, having once recovered from the stupefaction of her first shock, was capable and energetic, untiring in her devotion to her mother; for the first time in her life forgetting herself utterly in thought for the sufferer. Anxious waitings for the appearance of the doctors, solicitous pains in the preparation of bandages, and all the numerous cares required by desperate illness occupied fully each minute as it came and went; and when she could snatch a few hours for sleep at irregular intervals overwearied nature sank at once into dreamless and refreshing slumber.

But after the crisis was past, when the medical opinion pronounced that the danger was over, that time, care, and patience would restore to Mrs. Gordon the use of her ankle and re-establish her general health (which was very much deranged by the shock to her nerves and the quantities of opium she had been obliged to take), then came to Stella the inevitable reaction after such unusual and prolonged exertion—bodily exhaustion and a listlessness of spirit amounting almost to despair.

Worldly, shallow, and selfish when in health, Mrs. Gordon was intolerably irritable, egotistical, and exacting now. She demanded constant amusement, yet was capricious and hard to

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please about it; and she resented as an outrage and cruelty the slightest contradiction of her will or opinion. Still suffering severely, it seemed as if she was determined that every one around her should, though in a different way, suffer also.

Stella's patience and temper were sorely tried. The change from a life of absolute freedom and unchecked indulgence to what she felt a galling bondage, this subjection to the fretful caprices of her mother, had been so sudden that she often asked herself how it could be possible that she, Stella, the petted and spoiled child, whose every whim was wont to be gratified as soon as expressed, should have fallen on such evil days! She was weary even unto death of the existence that had closed around her; and nothing but a vivid remembrance of the remorse she had already endured for her conduct to her mother enabled her to support it uncomplainingly.

But when at length Mrs. Gordon, finding her unquestioningly submissive in everything else, began to agitate the subject of Mr. Gartrell's suit—evidently expecting submission here, too—Stella's spirit revived and asserted itself.

"If you think it likely, as you say, mamma, that Mr. Gartrell has any idea of offering himself again, it would be an act of friendship in you, who seem to have so great a regard for him, to warn him not to think of it," she said one day in reply to some suggestion on the subject from her mother.

"But why?" cried Mrs. Gordon sharply. "You cannot possibly expect ever to make a more advantageous marriage."

This was an argument that had been so often repeated that Stella's patience was threadbare at the sound. A spark of vivid anger leapt to her eyes, and bitter words were on her lips, when the entrance of a visitor—a kindly gossip who pleased herself and lightened the tedium of Mrs. Gordon's sick-room by coming often to sit with her—prevented the threatened explosion of wrath. Heartily glad of the respite afforded by Mrs. Austin's presence, Stella hurried to her own room and sat down to think.

"This is but the beginning," she said to herself. "It will go on and on interminably, I know. And am I sure that I shall have the resolution to resist the constant persecution I must expect? I feel angry now and quite capable of defiance; but I am afraid it may be with this as it has been with so many other things lately. I grow so tired of being always on the defensive, always on a strain of resistance. After all, my temper is not so bad as it used to seem. I find it easier to yield a point than to take the trouble to contest it. If I had ever been taught how to

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control myself I think I might have been different always. But it is too late now to regret what is past. There is no good in thinking of it."

She rose abruptly, went to a set of bookshelves, and began carelessly to look for something to read. Chance, perhaps—or perhaps her guardian angel—directed her attention to a small black volume which she had not seen for some time, the very existence of which, in fact, she had forgotten. It had been thrust back to the wall out of sight, on the top of some larger books, in taking out one of which it was displaced and fell to the floor at her feet.

As she stooped to pick it up her heart gave a quick, painful bound. It was a *Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart*, which had been given to her by Southgate.

XII.

LATTERLY her mind had been so fully occupied with other things that she had thought of Southgate rarely if at all. But a throng of recollections crowded on her now. How well she remembered the expression of his face, the intonations of his voice, the very words he had spoken, when he gave the little *Manual* to her, and begged her to use it and to *try* to realize that there was another world than this which alone seemed to engross her thoughts! How earnestly he had endeavored to rouse her to some sense of devotion, some recognition of the fact that she possessed a soul! And how signally he had failed in the attempt, seemingly!

Had he really failed? "*That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die first*," said the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The seed so laboriously cast upon a soil which had never been loosened by early culture lay dead until the ploughshare of affliction passed and broke the crust of selfishness that made the surface of Stella's character. But when her thoughts were drawn from the sole consideration of her own wishes, will, and pleasure by grief at her mother's accident and sympathy with the suffering it entailed, the apparently lifeless germs became vivified, and slowly, imperceptibly even to herself, they had been growing.

She had often found in the atmosphere of her lover's presence a certain calm of spirit which she attributed at the time to the pleasure that presence gave her, but which now she began to

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understand was the reflected tranquillity of a soul unruffled by worldly thoughts and interests. "Oh!" was the aspiration of *her* soul at this moment, "for one hour of that calm, that peace, which she had known for so short a time, but remembered with such inexpressible longing." Sitting down, she opened the *Manual* at the first fly-leaf, on which she knew Southgate had written her name. She wanted some tangible association to bring him, as it were, close to her—not as a lover, but as an influence, a guide to her tired spirit. Beneath her name and the date appended was transcribed a verse from Isaias, to which he had directed her attention, she recollected.

"Is it not beautiful?" he said.

"'*A man shall be as when one is hid from the wind, and hideth himself from a storm; as rivers of waters in drought, and the shadow of a rock that standeth out in a desert land,*'" she read aloud. Then, after a momentary pause, "Very beautiful, very poetical," she replied. "But to tell you the truth, Edward, I do not quite understand its significance."

"Is it possible you do not!" Southgate had exclaimed, with such a shocked expression of countenance that she laughed heartily.

Looking at this magnificent prophecy now, she not only understood but felt it deeply. As suddenly as the rays of the sun flash over the earth when day dawns in the tropics, the light of faith illuminated her hitherto unenlightened mind. She prayed that night before she slept, not merely with her lips but with her heart; the next morning she rose and went to early Mass; in the afternoon she went to the priest. In a word, she became from this time in reality what before she had been in name only—a Catholic.

The change in her was very great, She grew gentle and patient in manner, quiet and resolute in character, habitually cheerful instead of capriciously gay.

But though noticeable from the first, the transformation was gradual. The science of the saints is not acquired in a day. It is with pain and struggle that the soul casts off the habits and tramples upon the impulses of the natural man. Like a child's first tottering attempts to walk, or the faltering steps of one who has been ill almost unto death, are the first efforts of a newly-awakened conscience in the paths of holiness. Spirit and flesh are at war, and sometimes the one and sometimes the other gains a momentary advantage.

Thus it was with Stella. There were brief seasons when

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she was ineffably calm and happy; but oftener she was all but despairing, all but inclined to turn from the narrow, rugged, steeply ascending path which bruised and wounded her silken-sandalled feet to the broad, smooth way that sloped so gently downward and was so familiar to her tread. One thing by which she was particularly discouraged was her disinclination to devotional practices and reading. She was subject to constant distractions during prayer and meditation, and even while assisting at the Holy Sacrifice.

"You need not be discouraged by this," her confessor said when she laid her trouble before him, "or at all surprised. Read the lives of the saints and you will find that on the road to perfection of life, as in everything else, the first steps are always the hardest. Have patience, and the way will grow more easy and your strength will increase. If you encountered no difficulties where would be your merit? You must distinguish, too, between wilful transgressions and those errors and shortcomings which result from our natural human infirmity. Call upon Our Lady for her all-powerful help. Even among the saints her special clients are pre-eminent in holiness. I think you told me that you have *The Spiritual Combat?* Well, it is exactly what you need. Study it daily. Most of all, remember the dream of St. Simeon Stylites. Dig deep, deep; deep your foundation of humility."

Reassured and reanimated by such counsels as these, Stella pressed on with fervor in her spiritual life. But many times she found the cross very heavy.

So long as Mrs. Gordon was confined to her own room, and obliged to restrict herself, as regarded social amusements, within certain limits laid down by her autocrat for the time, Dr. McDonald, matters were not so bad. She had lady friends in numbers, and, for a part of each day at least, Stella was relieved by some visitor from the duty of entertaining the exigent invalid. But the moment that it was possible for her to be moved—even before she could help herself by the aid of crutches—she migrated to the back drawing-room, which she had caused to be fitted up temporarily as a chamber. Here, reclining on a sofa placed immediately before the folding-doors that opened into the front drawing-room, and flanked by an immense cretonne screen, she received all the world of M—— (all *her* world), individually and collectively, with rapturous delight at her emancipation from what she called her late solitary confinement. And unsparing as her demands upon Stella's time and attention had been from

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the first, she was now, if possible, more unreasonable than ever in requiring her constant presence.

The motive of this soon became obvious. Among her earliest and most frequent visitors was Mr. Gartrell; and Stella found herself the victim of a tacit conspiracy between her mother and this pertinacious suitor to commit her to an apparently voluntary acceptance of his attentions again.

Miss Gordon's health was suffering, he feared, for want of exercise; she was looking pale, he was sorry to perceive, Mr. Gartrell said, with respectful interest, the first day he was admitted to a personal interview with Mrs. Gordon, at which interview Miss Gordon was compelled most unwillingly to assist. Might he be permitted to suggest a drive? His horses were at the gate; would not Mrs. Gordon support his petition by her influence?

Mrs. Gordon smiled graciously.

"By all means go, Stella," she said. "A breath of fresh air will do you good. Put on your things and go at once, my dear, while it is early and the sun is warm."

But Stella excused herself. "You are very kind, but I assure you my health is not suffering," she said to Mr. Gartrell; "and" —turning to Mrs. Gordon—"if you can spare me, mamma, I will go and answer some letters that have been haunting me for a week past."

She had to encounter a storm from her mother on Gartrell's departure, and many succeeding storms as the days and weeks dragged on without that gentleman's making any progress whatever in her favor. He was as much in earnest in his determination to win his suit as Mrs. Gordon could possibly desire. But he did not make himself in the least degree disagreeable in consequence. After receiving one or two distinct rebuffs he let Stella alone, to all appearance. He discontinued asking her to ride or drive, he never joined her if he met her walking, yet at the same time managed to convey to her, by a certain tone of manner imperceptible to any one but herself, the expression of his unalterable resolve to make her his wife in the end.

Meanwhile his regard for Mrs. Gordon manifested itself almost daily in the elegant forms of flowers, fruits, books, or more substantially in fish and game. And that lady, deeply touched by these evidences of his eligibility as a son-in-law, was in despair and in rage at her daughter's obstinate folly in having lost, as she supposed, such a *parti*.

Naturally she attributed this folly on Stella's part to a lin-

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gering regard for her faithless lover—it was by that title that Mrs. Gordon was in the habit of designating Southgate in her frequent allusions to him; and the Catholic faith was so inseparably associated with Southgate that her dislike to him soon began to cause with her a feeling of enmity toward the church strongly in contrast to the passive good-will she had heretofore entertained toward it. The change in Stella from frivolous worldliness to earnest piety vexed and disgusted her beyond measure; and she never let pass an opportunity to express her opinion on the subject, either privately or publicly.

She supposed, she said dryly one day when Mrs. Allen, Gartrell, and two or three other people chanced to meet at one of her informal afternoon receptions, or "teas," as she called them after the English fashion—she supposed Father Darcy disapproved of social amusements in any form, as Stella had quite dropped out of the world since she put herself under his "direction" (pronouncing the last word with emphasis), she believed it was called.

"Oh! I am sure Father Darcy has nothing to do with Stella's remaining at home," said Mrs. Allen, who had brought this animadversion on her young friend by scolding her for not going out more. "She was too good a child to leave you when you were so ill, and one could not expect it of her. But now that you are almost well again, and do not, I suppose, need her to read to you at night, she ought not to forget the rest of the world entirely. I hope, my dear," she added, turning to Stella, "that I shall see you at my soirée to-morrow night. We have missed you very much all this long time that you have been absent."

"I will come, thanks, with pleasure," said Stella pleasantly. She felt inclined to laugh at the discomfiture visible in her mother's countenance at having had the tables completely turned upon her; for Mrs. Allen's friendly reproaches in the first place had been directed much more against Mrs. Gordon than herself, the selfishness of that lady in keeping her daughter in such close attendance on her being generally talked of and condemned.

XIII.

"I FEEL as if it was selfish to leave you, mamma," said Stella the next evening, entering her mother's room after she was dressed for Mrs. Allen's soirée. "I think I will write an apolo—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Gordon languidly. "There

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is no reason why you should not go. The McDonalds and your father will be here presently to play whist."

And in fact, as she spoke, Dr. McDonald and his wife were ushered in, Mr. Gordon making his appearance an instant later.

After salutations and inquiries had been exchanged the whist-table was wheeled to the side of the invalid's sofa, seats were arranged, and the rugged face of the doctor looked almost benign as he shuffled the cards, and, casting for deal, had the pleasure of finding that fortune favored himself. While his great brown hand flashed round and round in a short circle, dealing with great rapidity, his wife's eyes followed Stella, who, having seen her mother's comfort and amusement for the evening thus secured, was leaving the room.

There was something of compassion as well as admiration in Mrs. McDonald's kindly gaze; and Mr. Gordon, glancing up by accident, caught the expression and involuntarily turned to see what had caused it.

For the first time then he noticed that Stella, as Gartrell had remarked, looked pale and—as Gartrell had not remarked—a little thin; and for the first time it occurred to him with a sense of self-reproach that her health had suffered from her long and fatiguing attendance upon her mother.

"I ought to have paid some attention to this," he thought, and, beginning to consider what he could do to correct the evil, was so preoccupied in mind during the first game that was played as to excite the wonder and dissatisfaction of his wife and the doctor; perceiving which he put the matter out of his thoughts for the time and applied himself to his cards.

But he did not forget it, and a second examination of Stella's face at the breakfast-table the next morning added to his concern.

"What are you looking at, papa?" she said at last with a half-laugh, observing that his eye rested on her face again and again with an expression of grave scrutiny. "Is anything the matter with my face or my dress?"

She glanced down over her person while speaking.

"Yes," answered her father, smiling lightly as he saw her look of rather startled surprise at this reply. "Your face is much paler than it ought to be, and your dress is a little loose on you, I observe. You have lost flesh."

"Is that all?" she said lightly. "It is nothing to look grave about."

"You have been too closely confined to the house and have

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endured too much fatigue since your mother's accident," Mr. Gordon went on. "I am afraid your health has suffered."

"Not at all, I assure you, papa."

"You feel quite well?"

"Perfectly well."

"Yet it seems to me that, in addition to your pallid looks, you move languidly. I noticed this last night, and again when you came down-stairs awhile ago."

"I have felt a little languid lately, since the change of season. But I am not alone in that. Everybody is feeling the enervating effect of the spring temperature."

Mr. Gordon was silent for a few minutes, then resumed:

"You need change of air, and rest," he said decidedly.

"It is impossible that I can leave mamma," Stella answered. "Please don't say anything about it, papa. *Indeed* I am quite well."

"You may be so at present, but you will not remain well if such an unaccustomed strain upon your strength continues much longer. I must find some way of putting a stop to it."

"I beg that you will not say anything to mamma on the subject!" said Stella earnestly, looking quite distressed. "Pray do not, papa!"

"Since you request it, I will not," he answered. "But I cannot permit such a state of affairs to go on. Think of it and see if you can suggest a remedy. Meanwhile I will talk to the doctor about it."

The opportunity to do this occurred sooner than he expected. He had scarcely entered the private room of his law-office on going down-street that morning, and had not settled himself to work, but was still thinking of Stella's pale face and languid eyes, when one of his clerks knocked at the door and informed him that Dr. McDonald wished to speak to him.

"I was just wishing to speak to *you*," he said, as the doctor entered and shut the door. "Sit down. Nothing is the matter, I hope?"

"No, not exactly. Would it be very inconvenient to you to leave home for six months or a year?"

Mr. Gordon seemed as much surprised as it was possible for a man so dignified and self-contained to look. "It would be inconvenient, certainly," he answered after a momentary pause, "but in a case of necessity I could disregard that."

"I think it would be well, then, for you to take Mrs. Gordon and Miss Stella to spend the approaching summer in Switzer-

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land or the Bavarian Highlands, and the winter in France or Italy."

"But is Mrs. Gordon in a condition to undertake such a journey?" his hearer asked doubtfully. "She has scarcely left her sofa yet, and don't seem to be able to do much in the way of walking, even across the room, with her crutch."

"There it is!" said the doctor. "She will never learn to use her crutch and move about enough to regain her strength unless she has a motive for exertion—is, in a manner, compelled to exert herself. It won't do for her to remain in this climate during the summer; and I have been trying for some time past to think where she had better go. Now, there is nothing like an ocean voyage to restore tone and vigor to an impaired constitution. I thought of the Bermudas. But it is easier to go to Europe than to get there; and, in fact, it would be better in every way—with the advantage, too, that it would do Miss Stella as much good as her mother."

"Ah! Stella," said Mr. Gordon quickly; "I was intending to consult you about her. I am not very observant, or I should have noticed before last night how thin and pale she is looking. Her strength has been overtasked."

"A little, perhaps, but not seriously. Still, it would be well to give her relaxation in time; and this plan I propose seems to me the best thing that could be done, if Mrs. Gordon will consent to it."

"Have you spoken to her on the subject? What does she think of it?"

"No; I have not mentioned it to her yet. I thought I would first speak to you."

"Ascertain what she thinks of it. I suppose you will see her this morning?"

"Yes, I am on my way now to your house."

"Very well. If she will go, settle with her what time it is likely she may be able to travel, and I will make my arrangements accordingly."

Though it was, as he had said, inconvenient to him to leave home, Mr. Gordon, having made up his mind to do so, was more and more pleased with Dr. McDonald's suggestion the more he thought of it. To have an ailing, fretful wife was new and not at all agreeable to him, and the re-establishment of her health was an object for which he was glad to make any sacrifice. In addition to this he felt that Stella's health certainly needed attention, and would, the doctor assured him, be greatly benefited

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by the voyage; and for himself, he was not disinclined to a temporary change from his usual laborious life.

Somewhat to his surprise he found, on going home, that neither Mrs. Gordon nor Stella regarded the scheme favorably. The first was subdued to reluctant acquiescence by the doctor's strenuous, in fact peremptory, arguments; and Stella, in consequence of the medical dictum that change not only of air but of continent was absolutely necessary to the recovery of her mother's health, refrained from the expression of her opinion. But the feelings of both were exceedingly opposed to the idea of going to Europe, and, strange to say, for the same reason—an apprehension, in the first place, of meeting Southgate, and, in the second place, of being suspected of going there to meet him.

Mrs. Gordon was silent as to this reason and its corollary—despair of ever obtaining Gartrell as a son-in-law; but when Mr. Gordon requested Stella to tell him why she seemed so averse to the plan proposed by Dr. McDonald she replied frankly and truthfully.

"I scarcely think Mr. Southgate himself would think anything of the kind; he is not a vain man," she added, seeing by the expression of her father's face that he considered this objection reasonless. "But I am sure the gossips here will make ill-natured remarks; and I am coward enough, I confess, to shrink from giving them the opportunity."

"But I suppose you would not think it well to sacrifice the restoration of your mother's health to this fear of gossip?" said Mr. Gordon.

"No, certainly not, papa. You know I have not said a word voluntarily on the subject. You asked the point-blank question why I did not like the idea of going, and I could only tell the truth."

"Is this your only objection?"

"Yes. Otherwise I should be delighted at the prospect."

"You may set your mind at rest, then, about the gossip you are afraid of. Southgate will not be in Europe when we get there or while we are there. He has already gone to Jerusalem to spend Lent, and intends remaining in the East two or three years."

"Ah!" said Stella in a tone of evident relief. "I am glad of that, if you are sure that it is so."

"There can be no doubt of it. I met Brantford Townsley this morning with a letter in his hand which he had just received

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from Southgate, who was starting for Jerusalem the day he wrote."

"I am very glad," said Stella again. "And when shall *we* start, papa?"

Her face was quite bright now.

"As soon as your mother is able to travel. The doctor thinks she will be well enough in six weeks to undertake the voyage. That will bring us to the first of May—a very good season for crossing the ocean."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ST. CYRIL OF ALEXANDRIA, THE OPPONENT OF NESTORIUS.

NEARLY two thousand years ago a Roman emperor had ordered a census to be taken of his subjects in a district of the East. Among those who obeyed the imperial edict were a man and woman from the poorer class. Unable to obtain shelter in the crowded hostelry of the little village in which they were to register their names, they sought it in a neglected cave on the outskirts of the town; and there the woman—a young Jewess—was delivered of her first-born, a son. Had the census-takers been aware of this new subject of their imperial master his birth might have figured in their returns. Almost born in the street, and coming into the world, as so many other subjects of the Roman sway, amid the vulgar surroundings of want and obscurity, he still counted a unit, and the most distinguished person on their lists was only that. But this tender babe, who wailed and shivered in the encircling arms of his maiden-mother, was the Almighty God, at whose fiat the world had sprung forth from the abyss of nothing; who had fashioned that emperor who would have enrolled him as his subject, and that fairest product of his creative power, the holy Mother from whom he drew his human substance. The Author and Fount of all being had assumed the nature of man; and as in later years he walked the streets of Jerusalem or sat on the slopes that verged to the rippling waters of Genesareth, a passer-by could have turned and, pointing out the humble figure to his companion, have said with truth: "That man is God!" Even to the pagan mind the ap-

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pearance of one of their numerous deities in their midst would have been startling. But this was no Olympian Jove descended among mortals with some questionable aim; no Vulcan flung to earth in rage; no Apollo in graceful exile. It was the Second Person of the august Trinity, the only-begotten of that divine Father whose very name the Jews, in deepest reverence, forbore to utter. Here, then, was the most profound mystery confronting the intellect of man! Why had he come? How could he come thus? The direct answer to the first of these queries is simple enough, while the endeavor to solve the other has led to some of the darkest heresies that have marked the gradual development of Christ's mystical body, the church. When, a few weeks later, the Holy Babe was presented in the temple by his parents, *ut sisterent eum Domino* (Luke ii. 22), a reverend man of Jerusalem named Simeon received the Child into his arms, and, blessing God for having allowed his aged eyes to see the Salvation of the Lord, applied to the Infant these words of Isaias: *Ecce, positus est hic in ruinam et in resurrectionem multorum in Israel, et in signum, cui contradicetur* (Luke ii. 34, Isaias viii. 14). Fearful and mystic words! That he who was the Eternal Truth should be for a "sign to be contradicted"; that he who, in the yearnings of his divine love for the highest good of his creatures, had become one of themselves in very truth—that he should be set for the fall of many in Israel! But that so it was ecclesiastical history has shown in every century from the days of the apostles down to our own. Scarcely had Christ yet left the earth for heaven when St. John the Evangelist wrote: "Even now there are many Antichrists" (1 Epistle John ii. 18). The same evangelist says in his first Epistle (iv. 1–3): "Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. By this is the spirit of God known: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that dissolveth Jesus is not of God; and this is Antichrist, of whom ye have heard that he cometh, and he is now ready in the world:"—thus making the mystery by which the Son of God assumed the nature of man the touchstone of the faith, the shibboleth of the true Christian. And, in truth, the nobler and more sublime the intellect that bends in unquestioning belief before this truth, the more noble is its submission; for the seeming impossibility of such a union is more patent to the philosophical than to the vulgar mind. How the Eternal God could have united the rational and bodily nature of humanity to

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his sacred Person so that it was possible to predicate with truth of the individual Christ what was proper to each of the united natures—the human and divine—is beyond the ken of human intellect. For this reason this vital article of Catholic verity has been attacked in every way. Man has dared to "divide" Christ, either reducing him purely to his own level of simple humanity, or else, despoiling the human race of the glory of having had its nature elevated to the immense dignity of personal union with Divinity, by declaring that Christ was no *man*, but God *alone*.

We have remarked that the direct answer to the question why Christ came is sufficiently simple. That answer is, to save mankind. But man is a free agent, and the scheme of salvation must include his perfect though voluntary subjection to his Creator—a condition which involves the unquestioning subjugation of man's higher faculties to the commands of God. Faith, then, is the very soul of the Christian, the form which makes him such. Christ's mission, therefore, was to redeem the human race; the mode by which he effected it was the divine sacrifice "in the place called Golgotha," in which he was at once High-Priest and Victim, and by teaching mortals the way to God. The fittest conception, then, of Jesus Christ as Redeemer of the world is that of a God-Man offering the all-atoning Sacrifice of Propitiation—

> "Breaking his body on the tree of shame,
> With the deep anguishing of all its chords"

—and of a divine Teacher come to instruct men not merely by word but by the sublimest example of theory or belief reduced to act. His school consisted of twelve men, drawn for the most part from the humblest states of life, who were to continue his work after him, who were commissioned to teach with the same authority as himself. To them he made known the New Law—one more sublime and less material than the old Hebraic code, in which he had led by the hand, as it were, the seed of Abraham, and had determined all things by weight, and by law, and by measure, and had spoken to the soul almost constantly through the medium of some distinctly visible and material form. Consequently the all-important lesson of salvation was to be transmitted from one divinely commissioned body of men to another, and so on "till the crack of doom," that men might listen to their words and be saved. Now, had all men, from the days of Jesus Christ until the end, been filled with the ardent faith

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of the apostles; if this vivid faith, as perfectly reasonable as it is sublime, had been the common feeling among Christian men, heresy would never have lifted its loathsome front in the precincts of the church. There would have been no *choice* (αἵρεσις) in what we would believe; the one sole point to be determined would have been: Has the church taught this truth or no?

But the Incarnation, and the lofty truths which emanate from it as rays of light are thrown out by a brilliant, furnished matter for the highest philosophy. It became then the duty of the teachers in the church of God to show that no effort of reason could prove that any point of Christian verity involved what reason could not admit. Despite the desperately material bias of the pagan, and even Jewish mind, the study of philosophy was pursued by them with exceeding ardor. Thought was active in its struggle for truth. The human mind delighted in grasping the subtle problems which life contained. Christianity then, when it was first published, was regarded much in the same light as any great school of philosophy—as a system which naturally entered into rivalry with the lofty conceptions of the Academy, the stern tenets of the Porch, the encyclical dogmatism of the Peripatetics, and the voluptuous egoism of the Epicureans. And, in truth, it *was* the highest philosophy. In all the other systems truth cropped out here and there amid a waste of fallacy and ignorance; here in the school of Jesus of Nazareth it beamed with the steady radiance of the sun, pure, unmixed, entire. Many minds, as a consequence of this attitude, looked on the doctrines of Christianity as theses to be proved, and were not slow in presenting difficulties that seemed to bear against them. That there *were* difficulties, and such as a cultivated intellect would most readily perceive, is beyond doubt. The student of theology to-day, when these tenets have weathered the assaults of centuries, when so many points have been hedged about by the anathemas of councils and riveted into eternal stability by the authoritative voice of the supreme head of the church, is well aware of the subtlety and difficulty attendant on a lucid exposition and defence of certain truths, especially such as are deeply rooted in the "dark brightness" of the Godhead. A carelessly formulated expression may be the unwitting utterance of some cardinal heresy. How much more was intellectual effort necessary for the doughty champions of Catholic truth in the defence and proof of such positions when the deposit of faith had not yet been systematized, if we may so speak, by a sharp and scientific method, before the subject-matter of belief had crystallized

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into clear and symmetrical form! Even *words* that in the early days of the church would have conveyed beyond a doubt an orthodox meaning would, if employed in the same connection today, as indubitably be redolent of heresy.

The nobility and dignity of a doctor of the church may, then, be easily conceived—the glory of a mind qualified by nature and assisted by grace to shape the intellect of its brothers, to bring forth Christ amid the chaos of unbelief or firmly establish him in the wavering soul of the hesitating Christian. No higher vocation was possible, save martyrdom; and even here the only difference was that the teacher of God bore witness to the truth by *living*, while the martyr of Christ attested its divine force by *dying*. It was the mission of the Redeemer, and his loving providence had bestowed it on his children in the Spirit.

Our object in these preliminary remarks has been to show, first, that Christianity, in the earlier days of its being, was a natural battle-ground for debate, and this *not* that the deposit of faith has been augmented with the growth of years, or that Christ's mystic bride began her triumphant career with the ignorance of a child, but from the character of the truth to be conveyed and the disposition of the minds which were to receive it; secondly, to show that the Incarnation of our divine Lord Jesus Christ was not only the corner-stone on which was builded the glorious fabric of the New Law, but was also the stumbling-block for many a believer too wise in his own conceit; thirdly, that the functions of a teacher or guide to human minds in the beautiful paths of Catholic verity were such as made a doctor of the church an object dear to God and "among the foremost men of all his time." We may now apply these principles to the special points demanded by the scope of this paper.

Nestorianism was a cancerous growth of heresy which ate into the body of Christ's bride, the church, in the first half of the fifth century; and the hand which deftly cut away the corroding sore was that of St. Cyril of Alexandria. Nestorius, a Syrian monk of the laura of St. Euprepius, near Antioch, dared to "divide Jesus," despite the apostle's thrilling cry that such an one as this was "not of God." He was a disciple of the famous Theodore of Mopsuestia, and undoubtedly was affected with much of the taint which clung to that distinguished man, who was an able and voluminous writer and gifted with a personal magnetism which made his influence immense. Nestorius was himself possessed of much popular eloquence, and this, with his ascetic mode of life, procured him his subsequent honors in the

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church. He became a priest of Antioch, and on the death of Sisinnius, Bishop of Constantinople, was raised by Theodosius, the emperor, to the episcopate of that city. In his first sermon after his consecration he addressed to the emperor the following words: "Give to me, O Emperor, a land purged of heretics, and I will give to thee heaven; overthrow with me the heretics, and with thee will I overthrow the Persians." But eloquence and pride have often formed the aureola of an heresiarch. If Origen erred we would fain weep over his fall as that of an angel of God entrapped in the toils of Lucifer. But the systematic cunning and self-love of Nestorius, joined to the peculiar iniquity of his defection, leave us no power to compassionate his ruin. In the days of pagan Rome the *crimen læsæ majestatis* was the highest offence in the criminal code. In the light of Christian Rome the same is true, not of outraged country but of a blasphemed Deity. Heresy is this crime, and Nestorius was guilty of it in the most flagrant manner—false to his God, false to his flock, false to his friends. This sacrilegious prelate wished to wrest from the most Blessed Mother her glory of glories, the highest of her names of praise. To achieve this end he ruthlessly assailed the divine Word, who had assumed humanity within the sacred cloister of her womb. "Lo! a virgin shall conceive and bear a son," was the prophecy of Isaias, whose lips had been purified with living fire from heaven, that he might utter this chaste truth (Isaias vii. 14). The Angel Gabriel, the loftiest of the messengers of God, said to the Blessed Maiden: "The Holy Thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" —*Quod nascetur ex te Sanctum vocabitur Filius Dei* (Luke i. 35). But this recreant monk declared that the Son whom Mary bore was as mere a mortal as himself, who in his mature years was made the dwelling of the Word, the Temple of God. Plato thought the soul was united to the body as a rider is mounted on his steed; and Nestorius would have had it that the Second Person of the Trinity was united to human nature by no closer bond. The man Christ with whom the Word was joined, though fully constituted in his own personality, became the instrument of the Word, perfectly subservient to the will of the Son of God, worthy himself of being a Son of God through the dignity thus bestowed upon him, but not by right of birth. The union was accidental, not substantial, and there was a duality of person as well as nature in the individual Christ. An immediate consequence from these premises is that the Blessed Virgin was *Χριστοτόκος*, not *Θεοτόκος*, and Nestorius contended that

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to call her Mother of God, except as a mere exercise of pious rhetoric, was to be little better than a pagan.

The spirit of the apostles, who venerated in the highest degree the Mother of their divine King, lived in the hearts of the laity of the fifth century, a sacred heritage, a soothing grace. The base infidelity of their shepherd did not mislead his flock. They arose in a whirlwind of indignant wrath and demanded redress. Nestorius met the protests of the faithful by inflicting the severest corporal punishment on such as dared to give voice most boldly to their outraged piety. Far from withdrawing his heresy, he scattered letters through the East and West, and endeavored to indoctrinate the monasteries of Egypt with his errors. But on a watch-tower of the church dominating, as it were, both East and West there was a keen-eyed guardian of Christ's honor and of his church, who grappled at once with this son of darkness. St. Cyril of Alexandria was a man in whom the abhorrence of heresy which characterized the Disciple of Love was joined to the fiery zeal of Peter and the restless energy of Paul. Alexandria was one of the great patriarchates of the Eastern church. The city itself was worthy of its founder, of him who conquered the world. In all that goes to make the city was it great. The galleys that rounded the pharos, that wonder of the world, found this superb centre of civilization stretching before them its magnificent sea-front, gleaming with the snowy marble of the Serapeium, the Cæsareum, and Museum, whose majestic masses were sharply defined against the intense blue of the rainless Egyptian sky. It was a little world in itself. Greeks, Egyptians, Jews, each had their own quarter; and strangers from every land assembled there, for it was a principal port for commerce, a fountain-head of pleasure, and given to sounding the deepest wells of truth with the plummet of its intellect. But we shall consider it only as the episcopal seat of St. Cyril, as one of the great ecclesiastical centres. Many are the names of distinguished bishops and celebrated workers in the church of Alexandria prior to St. Cyril's incumbency. Pantænus, the glorious convert and head of the schools of the catechism which St. Mark the Evangelist had founded; his famous disciple and successor, Clement of Alexandria; the magnificent Origen, also an indefatigable worker in the schools; St. Alexander, who convened a council against Arius in A.D. 320; St. Athanasius, grand in his dignity of doctor, who called the Council of Alexandria, which determined the force of the word *hypostasis* and condemned the notorious heresiarchs, Sabellius, Paul of

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Samosata, Basilides, and Manes, who had assailed the Incarnation—such are some of the names that shine out on Alexandria's illuminated page of ecclesiastical history, brilliant with the blaze of genius, refulgent with the mellower glow of sanctity. St. Cyril, then, entered on an office which the talent and merit of his predecessors had made conspicuous; and his life and toils in this vineyard of the Lord added another potent name to that distinguished roll. He was consecrated on the 18th of October, A.D. 412, three days after the death of the previous incumbent, his uncle Theophilus, and was then in his thirty-sixth year. It was seventeen years later when he wrote his Letter to the Solitaries, which must be considered as his first appearance in the lists as the opponent of Nestorius. His enemies would have it that St. Cyril was at best a violent, hot-tempered man, and many do not hesitate to dub him an arrogant, ambitious prelate, lusting for power, and not to be deterred even by an occasional wholesome effusion of blood. The Catholic need scarcely be informed that such a character is hardly one to have been raised by the church to her altars as an object of veneration for Christendom. But it is not our object to consider St. Cyril save as the opponent of Nestorius, and any analysis of his character except such as affects this view of him, or any reference to other works which occupied his vigorous mind, is beside our purpose. After Nestorius had spread his false doctrine among his own flock through the agency of two creatures of his, Dorotheus, a bishop, and Anastasius, a priest, he scattered his new views, as we have said, through the monasteries of Egypt by means of letters. The Nile region counted its monks by tens of thousands, most of them men of simple manners and yet simpler faith, whose daily bread was prayer and the food which Christ breaks to the children of his spirit. To shatter the faith of such was like "poisoning the wells." Falling as these monks did under the jurisdiction of Cyril, he would not have been the man he was had he failed to perceive the need of counter-action. He composed a doctrinal letter in which he addressed them thus:

"I know your life is a shining and admirable one, nor am I ignorant that your faith is in every wise whole and uncontaminated; but I am not a little troubled since I hear that certain deathly rumors are spread among you, and that there are those who would fain tear down your simple faith, since they dare to call into question whether it be lawful to call the Sacred Virgin the Mother of God. It were better, in sooth, to abstain entirely from questions of this kind, and not to meddle with matters which are abstruse and not clearly seen through even by those gifted with the most

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solid judgment and strongest minds. For these more subtle points are beyond the reach of the simpler."

He then goes on to state that it is his object, since the poison has been already introduced among them, to set forth a few points which may enable them to repel further attacks, and even lead back to the truth any that these errors might have seduced. He then proves, partly from the authority of St. Athanasius and partly from reason, that the Blessed Virgin truly merits the name of Mother of God. He next evinces from the Nicene Creed and the Holy Scriptures, by clear, terse arguments, that Christ is God, and, in conclusion, exhibits the manner of the union between human nature and the Word. He thus fortified them fully against the evil teachings of Nestorius, but did not once mention his name. This letter was carried to Constantinople and threw Nestorius into a rage. He prevailed on one Photius to answer it. Cyril, on the receipt of this answer, wrote his first letter to Nestorius, in which he "handles him with gloves." He says "he has learned from several worthy men that Nestorius is highly offended with him on account of his letter to the monks, and confesses to his surprise at Nestorius for not reflecting that the trouble has been occasioned by his own words (or some person's), not by the Letter to the Solitaries." Then, alluding to the errors that had been taught, he adds: "It was my duty to ill-brook such things as your lordship said (or did *not* say, for I can scarcely believe that you uttered them)." He then says "he is obliged to request some explanation from Nestorius, as the Bishop of Rome, Celestine—whom these doctrines had reached, he knew not how—had bade him seek from Nestorius if he were their author or no." The whole tone of this letter is eminently conciliatory. There is no "pushing Nestorius to the wall," no "hitting him when down." But he significantly adds in conclusion, as if fearing that consideration and charity might be mistaken as concession or pusillanimity: "But let your lordship hold this as sure: that we are prepared to endure chains and prisons, and anything of the kind, nay, even to imperil life itself, for the faith of Christ!" Nestorius met this almost gentle letter by a reply that considerably weakens our respect for him even as a belligerent. After taking pains to declare that he wrote chiefly to escape the importunities of a priest, Lampon, he adds:

"Although not a few things have been pointed out by you that are hardly in keeping with fraternal charity (for we should speak with modera-

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tion), yet we write with an unruffled mind and acquit ourselves of the task of answering your letter with charity. How much good it is going to do us to have complied with Lampon's urgency experience will show."

This tone of injured innocence convinced the patriarch that it must be "war to the knife." In his answer, therefore, the zealous prelate, without losing his temper, starts out with the avowal that ill-will accruing to one from the performance of a sacred duty is not worthy of consideration, and then begs Nestorius to avoid the scandal that comes from perverting the divine truth. Then, as if to show clearly the "causa teterrima belli," he sets forth in a few pages of forcible Greek a masterly exposition of the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation, basing his proofs on the decrees and teaching of the Council of Nice. All of Nestorius' casuistry is thoroughly shown up by his keen insight, and he concludes by beseeching him as a brother, in the presence of Christ and the holy angels, to abjure his errors. As to the reply of Nestorius, it smacks of the most intolerable complacency. He quotes Scripture and the Fathers to show that he is quite right and that Cyril is quite wrong; and he has the effrontery to blandly add that he, "as a brother, gives him this advice: to study the Fathers more deeply, and he will then see that they have never said what he imputes to them." Cyril, in the meantime, had written a treatise on the disputed points in the form of a letter to the Emperor Theodosius, and two others, of which the first is very lengthy, to Eudoxia and the saintly Pulcheria, all three letters bearing the title, *De Recta Fide*. For, unfortunately, Nestorius was supported by the court and several ecclesiastics. The patience of the Alexandrian patriarch seems to be on the wane in his next communication to his erring colleague, as he is decidedly brief and decidedly strong. Here it is:

"I could not believe that you would so blaspheme. I warn you to give over such strife, for you are not strong enough to fight the God who was crucified for you. I need not tell you what befell the Jews, his enemies; nor the heretics Simon Magus, the Emperor Julian, and Arius. But I warn you the church will not tolerate your insolence against God. You know that this church is that against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, and that no one ever braved her with success. Look out, then!"

In this letter Cyril drops the title of dignity which he had punctiliously employed at least a dozen times in his first letter, the "Pietas Tua," as if the words carried a lie with them. Nestorius retorted not a whit abashed, and in his reply to him Cyril again shows something of the man that lay beneath his episco-

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pal purple, beginning in this wise: "Were you not a bishop none but your relatives and friends would ever have known you," and then goes on to state that he deals with him only as a prelate wofully derelict in his most sacred duties. Nestorius was pricked to the quick and disdained any response; nor would he receive the messengers of Cyril, who, by his command, lingered a month in the hope of obtaining an audience of him. Seeing, however, that he was in the hands of a man of dogged purpose and untiring zeal, Nestorius sent a letter to the pope, declaring his opinions. Hearing of this, Cyril also addressed a letter to the Bishop of Rome, in which he described the state of the whole question, adverting to the anxious feeling which these new doctrines occasioned to the Western, and especially the Macedonian, bishops. From this letter we quote the following remarks about Nestorius:

"He thinks himself wiser than us all, instead of concluding that, since the orthodox bishops of the whole world and the laity believe Christ to be God and confess that the Virgin who begot him is the Mother of God, he who alone questions this must be wrong. But puffed up with pride and abusing the power of his see to lay snares for all men, he thinks he can make us and everybody else fall in with his views."

Cyril speaks here with as much plainness as he can, and we see at once that his tempered expostulations with Nestorius were the result of a divine charity. But now he is dealing with the guardian of the whole fold, and he paints the false bishop in his true colors. This judgment of Nestorius has an added force if we read the estimate of him made by Socrates, the Alexandrian lawyer, who wrote on ecclesiastical history. His testimony may be accepted the more readily as he was rather severe on St. Cyril himself, and consequently not likely to be influenced by his opinion:

"From a perusal of the works of Nestorius," he says, "I find him an ignorant man of but little ability. The expression *Θεοτόκος* is a perfect bugbear to him on account of this ignorance. For although he has a naturally eloquent tongue and is hence thought learned, he is not so in point of fact, and he has not deigned to learn the writings of the old interpreters. Through his insolent conceit in his volubility and elegance of language he has both entirely neglected the old writers and has come to regard himself as superior to them all" (book vii. c. 32).

Cyril entrusted this letter to Posidonius, as well as a succinct account of the teachings of Nestorius. The pope, on the receipt of this letter, and having learned the correctness of Cyril's report

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from Nestorius' own statement of his views, convoked a synod, and the bishops indignantly called for the condemnation of Nestorius as the author of a new heresy more blasphemous than any of its predecessors. Celestine accordingly wrote to Cyril, reprobating Nestorius as worse than a hireling, inasmuch as he did not abandon his sheep but rended them himself; and he commends the laudable fidelity and zeal of the Bishop of Alexandria, approving of all he had written or done with regard to Nestorius.

"Let him be forgiven if he amends," he says, "for we would rather he should return and live, provided he destroy not the lives committed to his charge. But if he is obdurate let him be openly condemned. 'Sit aperta sententia perduranti!' You will, then," he concludes, "carry out this sentence with *rigorous vigor* (*rigoroso vigore*), the authority of our see being joined to your own and you acting in our stead; so that within ten days from your monition he either condemn the evil teaching of his written profession, and hold, with our Roman Church and yours, and universal devotion, the faith in Christ's nativity, or else understand that he is in every way cut off from our body."

The pope adds at the end of his letter that he has communicated his sentiments on this point to the bishops of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Macedonia. Cyril, thus armed with the highest power a mortal could wield—that entrusted by Jesus Christ to his church and its supreme pastor—wrote anew to the Bishop of Constantinople. The tone of his letter shows he is mindful of the "rigorous vigor" enjoined on him by the Bishop of Rome. He had convoked a diocesan synod, and writes in his own name and that of the synod. He tells Nestorius that his teaching is doing harm everywhere, and bids him abjure his new beliefs within the ten days prescribed by Rome, or else that he and his opinions will cease to have any place among the bishops and priests of the church. After an exhaustive dissertation upon the points attacked by Nestorius he adds: "You must accept these things, and, without craft or subterfuge, be one with us in our belief." He had expressly declared in a previous part of the letter that it was not enough for Nestorius to avow his adhesion to the Nicene Creed, as he failed in a right understanding of it, and such an act of faith would be merely nominal, since his interpretation of the Creed was "insincere, perverse, and preposterous." He indicates what he is to do very clearly, for he says: "What you must condemn and execrate with anathema are the points subjoined." St. Cyril then gives a summary of the errors of Nestorius under twelve heads, and as each concludes with an an-

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athema they are known as the Twelve Anathematisms. We will quote the first two. The first runs thus: "If any one does not confess that Emmanuel is true God, and that hence the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God (for she begot the Incarnate Word of God according to the flesh), let him be anathema!" The second is: "If any one does not confess that the Word of God the Father is united to the flesh in his personality (*καθ' ὑπόστασιν*), and together with his flesh is one Christ, the same, namely, at once God and man, let him be anathema!" Even if it were possible (which it is not) to suppose that Nestorius had acted in good faith up to this time, after this official condemnation truth and justice held out but one course to him—that of at once subscribing to the anathematisms, humiliating as the measure was. The other alternative was that of presenting a brazen front to the anathemas of Christ's vicar and rallying his party beneath the banner of plain, unvarnished heresy. The unhappy bishop followed the voice of his pride and refused to submit. The emperor, Count Candidian, the commander of the imperial forces, Count Irenæus, and one of those blighted beings who are so invariably a part of Oriental intrigue, the eunuch Chrysaphius, prime minister to the emperor, whom Pulcheria on her accession to the throne was obliged to execute for his misdeeds, were all partisans of the recusant bishop. John, too, who ruled the patriarchate of Antioch, still clung to him with the feelings of regard they had shared of yore when both were simple monks in the laura of St. Euprepius, and by his influence secured as an ally of Nestorius the erudite Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus. The warning which St. Cyril had sounded in the ear of Nestorius about the fate of enemies of Christ and heretics had failed to stir his soul, and now, with insensate hardihood, he met the solemn anathemas of the church as formulated by Cyril with twelve anathemas in rebuttal of them, and then threw himself at once into an active policy of aggression. The Constantinopolitans who had withdrawn from him were made to feel the utmost exercise of his vindictive power. He also attacked the monks whom he had failed to seduce, and poured into the ear of the weak Theodosius a steady stream of calumny against the Bishop of Alexandria. By this stubborn resistance Nestorius gave full force to the papal excommunication, and from that hour was ecclesiastically dead. But a corpse, though hardly an active agent, may be a potent source of offence, as Nestorius proved. He sent Cyril's anathematisms to John of Antioch, and entreated him to induce Theodoret and Andrew of Samosata to brand this Alexandrian op-

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ponent with the errors of Apollinaris and Arius. Strange to say, these prelates lent themselves to this iniquity and wrote to Cyril as desired. Their letters met with a prompt reply. Indeed, besides the doctrinal works *ex professo* which the heresy of Nestorius elicited from Cyril—to wit, a long treatise in five books on the points impugned; a dialogue between himself and Nestorius on the right of the Holy Mother to the title of Θεοτόκος; a separate treatise against such as denied it to her; and an elaborate evolution of his Twelve Anathematisms which he delivered before the Council of Ephesus—besides all these labors the amount of correspondence entailed on Cyril by reason of this defection of the Byzantine prelate was simply enormous. Scarcely any one who was sufficiently prominent to make his espousal of Nestorian error a scandal to those about him failed to receive a vigorous letter; while corporations and communities who were exposed to danger from such teachings were also the recipients of an earnest doctrinal missive. There is something touching in this eminent churchman's prodigious energy and zeal in behalf of the injured Mother of God. But he was now to wage a warfare that would throw yet greater splendor round his name. Nestorius clamored for an œcumenical council, and Theodosius favored his demands. The blinded bishop thus directed against his accursed head the most powerful weapon the church can wield against her foes. It was determined that a council should be held. Through the condescension of Celestine, Nestorius was allowed to retain possession of his see till the council should have closed—nay, more, if he were to retract, was to be allowed a seat in the synod with the assembled bishops. By one of those coincidences not unworthy of the historian's notice this Third General Council of the church was to be held in that city of Ephesus to which the Evangelist St. John had repaired three hundred and twenty-two years before, when, on Nerva's accession to power, he had been allowed to leave his rocky place of exile among the Sporades. Tradition declares, too, and the Ephesine fathers alluded to this fact, that she who beneath the shadow of the cross was bequeathed to us as a mother through the person of the Beloved Disciple passed the last years of her life with him at Ephesus. In that city, then, where the stiffening fingers of the Apostle of Love had traced the proofs of his Lord's divinity against Ebion and Cerinthus, the same truth was destined to be asserted by the church of God against the wretched Nestorius.

St. Cyril was appointed by Pope Celestine his chief legate.

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Although three other legates were sent by the Supreme Pontiff, it was rather to bear special instructions to the council than to control its sessions, for a formal injunction was laid on St. Cyril to act as the president of the entire conclave. The legates were two bishops, Arcadius and Projectus, and a priest, Philip, who had precedence of all the prelates save Cyril. After the celebration of Easter the bishops began to gather at Ephesus. Nearly all were men of learning, and many metropolitans. Cyril brought about fifty Egyptian bishops—not too large a proportion, if the importance of his patriarchate be considered. Nestorius, with an immense suite, including Count Candidian, was already there, this haste on his part being due to a desire of winning to his side some of the fathers before the council began. The number of prelates soon amounted to two hundred, drawn from every side, as may be inferred from this remark of Cyril's in his Apologetic: "The Roman Church has borne witness to the uprightness of my faith, as well as this holy synod, gathered, if I may so speak, from every land under the sun"—"ex universo, ut ita dicam, orbe qui sub cœlo est." John of Antioch and his clique dallied on the way and were not on hand for the first sessions of the council. In a letter he wrote to Cyril apologizing for this delay he says that during their journey of thirty days himself and his brother bishops had allowed themselves so little repose that several of the bishops were seriously prostrated by fatigue and some of their animals had actually died. Judging from what Cyril said to the clergy of Constantinople in a letter subsequent to the council, the veracity of this statement is very questionable. After mentioning his own haste to be present in due time he says he waited for John sixteen days, despite the protest of the synod, the fathers declaring that the Bishop of Antioch had no wish to be present, as he feared Nestorius would be deposed and discredit fall on his church of Antioch, from which he had been drawn. To continue in his own words: "That this suspicion was well founded the issue clearly showed; *for he put off his arrival*, sending forward some of his Eastern bishops with the message, 'If I am late proceed with what you have to do.'" Cyril appointed the 22d day of June as that on which the council should be formally opened. He deputed four bishops to wait on Nestorius and cite him to appear. He at first signified his willingness to do so, but the next day sent in a protest against the opening of the council before the arrival of several bishops who were still expected. Though this protest bore the signature of sixty-eight bishops, they were doubtless of damaged re-

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pute, as Cyril paid no attention to the remonstrance, but opened the council at the time appointed. Count Candidian exerted himself in vain to prevent this. The fathers were too well aware that his authority only extended to the maintenance of order in the synod. Before beginning it was thought advisable, in accordance with the canons, to cite Nestorius a second and a third time; but the bishops waited on him with no better result than being roundly abused by the guards who surrounded the heresiarch's lodging. They accordingly at once entered on their labors. The special instructions of the papal legates were that no debate on Celestine's condemnation of Nestorius would be permitted. We may now again quote from Cyril's Apologetic:

"The sacred synod having assembled, it established Christ, as it were, its Confessor and Head; for the venerated Evangel having been placed on a throne, sounding this only in the ears of any unworthy priest, 'Judge with just judgment' (Zach. vii. 9)—settle this contest between the holy evangelists and the opinions of Nestorius—with the common assent of all, condemned his teachings and showed forth the purity and beauty of evangelical and apostolical tradition; and thus the might of truth prevailed."

The first thing done was to read St. Cyril's second letter to Nestorius and the heresiarch's reply. It will be remembered that in this Cyril had exposed clearly and fully refuted the erroneous doctrine of Nestorius, and that the answer had been a stubborn maintenance of his views, coupled with the impudent advice to Cyril to "study the Fathers more deeply." Upon hearing these letters read the fathers of the council voted by acclamation for the condemnation of Nestorius, uttering anathemas against himself, his works, and all who communicated with him or failed to anathematize him. Sentence was formally pronounced upon him thus:

"Obliged by the sacred canons and the epistle of our Holy Father and colleague, Celestine, Bishop of the Roman Church, we have been necessarily driven, not without tears, to pronounce this melancholy sentence against him. Therefore our Lord Jesus Christ, whom he has insulted by his blasphemies, deprives him through this holy council of the episcopal dignity, and declares him excluded from every assembly and college of priests."

One hundred and eighty-eight bishops, and later several more, signed this solemn condemnation and deposition of the Bishop of Constantinople. The work of this first session kept the council occupied the entire day. The townspeople, in the

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meantime, had been anxiously awaiting its decision. When the session was concluded, which was not till nightfall, and it became known that the Blessed Mother of God was vindicated, the populace abandoned itself to the utmost joy. The bishops were borne triumphantly to their abodes on the shoulders of the men; the women scattered flowers upon their heads and strewed them before their feet; while the evening air grew heavy with fragrant perfumes and burnt incense. The city itself was brilliantly illuminated and the shrines of the Θεοτόκος blazed with myriad tapers. It was a carnival of holy joy. But Satan was not disheartened nor was Nestorius crushed. The following day the sentence of the council was made known to him by a letter in which he was addressed by the title of the "New Judas." It was heralded through the town and placarded on the walls. Candidian tore the placards down and the letters from the synod to Theodosius were intercepted by him. Nestorius wrote a fiery letter to the emperor, full of calumny, declaring that the decision was attained by violence and sedition, and demanding another council, from which the bishops hostile to him should be excluded. Count Candidian confirmed these reports. At this time John of Antioch and his attendant bishops arrived. In a letter which this prelate had sent to Nestorius when his heretical teachings had excited the attention of his ecclesiastical superiors, he clearly showed that his sympathy was for the man, Nestorius, not for his doctrine. He virtually told him "not to run his head against a wall." He assumed it as clear that Nestorius believed all that the Catholic invocation of Mary as the Mother of God implied, and that it was merely the name which offended him; whereas we have seen that the heresiarch was willing to tolerate the *name*, if the belief it supposed was denied. Consequently John of Antioch cannot but be deeply blamed by posterity for the course he now adopted. Cyril, in his Apologetic (we have always quoted from the Apologetic to Theodosius), says: "He arrived, hastily left his travelling-carriage, and, still covered with the dust of the road, held a synod with his companion bishops and condemned all the bishops of the council as worthy of excommunication, and offered a worse affront to Memnon, Bishop of Ephesus, and myself, calling us Arians and Apollinarists, and declared the decrees of the general council void." Theodosius, in the meantime, hearing absolutely nothing from the fathers of the council, whose letters had been intercepted, and receiving from so many sources reports of sedition and violence, sent an order for the

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imprisonment of Cyril and Memnon. The synod of Ephesus, however, went on. John of Antioch, thrice cited and thrice a recusant, was excommunicated *in contumaciam.* The Holy Ghost had cast down Nestorius and his ecclesiastical supporters. Mother-wit enabled the venerable prelates to trick the wily Count Candidian and the vile Chrysaphius. A faithful messenger, disguised as a mendicant, succeeded in getting to the emperor, bearing the true reports of the council concealed in a hollow staff. Letters were also sent in this way to the clergy and faithful of Constantinople. The citizens, on receiving these letters, waited in a body on the emperor, headed by the monk Dalmatius, who for half a century before had never left the walls of his monastery. Theodosius received them in the church of St. Mocius, and, doubtless already influenced by his holy sister, Pulcheria, was moved to assent to their righteous demands, awakening at length to a sense of his duties as a Catholic prince. Cyril and Memnon were at once released, the decrees of the council ratified, and Nestorius was ignominiously returned to St. Euprepius and his monk's frock. But the wretched man died hard. He profaned the holy cloisters by his impious heresies, so that he had to be relegated to an obscurity yet more profound, and was banished to a dismal quarter of Upper Egypt and afterward again to Elephantina. From this forsaken spot, two years only after his condemnation, he passed to his judgment by a miserable death. Cast down from his lofty position as a conspicuous bishop of the church, he who had been the friend of an emperor and his court, who had numbered distinguished prelates as his allies, who had stood before the universe a Lucifer in combat with God's church, passed into obscurity, execrated by the flock he had tried to seduce and overwhelmed by the curse of his outraged Redeemer. But "the evil that men do lives after them." A dozen centuries have rolled away, and yet the Orient counts thousands of unhappy souls in bondage to the errors of Nestorius. Within the past few months, in the New York *Sun*, sandwiched between an item proudly enumerating the thousands of boots and shoes made at the military prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, and one in which there was the ever-acceptable skit at New England "culture," was the following paragraph: "Ten thousand Nestorian Christians residing in the Persian provinces devastated by the Kurds have sent a petition to the Grand Duke Michael asking permission to emigrate to the Caucasus." Ages ago worms battened on the heresiarch's corpse, and yet his errors prey upon souls to their perdition even

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to this hour. What wonder that the church of God grapples with heresy as she does—the tender mother battling for the children of her heart!

Time does not permit of our following out the course of events in regard to John of Antioch. Suffice it to say in brief that a year later he submitted to the conditions requisite for his reinstatement—viz., anathematized Nestorius; subscribed to his deposition; recognized his successor in the see of Constantinople, Maximian; and finally, bitterest blow of all, signed a confession of faith drawn up by the noble soul who had pursued the errors of Nestorius to the topmost of his bent—St. Cyril of Alexandria. This battle for the truth of Christ was the great glory of Cyril's life. Thirteen years passed before the Master, of whom he wrote so well, called him to gaze upon the ineffable beauty of Eternal Truth in the celestial courts, but they were not filled with the rapid action of the years of his prime. He stands grandly outlined against the intellectual splendor of Alexandrian thought, a Christian warrior. All about him breathes the man; all was virile, strong, unyielding. The gentler virtues which cling as inseparably to the memory of his glorious contemporary, the Bishop of Hippo, as the perfume to the flower, do not seem to have entered largely into his adamantine soul, nor were they wanted for his work. The wavering policy of the Byzantine court, the treacherous diplomacy of the Alexandrian prefects, the wrangling hordes of Jews, the hypocritical subtlety of Neo-Platonism, the fervid contention which seemed to seethe in the city of Alexander—all these were not to be opposed by melting mildness or yielding humility. Boldness of action, keenness of foresight, unhesitating resolution, and a grip that nothing save victory or death could relax—these were traits that could alone act like oil upon the troubled waters of the patriarchate of Alexandria in the fifth century, and all these Cyril had. Even his writings breathe the same qualities, though tempered by a reverence for Christ that knew no bounds, and a sense of duty that his soul could no more have shaken off than his corporal life could have been maintained without respiration. He was a man of God, a teacher of his fellow-men, a leader in the camp of his divine King, and his glory shall never fade. "Quicumque glorificaverit me, glorificabo eum: qui contemnunt me ignobiles erunt," said the Lord to the high-priest Heli; and these words have seldom been more amply verified than in Nestorius of Constantinople and Cyril of Alexandria.

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THE FORAY OF QUEEN MEAVE.

FRAGMENTS FROM AN ANCIENT IRISH EPIC.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

INTRODUCTORY.

NOT a little of the earlier and nobler Irish literature is essentially epic in character, and vividly illustrates Ireland's "Heroic Age" as it existed just before the Christian era. The most remarkable of its remains is the *Tâin Bô Cuailgné*. According to an ancient tradition, we owe the preservation of this great pagan monument to the generous sympathy of a Christian Saint. Professor O'Curry thus records it: "Saint Kiaran, the founder of the church of Clonmacnoise, who died in the year 548, wrote this story with his own hand into a book which was called the *Leabhar na h-Uidré*," and adds that a large portion of his work is preserved in a copy "written at the same Clonmacnoise by a famous scribe named Maelmuire, who was killed there in 1106."* That copy of St. Kiaran's version is still extant in the Royal Irish Academy, as well as a copy of a later version included in *The Book of Leinster*—a book written about A.D. 1150; but no translation of either has yet been published, though several exist in MS. Both those early versions are chiefly in prose; but they were evidently compiled out of some yet earlier and poetic version, and their most important parts retain the metrical form.

On the preliminary part of this famous prose-poem the following "Fragment" is founded. It is not a translation; but its incidents are substantially authentic, and I trust I have everywhere kept close to the *spirit* of the original. That original possesses characteristics, especially the combination of the quaint and the humorous with the impassioned, which strikingly contradistinguish it from the earliest literary remains of other nations. Compared with these heroic Irish legends the Scandinavian Eddas are modern, at least in their present form; while in their best passages the Irish possess a grace and strength that remind us of the earliest Greek legends. Prof. O'Curry well remarks: "The *Tâin Bô Cuailgné* is to Irish what the Argonautic Expedition or the Seven against Thebes is to Greek history."

FRAGMENT I.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

ARGUMENT.

Meave, Queen of Connacht,† and Ailill her husband, waking one morning, fell into a disputation, each claiming to be the worthier of the two and the wealthier. Their Lords decide that King and Queen are happy alike in all things, save one only—namely, that Ailill possesses the far-famed white Bull, Fionbannah. Meave, hearing that Conor Conchobar, King of Uladh,‡ boasts a black Bull mightier yet, is fain to purchase it, but cannot prevail so far. She therefore declares war against Uladh. There meets her Faythleen the Witch, who prophesies calamity, yet promises that, in aid of Meave, she will breathe over the realm of Uladh a spirit of Imbecility. This she does; yet Cuchullain, unaided, afflicts the whole army of Meave by exploits which to him are but sports. Fergus, the exiled King of Uladh, narrates the high deeds of Cuchullain wrought in his childhood.

* *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, vol. iii. p. 403.

† Now Connaught. ‡ Now Ulster.

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In Cruachan, old Connacht's Palace pile,
Dwelt Meave, the Queen, haughtiest of woman's kind,
A warrioress untamed that made her will
The measure of the world. The all-conquering years
Conquered not her: the strength of endless prime
Lived in her royal tread, and breast, and eye,
A life immortal. Queenly was her brow;
Fulgent her eye; her countenance beauteous, save
When wrath o'er-flamed its beauty. With her dwelt
Ailill, her husband, trivial man and quaint,
And early old. He had not chosen her:
She chose a consort who should rule her not,
And tossed him to her throne. In youth her Lord
Was Conor Conchobar, great Uladh's King:
She had not found him docile to her will,
And to her sire returned. The August morn
Had trailed already on the stony floor
Its fiery beam when, laughing, woke the King:
He woke, awakened by a roar that shook
The forest dews to earth, Fionbannah's roar,
That snow-white Bull, the wonder of the age,
Who, born amid the lowlands of the Queen,
Yet, grown to strength, o'er-leaped her bound, and roamed
Thenceforth the leaner pastures of the King,
For this cause—that his spirit scorned to live
In female vassalage.

That tale recalling
King Ailill laughed: his laughter roused the Queen:
She woke in wrath: to assuage her Ailill spake:
"Happy and blest that dame whose lord is sage!
Thy fortunes, wife of mine, began that day
I called thee spouse!" To him the Queen: "My sire
Was Erin's Ard-Righ.* Daughters six had he:
I, Meave, of these was fairest and most famed!
This Cruachan was mine ere yet I saw thee;
And all the Island princes sued my hand:
I spurned their offers: three things I required—
A warrior proved, since great at arms am I;
A liberal hand, since lavish I of gifts;
A man not jealous, since, in love, as war,
There where I willed I ever cast mine eyes.

* Chief-King.

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These merits three were yours: I beckoned to you:
Dowered you with ingots thicker than your wrist;
Made you a king, or kingling. What of that?
I might have chosen a better! Yea, I count
My greatness more than yours!"

With treble shrill
Ailill replied: "What words are these, my Queen?
My father was a king: my brothers kings:
My hoards are higher heaped than yours; my meads
More deep, more rich."

In anger stormed the Queen;—
In rushed her lords, and stood, a senate grave,
Circling the couch: and while, each answering each,
Ailill and Meave set forth in order due
The treasures either boasted, kine or sheep,
Rich cornfield, jewell'd robe, or gem-wrought car,
Impartial weighed the lists in equal scale,
And 'twixt them found in value difference none.
Doubtful they stood. Anon rolled forth once more
Fionbannah's roar; and, leaping from his bed,
King Ailill shouted: "Mine, not thine, that Bull!
Through him my treasure house out-vaunts thy house;
My worth exceeds thy worth!" Then forward stepped
Mac Roth, the Connacht herald, with this word:
"Great Queen, the King of Uladh boasts a Bull
Lordlier than ours, a broader bulk, and black,
Black as the raven's wing. In Daré's charge
That marvel bides, the 'Donn Cuailgné' named
Because his lowings shake Cuailgné's shore,
The southern bound of Uladh. Privilege
He hath that neither witch nor demon tempt
That precinct where he feeds." Loud cried the Queen,
"Fly hence, Mac Roth! Take with thee golden store,
But bring me back that Bull!"

Next day at eve
Before the tower of Daré stood Mac Roth
And blew his horn; and Daré's sons with haste
Flung the gate wide. The herald entered in
And spake his message. Proudly Daré mused,
"Great Meave my friendship sues"; and made a feast,

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And, when the wine had warmed him, spake: "Mac Roth!
Cuailgné's Donn is Conor's Bull, not mine;
Yet, though the king should hurl me outcast forth,
To Meave that Bull shall go, and bide a year.
Tell her the Donn is manlike in his mind,
And not like Bulls. Long summer eves he stands,
Or paces stately up the mead and down,
Eyeing the sports, or listening, glad at heart,
The martial music." Thus he pledged his faith:
But Daré's sons at midnight, each to each,
Whispered: "The king will chase us from the realm,
For Meave he hates, and well he loves the Donn";
And stood next morn beside their sire, and spake:
"Mac Roth is gone a-hunting: ere he went
He sware that you had yielded him the Donn,
Fearing his sword." Then Daré's heart was changed;
And loud by all his swearing gods he sware,
"Cuailgné's Donn shall ne'er consort with Meave,
Nor with her kine:" and on the gate he set
His Frolic-Fool, waiting Mac Roth's return;
And charged him with this greeting: "Back to Meave!
Thy Queen she is, not Uladh's! Bid her know
Our Donn and we revere Fionbannah's choice,
Her Bull, that leaped her fence and swam her flood,
Spurning the female rule!"

Then turned Mac Roth
His car; and sideway shook one hand irate,
And homeward lashed the steeds. He reached the gates:
And instant upon all who heard his tale
Descended battle-rage: and Meave, the Queen,
Sent forth her heralds, east, and west, and south,
Summoning her great allies. Erin, that day,
Save Uladh only, stood conjoined with Meave,
Great kings, and warriors named from chiefs of old,
Sons of Milesius; for King Conor's craft,
And that proud onset of the Red Branch Knights,
Year after year had galled their hearts. 'Twas come,
The day of vengeance! In their might they rose
From Eyrus' vales to utmost Cahirnane,
From Oileen Arda on to Borda Lu,
And where the blue wave breaks on Beara's isle,
And by the hallowed banks of Darvra's lake

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Where, sad yet solaced by one conquering hope,
In swan-like shape the Children Four of Lir
Had conquered pain by song. Embattled came
The sons of Magach, and the Manés Seven,
With countless more. From Olnemacia's wastes
Came Tuachall and Adarc. Eiderkool
Marched, ever shrilling songs and shaking spears;
And, mightier far, with never-slumbering hearts,
And eyes that stared through long desire of home,
Uladh's three thousand Exiles, driven far forth
When Conor Conchobar, despite his pledge,
Slaughtered the Sons of Usnach. At their head
Rode Fergus, Uladh's King, ere Conor yet
Had filched his crown; and Cormac Conlinglas,
King Conor's bravest son. That host the Queen
To Ai led, where Ai's four great plains
Shine in the rising and the setting sun,
Gold-green, with all their flag-flowers, meres, and streams:
There planted she her camp; thence ever rang
Neighing of horse, and tempest song of Bard,
And graver voice of Prophet and of Seer
Who ceased not, day or night, for fifteen days
From warnings to the people, "Be ye one"—
Yet one the people were not.

Meave, the while,
Resting upon those great and growing hosts
Her widening eyes, rejoiced within, and clutched
The sceptre-staff with closer grasp, and heaved
Higher her solid, broad, imperial breast,
Amorous of battle nigh at hand. Yet oft,
Listening those bickerings in her camp, she frowned:
For still the chieftains strove; and one, a king,
Briarind, had tongue so sharp, where'er he moved
A guard there girt him round, lest spleen of his
Should set the monarchs ravening each on each.
"The hand of Fergus," mused she, "that alone
Might solder yonder mass! Men note in him,
His front, his eye, his stature, and his step,
The one time King of Uladh. Held he rule—
He shall not; for my will endures it not!
He props my war because, long years our guest,
His honor needs not less; with us he marches

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Athirst for vengeance and his native land,
Yet scoffs our cause, and sent, spurning surprise,
To Uladh challenge loud." As thus she mused
Sudden eclipse there fell on Ai's plains,
And onward-creeping shade: and Meave revolved
That dread Red Branch in act and counsel one;
And, brooding thus, with inner eye she saw
No longer men, but skeletons of men
Innumerable in intertangled mass
Burdening the fields far spread. Awe-struck, she cried,
"On to Moytura where the Prophet dwells";
And at her word the charioteer with scourge
Smote the broad-breasted steeds: and lo! what time
Keenliest the noontide splendor blazed, behold,
Right opposite upon the chariot's beam
There sat a wondrous woman, phantom-faced,
Singing and weaving. Shapely was that head
Bent o'er her web, while back the sun-like hair
Streamed on the wind. One hand upreared a sword;
Seven chains fell from it. Sea-blue were her eyes;
And berry-red her scornful lip; her cheek
White as the snow-drift of a single night;
Her voice like harp-strings when the harper's hand
Half drowns their pathos. Close as bark to tree
The azure robe clung to that virgin form
Sinewy and long, and reached the shining feet.

Then spake the Queen: "What see'st thou in that web?"
And she, "I see a Kingdom's destinies;
And they are like a countenance dashed with blood.
Faythleen am I, the Witch." To her the Queen:
"I bid thee say what see'st thou in my host,
Faythleen, the Witch!" And Faythleen answered slow:
"The hue of blood; sunset on sunset charged."
Then fixed that Wild One on the North her eyes,
And Meave made answer: "In those eyes I see
The fates they see; great Uladh's realm full-armed,
And all that Red Branch Order as one man."
Faythleen replied: "One man alone I see;
One man, yet mightier than a realm in arms.
That Watch-Hound watching still by Uladh's gate
Is mightier thrice than Uladh: on his brow
Spring-tide sits throned; yet ruin loads his hand.

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If e'er Cuchullain rides in Uladh's van,
Flee to thy hills and isles!" Meave bit her lip:
But wildly sang the Witch: "Faythleen am I,
Thy People's Patron 'mid the Powers Unseen:
Beware that Youth, invisible for speed,
Who hears that whisper none beside can hear,
Sees what none other sees: before whose eye
The wild beast cowers, subdued. Beware that Youth,
Slender as maid, whose stature in the fight
Rises gigantic. Gamesome he and mild;
To woman reverent, and the hoary hair;
Nor alms he stints, nor incense to the Gods;
Yet, when the storm of anger on him falls,
Pity he knows for none. No pact with him!
Back to thy tents, and march to-morrow morn.
The clan of Cailitin shall aid thee well:
It hates that Youth, and fights with poisoned darts.
To Uladh I, above that realm to spread
Mantle of darkness, and a mind that errs,
And powerlessness, and shame."

Due north she sped,
Far fleeting, wind-upborne, 'twixt hill and cloud,
To Uladh's cliffs; and thence with prone descent
Sank to the myriad-murmuring sea, wine-dark,
And whispered to the Genii of the deep,
Her sisters: then from ocean's breast there rose
A mist, no larger than a dead man's shroud,
That, slowly widening, spread o'er Uladh's realm
Mantle of darkness, and an erring mind,
And powerlessness, and shame.

The Queen returned:
She reached her host what time the sunset glare
With omnipresent splendor clasped it round,
Concourse immortalized. Thereon she gazed,
High standing in her chariot, spear in hand:
Her, too, that army saw, and raised the shout:
But Fergus, as she passed him, spake: "Not yet
Know'st thou my Uladh, nor the Red Branch Knights—
And one man is there mightier thrice than they."

Meantime within Murthemney's land its Lord

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Cuchullain, musing like a listening hound,
For many a rumor filled that time the air,
Sat in remote Dûn Dalgan* all alone,
Chief city of his realm. On Uladh's bound
Southward that lesser realm dependent lay
Girt by a racing river. Silent long
He watched: at last he heard a sound like seas
Murmuring remote, and earthward bowed his head,
And said, "That sound is distant thirty leagues,
And huge that host"; then bade prepare his car,
And southward sped, counsel to hold as wont
With Faythleen nigh to Tara.

Eve grew dim
When lo! a chariot from the woods emerged
In hot pursuit: an old man urged the steeds,
A gray old man that chattered evermore
With blinking eyes that ceased not from amaze.
That sight displeased Cuchullain; ne'ertheless
He stayed his course, and Saltain soon drew nigh,
Clamoring, "O son—and when was son like thee?—
Forsake not thou thy father! In old time,
Then when some God had laid on me his hand,
Dectera, my wife, immured me in my house
Year after year; and weighed the lessening dole:
But thou, when grown to manhood, from her place,
Albeit to her who bare thee reverent still,
Plucked'st that beast abhorrèd, from the dust
Lifting thy poor old father." At that word
Cuchullain left his car, and kissed his sire,
And soothed his wandering wits with meat and wine;
And spake dissembling: "Lo, these mantles warm!
Prescient, for thee I stored them: night is near;
Lie down and rest." Thus speaking, with both hands
Deftly he spread them forth; and Saltain slept:
Then, tethering first the horses of his sire,
Lastly his own, upon the chill, wet grass
He likewise lay, and slept not.

On at dawn
They drave; but Faythleen, witch malign and false,

* Dundalk.

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That oft through spleenful change her purpose slew,
Had broken tryst; and northward they returned.
Next morn Cuchullain clomb a rock tree-girt
And kenned beyond the forest roof a host
Innumerable, the standards of Queen Meave,
And Fergus, and the great confederate Kings.
The warrior eyed them long with bitter smile;
Few words he spake: "At fifty thousand men
I count them." To his father next he turned:
"Haste to Emania! Bid the Red Branch Knights
Attend me in Cuailgné. I till then
Hang on the Invader's flank, a fiery scourge."

Then answered Saltain: "Be it! Northward I;
But Dectera, thy mother and my wife,
Till thou art by my side I will not see;
For dreadful are her eyes as death or fate,
And many deem her mad." He spake, and drave
Northward; nor ceased from chatterings all day long,
Since, like a poplar, vocal was the man
Not less than visible. Meantime his son
Took counsel in his heart, and made resolve
To skirt, in homeward course, that eastern sea,
The wood primeval 'twixt him and the foe,
Still sallying night and day through alley and glade
And taming thus their pride.

Three days went by:
Then stood Cuchullain where great wood-ways met;
And lo! betwixt four yews a warrior's grave,
The pillar-stone above it. O'er that stone
In blithesome mood he twined an osier wreath,
Ciphering thereon his name in Ogham signs:
For thus he said: "On no man unawares
Fall I, but warned." The hostile host approached
That spot; and halting, wondered at that wreath:
Yet none could spell that Ogham. Last drew nigh
Fergus, and read it: on him fell, that hour,
Spirit of might; and loud he sang, and long:
He sang a warrior's praise, yet named him not:
He sang: "From name of man to name of beast
A warrior changed; then mightiest grew of men!'
And, as he sang, the cheek of Meave grew red.

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Next morn Neara's sons outsped that host,
Car-borne, with brandished spears; and ere the dew
Was lifted, came to where Cuchullain sat
Beneath an oak, sporting with blackbirds twain
That followed him for aye. He stretched his hand
Towards them, and cried: "Away, for ye are young!"
In answer forth they flung their spears: he caught them,
And snapp'd them on his knee; next, swift as fire,
Sprang on the youths, and slew them with his sword,
A single stroke; then loosed their horses' bits;
And they, with madness winged, rejoined their own,
Bearing those headless bulks. Forth looked the Queen;
Beheld; and, trembling, cried: "It might have been
Orloff, my son!"

That eve, at banquet ranged,
The warriors questioned Fergus: "Who is best
Among the Uladh chiefs?" Ere answer came
King Conor's son self-exiled, Conlinglas,
Upleaping cried: "Cuchullain is his name;
Cuchullain! From his childhood man was he!
On Eman Macha* ever was his thought,
Its walls, its bulwarks, and its Red Branch Knights,
The wonder of the world." Then told the Prince
How, when his mother mocked his zeal, that child
Fared forth alone, with wooden sword and shield,
And fife, and silver ball; and how he hurled
His little spears before him as he ran,
And caught them ere they fell; and how, arrived,
He spurned great Eman's gates, and scaled its wall,
And lighted in the pleasaunce of the King,
His mother's brother, Conor Conchobar;
And how the noble youths of all that land
There trained in warlike arts, had on him dashed
With insult and with blows; and how the child
This way and that had hurled them, while the King,
With Fergus in a turret playing chess,
Gazed from the casement, wondering.

Next he told
How to that child, Setanta first, there fell
Cuchullain's nobler name. To Eman near

* Armagh.

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There dwelt an Armorer—Cullain was his name—
That earliest rose, and latest with his forge
Reddened the night. Mail-clad in might of his
The Red Branch Knights forth rode: the Bard, the Chief
Sat at his board. One day, when Conor's self
Partook his feast, the Armorer held discourse:
"The Gods have made my house a house of fame:
The craftsmen grin and grudge because I prosper:
The forest bandits hunger for my goods,
Yea, and would eat mine anvil if they might:—
Trow ye what saves me, sirs? A hound is mine
(At eve I loose him) lion-like, and fell;
Red blood of many a rogue is on his jaws:
The bravest, if they hear him bay far off,
Flee like a deer!" Setanta's cry rang out
That moment at the gate, and, with it blent,
The baying of that hound. "The boy is dead!"
The concourse cried in horror. Forth they rushed—
There stood he, bright and calm, his rigid hands
Clasping the dead hound's throat! They wept for joy:
The Armorer wept for grief. "My friend is dead!
My friend that kept my house and me at peace:
My friend that loved his lord!" Setanta heard
Then first that cry forth issuing from the heart
Of him whose labor wins his children's bread—
That cry he honors yet. Red-cheeked he spake:
"Cullain, unwittingly I did thee wrong!
I make amends. I, child of kings, henceforth
Become thy watch-hound, warder of thy house."
Henceforth the "Hound of Cullain"* was his name,
And Cullain's house well warded.

Stern of brow
The Queen arose: "Enough of fables, Lords!
Drink to the victory! Ere yon moon is dead
We knock at gates of Eman." High she held
The crimson goblet. Instant, keen and clear,
Vibration strange troubled the moonlit air;
A long-drawn hiss o'er-ran it: then a cry—
Death-cry of warrior wounded to the death.
They rose: they gazed around: Upon a rock
Cuchullain stood. Mocking, he said in heart,

* *Cu*, in Irish, means hound.

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"I will not slay her; yet her pride shall die!"
Again that hiss: instant the golden crown
Fell from her head! In anger round she glared:
Once more that hiss long-drawn, and in her hand
The goblet shivered lay! She cast it down;
She cried: "Since first I sat, a Queen new-crowned,
Never such ignominy, or spleen of scorn,
Hath mocked my greatness!" Fiercely rushed the Chiefs
Against the aggressor. Through the high-roofed woods
Ere long they saw him like a falling star
Kindling the air with speed. Anon, close by
He stood with sling high holden. At its sound
Ever some great one died.

The morrow morn
Cuchullain reached a lawn: tall autumn grass
Whitened within it; but the beech-trees round
Were russet brown, the thorn-brakes berry-flushed:
Passing, he raised his spear, and launched it forth
Earthward: there stood it buried in the soil
Half-way, and quivering. Loud Cuchullain laughed,
And cried: "It quivers like the tail of swine
Gladdened by acorn feast!" then drew the rein,
And with one sword-stroke felled a youngling birch,
And bound it to that spear, and on its bark,
Silvery and smooth, graved with his lance's point
In Ogham characters those words, "Beware!
Unless thou knowest whose hand these Oghams traced
Twine yonder berries 'mid thy young bride's locks,
But spare to tempt that hand!"

An hour passed by:
The army reached that spot. Chief following Chief
Drew near in turn; yet none could drag from earth
That spear deep-buried. Fergus laughed: "Let be,
Connacians! Task is here for Uladh's strength!"
Then, standing in his car, he clutched that spear
And tugged it thrice. The third time 'neath his feet
Down crashed the strong-built chariot to the ground,
Splintered. The Queen, wrath-glooming, cried, "March on!"
The host advanced, disordered. Foremost drave
Orloff, Meave's son. That morning he had wed

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A maid, the loveliest in his mother's court,
And yearned to prove his valor in her eyes.
Sudden he came to where Cuchullain stood
Pasturing his steeds with grass and flower forth held
In wooing, dallying hand. Cuchullain said,
"The Queen's son this! I will not harm the youth,"
And waved him to depart. The stripling turned,
Yet, turning, hurled his javelin. As it flew
The Swift One caught it; poised it; hurled it back:
It pierced that youth from back to breast: he fell
Dead on the chariot's floor. The steeds rushed on,
Wind-swift, and reached the camp. There sat the Queen
Throned in her car, listening the hosts' applause—
In swoon she fell, and lay as lie the dead.

Once more the invaders marched, nor knew what foe
Was he who thus in mockery thinned their ranks,
Trampled their pride; who, lacking spear and car,
Viewless by day, by night a fleeting fire,
Dragged down their mightiest, in the death-cry shrill
Drowning the revel. Fergus knew the man,
Fergus alone; nor yet divulged his name,
Oft muttering, "These be men who fight for Bulls;
I war to shake a perjurer from his throne,
And count no brave man foe." Again at feast
Ailill made question of the Red Branch Knights:
Fergus replied: "Cuchullain is their best:
I taught him arms! Hear of his Knighting Day!

"Northward of Eman lies a pleasaunce green;
The Arch-Druid, Cathbad, gazer on the stars,
While there the youths contended, beckoned one
And whispered: 'Blest and great shall prove that youth
Knighted this day! Glorious his life, though brief!'
That hour Cuchullain stood beyond the wall
South of the city, yet that whisper heard!
He heard, and cried: 'Enough one day of life,
If great my deeds, and helpful.' Swift of foot
He sped to Conor. 'I demand, great king,
Knighthood this day, and knighthood at thy hand!'
But Conor laughed, and answered: 'Thou art young:
Withhold thyself three years.' That self-same hour
Old Cathbad entered, and his Druid clan,

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And spake: 'King Conor! by my bed last night
Great Macha stood, the worship of our race,
Our Strength in realms unseen. "Arise," she said;
"To Conor speed: to him report my will:
That youth knighted this day is mine Elect!
I, Macha, send him forth." She spake and passed:
Trembled the place like cliffs o'er ocean caves:
Like thunder underground I heard her wheels
In echoes slowly dying.'

"Stern and still
King Conor stood. Unmoved he made reply:
'Queen Macha had her day and ruled: far down
Doubtless this hour she rules, or rules in heaven:
I rule in Eman and this Uladh realm:
I will not knight a stripling!' Prophet-like
Up-towered old Cathbad, and his clan black-garbed.
This way and that prophetic bolts they rolled
Three hours; and brake with warnings from the stars,
And mandates from the synod of the gods,
The King's resolve. Then cried that King, 'So be it!
Since Gods, like men, grow witless, be it so!
The worse for Eman, and great Macha's land—
Stand forth, my sister's son!' He spake, and bound
The Gæsa, and the edicts, and the vows
Of that famed Red Branch Order on the boy,
And gave him sword and lance.

"An eye star-keen
That boy upon them fixed; then, each on each,
Smote them. They snapp'd in twain. Laughing, he cried:
'Good art thou, uncle mine; but these are base:
I need a warrior's weapons!' Conor signed:
Then brought his knaves ten swords, and lances ten;
Cuchullain eyed them each, and snapp'd them all,
The concourse marvelling. 'Varlets,' cried the King,
'Fetch forth my arms of battle!' These in turn
Cuchullain proved: they brake not. Up they rolled
A battle-car: Cuchullain leaped therein:
With feet far-set he spurned its brazen floor,
That roared and sank in fragments. Chariots twelve
Successive thus he vanquished. 'Uncle mine,
Good art thou,' cried the youth; 'but these are base!'

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King Conor signed, 'My car of battle!' Leagh
The charioteer forth brought it, with the steeds:
Fiercely Cuchullain proved that car: it stood:
Curtly he spake: 'So, well! The car will serve!
Abide ye my return.'

"He raised the reins:
He called the coursers by their names well-known:
He dashed through Eman's gateway as a storm.
Far off a darksome wood and darksome tower
Frowned over Mallok's wave. Therein abode
Three bandit chieftains, foes to man. Well pleased
Those bandits eyed the on-rushing car and youth,
Sagacious of their prey. Arrived, with jibes
He summoned them to judgment: forth they thronged,
They and their clan. He slew them with his sling,
The three; and severed with his swords their heads,
And fixed them on the chariot's front. His mood
Changed soon to mirthful. Fleeter than the wind
Six stags went by him, stateliest of the herd;
Afoot he chased them, caught them, bound them fast
Behind the chariot rail. Birds saw he next,
White as a foam-wreath of their native sea,
Spotting the glebe new-turned: a net lay near:
He caged a score: he tied them to his car
Loud-wailing and wide-winged. To Eman's towers
Returned he then with laughter: at its gate
The King, great chiefs, gray Druids, maids red-cloaked,
Agape to see him—on his chariot's front
The grim heads of those bandits; in its rear
The stags wide-horned; and high o'erhead the birds!"

The murmur ceasing, spake King Conor's son:
"Recount the wonder of those fairy steeds
That drag Cuchullain's war-car." Fergus then,
Despite Queen Meave, that plaited still her robe
With angry, hectic hand, the tale began:
"Cuchullain faced those cloudy cliffs that break
The ocean billow. Inland, on that height
Glittered a blue lake, whitening in the blast,
Pale plains around it. From beneath that lake
Emerged a steed foam-white. Cuchullain saw,

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And straightway round that creature's neck high-held
Locked the lithe arms no struggles could unwind.
That courser, baffled, clothed his strength with speed:
From cliff to cliff he sped: cleared at a bound
Inlet and rocky rift; nor stayed his course,
Men say, till he had circled Erin's isle.
Panting then lay he, on his conqueror's knee
Resting his head; thenceforth that conqueror's friend,
His 'Liath Macha.' Gentler souled is she,
'Sangland,' that wild one's comrade. As the night
Sank on those sad, red-berried woods of yew,
Loch Darvra's girdle, from the ebon wave
She issued, darker still. Softly she paced,
As though with woman's foot, the grassy marge
With violets diapered, and laid her head
Upon Cuchullain's shoulder. In his wars
Emulous those mated marvels drag his car:
In peace he yokes them never."

Fergus rose:
"Night wanes," he said, "and tasks await my hand":
Passing the throne he whispered thus the Queen:
"The Hound of Uladh is your visitant
Both day and night." The cheek of Meave grew pale.

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THE ROMAN PRIMACY IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

ST. CYPRIAN.

ST. CYPRIAN belonged to the generation next following that of Tertullian, like him had his abode in proconsular Africa, and in several respects resembled him as strikingly as he differed from him in others. He was born early in the third century of heathen parents; filled an honorable position in the enjoyment of opulence, and famed as an orator, at Carthage, during his early manhood, and was converted to Christianity about the year 246 through the influence of a priest named Cæcilius. He was made a deacon and a priest soon after his baptism, and was elected and consecrated Bishop of Carthage in 248. He was put to death as a martyr of Christ in 258. Cardinal Newman has drawn his portrait in a very life-like manner in *Callista*. His place is first among the ante-Nicene Latin Fathers, although he would have been second to Tertullian, if the latter had not lost the place of honor. His intellect was less keen and vigorous but better balanced, his character similarly fiery and independent yet controlled by greater patience and tempered by a gentler disposition, his didactic teaching—prescinding from all errors in the writings of both these great men—is fuller and sweeter, and his rhetoric more polished, though as a writer his power is less than that of the one whom he called his "Master." Cyprian differs more widely still from Tertullian, in that he was a saint, and a great one, not only a panegyrist of martyrdom, but himself an illustrious martyr.

What is the most wonderful in St. Cyprian's character and life is the suddenness with which he was transformed from a Roman gentleman of rank, holding the opinions and living the free life of a pagan, into a fervent and perfect Christian and a truly apostolic prelate. Another extraordinary feature in his career as a bishop is the fulfilment of such a great work as it contained, and its glorious crowning by martyrdom, in so short a space of time. Only two years intervened between his baptism and his consecration, and only ten between his consecration and his triumph. This rapid transit from the state of a catechumen through that of a lay Christian, of a deacon, and of a priest,

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to the episcopal throne of Carthage, while it enhances our admiration of the man and his talents and virtues, excuses also the errors of judgment and the mistakes into which he fell in his dissension with Stephen, the Roman pontiff.

Cyprian filled the see next in importance to that of Rome in the West, and not inferior to any in the East except those of the patriarchs. Carthage was the only metropolitan see in northwestern Africa, having under it besides its own province, in Cyprian's time, two others, Numidia and Mauritania, over which their senior bishops presided in lieu of metropolitans. His actual authority and influence were greatly increased, for a time, by the persecution to which the Roman pontiffs were subjected, so that no less than five of them succeeded each other during his own short episcopate; as well as by the existence of an anti-pope and a schism at Rome. As by ordinary right he was second to the pope, by an extraordinary necessity he became, as it were, his protector and the *coryphæus* of Catholic unity. As a sign and a signal reward of his eminent services to the Roman Church, his name has been placed with that of St. Cornelius in the Roman Canon of the Mass. Nevertheless his opposition to Pope Stephen on the question of baptism has occasioned his being regarded as a champion of episcopal independence against papal supremacy. Thus he is cited as a high authority by both sides in the controversy concerning the Roman primacy, each side giving a different explanation both of his history and his doctrine.

St. Cyprian was undoubtedly a most thorough high-churchman. He was this not merely in the sense of teaching the visibility of the church, the truly sacerdotal character of the ministry, and the divine institution of the episcopal polity in the church, but also the strict Catholic unity of the episcopate and the necessity of communion with one definite and exclusive ecclesiastical society, known and recognized of all as *the Catholic Church*, as an indispensable condition of salvation. The following passages quoted from his treatise on *The Unity of the Church*, written A.D. 251, will abundantly prove the truth of this statement:*

"One church, in the Song of Songs, doth the Holy Spirit design and name in the person of our Lord: *My dove, my spotless one, is but one; she is the only one of her mother, elect of her that bare her.*

"He who holds not this unity of the church, does he think that he holds

* All the citations from St. Cyprian's works are made from Mr. Thornton's translation in the Oxford *Library of the Fathers*.

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the faith? He who strives against and resists the church, is he assured that he is in the church? For the blessed apostle Paul teaches this same thing, and manifests the sacrament of unity thus speaking: *There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God.* This unity firmly should we hold and maintain, especially we bishops, presiding in the church, in order that we may approve the episcopate itself to be one and undivided. . . . The episcopate is one; it is a whole, in which each enjoys full possession. The church is likewise one, though she be spread abroad, and multiplies with the increase of her progeny: even as the sun has rays many, yet one light, and the tree boughs many, yet its strength is one, seated in the deep-lodged root; and as, when many streams flow down from one source, though a multiplicity of waters seems to be diffused from the bountifulness of the overflowing abundance, unity is preserved in the source itself. Part a ray of the sun from its orb, and its unity forbids this division of light; break a branch from the tree, once broken it can bud no more; cut the stream from its fountain, the remnant will be dried up. Thus the church, flooded with the light of the Lord, puts forth her rays through the whole world, with yet one light, which is spread upon all places, while its unity of body is not infringed. She stretches forth her branches over the universal earth, in the riches of plenty, and pours abroad her bountiful and onward streams; yet is there one head, one source, one Mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness.

"It is of her womb that we are born; our nourishing is from her milk, our quickening from her breath. . . . He can no longer have God for a Father who has not the church for a Mother. . . . Think you that any can stand and live who withdraws from the church, and forms himself a new home and a different dwelling? . . . Let no one think that they can be good men who leave the church. . . . These are they who, with no appointment from God, take upon them of their own will to preside over their venturesome companions, establish themselves as rulers without any lawful rite of ordination, and assume the name of bishop, though no man gives them a bishopric. . . .

"Neither let certain persons beguile themselves by a vain interpretation, in that the Lord hath said: *Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, I am with them.* . . . How can two or three be gathered together in Christ's name who are manifestly separate from Christ and from his Gospel? . . . It is of his church that the Lord is speaking; and in respect of those who are in his church he says, etc. . . . One who comes to the sacrifice with a quarrel he calls back from the altar, and commands him first to be reconciled with his brother, and then, when he is at peace, to return and offer his gift to God. . . .

"Of what peace, then, are they to assure themselves who are at enmity with the brethren? What sacrifice do they believe they celebrate who are rivals of the priests? Think they Christ is still in the midst of them when gathered together, though gathered beyond Christ's church? If such men were even killed for confession of the Christian name, not even by their blood is this stain washed out. Inexpiable and heavy is the sin of discord, and is purged by no suffering. He cannot be a martyr who is not in the church; he can never attain to the kingdom who leaves her with

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whom the kingdom shall be. . . . Whosoever is separated from the church, such a man is to be avoided and fled from. *Such an one is subverted and sinneth, being condemned of himself.* Thinks he that he is with Christ who does counter to the priests of Christ? who separates himself from the fellowship of his clergy and people? That man bears arms against the church, he withstands God's appointment; an enemy to the altar, a rebel against the sacrifice of Christ, for faith perfidious, for religion sacrilegious, a servant not obedient, a son not pious, a brother not loving, setting bishops at naught, and deserting the priests of God, he dares to build another altar, to offer another prayer with unlicensed words, to profane by false sacrifices the truth of the Lord's sacrifice."

The error into which Cyprian was betrayed with the best faith in the world, sprang from an extreme and partial application of these high-church principles to the decision of one practical question concerning the validity of baptism administered by schismatics. The Catholic doctrine and discipline respecting this sacrament presents an exception which seems anomalous, considering the positive and exclusive commission to baptize which Christ gave to the apostles. By virtue of that commission, as the church always held from the beginning, the right and power of baptizing devolved primarily on their successors, the legitimate bishops, by whose authority alone priests and deacons could lawfully confer the sacrament. We should naturally infer, if left to our purely logical induction, that no baptism could be valid except that which was administered by one who was ordained and who exercised the power of his order lawfully in the church. There is no direct proof from the Scriptures, or from positive testimony of those who were coeval with the apostles, that the apostles sanctioned lay baptism in cases of necessity. We are absolutely dependent on the authority of the church, which would be insufficient were it not *infallible*, for our knowledge and belief of the fact that Christ instituted the sacrament of baptism without making anything essential to its validity except the due application of its matter and form with the requisite intention to a capable subject, by any person whomsoever. The Africans do not appear to have denied the validity of baptism by a Catholic layman in a case of necessity. Tertullian distinctly testifies to the lawfulness of this practice and to its existence. Cyprian, however, with the other African bishops, following in the footsteps of his predecessor, Agrippinus, denied the validity of all baptism which was given and received out of the communion of the Catholic Church. His opinion was sustained by one great Eastern prelate, Firmilian of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, and by other Eastern bishops. Throughout the

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church generally, both before and after Cyprian's time, the baptism of some heretical sects was rejected, on account of the corruption of the form or the intention. He and his party, when they argued for the unconditional rejection of the baptism of all schismatics, took another ground. They affirmed that there could not be a sacrament in any separated sect, because no such sect, and no sectarian, could *have*, and therefore none such could *give*, the Holy Spirit or any grace. Bishops, priests, and deacons ordained in the Catholic Church, when cut off from her communion, being totally separated from Christ and the Holy Spirit, lost all power to be ministers of grace while they were in that state, and consequently all their acts were null and void.

The mistake into which the Africans fell was easy and excusable. The baptism of most of the heretics before the middle of the third century was invalid or doubtful, and they had no pretence to valid orders. Consequently, converts from these sects, unless they had once been members of the Catholic Church, were put in the same category with heathen catechumens. Hence it was easy to fall into the opinion that all baptisms and ordinations in sects were null and void. To those who held this opinion, and who believed that it was founded on the genuine apostolical tradition, the contradictory doctrine and a discipline in accordance with it must necessarily appear to be very wrong and dangerous. In such a matter Scripture and tradition needed an authoritative expositor, whose decision should be final, in order to settle differences and disputes among Catholics. In respect to baptism, the Roman Church assumed at once the prerogative of determining the principle on which its validity must be decided in all particular cases. The question with which we are at present engaged is, whether, in opposing the pope at this juncture, St. Cyprian, the African bishops, Firmilian, and the other bishops of their party denied and resisted in principle his supremacy in the church. That they were wrong in their opposition is certain. The universal church assented eventually to the judgment of the pope in respect to baptism. And although it took a much longer time to determine clearly, in respect to ordination, the difference between that exercise of the power conferred by the indelible character of order which is simply valid, and that which is regular and lawful, it was decided finally in the sense opposed to the opinion of St. Cyprian, and which we have styled the extreme high-church doctrine. There can be no doubt that St. Cyprian would have submitted to the judgment of the pope, if it had been sustained by the concur-

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rent judgment of a plenary council like that of Arles in 314, as his successor in the see of Carthage did, together with his suffragan bishops. He did not wish to break the bond of communion with the Roman Church or to impose his own rule as a test of orthodoxy. St. Augustine conjectures that he may have submitted his own judgment in the end, excuses his error on the ground of his holy intentions, and expresses the belief that whatever sin he may have committed was expiated by his martyrdom. All these things go to show that, in so far as his conduct does manifest an opposition to the pope's claim of authority *in principle*, he was in error. But the main question is, whether he intended to oppose the pope as one usurping an authority not his, in the sense of his universal primacy, or as making a wrong and unjust use of an authority rightfully vested in his office. We concede without difficulty that Cyprian was misled, in defending a false position, into acts and language tending in their strictly logical consequences to impair the essential power of the primacy of the Roman pontiff. But we maintain that they do not imply a denial of the primacy itself, that they directly prove the fact that the pope himself claimed supremacy in the full sense of its Catholic definition, and that they are inconsistent with the saint's own formal doctrine, as well as in strong contrast with the spirit and tone of his conduct toward the Holy See during all the rest of his episcopal administration.

So far as action is concerned, Cyprian, with the eighty-five bishops composing his Second Council of Carthage, reaffirmed a decision of a former council which Pope Stephen had condemned.

In language he makes formal charges of error and tyranny against Pope Stephen. In his Letter to Pompeius he accuses Stephen of "error, in that he endeavors to uphold the cause of heretics against Christians and against the church of God," of having written things "arrogant or extraneous or self-contradictory, which he wrote without due instruction or caution." He says that "whereas the several heresies have several baptisms and divers sins, he, communicating with the baptism of them all, has heaped up the sins of all in one mass into his own bosom."

"Why," he exclaims, "has the unyielding obstinacy of our brother Stephen burst out to such a pitch that he should contend that sons are born to God even from the baptism of Marcion, of Valentinus also, and Apelles, and of the rest who blaspheme against God the Father? and that he should say that remission of sins is given there in the name of

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Jesus Christ, where blasphemies are uttered against the Father and against Christ our Lord God?"

In his opening address to the Council of Carthage, exhorting his colleagues to express their opinions on the subject-matter of the judgment which Pope Stephen had sent to him as the rule of discipline to be observed by the bishops under his jurisdiction, he very plainly denies the authority of that judgment, though he does so in an indirect manner.

"For," he says, "no one of us setteth himself up as a bishop of bishops, nor by tyrannical terror forceth his colleagues to a necessity of obeying; inasmuch as every bishop, in the use of his free liberty and power, has the right of forming his own judgment, and can no more be judged by another than he can himself be judged by another. But we must all await the judgment of our Lord Jesus Christ, who alone has the power both of setting us in the government of his church and of judging of our acts therein."

The words used by St. Cyprian, taken in a strictly literal sense and alone, might be understood as an assertion of the absolute independence of every bishop from every kind of higher ecclesiastical authority. They cannot, however, be taken in this sense. For this would involve a denial of the authority of every tribunal which could judge any cause of a bishop, or make any decree in matters of dogma or discipline having a binding force, even an œcumenical council. St. Cyprian cannot be supposed to deny the authority of councils. The gist of his statement lies in its protest against a tyrannical exercise of jurisdiction by one bishop over other bishops, with immediate reference to the decree of Pope Stephen annulling the decision of a former council and abrogating the rule of discipline established by the former Carthaginian primate, Agrippinus, with his colleagues. This protest against an exercise of episcopal power over bishops in respect to matters in which they themselves are responsible, as judges and rulers in the church, only to the Lord, cannot be interpreted as levelled against all archiepiscopal pre-eminence of honor and power in the Catholic hierarchy. St. Cyprian was himself the Carthaginian primate, and there were metropolitans, exarchs, and patriarchs in his day, exercising by an undisputed right a real jurisdiction over their respective suffragans. St. Cyprian did not reclaim against the jurisdiction of the Roman pontiff, as his own immediate patriarch, over the African Church, or as universal primate over the universal church. If the letter ascribed to Firmilian, exarch of the Pontic diocese, be authen-

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tic, which is doubtful, that prelate used much stronger language against St. Stephen than did Cyprian. Yet not a word of this letter can be construed into a denial of his primacy. The resistance of these great prelates to the pope implies no more than this: a refusal to recognize the full extent of power which he claimed by virtue of his primacy, and the justice of its exercise in one particular instance.

The storm was momentary. The dispute between two saints was speedily terminated by the martyrdom of both, first of Stephen, and soon after of Cyprian. After this we hear no more of dissension between Rome and Carthage, the Africans having receded from their position respecting the rebaptizing of heretics, and both churches uniting in a common warfare against the two dangerous schisms of the Novatians and the Donatists. Firmilian's doctrine did not prevail in the East. Both in the East and in the West general consent and the decisions of councils made the criterion of the validity of baptism not its administration within or without the communion of the Catholic Church, but the preservation of the essential matter, form, and intention of the sacrament.

We come now to St. Cyprian's formal and express doctrine concerning the primacy of St. Peter and his successors, the Roman pontiffs.

St. Cyprian practically recognized this power as actually and legitimately existing in the person of the pope, by appealing to it and invoking its exercise a short time before he became himself embroiled in a controversy with this same power. Marcian, bishop and metropolitan of Arles, in Gaul, had associated himself with the anti-Pope Novatian and his schism. Faustinus, bishop and metropolitan of Lyons, with other bishops, had withdrawn from communion with him, and had written a letter to St. Cyprian, as the most eminent prelate after the Roman pontiff in the West, soliciting his aid and concurrence in taking efficient measures for the deposition of Marcian. Marcian had himself sent letters and messengers to Cyprian, soliciting his countenance and recognition, which he had refused, in concert with many of his suffragan bishops, on the ground that "by none of us could he be received to communion who had attempted to set up . . . an adulterous chair . . . in opposition to the true priest, to Cornelius." All these things are recounted by Cyprian in a letter to Stephen, whom he earnestly exhorts to take the matter in hand and to cause Marcian to be deposed and another bishop elected in his place. There was no primate in Gaul, and therefore no bishop superior

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to Marcian who was a metropolitan, who could convoke a plenary council and cite him to appear before it for judgment. Cyprian was incompetent to interfere in a case which was beyond the limits of his jurisdiction. Evidently he was written to as one who for many reasons had a more powerful influence at Rome than any other prelate, and in response to this appeal did exert all his influence to induce the pope to exercise his supreme power.

"Wherefore," he writes to Stephen, "it behooves you to write a very full letter to our fellow-bishops in Gaul, that they no longer suffer the froward and proud Marcianus . . . to insult our college. . . . Let letters be addressed by thee to the province and to the people of Arles, whereby, Marcianus being excommunicated, another may be substituted in his room (quibus Marciano abstento alius in locum ejus substituatur). . . . Signify plainly to us who has been substituted at Arles for Marcianus, that we may know to whom we should direct our brethren, and to whom write."

If it is objected that this exercise of power over a metropolitan in Gaul argues no more than patriarchal authority in one of the greater dioceses into which the universal church was divided, we reply that the patriarchal authority is itself a portion of the dignity of the primacy, whether exercised by the Bishop of Rome in person or by the bishops of Alexandria and Antioch with delegated jurisdiction. The source of all pre-eminence in the episcopal, which is the continuation of the apostolical, college, is the primacy of Peter in the apostolate, which he transmitted in its fulness to his successors in the Roman See. St. Cyprian distinctly teaches this doctrine of St. Peter's primacy and its transmission to the Roman bishops, in many places. In fact, Rothe and other Protestants regard him as the inventor of the theory of the Roman primacy, one of those desperate expedients to escape from the evidence of historical testimony which explodes of itself when exposed to the air. To ascribe to him its invention is to confess that he proclaims and maintains it. We have already proved that the primacy existed before Cyprian was born. He did, nevertheless, argue for it more fully and earnestly than any who went before him. There were two distinct occasions which called out this special effort to bring into clear light the strict unity of the Catholic Church by an argument from the primacy of Peter and the chair of Peter in the Roman Church. One was the dangerous schism of the Novatians, who with unparalleled audacity attempted to seize upon this chair. Another was that decision of Pope Stephen which seemed to Cyprian to imperil the foundation of Catholic unity

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in the See of Peter. Against the anti-pope who was an invader of the chair of Peter, and against the pope who seemed not to maintain it inviolable by any contact of heretical profanation, Cyprian appealed to the principle of the One Church and the One Chair, founded on the One Rock Peter, admitting no rival church, or bishop, or baptism of heretics or schismatics.

St. Peter the Rock. "Peter, whom the Lord chose first, and upon whom he built his church" (*Ad Quintum*). "For that there is both one baptism, and one Holy Ghost, and one church, founded by Christ the Lord upon Peter, through an original and principle of unity; so it results that since all among them is void and false, nothing that they have done ought to be approved by us" (*Ad Januar.*) "There is one God, and one Christ, and one church, and one chair, founded by the word of the Lord on the Rock" (xliii. *ad plcb.*)

St. Peter the Key-Bearer and Chief Pastor. "The Lord saith unto Peter, *I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.* To him again, after his resurrection, he says, *Feed my sheep.* Upon him, being one, he builds his church; and though he gives to all the apostles an equal power, and says, *As my Father sent me, even so send I you; receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosesoever sins ye remit, they shall be remitted to him; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they shall be retained;* yet, in order to manifest unity, he has by his own authority so placed the source of the same unity as to begin from one. Certainly the other apostles also were what Peter was, endued with an equal fellowship both of honor and power; but a commencement is made from unity, that the church may be set before us as one" (*De Unit.* 3).

The Roman Bishop Peter's Successor. "Cornelius, moreover, was made bishop by the judgment of God and his Christ . . . when the place of Fabian, that is, when the place of Peter, and the rank of the sacerdotal chair were vacant" (*Ad Antonin.*)

The Roman Church the Mother of Churches, the Principal Church, and the Centre of Catholic Unity. "Seven" is "the sacrament of a full perfection": "Seven days," "seven spirits," "seven golden candlesticks"; "Seven columns in Solomon upon which Wisdom hath builded her house"; "The barren hath borne seven"; "And in the Apocalypse the Lord directs his divine commands and heavenly instructions to seven churches, and to their Angels, . . . that so a designed appointment might have its fulness."

St. Cyprian, in this part of the treatise from which we are quoting, enlarges upon the martyrdom of the Seven Machabæan brothers and the heroism of their mother. In allusion to this mother of martyrs, with her seven children, he goes on to speak of seven churches, that is, of all the episcopal sees included in the communion of the Catholic Church, as the children of the see

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of St. Peter, which existed in him from the time when he received the primacy, and which he located in Rome.

"To the seven children there evidently is conjoined also their mother, the origin and root; which afterwards bare seven churches, herself having been founded first and alone, by the voice of the Lord, upon a Rock" (*Exhort. ad Mart.*) "The church, which is one, and was by the voice of the Lord founded upon one, who also received its keys. She it is who alone possesses the whole power of her Spouse and Lord"—*i.e.*, that church which is in communion with the See of Peter. "We," writes Cyprian to Pope Cornelius, "furnishing all who sail hence with a rule, . . . have exhorted them to acknowledge and hold to the Root and Womb of the Catholic Church. . . . We determined to send epistles to you from all, everywhere throughout the province, that so all our colleagues might approve of and hold to thee and thy communion, *that is, as well to the unity as the charity of the Catholic Church*" (*Ad Cornel.* xlviii.)

"For these too it was not enough . . . to have set up for themselves, without the church and against the church, a conventicle of their abandoned faction. . . . After all this they yet, in addition, having had a pseudo-bishop ordained for them by heretics, dare to set sail, and to carry letters from schismatic and profane persons, to *the chair of Peter, and to the principal church, whence the unity of the priesthood took its rise*, remembering not that they are the same Romans whose faith has been commended by the apostle (Rom. i. 8), *to whom faithlessness can have no access*" (*Ad Cornel.* lix.)

The Roman pontiff presides over the Catholic Church, and those who are not in his communion are cut off from the church. "Whoso says that any one can be baptized and sanctified by Novatian must first show and prove that Novatian (the anti-pope) is in the church or *presides over the church.* For the church is one, and cannot be both within and without. For if it is with Novatian it was not with Cornelius (the true pope). But if it was with Cornelius, who by a legitimate ordination succeeded the Bishop Fabianus, and whom, beside the honor of his priesthood, the Lord glorified also by martyrdom, Novatian is not in the church. . . . And therefore the Lord, intimating to us that unity cometh of divine authority, declareth and saith, *I and my Father are one.* To which unity bringing his church, he further saith, *There shall be one flock and One Shepherd.* But if there is *one flock*, how can he be numbered as of the flock who is not in the number of the flock? or how be accounted a shepherd who, the true shepherd remaining and by successive ordination *presiding in the Church of God*, himself succeeding to no one, and beginning from himself, becomes an alien and profane? . . . Core, Dathan, and Abiron, . . . because, transgressing the ministry of their station in opposition to Aaron the priest, . . . they claimed to themselves the privilege of sacrificing, stricken of God, they forthwith paid the penalty of their unlawful attempt. . . . And yet those had made no schism, nor gone without in shameless and hostile rebellion to the priests of God; which these now do who, rending the church, and rebels against the peace and unity of Christ, attempt to *set up a chair for themselves and to assume the primacy*" (*Ad Magnum*).

There are other testimonies to the primacy during the latter

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half of the third century. In fact, the epoch of Constantine and of the First Council of Nicæa falls within the third century of the church, which began to exist on the Feast of Pentecost, A.D. 29 or 30. The period which closes with the martyrdom of St. Sixtus II. of Rome, and St. Cyprian of Carthage, A.D. 258, embraces, therefore, only two hundred and twenty-eight years from the foundation of the church, one hundred and ninety-one from the death of St. Peter, and one hundred and fifty-eight from the death of St. John. All the testimonies we have cited, except those of St. Cyprian, belong to the first and second centuries of ecclesiastical history, and St. Cyprian himself to the beginning of the third. During this period twenty-three successors of St. Peter sat in his chair, all of whom were saints, and all probably, certainly almost all, martyrs. It is the period of the infancy of the church and of the Roman primacy, yet the whole organic structure and all the features of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church, founded by the Lord upon Peter, are plainly discernible. We hope to show this more fully and in greater detail hereafter. What has thus far been proved suffices to verify and justify, for the entire period between A.D. 67 and A.D. 258, the declaration made about two hundred years later by the papal legate Philip at Ephesus: "No one doubts but that Peter, the exarch and head of the apostles, pillar of the faith, and foundation of the Catholic Church, received from our Lord Jesus Christ the keys of his kingdom, and power to bind and loose sins, and that even to the present time he lives and exercises these judicial powers in his successors."

The heathen emperors, from Domitian to Diocletian, had a presentiment of, and a secret shuddering before, that mysterious rival power which was destined one day to take possession of the Lateran Palace. St. Cyprian says that the Emperor Decius "would with much more patience and endurance hear that a rival prince was raised against himself than a bishop of God established at Rome" (*Ad Anton.*) Would the emperor have feared so much one who was merely the chief pastor over forty presbyters, and perhaps forty thousand Christians, mostly of the poorer classes of the people? A rival prince was a rival for the possession of his whole empire. His fear of the Bishop of Rome as a more formidable rival must have come from his knowledge that he already possessed a spiritual sway over a church coterminous with the empire and extending beyond its bounds, a dominion whose majesty threatened to cast one day that of the emperors into the shade.

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PORTRAITS OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT.*

IT is frequently regarded as an evidence of superior culture among such of us as claim to be travelled people to decry, in an amiable and condescending way, everything in our own country which belongs to the province of art. They like to intimate that in our eagerness to do honor to our great men by statue or picture we sometimes come nearer to burlesque than to portraiture. While protesting against the spirit of such criticism, we are yet forced to admit that it has some show of justice as we recall certain lamentable instances of such mistaken zeal. In this connection the late Mr. Charles Sumner used to relate, with a relish only less than that of his hearers, an incident in the visit of Thackeray to Washington in 1853. In company with the novelist, whom he regarded as an "artist by birthright," and whose judgment upon matters of art he held to be beyond question, he had gone over the routine of sight-seeing, had heard his guest's discriminating verdict upon the paintings of the Capitol, and was driving towards his own residence by way of Pennsylvania Avenue when it suddenly flashed upon him that he must not let Thackeray see a certain figure which lay upon their route. "He had not yet been at my house," said Mr. Sumner, "and my chief anxiety was to coach him safely past that Jackson statue. The conversation hung persistently upon art matters, which made it certain that I was to have trouble when we should come in view of that particular excrescence. We turned the dreaded corner at last, when to my astonishment Mr. Thackeray held straight past the hideous figure, moving his head neither to the right nor left, and chatting as airily as though we were strolling through an English park. Now, I know that the instant we came in sight of poor Jackson's caricature he saw it, realized its accumulated terrors at a glance, and, in the charity of his great heart, took all pains to avoid having a word said about it. But he was a man of rare consideration."

True as it is that such instances are to be found here and there, and that there are comparatively few, even among the best, which do not suggest the artisan rather than the artist, yet the sentiment which lies back of their production—a sentiment as

* *Original Portraits of Washington*, including Statues, Monuments, and Medals. By Elizabeth Bryant Johnston. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

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old as humanity itself—deserves not ridicule but respect. The very least of our temptations as a people is that of falling into any extreme of hero-worship. In truth, the danger seems to be of rather an opposite nature—that in the absorbing pursuit of the practical and material the higher and nobler part of life be overlooked and forgotten. Better, it would seem, to keep something typical of reverence for the great deeds of the past, even though the form be crude and imperfect, so that the very sense of that imperfection may compel to a fitter expression of the nation's homage. Perhaps the day is nearer than we dream. Certain it is that since the opening of the National Academy of Design in 1826 the subject of art, in all its varied forms, has come to occupy a much larger place than formerly. It has been admitted that the most glaring defects to be deplored belong more particularly to what some one has called the "monumental yearnings of the Americans," and that in other branches of art there is perhaps not quite so large ground for fault-finding. In support of this concession it is only necessary to recall the marvellous rapidity with which schools of design have been springing up, well equipped, in all our large cities during the last score of years. Everywhere they are sending forth pupils to Rome, the mother of art, the home of religion, and, as Erasmus says, "Communis omnium gentium parens." And though it be sorrowfully true that the ages of faith are past, and with them much that is highest and holiest in the realm of art, yet under the fostering care and sunny skies of southern Europe many noble works by American hands are yearly brought to our shores, bearing their message of beauty and refinement. In the homes of the wealthy private galleries, no longer filled with manufactured "gems of the old masters" palmed upon good-natured incompetency by thrifty brokers, nor furnished in canvas by the square yard, but adorned with genuine originals by native artists, are now the rule rather than the exception. There should be an inspiration in the broad extent of this young, fresh existence here in the West to develop, as of necessity, a distinctive school of art. We have had poets, word-painters, whose songs and stories have made vivid the scenes of forest, plain, and sierra; scientists whose achievements have lightened the burdens of life; philosophers, and statesmen, and warriors whom older civilizations have recognized in their respective spheres. What hinders us that we shall not build up a school of art with something of the originality, freedom, and truth which characterize European schools? There is no suggestion of inferiority in the comparison of Ame-

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rican students abroad with those of other countries. Indeed, up to a certain point the balance is rather in their favor. The quick intelligence which has made America a leader in invention and practical application of mechanics is in nowise backward in comprehending those principles of art which lie within the range of acquisition. But she has yet to prove that her busy brain and skilful hand can kindle the sacred fire and unlock the hidden secrets, the divine mysteries of the golden days of art, revealed only to the magic power of genius. The eager, restless life of her people has left them hardly time to realize their own capabilities, and the struggle for national existence is only past by a century. The Old World required ages of preparation before it gave Raphael to reign undisputed in the kingdom of art, and the culmination of the art idea among the Greeks was the gradual development of a nation's creative powers. As well might we expect the maturity of manhood from an infant of days as conclude that because America has not yet achieved any grand revelation in art there is no possibility for her in the future. True progress in national, literary, and artistic life implies training, and the cultivation of art in a large degree depends upon the literary as well as the ethical education of a nation. The artistic temperament is ours by rightful heritage. The mingled current of descent, the ceaseless influence of thought, of intercourse, of association by travel, tend to unity of mental status; but we have still to cultivate that delicate artistic moderation which shuns alike a depraved realism and a vapid sentimentalism. Exuberance of expression is the fault of youth; repression comes with age.

In certain fields there has been already accomplished by American artists work which needs no apology, and the best examples are found in the line of portrait-painting—a branch of art which we are disposed to put upon a higher plane than that usually assigned to it. In the landscape the painter is allowed a latitude of interpretation by which he may convey something of his own personality to the spectator. The thought impressed upon his own mind is translated into color, shape, and motion, through the medium of which it speaks to other souls. But the work of portraiture is of necessity hedged in by restrictions which are inviolable. The true artist is not merely a copyist, an imitator; he must not simply transfer to his canvas the features of his subject. He seeks to make the eye speak with a living force, to give expression through his work to the life within, as light shines through an alabaster vase, softened, elevated, spirit-

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ualized, yet clearly and really the reproduction of his subject. And sometimes, unhappily for the artist, his baffled search failing to descry this "inner light," he is forced to turn prosaic reality into poetic fancy or else find his work rejected. An amusing incident in point occurred lately within our own ken. A foreign sculptor of repute and ability was commissioned to make a portrait in marble of a lady, a leader in fashionable life, wealthy, amiable, and commonplace to the last degree. He finished the work, but so ennobled was it, so informed with the soul that was in the artist and not in the subject, that it was an almost angelic face that looked out of the pure marble. Without the slightest suspicion of the fact that the original was standing beside it, the question was put in all sincerity as to what saint it represented. It might have been taken for St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The inspiration afforded by certain grand characters in history has wrought itself in every age into the art-life of nations, so that, in allegory or in real likeness, the canvas and the marble speak to the heart with greater power than the printed page. The character of Washington was so impressed upon the mind of the great sculptor Canova that, although he never saw our first President, he made the one statue in which criticism could find no flaw. It was at once a poem, a history, and a prophecy. In the volume which suggested this paper it is reproduced from contemporary engraving, and goes far to remove an impression, which many share, that the likeness was not sufficiently accurate. A comparison with other portraits acknowledged as correct affords convincing evidence to the contrary. The figure, slightly above life-size, is seated in an attitude suggestive of bodily repose and of earnest thought. The cuirass, elegantly wrought and worn over a handsome tunic, reminds one of the defensive armor lately put off, and the flowing folds of a rich mantle falling from the shoulders have a singularly graceful effect. The sheathed weapon of antique form, lying with the sceptre under the right foot, signify that the end of war and the revival of the reign of law have enabled him gladly to cast them aside. The benignant expression which seems to have impressed itself more strongly upon the features of Washington as he advanced in years is beautifully brought out. The firm hand, holding the pen as he writes upon a tablet which rests upon the left thigh, has just traced the words, "George Washington to the people of the United States: Friends and fellow-citizens." Here he pauses, his full heart seeking for words strong enough to speak the great thoughts that throng upon

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him. The classic style of the whole composition is admirably in keeping with the sculptor's heroic conception of Washington, and is equally worthy of the moral grandeur of the subject and the genius of the artist. The loss sustained by the country in the destruction of this magnificent memorial in the burning of the capitol at Raleigh is one utterly irreparable, and its only compensation is found in the preservation of the sculptor's design by the engravings of Bertini and Marchetti. Canova may be said to have created a school of art. After profound study of the best models of antiquity, in connection with that of anatomical principles, he became dissatisfied with a certain coldness, a lack of softness of finish and delicacy of treatment, in the greater part of the statuary regarded as the standard antique. Convinced that there was another and a higher path in art than that followed by the artists of his day, he decided upon those characteristics which mark the highest order of Greek art as his models, and proceeded to develop his own ideas. He encountered opposition, of course, as every true advance in art or in science must, but he conquered. The late Cardinal Wiseman,* whose knowledge of art was both rare and great, says of Canova's monument of Clement XIV., that it "took the world of art by surprise; and his return to the simple beauty, the calm attitudes, the quiet folds, the breadth and majesty of ancient works soon put him at the head of a European school." † Canova's industry was indefatigable, and the list of works produced in the space of fourteen years, when at the height of his fame, presents an almost incredible number. Always of a deeply reverent spirit, he determined, upon the return of Pius VI. to Rome, to raise at his own expense a colossal statue to religion in commemoration of the event. He only waited for the site to be appointed. Everything was in readiness to begin the work, when, through the intervention of rival influence and envious machinations, the permission was withheld. Thwarted, but in nowise discouraged, he still kept to his resolve. He designed a building for his native place which, combining the features of the Pantheon and Parthenon, should be worthy to enshrine his Christian memorial. The heavy expense entailed by so large a scheme forced him into labors far beyond his strength, and in a short time the inevitable result became manifest. He died,

* Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, Slade Professor of Fine Art, in his course of lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge in 1870, and published under the title of *Fine Art*, p. 57, speaks of Cardinal Wiseman as one "whose powers of exposition on matters of art were as rare and great as his taste for and knowledge of the subject."

† *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, p. 153.

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worn out with unremitting exertions, at the age of sixty-five, having produced in those last years of pain and weakness some of the finest of his works, among them the statue of Washington.

The monument to the first President executed by Thomas Crawford for the State of Virginia will bear comparison with any work hitherto produced by either native or foreign artists. The author of *Original Portraits of Washington* fitly says of it: "The memorial at Richmond, so replete in truth, grace, and sentiment, would do credit to people centuries older in art. The history it records, the principles it honors, and the gratitude it expresses present lessons which, if heeded, must foster true national strength." * Of the standing figures of Washington the one, perhaps, which is most entirely pleasing in its mingled simplicity and dignity is that by Sir Francis Chantrey.

It would be impossible in the space afforded us to do more than advert to a few of the busts, statues, and monuments which the career of Washington has inspired, but before we pass on to consider some of the distinguished painters who have skilfully traced his lineaments we must dwell for a moment on the history of the unfinished shaft at the federal capital. Perhaps no instance can be found in the annals of commemorative art which presents a parallel to the extraordinary delay, opposition, and vandalism that have been connected with this structure. From the day of the first President's death to the present the project has been periodically brought before the people, often with the most encouraging prospects of its consummation, only to be laid aside again and again until the whole country grew weary of its very name. At length in 1848 a design on a colossal scale was selected, and the corner-stone was laid with pomp and ceremony. The work was begun at once, and for a time progressed so rapidly as to satisfy the most exacting and to restore in a measure public confidence in the enterprise. When, after six years, additional funds were required Congress was asked for a suitable appropriation, which was promptly accorded by the House of Representatives. The sum of two hundred thousand dollars, which had been fifty years before appropriated for the like purpose but never used, was at once voted. Unfortunately for the national credit, personal rivalries among the managers brought influences to bear upon the Senate which defeated the measure, and for more than twenty-five years the unfinished shaft stood, in silent but eloquent protest, a target for universal jest. At length, as the cen-

* *Original Portraits of Washington*, p. 177.

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tennial year was approaching, public interest became so strongly aroused as to compel Congress to take effective steps towards the completion of the work. Under new management the enterprise bids fair to be carried on steadily, and within a reasonable time it may be expected that this memorial will stand complete, typifying, in its severe simplicity and towering height, the character of him whose name it bears. The significance of such a tribute lies in something beyond the fact that the National Monument is to be the loftiest column in the world. It embodies the veneration not only of the American people in the offering of a stone from nearly every State in the Union, but from many foreign nations who have wished to testify the honor in which they hold the memory of Washington. In 1854 the late pontiff, Pius IX., sent a stone which was inscribed "Rome to America." It was taken from the Temple of Concord, valuable as an antique of rare beauty, and still more as a messenger of good-will from the chief pastor of Christendom to the young republic of the West. Unhappily there existed at this period an unusual spirit of political bitterness towards Catholics. The arrival of Archbishop Bedini to our shores as nuncio of the Holy Father was the signal for a wanton outbreak on the part of the followers of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the Carbonari of Europe, aided by the speeches of their orator Gavazzi. A party of political proscription, then holding secret meetings in Know-Nothing lodges in various cities, was laboring to keep alive the hatred which their policy engendered against their Catholic fellow-citizens. Emissaries of the party at the seat of government were ready and willing to display their partisan zeal. The block sent by the late pope was placed, with others intended for the same purpose, under shelter and in the care of a watchman. Soon after its arrival, on a certain dark morning in March, a number of men surrounded the building, warning the custodian to keep quiet if he would escape harsh treatment, forcibly removed the block through an opening which they made in the side at which it lay, carried it off to a steep place on the river-bank, and dashed it to pieces. The brave guardian of the national property had with him a double-barrelled gun, which he could have used effectively at any moment during the removal of the stone, for the marauders were in full view from his watch-box. The perpetrators of this act of vandalism were never discovered, and we suspect that no very strenuous efforts were made to bring them to justice. The author of *Original Portraits of Washington* gives a full account of the affair taken from the *National Intelli-*

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gencer of March 8, 1854, and adds: "A rebuke to the spirit that led to this outrage is found in an order issued by Washington November 5, 1775. He refers to a report that preparations had been made to burn the pontiff in effigy, and sternly says: 'The commander-in-chief cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of this step.'" *

Without consideration of the large number of copies in oil, and engravings which meet one at every turn, there are a good many original portraits of Washington by artists of every degree; so numerous, indeed, are they as to suggest a suspicion of personal vanity in the Father of his Country. † Among them all we find none more pleasing than those by American artists, and the most beautiful miniature ever painted of him is that by John Singleton Copley. He is represented at the age of twenty-five, and in the exquisite delicacy of touch and of coloring one recognizes the hand of a master. There is a certain softness of expression verging upon tenderness, a far-away, almost wistful look in the clear eyes, traceable, we believe, in no other picture, which attracts one with an irresistible charm, and there are infinite possibilities of feeling, of the hopes and dreams of youth, in the noble face. The contrast of its quiet simplicity with another miniature taken later in life by a French countess, which represents him as the most artificial of laurel-crowned heroes, is markedly in favor of the first. The name of Copley is one worthy of honor as having been among the earliest to gain recognition abroad and at home. At the age of seventeen he was already known, although he had had only the most meagre instruction. Shortly before the beginning of the Revolution he obtained means to go to Italy, and there gave his whole heart to the study of his profession, drawing his inspiration from the works of Titian and Correggio. At the conclusion of peace he went to London, where his success was so well assured that he became permanently resident there, although he seems never to have lost his love for his own country. One of his most ambitious efforts is the "Death of Lord Chatham"—a beautiful picture, which we saw some years ago in the National Gallery of London.

Another American who attained distinction in both hemispheres was Charles Wilson Peale, whose name is associated

* *Original Portraits of Washington*, p. 231.

† The author of *Original Portraits* says: "This is an unjust conclusion; for the truth is developed that the American hero was made a martyr to the devotion of his friends at home and his admirers abroad" (preface, p. vi.)

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with many stirring scenes of Washington's day and with no less than fourteen portraits of Washington himself. One of these, now in the possession of an English nobleman, was sent as a present to the Duke of Würtemberg, by a messenger who carried secret despatches to the Hague by the packet *Mercury*. The ship was captured by a British frigate, and the passenger threw his despatches overboard, "which act was observed by a British sailor, who sprang into the sea, and secured the papers. All of our affairs with Holland were thus exposed, and in consequence England declared war. Capt. Keppel, commander of the frigate, claimed the portrait as a personal prize, and presented it to his uncle, Admiral Lord Keppel, who had known Washington when the young Virginian was an officer in Gen. Braddock's campaign."* Another of his pictures is said to have been in the possession of Louis XVI. The characteristic of Peale as an artist may be comprehended in the word literalness. Always conscientious, his pictures bear the stamp of truth, and, while one realizes a lack of the deepest artistic insight, one feels that he has given the real, every-day presentment of his subjects. This practical turn of mind has a value of its own for historical reference, for in matters of detail, costumes, and surroundings his pictures leave nothing to be desired. It may be safely predicted that these points will be more highly estimated as the years go on. His life was full of variety; his energy was unlimited and found continual expression in occupations seemingly the most opposed in character.

Next in age to Peale, but second to none in artistic rank, is Gilbert Stuart, who belongs to the coterie which drew inspiration from the rocky shores and green hill-slopes of Rhode Island. His faculty of reproducing faces from memory served to distinguish him at an early age and formed the ground for his decision to adopt the career of a painter. He became a pupil of Benjamin West, who, with all his great and good qualities, was nevertheless capable of some small jealousies in the sphere of his profession. Stuart related once to a sitter the following anecdote, with a genial sort of triumph over his old master that bears no trace of malice: "It was the custom, whenever a new governor-general was sent out to India, that he should be complimented by a present of his majesty's portrait, and Mr. West, being the king's painter, was called upon on all such occa sions. So when Lord —— was about to sail the usual order was received. My old master, who was busily employed on one of

* *Original Portraits of Washington*, p. 9.

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his ten-acre pictures, thought he would turn over the king to me. 'Stuart,' he said, 'it is a pity to make the king sit again for his picture; there is the portrait of him that you painted—let me have it for Lord ——. *I will retouch it and it will do well enough.*' So the picture was carried down to his own room, and at it he went. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, 'Stuart,' said he, 'have you your palette set?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can soon set another; let me have the one you have prepared. I can't satisfy myself with that head.' I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon, 'Stuart,' says he, 'I don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints different from any one else; here, take the palette and finish the head.' 'I can't indeed, sir, as it is; but let it stand until the morning and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart.' I went into his room bright and early, and by half-past nine had finished the head. When West saw it he complimented me highly, and I had ample revenge for his '*It will do well enough.*'" Stuart was intensely patriotic and a great admirer of Washington, and so strong were these influences upon him that he resigned his brilliant prospects in England and returned to America in 1793. Two years later he completed the famous picture of Washington known as the Athenæum portrait, which has ever since held the highest place among his works. It was intended for a full-size picture, but the head only was finished. It is now on the walls of the Academy of Fine Arts in Boston. A portrait of John Q. Adams, the last work of his busy hand, shows the richness of perfected powers and the enthusiasm of the true artist. Death arrested the work after the completion of only the face, and the figure, with the drapery, was entrusted to one eminently fitted for the task—the gifted Sully.

The name of William Dunlap deserves a higher place in the history of American art than it is ever likely to hold; for while he achieved comparatively little himself as a painter, he did more than perhaps any man of his day to forward the cause of art in this country and to bring into notice the genius of others. His ingenuous confessions of youthful idleness and regrets for precious years thrown away tend to create a feeling of indulgence rather than of condemnation. The admirable literary style which he possessed would lead one to a shrewd suspicion that, after all, his true vocation lay rather in the sphere of the pen than of the pencil. His valuable work, which is become very rare, entitled *Arts of Design in the United States*, contains almost

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the only reliable information now accessible as to the lives and works of the pioneers of art in this country, and to him is largely owing the establishment of the National Academy of Design, in which he was intensely interested. He also wrote a valuable *History of the American Theatre*, from which later writers on the histrionic art have derived much information as to our early drama. At the ripe age of fifty-one years he devoted himself to painting as a profession; and whether or not his success was due to his having attained reputation by other modes, he found himself fully recognized and appreciated. His failures in earlier life he attributed in part to a fatal reticence, a sort of moral paralysis which used to seize upon him at some critical moment when a moderate degree of self-assertion might have launched him upon the tide of success; and partly to the *laisser-aller* habits engendered by a rather luxurious and indulgent home-training. He refers with pardonable pride to the fact that the commander-in-chief accorded him sittings for a picture by request of a common friend, leaving us to infer that he would never have had the courage to ask such a favor himself. He says: "This was a triumphant moment for a boy of seventeen, and it must be remembered that Washington had not then been 'hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil.' I say a triumphant moment, but one of anxiety, fear, and trembling. I was soon quite at home at headquarters. To breakfast and dine, day after day, with the General and Mrs. Washington and members of Congress, and to be noticed as the young painter, was delicious." The naïveté with which he tells the story only serves to increase one's regret to learn that the picture was at best but a caricature, although the fact must be urged, on the other hand, that the artist had at that time never had a lesson. Dunlap's unbounded admiration for Washington is evident in every allusion to him throughout his writings, and he seems anxious to counteract the prevalent impression that his hero was a cold or undemonstrative man, probably holding in his own sunshiny nature an idea that something unlovable attached to such a character.

In comparing the culture of the ancients with that of the moderns Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose mind is so enamored with the cultus of the Greeks that he has become pagan in thought and expression,* makes the underlying difference between the

* Thus in his Monody on Arthur Hugh Clough he says:

"Bear it from thy loved, sweet Arno vale
(For there earth-forgetting eyelids keep
Their morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale)."

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two civilizations to resolve itself into a question of sanity—a characteristic which he extols in the former, and the lack of which he deplores in the latter.* The insanity of modern criticism is possessed of a mania which is able to destroy, but which is impotent to construct. The iconoclast rejoices in the work of destruction visible in every sphere of mental activity, and the national images of our own country have not escaped the sceptical spirit that proclaims, with Sainte-Beuve, that history in the main consists of a set of fables in which the world agrees to believe; with James Anthony Froude, that England's Eighth Henry was a model of public virtues; with Professor Beesly, that Catiline was an exemplar of patriotic devotion; and with Judge Holmes, that Shakspere was a dramatic mouthpiece of the bribe-taking Bacon. In conclusion we may remark that the character of Washington, in spite of ribald jests and idle rumors which one constantly encounters in the newspaper press of the period, has stood the test of searching analysis. Excepting a few English critics like Carlyle, whose chief disparagement of Lafayette was that he could not get beyond the "Washington Formula," foreign writers as well as foreign artists have done ample justice to the memory of the first President of the republic. First among European nations, Catholic France eldest child of the church, has taught the sons of St. Louis to venerate a name which always enkindled the eloquence of Montalembert, and whose "glory," says Chateaubriand, "is the patrimony of civilization."

* This thought is not original with Mr. Matthew Arnold. Goethe, his great master, before him had said: "Classisch ist das Gesunde, Romantisch das Kranke" (*Sprüche in Prosa, 7te Abtheilung*).

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THE STORY OF A PORTIONLESS GIRL.

From the German of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, by Mary H. A. Allies.

PART IV.—APPARENT DIRÆ FACIES.

CHAPTER IV.

O SACRED HUNGER OF PERNICIOUS GOLD!

WHILST Baroness Grünerode was at Ems and Heidelberg, and more solicitous about Harry's body and bodily welfare than she had ever been about the souls of all her other children put together, the baron came to an important decision concerning Edgar. He was now two-and-twenty, and a spendthrift on so startling a scale that he thereby incurred his father's high displeasure. His leaving his son without money did not mend matters. Edgar found plenty of Jews who were willing to lend him thousands upon thousands of thalers, for they knew well enough that, albeit Baron Grünerode was very rich, and respected, and looked up to, he was not immortal. So Edgar lived as if he had millions at his command; and as this propensity is wont to produce a kind of imbecility, he took the most extraordinary fancies into his head, which were utterly incapable of giving pleasure to him or any one else.

The baroness had scarcely got back or had time to consult the housekeeper, butler, and cook, and had not even seen Tieffenstein and Isidora, when the baron came to her, summarily dismissed the cook, and then said impatiently, as he flung himself into an arm-chair: "Don't pay so much attention to kitchen and cellar, my dear."

"So much attention, love? No, only enough to make the servants feel that they are not the masters. They are too apt to think that they need not consider money in a rich house. I am of a contrary opinion, for where should we be if I did not keep so large a household as ours in order?"

"You are quite right, my dear, and I look up to your talent in this particular. But I am really provoked that whilst the father is making a little bit of money with the sweat of his brow, and the mother is trying to husband it carefully—apropos!" he

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Sylvia have written it—Sylvia, who wished for nothing but love, liberty, and bread? There was not the slightest trace of any such wish. Why was it? How could the change in her be accounted for? It was certain to be some scheming on the part of her relatives. She had once said that they wished to keep her with them always as a companion. But the notion was preposterous. It was as clear as day that some exterior influence had been at work to make Sylvia write that letter, and it was important to get to the bottom of it. Her future and his happiness were at stake, and they were not to be sacrificed to the despotical whims of her relatives. He would recover himself, turn quietly over in his mind the reasons which might have affected Sylvia, and amongst others her possible shrinking back from great poverty, and then he would go to see her. At the time he was so overwhelmed with business relating to his examination, and which consequently could not be put off, that he was obliged to work half the night several times in order to get a spare moment. This press of occupation was opportune as serving to calm down the intensity of his feelings.

Sylvia's mind was immensely relieved and her conscience quieted after she had thus put an end to her irresolution by breaking with Vincent and writing to tell Herr Goldisch that she was ready to accept his offer, but that she feared opposition from her relatives. She herself had been shy about broaching the subject to them. Several days passed without a word or token from Vincent, and her spirits rose in proportion. She supposed that his examination was over and that he had gone home. Slight pricks of conscience mingled with her satisfaction on receiving a letter from Herr Goldisch in which he told her in a few hearty words of his speedy return from America, thanked her for her favorable answer, and bade her not to trouble herself about her relatives. He would take everything upon himself, lose no time in following his letter, when he would at once claim Sylvia. She was pleased at this prospect and tried to quiet her mind by making excellent resolutions to be a good wife and a kind mother to little George, fancying that she was at last reconciled to a fate which she had so often qualified as hard and wretched. At Aurel's side she might have had many a rude awakening out of her youthful dreams concerning him. As wife to a selfish man of Tieffenstein's character she could not have reckoned upon any real happiness, and she would have had to nurse a discontented and embittered worldling. She would not think of Vincent. Though her feelings lacked depth to return

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his love, or even to understand it, she was perfectly alive to the difference between the two men, and distinguished Lehrbach's love from Goldisch's good-natured kindness. "But my marrying Lehrbach was an impossibility," she sighed, "for one can't be expected to give up everything except the necessaries of life. It would have made both him and me wretched."

"Herr von Lehrbach wishes to see you, miss," said a servant.

Bewildered, speechless, and trembling with emotion, Sylvia got up, but determined not to see him.

"He is already in the morning-room," added the servant.

"How very stupid you are, John!" stammered Sylvia.

"You had given orders, miss, that he should always be shown into the morning-room at once."

"Oh! say that I am ill, or busy, or anything you like."

"As I showed Herr von Lehrbach in, miss, he asked if you were well and strong, and I said, 'As well and lively as possible.' Perhaps, miss, you would like me to say that this time doesn't suit you, and that you beg Herr von Lehrbach to come to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow," repeated Sylvia in a mechanical way, and the servant was going away with this answer when it struck her that perhaps Herr Goldisch would be coming to-morrow, or even that very day, and she said in a determined tone, "Wait a minute, John; leave it as it is," and hurried to the morning-room. John threw open the door for her.

"Herr von Lehrbach," she said, speaking in a quick and forced tone, whilst her expression betrayed irritation and uneasiness, "I had begged you to spare us both this meeting, as I have acted with full deliberation, and anything we can now say must be difficult and painful."

"Is this how we meet?" said Lehrbach, not taking the least notice of Sylvia's words. "I can't understand it at all, Sylvia. What has happened?"

He stood before her and gave her a searching look, which she tried to evade by taking a chair, so as to escape being face to face with him, and said uneasily:

"I told you in my letter what had happened."

"But you did not tell whose influence made you write that letter," said Vincent, taking a chair and seating himself on the opposite side of the little table upon which her arm was resting and supporting her head, so that they were once more face to face.

"I wrote under the influence of my own feelings after staying

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with your mother," she answered, beginning to fear that she might betray her anxiety.

"And were these feelings powerful enough to get the better of your wish for love, liberty, and that quiet domestic happiness which every woman desires in her heart? I can't believe it, Sylvia, and I never will believe it. I suspect you are hiding something or there has been foul play."

Sylvia turned scarlet, then deadly pale. A guilty conscience is not slow to imagine that the whole world is aware of its sins, and Sylvia fancied that Vincent knew the truth. Vincent noticed her painful embarrassment.

"Your looks tell me that I am right, Sylvia. Oh! do speak," he said beseechingly.

"There has been no foul play," she exclaimed with constraint.

"Well, what is it, Sylvia? In your letter you called me your best friend, to whom you could speak openly; so do it now, for I am sure you have no truer friend in the world than I. Be honest with me; I have a right to it. You have accepted my love for the last two years. I don't know whether you returned it, Sylvia, and your letter makes me doubtful about it, but I *do* know this: you accepted my love, and when a man has had God before his eyes in his love, and has bound himself to another by a promise which is to stretch over this life, he ought not to be cast off suddenly for a whim. So tell me honestly who it is that is making you break the engagement we entered upon two years ago."

"Nobody," answered Sylvia in a tone of determination. "I explained my conduct in my letter, and I must beg you to end this painful conversation."

"Are you determined, then, to go on living in this way? Do you mean to stay in this house, where your soul is ill at ease, and where you yourself are suffocating and crying after 'liberty and bread'?" Sylvia wanted to get up, but he stretched his hand across the little table and laid it on her arm. The touch seemed to tame her, for she remained sitting, and he said very calmly: "You don't answer. Well, Sylvia, I will answer for you, as your confusion betrays you. It tells me more than I had suspected when I began. This is your real motive: you have had a better offer, and as in your eyes riches and happiness have become synonymous, you have accepted it."

"Yes, that's it," exclaimed Sylvia, almost glad that her unbloody torture saved her the trouble of avowal and was thus coming to an end. "But do not be angry with me. You must

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believe that my judgment, not my heart, has decided in the matter."

"So much the worse," said Vincent very gravely. "One can't put much confidence in so cool and calm a calculation. And who may it be that your judgment has favored?"

"An excellent and respected man, though no longer a young one—Herr Goldisch."

"He is a rich relative of your cousin Valentine's, isn't he?"

"Yes," she said in a low tone, and she blushed scarlet, for again the torture was beginning.

"Are your relatives in favor of the marriage?"

"I don't know. . . . As yet they know nothing about it," she stammered in painful confusion.

"And why do you keep it from them, if Herr Goldisch, though he is not a young man, is respected and—rich?"

Deadly anxiety closed Sylvia's lips, for she suddenly realized the impression the whole truth would make upon Vincent. Once more he bent his eye so steadily upon her that she had not the courage to attempt a shuffling evasion. All at once a change came over Lehrbach's calm face, as if he had made a dreadful discovery, and he said in a voice that trembled with emotion: "Where can I have got the terrible impression that this Herr Goldisch is your cousin's husband? I fancy I heard something of a divorce."

"You did. Last summer he got a divorce from Valentine, and as he is a Protestant he may marry again if he pleases."

"But you, unhappy Sylvia—*you* are a Catholic," exclaimed Vincent mournfully, "and don't you know that the sacrament of matrimony is binding for life?"

"Yes, of course, for and between Catholics. If Herr Goldisch were a Catholic he could not think of marrying again, nor I of becoming his wife; but as a Protestant he is free, as Protestants have not got the sacrament of matrimony, or at any rate they do not look upon it in the same light."

"Oh! that's just the misery of it," exclaimed Vincent, deeply moved: "they have neither got it nor do they understand it. But, Sylvia, we are not talking of Protestants now; we are concerned with you. The church prohibits you from such a connection as unlawful and no marriage at all, because Herr Goldisch's lawful wife is still living, and he cannot have two wives at once."

"Yes, yes, that's how the church views it. But just consider that I am not in the least going against her, as we do not mean to

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be married by a Catholic priest," exclaimed Sylvia, troubled at his emotion.

"But what you say is simply dreadful. Do you suppose that you would be given absolution if you mentioned what you are on the point of doing?" asked Lehrbach sharply.

Again Sylvia blushed guiltily, for the notion of seeking absolution had never come into her head. How many years had passed by since her last confession! Somehow she had never been a free agent in the Easter season. Either she had been going about or seriously engaged, and she would never have dreamt of going to confession at any other time. At that very moment she secretly resolved not to allow herself to be disquieted, for she was committing no crimes, and therefore had no need of confession; but she nevertheless felt some twinges of conscience at the recollection of her sins of negligence and omission. Whilst these thoughts were passing silently in her mind Lehrbach said in a kinder tone:

"O Sylvia! how utterly wretched you make me by cutting yourself off so entirely from the church. The very essence of my love was to bring you nearer to the church and to her heavenly teaching, and to see you soaring above the things of time. That is all over now, and you are no longer the Sylvia that I loved. You have allowed earthly goods to swallow up the heavenly ones. You have grown to be the slave of money, and its lust, that curse of the world, is contaminating your soul. You are sacrificing your religion, your church, your honor and happiness, and my faithful love for this monster. You are humbling your own liberty and independence of spirit, for you cannot so much as conceive happiness apart from money and what it gives. This worship of money blows through the world like a sirocco, and it is lamentable to see what a demoralizing effect it has on characters, minds, and souls. O poor, poor Sylvia!"

Half-moved and half-wounded in her pride, she was struggling with the hot tears as they ran down her cheeks. "I am not so bad as that," she said.

"I will believe it if you do *not* marry Herr Goldisch. You may be certain that I am speaking disinterestedly, as I see only too clearly that our views are a greater wall of separation between us than our circumstances. But when I am far away I should be glad to have a peaceful recollection of a woman I have so deeply loved."

"That is like the friend of my childhood," she said with

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emotion; "but I cannot get out of my engagement now, as I have given my word."

A scornful look passed over his face, but he restrained it as he thought to himself that Sylvia had never made him a formal promise.

"The friend of your youth will not survive your denial of your church and of your faith," he said with iron gravity. "Farewell, Sylvia."

He was very pale but firm and composed as he stood before her, and he gave her a sorrowful look as he put out his hand and repeated in a soft tone:

"Farewell, Sylvia!"

A pang of anguish shot through her heart, as if she suddenly realized what she had lost by preferring mammon to this man. She grasped his right hand and said humbly: "Don't despise me."

"Far be it from me to do that. I pity you. Farewell."

With a gentle shake of the hand he was leaving her, but he had not got to the door before Sylvia called out in a tone of misery: "O Vincent! do speak one word of comfort to me."

"What can I speak comfort about?"

"About my being unhappy, for I fear I shall not be able to forget you," she exclaimed in a despairing tone.

"Unhappy creature! what misery you are preparing for yourself. But calm yourself; you *will* forget me, and I wish that you may with all my heart. And now let me add one last word of parting: do not forget God, do not forget your own soul."

Thus he left her. Sylvia hurried up to her room, threw herself on to the chaise-longue, and wept again over a fate which forced her to give up this man, the only one she had ever respected, the only one whose influence would have made her better. But in spite of herself the secret voice of conscience told her plainly enough that her fate was nothing more nor less than the consequences of her own miserable and unworthy conduct, and that, whatever Lehrbach did or did not, she ought to despise it from the bottom of her heart. God in his mercy had never ceased to offer her grace to overcome her own weakness, and she had always let it fall to follow the enticements of the world.

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CHAPTER V.

BEHIND THE FAMILY CURTAIN.

ISIDORA, dressed in a most fashionable morning-dress, was sitting in an elegant boudoir. Everything around her was nice and pleasant, but she herself looked as cross and disagreeable as possible, and her face was pale and drawn. By her side Tieffenstein was sitting, or rather lying, in an arm-chair, and whilst she talked he was tapping his boot with his walking-stick in an unmeaning and listless sort of way. There was no trace of his former good looks. The fearful wound on his head had lost him his right eye and part of his forehead. His long sufferings had changed his hair from raven black to a few gray locks, and a nervous twitching of his features added to his disfigurement.

"Nobody in their senses can make out why it is you are always to be found at the Jockey Club."

With these words Isidora finished up a long sermon to her husband about economy, domesticity, and other virtues which she thought desirable for him.

"If every reasonable being had the felicity of knowing you they would understand my fondness for the Jockey Club. A man is obliged to go out if he has a tiresome wife," answered Tieffenstein coolly.

"But you can't pretend to make me believe that you have nice, clever talks at the club," she said scornfully.

"At least they are not wrangles, and that in itself is refreshing to me."

"Whose fault is it that I am unutterably wretched?" exclaimed Isidora angrily. "Your coldness and insensibility drive me wild, for I have loved you passionately, and because you push me away my sorrow shows itself sometimes in complaints which are thoroughly well deserved."

"If a woman loves her husband passionately the first thing she should do is to make herself pleasant to him, for otherwise her worship soon becomes a great nuisance."

"You are an ungrateful wretch. You calumniate your sex. You are—"

"Not one of these things," he interrupted in the same cool manner. "It's a man's way to feel small and brief gratitude for a passion which may be part of his wife's nature and exceedingly tiresome to him. On the other hand, a man appreciates his wife

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more and more as time goes on, if she makes his home pleasant for him, and is able to talk sensibly, to read a book worth reading, to give an opinion and good advice, and if she knows how to attract pleasant people to her house that her husband likes to see and with whom he can have somewhat different conversation to that which he may expect to find at the Jockey Club. A wife's burning passion is a very insipid thing, but a nice, pleasant wife is a priceless treasure."

"Any one would see that I cannot ask Sylvia to the house."

"I did not allude to Sylvia, nor was I even thinking about her. This childish jealousy, which very often goes hand-in-hand with a mad love, is too intolerable," he said, with an expression of the deepest scorn. "If you only would believe that a man's house becomes a perfect hell when the demon of jealousy and contradiction dressed up in woman's clothes lives in it!"

He got up and went to the door.

"Do you really mean to go to your Jockey Club, and get cold and be ill again?" exclaimed Isidora. "It is raining in torrents. Do stay at home. Just look how nice everything is."

"Not everything," he replied impatiently, opening the door. On the threshold he met his mother-in-law with a perturbed face and red eyes. "Good-morning," he said in scornful astonishment. "What has happened to make you come out at ten o'clock in the morning? Has Monsieur Lacuillère deserted your kitchen?"

"No bad news, mamma, I hope?" asked Isidora.

"O children! what things are put upon one," sighed the baroness, collapsing on to a sofa. "We had a dreadful evening of it yesterday. Just listen. First of all there came a letter from Valentine, telling us that she wanted to marry a Spaniard who has been victimized by the last revolution; that he was a Duke de San Roque y San Yago, but as poor as a church-mouse, as befitted so distinguished an exile; and that consequently she begged her father to make her allowance three times what it is, or, better still, ten times as much again. We telegraphed at once to Aurel for more particulars, and whilst we were talking about her mad scheme Goldisch, who has been here for three days, and whom we were certainly expecting to dinner, came in, but in a very different way to what we had expected."

"How in a different way?" exclaimed Isidora and Tieffenstein.

"He came in with Sylvia on his arm," pursued t
"I fancied in my simplicity that he had met her at

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was bringing her up, so imagine my amazement when he said in a solemn tone that he was introducing Sylvia to us as his bride, and that he hoped this and wished that, and I'm sure I don't know what all. And Sylvia kissed me very affectionately and asked for our blessing."

"How cool of Sylvia to force herself into Valentine's place!" exclaimed Isidora, exasperated.

"That's what your father said. He was very much overcome and reproached them both so violently that I was positively trembling with fright and anxiety. But Goldisch remained perfectly calm and said, very gently indeed: 'You are wrong to reproach me now with my divorcing your daughter after taking my part in the whole matter and praising my considerateness. My being a Protestant enables me to go a step further than you think right. But you knew that all along, and as you said nothing whatever about Catholic principles when I married your daughter I am utterly amazed to hear you bring them up now all of a sudden.'"

"Goldisch is perfectly right," said Wilderich.

"No, he is wrong. Marriage is indissoluble," exclaimed Isidora.

"If you think so I wonder at you both for marrying Protestant husbands."

"A girl in love reckons upon lasting feelings," said Isidora.

"Well, then, Valentine was cured pretty quickly of any such expectation," replied Wilderich, with a scornful laugh; "and for the matter of that she is on the point of doing the same as Goldisch, only with this difference: first of all he is authorized by his religion to marry again, whereas she is forbidden to do so by her church; and, secondly, he has made an excellent choice, and she a bad one."

"I might have expected you to have nothing but praise for any matter which touches Sylvia," said Isidora sharply; "but it makes me very angry to hear you condemn my sister's choice in this peremptory way."

"A Duke de San Roque y San Yago will certainly not be a grandee of the first water. Perhaps he is a duke of St. Roch, for good St. Roch was a mendicant, if I'm not mistaken."

"You are outrageous!" called out Isidora angrily.

"My goodness! don't be always quarrelling," groaned the baroness.

"That is part of our daily life. But what happened after that?" asked Wilderich indifferently.

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"What happened was that Goldisch retained his composure till Sylvia began to cry at being reproached by the baron with ingratitude. That roused Goldisch and he said: 'People don't call their daughter ungrateful for leaving her home to follow her husband, even supposing they do not care about the marriage in itself. In this matter they leave her to please herself, and I don't see why you should reproach your niece in this way.' My husband answered: 'Without being her father I have treated her as a daughter.' 'And for that,' Goldisch said, 'she has given you more happiness than both your daughters, and has been the life of your house.'"

"What insolence!" cried out Isidora. "I only hope you stood up for your daughters, mamma."

"Stood up for them, love? Why, I couldn't get a word in. I only kept saying to Sylvia: 'But, love, how shall I get on without you! You are my right hand. I must give up altogether.'"

"You might have said something besides that, mamma," replied Isidora impatiently. "Goldisch must draw the conclusion that you want to prevent Sylvia's marriage out of interested motives."

"Make yourself easy, Isi. I also said to her: 'But consider, Sylvia, my love, that you are a Catholic, and consequently must see that Goldisch has got a wife already.'"

"And what did she say to that, mamma?"

"She kissed me and said affectionately: 'Dear aunt, isn't it very odd that this is the first time in ten years you remind me of my being a Catholic? And it doesn't affect us, either, as Goldisch is not a Catholic and is consequently free to marry again.' I replied: 'When married people are separated it is possible that they may think better of it and go back to each other. But if one of the parties has married again, that makes an insuperable obstacle against it; and yet where there are children it is so very desirable. Wouldn't you have a scruple to stand between Valentine and Goldisch?' 'Oh! of course,' she answered, 'and I spoke of it at once and before anything else to Goldisch. But he gave me his word of honor that such a thing would never enter his mind, and that I was to set my conscience as much at ease on the point as he had done.'"

"What a fool!" said Isidora angrily. "Does she not know that she, too, may be put aside, and that it would be extremely disagreeable for her to see a third wife in her place?"

"Sylvia has nothing to fear; she is good and clever," said Tieffenstein.

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"That's what I think," remarked the baroness. "I should be very willing to let her have a husband, if it were only not Goldisch."

"Would you? Have you ever been so willing before?" asked Wilderich sharply.

"Oh! certainly, of course, if only she were not so wonderfully useful to me," said the baroness, with a touch of constraint.

"But, mamma, don't put it like that; it sounds too selfish," exclaimed Isidora impatiently.

"But it's the simple truth," said Wilderich.

"And how did the scene end, mamma?"

"In this way: Goldisch declared he had no time to waste, and that his house was quite ready; that next Monday he would be married quite quietly to Sylvia and go off immediately afterwards, for he was longing for a home life. Sylvia dried up her tears and agreed to everything. What was to be done? I promised to get a suitable bridal and travelling dress, and I must go at once about it. Will you come with me, Isi? But it was dreadful at dinner—the baron in the worst possible temper, Sylvia not herself, so there was nobody to enliven things. Goldisch has never much to say for himself, and yesterday he did not open his mouth. If General Z—— had not given us a detailed account of his warlike feats for the ninety-ninth time there would have been dreadful pauses as in a convent. Well, then, early this morning Aurel's telegram came. He knows nothing about Valentine's concerns or the Spanish duke, and doesn't believe in him one bit. He will make inquiries and send us all details. How on earth will it end? If Valentine would only bestow her affections upon a fellow-countryman, an honest German! One can't get at foreigners."

"Really, mamma, Goldisch is an 'honest German,' but Valentine is so unreasonable and whimsical. She always wants to have and to be something out of the way. I should like her to marry this duke, or whatever he is, or she will be taking to an Iroquois or a native of Kamtchatka."

"Be quiet, you prophetess of evil!" exclaimed the baroness. "Where is Dorilda? Send for her, and then put on your things. We will try to divert our minds by doing a work of charity, and for that ungrateful Sylvia, too! We must find her two beautiful, two exquisite dresses."

"That shows common sense and kindness," said Wilderich, laughing.

"In one way you are much too indulgent to Sylvia, mamma,"

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said Isidora fretfully. "You don't need to give her any nice dresses; let Goldisch do it, as he is so immensely rich. But in another you are unjust for grudging her her marriage. She doesn't want to be an old maid, and who can be angry with her for not wanting it? At twenty-eight, with waning good looks, no money, and many disappointments, a Crœsus makes her an offer, and she, forsooth, ought to refuse it, in order to write twelve notes a day for you, do your commissions, look over your accounts, and amuse papa for the rest of her days! Do be fair to her. I never admired Sylvia or cared about her as much as all of you, but I must take her part in this business whilst you are blaming her, for I think it is a fearfully hard lot to be a companion all one's life."

"What are you saying, Isi? She was a daughter to us."

"Without any prospects which soften a daughter's state of dependence."

"Nevertheless, Isi, her pitching upon Valentine's husband is exceedingly unpleasant. Indeed, it is unlawful from a Catholic point of view."

"Now, mamma, you gave up the Catholic point of view long ago. Valentine's son will be brought up a Protestant, and so will Dorilda. You never dreamt of stipulating that your grandchildren should be brought up Catholics, although the Catholic Church makes it a duty of conscience in mixed marriages. No, my good mother, you may have had Catholic principles when you were young, but you have not got them now, still less has papa. Valentine has nothing of the sort, either; her point of view is a distorted kind of sentimentality, mine is rationalistic, and Edgar's is unrationalistic. As to Aurel, he always had a weak character and a narrow understanding, and these kind of people keep their Catholic views. But we have emancipated ourselves, so you ought not to make them the ground of your displeasure at Sylvia's step."

"There's nothing equal to a logical head, mamma," said Wilderich scornfully. "You and I can really learn a great deal from Isidora in this particular. She is as clear as a winter's day and as logical as two and two make four. Come here, Dorilda, and kiss your grandmamma," he exclaimed as he caught sight of the little girl coming into the room.

The little creature, with her father's fine features and her mother's disagreeable expression, was obstinate, as all spoilt children are. She remained standing in the doorway, and looked about her defiantly with her dark eyes.

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"How funny it is to see a little shrimp of four years old so defiant!" exclaimed Isidora, much amused.

"I never see the beauty of obstinacy," said the baroness, shaking her head.

"Neither do I," called out Tieffenstein. "Now, then, Dorilda, one, two, three, and away."

Dorilda stood stock-still and gave a searching yet timid look at her father, who said again:

"Onwards, march!"

But as Dorilda showed no signs of obeying him he ran up to her, held her up in the air, and covered her with kisses, exclaiming: "Just wait a bit, you sly little recruit. You shall teach me manners."

Dorilda resisted the powerful caresses which are so distasteful to children, and set up a howl. Isidora rushed to rescue her from her father's hands, calling out: "Just look how he is worrying my child, mamma."

Tieffenstein, who was very tall, held the child high up above his head, and said between fits of laughing: "My child isn't a bit frightened. My child likes being in this lofty position."

But Dorilda, who was suspended above her father's head, fancied her small life endangered and shrieked for help. Isidora began to cry, and the baroness stopped her ears. All at once Wilderich set down Dorilda and said very gravely: "Oh! what a dreadful scene. One must really take to one's heels. Good-by" (this was said to the baroness).

Thereupon he left the room and betook himself to the Jockey Club to give out Sylvia's engagement as the latest news. But nobody took much interest in it. She had been so long on the scenes that she was viewed with general indifference.

"An old maid's turn of fortune doesn't interest me," said one.

"Who can get enthusiastic over a beauty of thirty?" said another.

"If she would only stay here and give us good dinners! But as it is, let her take herself off," remarked a third.

"The worthy nabob has no rivals to fear *now*," said a fourth.

"Who knows?" conjectured some one else. "The fairy is certainly gone off as a young lady, but she may perhaps make a fine woman."

"She will be rich, at all events," said a sixth, "and that is more desirable, because it's more lasting."

"May she be happy!" said Tieffenstein at length.

"Ho, ho! do you still rave about her?"

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"Of course he does," somebody answered for him. "An old love never grows rusty, you know."

"When a man has been through what I have, and when he looks as I do, you may as well talk of his being enthusiastic as of a donkey playing the flute. I mean you make him painfully ludicrous. But for the very reason that I have done with enthusiastic ravings I wish Sylvia von Neheim solid happiness," replied Tieffenstein.

"Hunting will begin at Weldensperg next week, won't it?" asked a new-comer, and the conversation turned upon the interesting topic of the number of wild boars in the Weldensperg forests.

Tieffenstein sat down to a game of chess, but with his mind full of other things. He thought to himself: "Why was my future hidden from me? Why did I not know that a bullet would make me into a disfigured cripple, cut short my military career, and alter my position in society? If I had only known it beforehand I would have got a civil appointment and have married Sylvia. She would have made me so comfortable that I could have done without some luxuries, the more readily especially now that my bad health shuts me out from society. To be tied up to Isidora instead of Sylvia is indeed exchanging Rachel for Lia, as I once said to Xaveria."

He quite overlooked the fact that it was his sad experience alone which had opened his eyes to his own unworthy behavior. His companion called out "mate!" triumphantly, and Tieffenstein said with a sorrowful laugh: "Quite right. I am completely mated, and never am worth anything."

But in that he was mistaken. If neither the world had been his idol nor he the idol of the world he might perhaps have been a good man. Thanks, however, to the idol-worship, he was nothing more than a working officer, and a working officer is by no means necessarily an honest man.

In the meantime Dorilda was screaming herself hoarse, and blue in the face. Isidora fetched eau-de-cologne, salts, and eau-de-mélisse, called the nurse down, and was in as great a state as the child.

"O mamma! the fright will give her cramp, or convulsions, or perhaps epilepsy," she cried out.

"Heaven preserve us! Don't disquiet yourself, that's all. You are upsetting both yourself and the child by your unnecessary anxiety."

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"What! am I not to be anxious over my only child's suffering? My heart is not so stony as that."

And Isidora went on with her remedies. They produced no effect, so that the baroness had recourse to hers and said: "Would you like a sugar-plum, Dorilda?"

"Yes," exclaimed Dorilda, quieting herself at once.

"Oh! thank goodness she can speak. I was afraid of her suffocating," exclaimed Isidora.

"You must be quiet, Dorilda, for if you shriek so you won't be able to eat sugar-plums," pursued the baroness, producing a pretty bonbonnière out of her pocket. Dorilda was quite pacified, and with glistening eyes she sprang from Isidora's lap and went over to her grandmother. Not a little proud of her system of education, the baroness gave her daughter a detailed lecture on the propriety of humoring children in their fits of naughtiness, and adding that sweetmeats were the best means thereunto.

Then Dorilda and her bonbonnière were handed over to the nurse, and mother and daughter drove off to Mlle. Généreuse, the fashionable modiste, to look after Sylvia's dresses.

CHAPTER VI.

POISONED SWEETS.

SYLVIA was standing before her large looking-glass. It reflected a pretty picture back—that of a tall and graceful bride in white silk, with wreath of myrtle in the rich, fair hair and a long lace veil. It was Sylvia herself, and it was in no dissatisfied mood that she gazed at her own likeness, rendered still more interesting by a slight touch of melancholy.

"Well, miss, you *do* look lovely—too lovely," said Bertha, enraptured. "I really can't tell you how beautiful you are, but I know it's a real shame that such a lovely bride should have such a quiet wedding. The whole place and everybody in it should have a chance of looking at you."

"I have already told you several times, Bertha, that Herr Goldisch, good and sensible man that he is, has given up all display out of proper consideration for this house, and that I am quite of his mind."

"Indeed, he is good!" exclaimed Bertha, with a revival of ecstasy. "I certainly owe it to you, miss, but it is wonderfully

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good of him to give me the means of marrying after all this time. It is fearful, miss, to be engaged for eight years without any chance of marriage at the end, and you and Herr Goldisch have helped me out of my trouble, for which I shall always be deeply grateful."

"You deserve it, Bertha, after serving me so well for ten years."

"Yes, just ten years to-day, miss. On the 13th of October, 1858, you came to this house quite alone in a black merino dress and crape veil, and on the 13th of October, 1868, you are standing here as a bride, wearing a dress worth many pounds, and you will go out into the world as the wife of a rich, kind gentleman, Herr Goldisch, who will give you a beautiful home. It cures me of the superstition about the 13th, for if Frau Valentine Goldisch is to marry a Spanish duke, as they are saying in the house, she may be well contented with her lot, too."

"Everything is ready now, Bertha. Give me my gloves and leave me alone," said Sylvia somewhat shortly, for Bertha's words called up unpleasant recollections.

She set herself down at her dressing-table and passed the ten years in review. She remembered how, young and inexperienced, the sorrows and joys of her father's house had been taken away from her, and she had been left to the kindness of her native place, and then how, naturally disposed to piety and goodness, her lot had been cast with unsympathetic relatives. The world had surrounded her, pushed her on, borne her up, petted and flattered her, and she saw with what difficulty her better nature, which had been fostered by her early education, had tried to resist the torrent. It had found support in her innocent liking for Aurel, who shared her feelings and views, but like a weak reed this prop had given way, bent and broken by a current of worldliness.

She saw the growing influence on herself of circumstances and surroundings. They had drawn her more and more to outward things, estranged her first from the church and then from a practising faith, placed her in a sea of distractions and pleasures, without settled plan in her life, or serious occupation, or proper training of mind, judgment, and character. It had been a perpetual idleness, disguised by brilliant development of her musical talent, novel-reading in foreign languages, and note-writing for her aunt. She saw how vanity and self-seeking had grown in proportion as the consciousness that she charmed dawned upon and flattered her. This had been the state of things at the time

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of her affair with Wilderich von Tieffenstein. The world petted them both because they were its slaves, unknown to themselves: and when grave questions arose worldliness parted them, and Sylvia, who wished to love and be beloved, was thrown off as not possessing that which the world most prizes—money.

Then she saw how two rude deceptions of this nature had acted upon her heart like a withering night-frost. She might have become humble and detached herself from the faithless world, and perhaps this had been the very design of Almighty God in his mercy. His lovingness was ever mindful of her, and he had offered her constant opportunities of grace, whilst she was forgetting him and resisting them. Pride, not humility, had taken root in her heart; she had deemed herself deserving of a better fate, had hated her dependent position without striving after inward liberty, and had longed to be loved rather for the sake of inspiring a faithful and enduring love than to love in return. And she had found the object of her desires—a true love, but clothed in the garb of sacrifice. She had come across a man generous enough to love her soul more than anything else in her, and who, in the strength of his affection, purposed to carry the powers of the world before him and to triumph over the conflicting elements in Sylvia's heart. It was two years that day since he had spoken, and now she was going to the altar with another. And for the sake of this other, whom she did not love, she was giving up her faith, giving up Vincent, Clarissa, and all who ever spoke to her of God and strove to win her for eternal things. Why was this? The reason of it was that her soul had become languid and indolent, and earthly-minded in the atmosphere of a worldly life, and that she had forgotten, or, worse still, despised, her heavenly calling. A few heavy tears rolled down Sylvia's cheeks as she saw all this in her mind's eye. She longed to accuse herself in confession of the guilty follies of so many years, and to bear witness to the truth by confessing to God's representative, with hearty contrition and firm purpose of amendment, those offences against his eternal love which were still on her conscience. She longed to hear the words of absolution spoken over her by God's priest—those heavenly words which really accomplish all they promise—and then to welcome the Blessed Sacrament into her purified and contrite heart, so as to receive all the grace contained in the sacrament of matrimony. But it was a vain longing. She was on the point of committing grievous sin. No priest had power to bless her as she stood before the altar to take a hand which was not free. As the sun is

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never so beautiful as when about to set, so now she saw the graces of the sacraments stand out in strongest relief before they disappeared in her soul's dark night. "It is too late; heavenly food is not for me. I have been fed for too long on poisoned sweets," said Sylvia to herself, breathing on to her handkerchief and then passing it across her eyes to hide all traces of tears.

The baroness came into the room. Sylvia hastened up to her, kissed her affectionately, and promised to be a kind mother to Valentine's little boy. The baroness was easily moved. "I wish from my heart, love, that you may be happier than poor Tini," she said. "But I could wish still more that you were marrying a Catholic, who looks upon marriage as indissoluble. You must understand how much I feel this, but I won't reproach either you or Goldisch."

"I will always be a good daughter to you, dear aunt."

The baron remained perfectly unmoved. Sylvia thanked him for all his kindness, and, looking as black as a stormy night, he answered: "That's all very well. I may do what I will for my children, I have no pleasure in any of them, neither in my own nor in the adopted one. They are selfish creatures, who go their own way and don't trouble themselves about their parents."

"You will soon be reconciled to my way, I feel convinced, dear little uncle," said Sylvia in her playful tone.

He answered nothing. It cost him too much to lose the slave who amused him so well.

They drove to a Protestant church where ten years previously the same clergyman had married Valentine to the same man. There was a breakfast afterwards, and then came the parting hour. Everything was got through quickly and without much display of feeling. There were a great many people at the railway waiting-room, and in the confusion a young man passed close up to Sylvia, who was sitting beside Goldisch at a window, looking now into the room, now out on to the platform, and comparing the scene to the one she had witnessed on her first arrival at the capital. The young man brushed past a velvet dress, and turned quickly round to say, "I beg your pardon." Then he recognized Sylvia, bowed politely, and disappeared in the seething crowd. Stunned and bewildered as if she had seen a spectre, Sylvia sat and stared after him. She did not want to be reminded of the past.

"Wasn't that Herr von Lehrbach?" asked Herr Goldisch.

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"Yes, it was," replied Sylvia faintly.

The doors were thrown open. Goldisch led Sylvia by the arm to the train. They got in; Sylvia was alone in the world with him and for him. Whilst their train was flying northwards another was taking Vincent westwards to his mother; and soon afterwards Baron Grünerode and Edgar took the Paris train.

"I have got leave of absence for you," said the baron to his son after Goldisch and Sylvia had bade farewell. "You are to come with me at once to Paris. If I succeed in making that silly creature Valentine listen to reason by removing her bodily from the scenes, this adventurer, who gives himself out, Aurel says, as a Spanish duke and a sufferer in the last revolution, may be troublesome, and you can fight with your fists better than I."

Edgar preferred travelling on his own hook and with like-minded comrades to pleasure trips in his father's society. But knowing how much his aptitude for getting through money had excited the baron's wrath, he resolved not to give him a further cause for annoyance, and therefore complied. His mother burst into tears in wishing him good-by, and kissed him again and again.

"Don't be so easily touched, mother," said Edgar carelessly. "We shall be back in a few days with Valentine, the fanciful creature! There is nothing to cry about."

"Good heavens! who knows how it will end with you all? Harry is more delicate than ever, and perhaps you will never see him again."

"Don't worry yourself needlessly," he exclaimed, throwing her off impatiently to go after his father.

"We are going to Havre first," the baron said in the train. "I have just had a telegram telling me that Valentine wanted to embark there for California."

"What absurd nonsense!" exclaimed Edgar. And ensconcing himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage, he went fast to sleep.

When they reached Havre the baron at once inquired for the *Charmante Gabrielle*. She was already lying at anchor and on the point of sailing for California, so they hurried to the harbor.

"First inquire if Valentine is on board," said Edgar, as the baron was preparing to get from the boat on to the ship, where he seemed to be expected.

"So as to give her the chance of escaping us?" said his fa-

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ther harshly. "No, I am not going to agree to that. Get up and let us have a good search."

The captain received them most politely on deck and took them down to the cabin. There the baron said with iron calmness to his son: "Now, this merchant vessel is bound for California, Japan, and Madagascar, not with Valentine on board, but with you. She returns to Europe in two or three years' time, so you will be able to unlearn money-spending at your leisure. All your expenses are paid, and the captain has orders to give you as much as the sailors earn for your pocket-money, which is a great deal more than you deserve."

"What atrocious tyranny!" cried out Edgar, beside himself with rage.

"In three years' time you will be grateful to me," replied the baron coldly. "Now farewell; behave yourself properly and come back all the wiser for your sail round the world."

He left the cabin, and as Edgar was on the point of rushing after him two big sailors blocked up the way, barring the door like iron fixtures. In mute and raging despair Edgar threw himself on the floor and asked himself whether he had not better take a leap overboard and thus end his days. But he had no attractions that way, and finally decided in his mind that three years of wretchedness were preferable to suicide. Hatred of his father, who had treated him so cruelly and so falsely, was his predominant feeling.

Gloomy and brooding, the baron returned to Havre and then to Paris. For whom was he working? Who would inherit the fruits of his labors? The thought left him no peace, because the answer which forced itself upon him was this: "For a childless son, a banished son, and a dying son; for a daughter who had made an unhappy marriage, and another who was living on the world in misery." These were his children! His whole life had been directed towards securing them brilliant positions in the world. Yet what pleasurable anticipation did they give him? What joyful hopes might he found upon them? Not one. In all probability at his death his name, and fortune, and firm would fall to pieces; and this was all he had to show for his life. What would it profit him to have lived for these things?

There was great joy at Frau von Lehrbach's over Vincent's return. He had received one of those appointments which only the best men are entitled to expect, and the honor encouraged his mother and made her hopeful. She found her son [illegible] man's maturity, and was justified in looking to him to

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father's place to Theobald as an experienced friend and wise counsellor. Vincent's appointment considerably diminished her anxiety about her son's prospects, and it vanished, too, of itself in proportion as her mind regained the equilibrium which her husband's death had temporarily disturbed.

"Follow in Vincent's footsteps," she would say to Theobald, who had finished his studies and wished to pursue the same profession as his brother; "be like Vincent, have God before your eyes, and you will be a joy to me."

"You are like your father—good, and strong, and clear-minded," she would say to Vincent. "You have God before your eyes. Oh! remain always as you are now in the midst of the temptations of the world."

Clarissa's spiritual eye rested tenderly on her mother and on Vincent, the two beings who engrossed her soul's whole powers of loving. Hers was a love which had never known a selfish thought or an earthly desire. "Pray for him, mother dear, that he may always be the joy of your life," she said earnestly.

"Yes, mother," said Vincent, "the world is rushing on into the darkness of the powers of evil and into the shadows of death which spring from its own corruption. But a mountain of light rises in its midst, and rays of light shine forth from it on life's dark stone and enlighten every man that honestly wishes to see. The mountain is the church with her means of grace. She grows in light and strength, and power and peace, in proportion as the world loses ground and standing-point and becomes darker and more miserable. I will be faithful to her and live for her higher interests, and I will love and forward her divine mission, and so I shall become what you wish to see me. I feel that a conscientious discharge of my duties is only daily bread to me; it does not quench my soul's thirst. I must seek that which will quench it in a higher sphere, and I thank God for having shown me the way to it in making me a son of the church."

A letter was brought in for Clarissa.

"It's from Sylvia," she exclaimed joyfully, and broke it open. But a sorrowful "oh!" burst from her lips when she had read it. Vincent seized hold of it and read aloud:

"My dear, kind Clary, you shall have my first note from my new home. I only want to tell you that I was married the day before yesterday, and to ask you not to forget your loving friend, SYLVIA GOLDISCH."

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"That surely cannot be her cousin's husband, can it?" exclaimed Frau von Lehrbach.

"Yes, it is. I saw them going off," replied Vincent calmly, putting the letter back on the table. His struggle was over.

"What a dreadful note! How short, and cold, and stand-off it is! It sounds like a farewell for life," exclaimed Clarissa.

"And that's just what it is, and Sylvia wanted it to be so understood," said Vincent. "She felt that she ought to tell her friend what has happened, but she meant you to see that she did not wish for an answer, and what, indeed, could you now have in common?"

"Oh! how could Sylvia have fallen so low?" sighed Clarissa, sorrowfully clasping her hands.

"Do you think she is the only one who is blighted in this way by the withering breath of worldliness?" asked Vincent.

CONCLUDED.

HARD WORDS FROM HOLY LIPS.

THE TEST SUPREME OF THEIR LISTENERS' FAITH.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."—*Jesus.*

"This is a hard saying; who can hear it? . . . How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"—*The Jews.*

"From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him."—*St. John.*

"He that eateth and drinketh unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, . . . not discerning the Lord's body."—*St. Paul.*

FORBID that I partake, O Paul the Roman!
Discerning not the body of the Lord;
Lest, guilty of his blood, like those of Corinth,
I share the sin thy stern rebuke incurr'd.

Forbid that I desert thee, O my Master!
Like those disciples else to thee so wed,
Thyself as food—that hard, hard word rejecting,
The first to close the lip to Christ, the Bread!

Orate fratres for our Christian kindred,
The separate, yet cherished none the less,
So much of truth, yet not the whole, accepting—
Oh! pray that they the All of truth embrace.

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THE NEW COMET, AND COMETS IN GENERAL.

ON the morning of the 18th of March last Mr. Wells, assistant at the Dudley Observatory of Albany, discovered a small but brilliant and well-formed comet in the northeastern sky. It was an interesting one at first sight, having a sharp and well-defined nucleus, and—what is quite rare for comets at their first appearance—a decided (though, it must be confessed, rather stubby) tail; but additional interest was soon given to it by a calculation of its orbit made by Mr. S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge. According to this calculation, the comet was going almost directly toward the sun, and would, on the 1st of June, pass the great luminary at a distance of only five hundred and fifty thousand miles from its centre. Only five hundred and fifty thousand miles! Well, the unprofessional hearer of this statement would perhaps see nothing very exciting in that; but if he was reminded that it is more than four hundred thousand miles from the sun's centre to its surface, and informed that calculations made at so early a date might well be a hundred thousand or even a million of miles out of the way in this respect, he would begin to see that there was some reason to think that this comet might actually strike the solar orb. And as it seemed to be a pretty good-sized one, it seemed quite as if the obvious possibility of a vast production of heat by a large body falling into the sun were beginning to assume an unexpectedly practical shape. And whatever views people might have about the mass of comets in general, or of this one in particular, the event which seemed to threaten was not without its interest.

Other computations, however, especially those made later, showed that the comet was not going so very near the sun after all; but still it is going to make an uncommonly near approach, and this, together with its present size and state of development, makes it promise to take a fair rank among the naked-eye comets of this century.

The last twenty-five years have been quite fruitful in comets. The great one of Donati in 1858 had in 1861 an even more phenomenal rival, which suddenly burst into the northern heavens early in July with a tail of the enormous length of one hundred degrees. The comet itself was in the northwest, and was plainly visible in bright twilight on the first day that it was seen here;

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and as darkness came on its prodigious appendage was seen stretching overhead nearly to the eastern horizon. It came quite unheralded, and seemed as if it might be rapidly approaching the earth; during the next day there was perhaps some cause for apprehension. But that night what fears might have existed were removed. The comet was then fainter, and thenceforth waned quite rapidly. Its sudden appearance was afterward explained by its having come from the southern celestial hemisphere, and in such a way that at night it was hid from our view by the earth, very much like the great one of last summer. It is probable that we passed through the tail before we saw it.

Then there was a fairly good comet in 1862, giving, with its predecessor, some color to the old belief in the connection of comets with wars. The great German and French wars of 1866 and 1870, however, failed to elicit anything remarkable in this line; there was a break till 1874, when Coggia's comet shone for a few days low in the western sky. Then there was a great one in 1880, though we did not see it, it being too far south; and lastly the great one of June, 1881, and the (comparatively) small one of August of the same year.

These make a very fair showing. In the previous quarter of a century there had been only two fine ones; the first was the celebrated one of Halley, returning on schedule time in 1835, the second the still more remarkable one of 1843, supposed to be the same as that of 1880.

But it must not be supposed that the comets which we have named are all that have visited our system in the last fifty years. On the contrary, about four are observed every year on the average, and probably some others which come within our range escape detection. Not very many, though, in the present state of things, at least in our northern skies; for comet-seeking is now, and has been for a good while, a regular branch of astronomical business, pursued by many amateurs, and also having a detail assigned for it at some public observatories. It is not a very glorious or remarkable achievement to discover a comet; it requires no great professional skill, but principally good eyes, time, and patience. It is like fishing in very poor waters. The comet-seeker goes to work with his telescope as an enthusiast for the gentle sport would with his trolling-line; he sweeps carefully with it over the heavens, and when he sees anything that looks like a comet he stops, unless he has caught, or more properly been caught by, the same fish before. For there are false comets in the sky; that is to say, what are called nebulæ—more

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or less faint, fuzzy objects, in themselves much grander things than comets, being immense systems or worlds, some, perhaps, in course of formation, but usually well known to have been for years just where the cometary sportsman finds them, and therefore not contributing to his renown. If he is an old hand at the business he knows these imitations of his proper game; if he does not remember them he refers to his map of the heavens. If the object is a pretty bright one, and not down on his map as a nebula, he feels sure that he has captured his prey; but the only absolute test is to see if it moves. To assure himself on this point he puts a more regularly mounted telescope than the one he has been using on it, placing his supposed comet just where the wires cross in the field; and then, applying the clockwork which makes the telescope follow the stars in their diurnal (or, more correctly, nocturnal) course, he perhaps goes below and refreshes the inner man with food or some draught that will not unsteady his nerves. After a quarter of an hour or so he comes up; if the clock has been going correctly the stars in the field will not have budged from their places, but the comet—if comet it be—will probably have moved perceptibly off the junction of the wires.

This, at least, is the most comfortable way of "starting" a comet (or a planet also; for the hunt for new asteroids is conducted in a similar manner; only, these little planets being indistinguishable from fixed stars except by their motion, a chart of the heavens has to be continually referred to during the sweeping process, making it slower and more laborious). But if one is too eager for work to relinquish it even for a few minutes a measurement may be made of the relative position of the supposed comet and some neighboring star; the same measurements repeated after a short interval will show the motion, if it exists, by the change in their results.

This measurement of the relative position of a comet and some fixed star determines the place of the comet in the heavens; for the place of the fixed star, its latitude and longitude on the celestial parallels and meridians, can be easily ascertained subsequently by other instruments, if it is not already given in some catalogue. The measurements are made so as to determine the *difference* of longitude and latitude between the comet and the star; then, those of the star being known, those of the comet become known also. This ascertained longitude and latitude of the comet on the celestial sphere, which are technically called its right ascension and declination—latitude and longitude in the sky

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having a somewhat different meaning—together with the time at which they were obtained, constitute what is called a complete observation of its position; and three of these are theoretically sufficient for the complete determination of its orbit. Let us look into this matter a little.

It follows from the law of gravitation that the orbit or path round the sun of any body, whether belonging properly to the planetary system or coming to it from outside, must be one of what are called the conic sections—namely, the ellipse, parabola, and hyperbola. The ellipse is the only one of these curves which returns into itself, so that all bodies properly belonging to the solar system move in ellipses; while those coming from outside and merely taking one turn round the sun move in parabolas or hyperbolas. Some comets belong to our system permanently and move in ellipses; but the great majority of them seem to follow a parabolic course, well marked and indubitable hyperbolas being extremely rare. It is, therefore, always assumed, on first observing a new comet, that it moves in a parabola; and thus the *shape* of its orbit is known—or supposed to be known—to begin with, for all parabolas have the same shape, differing only in their *scale*. The most convenient and natural line to determine the scale of a parabolic orbit by is its distance from the sun at its nearest point. Besides this, however, we have to know what plane the orbit lies in; for it has a definite plane, all the conic sections being plane curves, so that they can be correctly represented on a flat surface. To fix this plane all that is necessary is to know the angle which it makes with the plane of the earth's orbit, and the position in the earth's orbit of the line of intersection of the two planes. Then we must also know how the comet's orbit lies in its own plane; that is to say, whether its line of nearest distance to the sun lies at the intersection of the two planes, or, if not, what angle it makes with the line of intersection. Lastly, to know the comet's movement perfectly we must know when it passes the point of nearest distance to the sun; this known, we have the angle which the line connecting it with the sun at any time makes with the line of nearest distance by a simple algebraic equation. These five quantities—viz., the length of the line of nearest distance to the sun, or of perihelion distance, as it is called; the inclination of the plane to that of the earth's orbit; the position in the earth's orbit of the line of intersection of the two planes; the angle made by the perihelion line with this; and the time of perihelion passage—these are what are called the elements of the orbit. They give, as will be evident on a little reflec-

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tion, the precise position of the comet in space at any time; and they are, as we have said, theoretically deducible from the six quantities, three right ascensions and three declinations, obtained from the three observations.

In fact, these three observations give more than enough material for determining the orbit; they suffice even where the sixth element—that is, the shape of the orbit—is unknown. Still, if the orbit is really parabolic and the observations correct, the orbit obtained on the parabolic hypothesis will undoubtedly satisfy the observations. If it fails to do so it is a sign that the true path is elliptic or hyperbolic, probably the former. If this becomes strongly probable—that is to say, if the discrepancy is more than can be attributed to errors of observation—some one undertakes the more troublesome task of computing elements unassisted by any assumption.

Another circumstance besides this failure of a parabola to represent the observations may give rise to suspicion of ellipticity in the orbit. Suppose that on computing the parabolic elements of a comet supposed to be new they seem to resemble strongly those of some previous one; it at once becomes more or less likely that the two are identical, for it is not very probable that two casual visitors to our system would follow precisely the same path. Sometimes the ground of our belief that a comet moves in an elliptic orbit, and will therefore return periodically, is based principally on this consideration; for when the ellipse is very long compared with its width it is very hard to tell any difference between it and a parabola, in the part which comes within the range of our observation. This is the case, for instance, with the comet of 1880, supposed to be the same as that of 1843.

The great majority of comets, however, as has been said, move in parabolas, as far as we can judge; therefore, of course, their appearance is, as a rule, unexpected by astronomers as well as by other people, there being no ground on which a prediction could be based. Astronomers, however, generally see them first, and are therefore able, as in the case of the present one, to give some information to the world at large about the movements and the future of the greater ones before they become visible to the naked eye, and also post themselves in advance thoroughly about many others of which the world hears little or nothing.

So generally is it the case that comets come unexpectedly that there is but one which is at all conspicuous whose return can be definitely announced before it is seen. This is the celebrated comet of Halley, next due in 1910. So if you see or hear

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of a great comet coming do not ask, "Was it expected?" No, of course not. Some people saw it before you, that is all. But it must not be supposed that their course is at all erratic or untraceable; on the contrary, they move under the same laws which determine the planetary movements, though their wide departure from circular motion and the usually great inclination of their planes to those of the great planets make their disturbances by these planets hard to calculate. Also, they not being, like the planets, permanently in view, we have not the time during the short season of their appearance to determine their elements with the immense precision which would be necessary in order to calculate as exactly as we could wish the disturbing actions of other bodies on them in the time when they are beyond our ken. But let us have the chance to observe them that we have on the planets, and their supposed "erratic" character would vanish; Jupiter itself would be somewhat "erratic" yet, if it could only be seen for a few days in its period of twelve years.

To show how accurate the knowledge of cometary movements is we need only refer to that of Halley, just named. At its last return, after an absence of seventy-six years, it passed its perihelion within four days of the time predicted by one of its calculators before it hove in sight. Next time it will probably be hit even nearer. And Halley's comet is no more regular than others.

Of course those which move in real parabolas or hyperbolas or enormously elongated ellipses may become in a sense decidedly erratic by running foul of some other fixed star besides our sun, and taking a turn round it; or at least by experiencing disturbances from the fixed stars which we have no means to calculate. But in all this there is nothing to show that they diverge a hair's-breadth from the positions which they would occupy under the strict application of the Newtonian law. Comets, instead of being an exception to this law, are a most splendid confirmation of it.

We have said that there is only one great comet that is known to return periodically. There are, however, a good many small ones which do so, and the number is rapidly increasing. Some of them have been observed through quite a number of returns, and they come up to time quite as regularly as the planets, circumstances considered. If, however, their orbits happen to pass near those of one of the greater planets, Jupiter especially, they are subject to considerable disturbance and change, if

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"That's what I think," remarked the baroness. "I should be very willing to let her have a husband, if it were only not Goldisch."

"Would you? Have you ever been so willing before?" asked Wilderich sharply.

"Oh! certainly, of course, if only she were not so wonderfully useful to me," said the baroness, with a touch of constraint.

"But, mamma, don't put it like that; it sounds too selfish," exclaimed Isidora impatiently.

"But it's the simple truth," said Wilderich.

"And how did the scene end, mamma?"

"In this way: Goldisch declared he had no time to waste, and that his house was quite ready; that next Monday he would be married quite quietly to Sylvia and go off immediately afterwards, for he was longing for a home life. Sylvia dried up her tears and agreed to everything. What was to be done? I promised to get a suitable bridal and travelling dress, and I must go at once about it. Will you come with me, Isi? But it was dreadful at dinner—the baron in the worst possible temper, Sylvia not herself, so there was nobody to enliven things. Goldisch has never much to say for himself, and yesterday he did not open his mouth. If General Z—— had not given us a detailed account of his warlike feats for the ninety-ninth time there would have been dreadful pauses as in a convent. Well, then, early this morning Aurel's telegram came. He knows nothing about Valentine's concerns or the Spanish duke, and doesn't believe in him one bit. He will make inquiries and send us all details. How on earth will it end? If Valentine would only bestow her affections upon a fellow-countryman, an honest German! One can't get at foreigners."

"Really, mamma, Goldisch is an 'honest German,' but Valentine is so unreasonable and whimsical. She always wants to have and to be something out of the way. I should like her to marry this duke, or whatever he is, or she will be taking to an Iroquois or a native of Kamtchatka."

"Be quiet, you prophetess of evil!" exclaimed the baroness. "Where is Dorilda? Send for her, and then put on your things. We will try to divert our minds by doing a work of charity, and for that ungrateful Sylvia, too! We must find her two beautiful, two exquisite dresses."

"That shows common sense and kindness," said Wilderich, laughing.

"In one way you are much too indulgent to Sylvia, mamma,"

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said Isidora fretfully. "You don't need to give her any nice dresses; let Goldisch do it, as he is so immensely rich. But in another you are unjust for grudging her her marriage. She doesn't want to be an old maid, and who can be angry with her for not wanting it? At twenty-eight, with waning good looks, no money, and many disappointments, a Crœsus makes her an offer, and she, forsooth, ought to refuse it, in order to write twelve notes a day for you, do your commissions, look over your accounts, and amuse papa for the rest of her days! Do be fair to her. I never admired Sylvia or cared about her as much as all of you, but I must take her part in this business whilst you are blaming her, for I think it is a fearfully hard lot to be a companion all one's life."

"What are you saying, Isi? She was a daughter to us."

"Without any prospects which soften a daughter's state of dependence."

"Nevertheless, Isi, her pitching upon Valentine's husband is exceedingly unpleasant. Indeed, it is unlawful from a Catholic point of view."

"Now, mamma, you gave up the Catholic point of view long ago. Valentine's son will be brought up a Protestant, and so will Dorilda. You never dreamt of stipulating that your grandchildren should be brought up Catholics, although the Catholic Church makes it a duty of conscience in mixed marriages. No, my good mother, you may have had Catholic principles when you were young, but you have not got them now, still less has papa. Valentine has nothing of the sort, either; her point of view is a distorted kind of sentimentality, mine is rationalistic, and Edgar's is unrationalistic. As to Aurel, he always had a weak character and a narrow understanding, and these kind of people keep their Catholic views. But we have emancipated ourselves, so you ought not to make them the ground of your displeasure at Sylvia's step."

"There's nothing equal to a logical head, mamma," said Wilderich scornfully. "You and I can really learn a great deal from Isidora in this particular. She is as clear as a winter's day and as logical as two and two make four. Come here, Dorilda, and kiss your grandmamma," he exclaimed as he caught sight of the little girl coming into the room.

The little creature, with her father's fine features and her mother's disagreeable expression, was obstinate, as all spoilt children are. She remained standing in the doorway, and looked about her defiantly with her dark eyes.

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"How funny it is to see a little shrimp of four years old so defiant!" exclaimed Isidora, much amused.

"I never see the beauty of obstinacy," said the baroness, shaking her head.

"Neither do I," called out Tieffenstein. "Now, then, Dorilda, one, two, three, and away."

Dorilda stood stock-still and gave a searching yet timid look at her father, who said again:

"Onwards, march!"

But as Dorilda showed no signs of obeying him he ran up to her, held her up in the air, and covered her with kisses, exclaiming: "Just wait a bit, you sly little recruit. You shall teach me manners."

Dorilda resisted the powerful caresses which are so distasteful to children, and set up a howl. Isidora rushed to rescue her from her father's hands, calling out: "Just look how he is worrying my child, mamma."

Tieffenstein, who was very tall, held the child high up above his head, and said between fits of laughing: "My child isn't a bit frightened. My child likes being in this lofty position."

But Dorilda, who was suspended above her father's head, fancied her small life endangered and shrieked for help. Isidora began to cry, and the baroness stopped her ears. All at once Wilderich set down Dorilda and said very gravely: "Oh! what a dreadful scene. One must really take to one's heels. Good-by" (this was said to the baroness).

Thereupon he left the room and betook himself to the Jockey Club to give out Sylvia's engagement as the latest news. But nobody took much interest in it. She had been so long on the scenes that she was viewed with general indifference.

"An old maid's turn of fortune doesn't interest me," said one.

"Who can get enthusiastic over a beauty of thirty?" said another.

"If she would only stay here and give us good dinners! But as it is, let her take herself off," remarked a third.

"The worthy nabob has no rivals to fear *now*," said a fourth.

"Who knows?" conjectured some one else. "The fairy is certainly gone off as a young lady, but she may perhaps make a fine woman."

"She will be rich, at all events," said a sixth, "and that is more desirable, because it's more lasting."

"May she be happy!" said Tieffenstein at length.

"Ho, ho! do you still rave about her?"

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"Of course he does," somebody answered for him. "An old love never grows rusty, you know."

"When a man has been through what I have, and when he looks as I do, you may as well talk of his being enthusiastic as of a donkey playing the flute. I mean you make him painfully ludicrous. But for the very reason that I have done with enthusiastic ravings I wish Sylvia von Neheim solid happiness," replied Tieffenstein.

"Hunting will begin at Weldensperg next week, won't it?" asked a new-comer, and the conversation turned upon the interesting topic of the number of wild boars in the Weldensperg forests.

Tieffenstein sat down to a game of chess, but with his mind full of other things. He thought to himself: "Why was my future hidden from me? Why did I not know that a bullet would make me into a disfigured cripple, cut short my military career, and alter my position in society? If I had only known it beforehand I would have got a civil appointment and have married Sylvia. She would have made me so comfortable that I could have done without some luxuries, the more readily especially now that my bad health shuts me out from society. To be tied up to Isidora instead of Sylvia is indeed exchanging Rachel for Lia, as I once said to Xaveria."

He quite overlooked the fact that it was his sad experience alone which had opened his eyes to his own unworthy behavior. His companion called out "mate!" triumphantly, and Tieffenstein said with a sorrowful laugh: "Quite right. I am completely mated, and never am worth anything."

But in that he was mistaken. If neither the world had been his idol nor he the idol of the world he might perhaps have been a good man. Thanks, however, to the idol-worship, he was nothing more than a working officer, and a working officer is by no means necessarily an honest man.

In the meantime Dorilda was screaming herself hoarse, and blue in the face. Isidora fetched eau-de-cologne, salts, and eau-de-mélisse, called the nurse down, and was in as great a state as the child.

"O mamma! the fright will give her cramp, or convulsions, or perhaps epilepsy," she cried out.

"Heaven preserve us! Don't disquiet yourself, that's all. You are upsetting both yourself and the child by your unnecessary anxiety."

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"What! am I not to be anxious over my only child's suffering? My heart is not so stony as that."

And Isidora went on with her remedies. They produced no effect, so that the baroness had recourse to hers and said: "Would you like a sugar-plum, Dorilda?"

"Yes," exclaimed Dorilda, quieting herself at once.

"Oh! thank goodness she can speak. I was afraid of her suffocating," exclaimed Isidora.

"You must be quiet, Dorilda, for if you shriek so you won't be able to eat sugar-plums," pursued the baroness, producing a pretty bonbonnière out of her pocket. Dorilda was quite pacified, and with glistening eyes she sprang from Isidora's lap and went over to her grandmother. Not a little proud of her system of education, the baroness gave her daughter a detailed lecture on the propriety of humoring children in their fits of naughtiness, and adding that sweetmeats were the best means thereunto.

Then Dorilda and her bonbonnière were handed over to the nurse, and mother and daughter drove off to Mlle. Généreuse, the fashionable modiste, to look after Sylvia's dresses.

CHAPTER VI.

POISONED SWEETS.

SYLVIA was standing before her large looking-glass. It reflected a pretty picture back—that of a tall and graceful bride in white silk, with wreath of myrtle in the rich, fair hair and a long lace veil. It was Sylvia herself, and it was in no dissatisfied mood that she gazed at her own likeness, rendered still more interesting by a slight touch of melancholy.

"Well, miss, you *do* look lovely—too lovely," said Bertha, enraptured. "I really can't tell you how beautiful you are, but I know it's a real shame that such a lovely bride should have such a quiet wedding. The whole place and everybody in it should have a chance of looking at you."

"I have already told you several times, Bertha, that Herr Goldisch, good and sensible man that he is, has given up all display out of proper consideration for this house, and that I am quite of his mind."

"Indeed, he is good!" exclaimed Bertha, with a revival of ecstasy. "I certainly owe it to you, miss, but it is wonderfully

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good of him to give me the means of marrying after all this time. It is fearful, miss, to be engaged for eight years without any chance of marriage at the end, and you and Herr Goldisch have helped me out of my trouble, for which I shall always be deeply grateful."

"You deserve it, Bertha, after serving me so well for ten years."

"Yes, just ten years to-day, miss. On the 13th of October, 1858, you came to this house quite alone in a black merino dress and crape veil, and on the 13th of October, 1868, you are standing here as a bride, wearing a dress worth many pounds, and you will go out into the world as the wife of a rich, kind gentleman, Herr Goldisch, who will give you a beautiful home. It cures me of the superstition about the 13th, for if Frau Valentine Goldisch is to marry a Spanish duke, as they are saying in the house, she may be well contented with her lot, too."

"Everything is ready now, Bertha. Give me my gloves and leave me alone," said Sylvia somewhat shortly, for Bertha's words called up unpleasant recollections.

She set herself down at her dressing-table and passed the ten years in review. She remembered how, young and inexperienced, the sorrows and joys of her father's house had been taken away from her, and she had been left to the kindness of her native place, and then how, naturally disposed to piety and goodness, her lot had been cast with unsympathetic relatives. The world had surrounded her, pushed her on, borne her up, petted and flattered her, and she saw with what difficulty her better nature, which had been fostered by her early education, had tried to resist the torrent. It had found support in her innocent liking for Aurel, who shared her feelings and views, but like a weak reed this prop had given way, bent and broken by a current of worldliness.

She saw the growing influence on herself of circumstances and surroundings. They had drawn her more and more to outward things, estranged her first from the church and then from a practising faith, placed her in a sea of distractions and pleasures, without settled plan in her life, or serious occupation, or proper training of mind, judgment, and character. It had been a perpetual idleness, disguised by brilliant development of her musical talent, novel-reading in foreign languages, and note-writing for her aunt. She saw how vanity and self-seeking had grown in proportion as the consciousness that she charmed dawned upon and flattered her. This had been the state of things at the time

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said suddenly, interrupting himself, "you have got through a fearful quantity of money, my dear. I wrote you my mind, but I must repeat it now: you can't keep the money in your pocket when it is a question of your comfort and your person. What extravagance, for instance, to want two carriages to be sent to Ems!"

"I should have used them for Harry, love, and I only had the calèche after all."

"I should think so, my dear. Wanting the coupé was a whim à la Edgar. And now I come back to what I was saying. Edgar deserves to be locked up. But as that is impossible, I am going to send him off to the other hemisphere."

"Send him where?" exclaimed the baroness, and she jumped up from the sofa in her fright.

"I myself don't quite know, but this much is certain: he shall go to Asia and America on a merchant ship."

"But what a fearful thought, love! Perhaps he will be shipwrecked."

"He will certainly be shipwrecked in another sense if he stays here; and perhaps we, too, for the boundaries of extravagance are nowhere."

"We, too! What exaggeration, love!"

"Acts of folly can bring about what is nearly impossible, my dear; and can anything beat his last mad extravagance? He goes and takes the circus for the evening, paying as much as if it had been full, on condition that nobody else shall be allowed entrance, and the company is obliged to give a full performance for him and his dog, who represent the public. Now, I put it to you, isn't this frenzy? Three weeks ago he got up some races for his friends entirely at his own expense; there were horses and prizes, and I don't know what besides. He paid for everything. He is positively raving, you see, and he shall be sent to sea. Sea-sickness, salt meat, and hard beans will set him to rights, and in a few years' time he will come back to us a reasonable member of society."

"A repulsive remedy, love."

"Repulsive or not, I know that I am weary of the foolish youngster's tricks. If it goes on it really might bring dishonor on my firm. I thought of keeping my intention from you till Edgar was on board, but you might have reproached me with want of confidence, and I know well enough that we are of the same mind, although you may feel it hard at times. Of course you must keep it a dead secret, for if Edgar got wind of the

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matter he would slip off, and that would cause greater talk. He must and shall go—so much is clear; and I think you will see it, too."

"I shall have to be on my guard to keep it from the poor fellow," sighed the baroness.

"And I, too, not to show the anger and vexation which I feel at being so treated by our children. Not one of them gives us any pleasure. If I had not Sylvia to cheer me up I should have to find some amusement out of doors like a young fool."

"Don't speak in this fearfully light way, love. It doesn't become a man of sixty-four."

"Sixty-four, indeed! Why, that's no age for a man," laughed the baron, and he went off to think about Edgar's campaign.

Sylvia, too, had made up her mind and carried it out. She had written two letters, one which went to Vincent von Lehrbach by the town post, the other by the general post to Herr Goldisch. Thus Vincent heard of Sylvia's return to the capital. His heart beat wildly with joy as he opened the envelope and saw her name. It was the first letter she had ever written to him, but after he had read its contents a nameless feeling took possession of him. It was as follows:

"DEAR VINCENT: Let me speak to you simply and openly as to my best friend, and forgive me for being honest with you, as, alas! I must give you pain, but only a little pain now to spare you a lingering sorrow hereafter.

"My six weeks' stay with your kind mother has opened my eyes about my practical usefulness in daily life, and, much to my confusion, I must own that I am not able to do one-half what you would have to require of your wife. I do not understand housekeeping, and should not be at all clever about keeping house on a small scale. If my parents had lived things would have been quite different, and it would have been better for me in every way. I should have learnt to make a little do, and not have minded scanty means. But unfortunately the last ten years in my uncle's house have got me entirely out of the way of poverty and given me tastes and habits which have taken root so completely that I cannot drag them up without much suffering to myself. But I can't bear the notion that you might remark my suffering, let it make you sad and look down upon me in consequence, or find me a burden; and so, dear Vincent, I consider that our promise to each other is no longer binding. Neither your family nor mine suspects our engagement, and I think it best for us both to avoid anything which might remind us of it, and not to meet again. I say nothing of the inward struggle which has torn my peace of mind for the last few months, nor of the inexpressible gratitude which I shall ever feel for your unselfish love. SYLVIA VON NEHEIM."

Vincent read the letter over two or three times. Could

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Sylvia have written it—Sylvia, who wished for nothing but love, liberty, and bread? There was not the slightest trace of any such wish. Why was it? How could the change in her be accounted for? It was certain to be some scheming on the part of her relatives. She had once said that they wished to keep her with them always as a companion. But the notion was preposterous. It was as clear as day that some exterior influence had been at work to make Sylvia write that letter, and it was important to get to the bottom of it. Her future and his happiness were at stake, and they were not to be sacrificed to the despotical whims of her relatives. He would recover himself, turn quietly over in his mind the reasons which might have affected Sylvia, and amongst others her possible shrinking back from great poverty, and then he would go to see her. At the time he was so overwhelmed with business relating to his examination, and which consequently could not be put off, that he was obliged to work half the night several times in order to get a spare moment. This press of occupation was opportune as serving to calm down the intensity of his feelings.

Sylvia's mind was immensely relieved and her conscience quieted after she had thus put an end to her irresolution by breaking with Vincent and writing to tell Herr Goldisch that she was ready to accept his offer, but that she feared opposition from her relatives. She herself had been shy about broaching the subject to them. Several days passed without a word or token from Vincent, and her spirits rose in proportion. She supposed that his examination was over and that he had gone home. Slight pricks of conscience mingled with her satisfaction on receiving a letter from Herr Goldisch in which he told her in a few hearty words of his speedy return from America, thanked her for her favorable answer, and bade her not to trouble herself about her relatives. He would take everything upon himself, lose no time in following his letter, when he would at once claim Sylvia. She was pleased at this prospect and tried to quiet her mind by making excellent resolutions to be a good wife and a kind mother to little George, fancying that she was at last reconciled to a fate which she had so often qualified as hard and wretched. At Aurel's side she might have had many a rude awakening out of her youthful dreams concerning him. As wife to a selfish man of Tieffenstein's character she could not have reckoned upon any real happiness, and she would have had to nurse a discontented and embittered worldling. She would not think of Vincent. Though her feelings lacked depth to return

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his love, or even to understand it, she was perfectly alive to the difference between the two men, and distinguished Lehrbach's love from Goldisch's good-natured kindness. "But my marrying Lehrbach was an impossibility," she sighed, "for one can't be expected to give up everything except the necessaries of life. It would have made both him and me wretched."

"Herr von Lehrbach wishes to see you, miss," said a servant.

Bewildered, speechless, and trembling with emotion, Sylvia got up, but determined not to see him.

"He is already in the morning-room," added the servant.

"How very stupid you are, John!" stammered Sylvia.

"You had given orders, miss, that he should always be shown into the morning-room at once."

"Oh! say that I am ill, or busy, or anything you like."

"As I showed Herr von Lehrbach in, miss, he asked if you were well and strong, and I said, 'As well and lively as possible.' Perhaps, miss, you would like me to say that this time doesn't suit you, and that you beg Herr von Lehrbach to come to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow," repeated Sylvia in a mechanical way, and the servant was going away with this answer when it struck her that perhaps Herr Goldisch would be coming to-morrow, or even that very day, and she said in a determined tone, "Wait a minute, John; leave it as it is," and hurried to the morning-room. John threw open the door for her.

"Herr von Lehrbach," she said, speaking in a quick and forced tone, whilst her expression betrayed irritation and uneasiness, "I had begged you to spare us both this meeting, as I have acted with full deliberation, and anything we can now say must be difficult and painful."

"Is this how we meet?" said Lehrbach, not taking the least notice of Sylvia's words. "I can't understand it at all, Sylvia. What has happened?"

He stood before her and gave her a searching look, which she tried to evade by taking a chair, so as to escape being face to face with him, and said uneasily:

"I told you in my letter what had happened."

"But you did not tell whose influence made you write that letter," said Vincent, taking a chair and seating himself on the opposite side of the little table upon which her arm was resting and supporting her head, so that they were once more face to face.

"I wrote under the influence of my own feelings after staying

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with your mother," she answered, beginning to fear that she might betray her anxiety.

"And were these feelings powerful enough to get the better of your wish for love, liberty, and that quiet domestic happiness which every woman desires in her heart? I can't believe it, Sylvia, and I never will believe it. I suspect you are hiding something or there has been foul play."

Sylvia turned scarlet, then deadly pale. A guilty conscience is not slow to imagine that the whole world is aware of its sins, and Sylvia fancied that Vincent knew the truth. Vincent noticed her painful embarrassment.

"Your looks tell me that I am right, Sylvia. Oh! do speak," he said beseechingly.

"There has been no foul play," she exclaimed with constraint.

"Well, what is it, Sylvia? In your letter you called me your best friend, to whom you could speak openly; so do it now, for I am sure you have no truer friend in the world than I. Be honest with me; I have a right to it. You have accepted my love for the last two years. I don't know whether you returned it, Sylvia, and your letter makes me doubtful about it, but I *do* know this: you accepted my love, and when a man has had God before his eyes in his love, and has bound himself to another by a promise which is to stretch over this life, he ought not to be cast off suddenly for a whim. So tell me honestly who it is that is making you break the engagement we entered upon two years ago."

"Nobody," answered Sylvia in a tone of determination. "I explained my conduct in my letter, and I must beg you to end this painful conversation."

"Are you determined, then, to go on living in this way? Do you mean to stay in this house, where your soul is ill at ease, and where you yourself are suffocating and crying after 'liberty and bread'?" Sylvia wanted to get up, but he stretched his hand across the little table and laid it on her arm. The touch seemed to tame her, for she remained sitting, and he said very calmly: "You don't answer. Well, Sylvia, I will answer for you, as your confusion betrays you. It tells me more than I had suspected when I began. This is your real motive: you have had a better offer, and as in your eyes riches and happiness have become synonymous, you have accepted it."

"Yes, that's it," exclaimed Sylvia, almost glad that her unbloody torture saved her the trouble of avowal and was thus coming to an end. "But do not be angry with me. You must

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believe that my judgment, not my heart, has decided in the matter."

"So much the worse," said Vincent very gravely. "One can't put much confidence in so cool and calm a calculation. And who may it be that your judgment has favored?"

"An excellent and respected man, though no longer a young one—Herr Goldisch."

"He is a rich relative of your cousin Valentine's, isn't he?"

"Yes," she said in a low tone, and she blushed scarlet, for again the torture was beginning.

"Are your relatives in favor of the marriage?"

"I don't know. . . . As yet they know nothing about it," she stammered in painful confusion.

"And why do you keep it from them, if Herr Goldisch, though he is not a young man, is respected and—rich?"

Deadly anxiety closed Sylvia's lips, for she suddenly realized the impression the whole truth would make upon Vincent. Once more he bent his eye so steadily upon her that she had not the courage to attempt a shuffling evasion. All at once a change came over Lehrbach's calm face, as if he had made a dreadful discovery, and he said in a voice that trembled with emotion: "Where can I have got the terrible impression that this Herr Goldisch is your cousin's husband? I fancy I heard something of a divorce."

"You did. Last summer he got a divorce from Valentine, and as he is a Protestant he may marry again if he pleases."

"But you, unhappy Sylvia—*you* are a Catholic," exclaimed Vincent mournfully, "and don't you know that the sacrament of matrimony is binding for life?"

"Yes, of course, for and between Catholics. If Herr Goldisch were a Catholic he could not think of marrying again, nor I of becoming his wife; but as a Protestant he is free, as Protestants have not got the sacrament of matrimony, or at any rate they do not look upon it in the same light."

"Oh! that's just the misery of it," exclaimed Vincent, deeply moved: "they have neither got it nor do they understand it. But, Sylvia, we are not talking of Protestants now; we are concerned with you. The church prohibits you from such a connection as unlawful and no marriage at all, because Herr Goldisch's lawful wife is still living, and he cannot have two wives at once."

"Yes, yes, that's how the church views it. But just consider that I am not in the least going against her, as we do not mean to

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be married by a Catholic priest," exclaimed Sylvia, troubled at his emotion.

"But what you say is simply dreadful. Do you suppose that you would be given absolution if you mentioned what you are on the point of doing?" asked Lehrbach sharply.

Again Sylvia blushed guiltily, for the notion of seeking absolution had never come into her head. How many years had passed by since her last confession! Somehow she had never been a free agent in the Easter season. Either she had been going about or seriously engaged, and she would never have dreamt of going to confession at any other time. At that very moment she secretly resolved not to allow herself to be disquieted, for she was committing no crimes, and therefore had no need of confession; but she nevertheless felt some twinges of conscience at the recollection of her sins of negligence and omission. Whilst these thoughts were passing silently in her mind Lehrbach said in a kinder tone:

"O Sylvia! how utterly wretched you make me by cutting yourself off so entirely from the church. The very essence of my love was to bring you nearer to the church and to her heavenly teaching, and to see you soaring above the things of time. That is all over now, and you are no longer the Sylvia that I loved. You have allowed earthly goods to swallow up the heavenly ones. You have grown to be the slave of money, and its lust, that curse of the world, is contaminating your soul. You are sacrificing your religion, your church, your honor and happiness, and my faithful love for this monster. You are humbling your own liberty and independence of spirit, for you cannot so much as conceive happiness apart from money and what it gives. This worship of money blows through the world like a sirocco, and it is lamentable to see what a demoralizing effect it has on characters, minds, and souls. O poor, poor Sylvia!"

Half-moved and half-wounded in her pride, she was struggling with the hot tears as they ran down her cheeks. "I am not so bad as that," she said.

"I will believe it if you do *not* marry Herr Goldisch. You may be certain that I am speaking disinterestedly, as I see only too clearly that our views are a greater wall of separation between us than our circumstances. But when I am far away I should be glad to have a peaceful recollection of a woman I have so deeply loved."

"That is like the friend of my childhood," she said with

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emotion; "but I cannot get out of my engagement now, as I have given my word."

A scornful look passed over his face, but he restrained it as he thought to himself that Sylvia had never made him a formal promise.

"The friend of your youth will not survive your denial of your church and of your faith," he said with iron gravity. "Farewell, Sylvia."

He was very pale but firm and composed as he stood before her, and he gave her a sorrowful look as he put out his hand and repeated in a soft tone:

"Farewell, Sylvia!"

A pang of anguish shot through her heart, as if she suddenly realized what she had lost by preferring mammon to this man. She grasped his right hand and said humbly: "Don't despise me."

"Far be it from me to do that. I pity you. Farewell."

With a gentle shake of the hand he was leaving her, but he had not got to the door before Sylvia called out in a tone of misery: "O Vincent! do speak one word of comfort to me."

"What can I speak comfort about?"

"About my being unhappy, for I fear I shall not be able to forget you," she exclaimed in a despairing tone.

"Unhappy creature! what misery you are preparing for yourself. But calm yourself; you *will* forget me, and I wish that you may with all my heart. And now let me add one last word of parting: do not forget God, do not forget your own soul."

Thus he left her. Sylvia hurried up to her room, threw herself on to the chaise-longue, and wept again over a fate which forced her to give up this man, the only one she had ever respected, the only one whose influence would have made her better. But in spite of herself the secret voice of conscience told her plainly enough that her fate was nothing more nor less than the consequences of her own miserable and unworthy conduct, and that, whatever Lehrbach did or did not, she ought to despise it from the bottom of her heart. God in his mercy had never ceased to offer her grace to overcome her own weakness, and she had always let it fall to follow the enticements of the world.

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CHAPTER V.

BEHIND THE FAMILY CURTAIN.

ISIDORA, dressed in a most fashionable morning-dress, was sitting in an elegant boudoir. Everything around her was nice and pleasant, but she herself looked as cross and disagreeable as possible, and her face was pale and drawn. By her side Tieffenstein was sitting, or rather lying, in an arm-chair, and whilst she talked he was tapping his boot with his walking-stick in an unmeaning and listless sort of way. There was no trace of his former good looks. The fearful wound on his head had lost him his right eye and part of his forehead. His long sufferings had changed his hair from raven black to a few gray locks, and a nervous twitching of his features added to his disfigurement.

"Nobody in their senses can make out why it is you are always to be found at the Jockey Club."

With these words Isidora finished up a long sermon to her husband about economy, domesticity, and other virtues which she thought desirable for him.

"If every reasonable being had the felicity of knowing you they would understand my fondness for the Jockey Club. A man is obliged to go out if he has a tiresome wife," answered Tieffenstein coolly.

"But you can't pretend to make me believe that you have nice, clever talks at the club," she said scornfully.

"At least they are not wrangles, and that in itself is refreshing to me."

"Whose fault is it that I am unutterably wretched?" exclaimed Isidora angrily. "Your coldness and insensibility drive me wild, for I have loved you passionately, and because you push me away my sorrow shows itself sometimes in complaints which are thoroughly well deserved."

"If a woman loves her husband passionately the first thing she should do is to make herself pleasant to him, for otherwise her worship soon becomes a great nuisance."

"You are an ungrateful wretch. You calumniate your sex. You are—"

"Not one of these things," he interrupted in the same cool manner. "It's a man's way to feel small and brief gratitude for a passion which may be part of his wife's nature and exceedingly tiresome to him. On the other hand, a man appreciates his wife

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more and more as time goes on, if she makes his home pleasant for him, and is able to talk sensibly, to read a book worth reading, to give an opinion and good advice, and if she knows how to attract pleasant people to her house that her husband likes to see and with whom he can have somewhat different conversation to that which he may expect to find at the Jockey Club. A wife's burning passion is a very insipid thing, but a nice, pleasant wife is a priceless treasure."

"Any one would see that I cannot ask Sylvia to the house."

"I did not allude to Sylvia, nor was I even thinking about her. This childish jealousy, which very often goes hand-in-hand with a mad love, is too intolerable," he said, with an expression of the deepest scorn. "If you only would believe that a man's house becomes a perfect hell when the demon of jealousy and contradiction dressed up in woman's clothes lives in it!"

He got up and went to the door.

"Do you really mean to go to your Jockey Club, and get cold and be ill again?" exclaimed Isidora. "It is raining in torrents. Do stay at home. Just look how nice everything is."

"Not everything," he replied impatiently, opening the door. On the threshold he met his mother-in-law with a perturbed face and red eyes. "Good-morning," he said in scornful astonishment. "What has happened to make you come out at ten o'clock in the morning? Has Monsieur Lacuillère deserted your kitchen?"

"No bad news, mamma, I hope?" asked Isidora.

"O children! what things are put upon one," sighed the baroness, collapsing on to a sofa. "We had a dreadful evening of it yesterday. Just listen. First of all there came a letter from Valentine, telling us that she wanted to marry a Spaniard who has been victimized by the last revolution; that he was a Duke de San Roque y San Yago, but as poor as a church-mouse, as befitted so distinguished an exile; and that consequently she begged her father to make her allowance three times what it is, or, better still, ten times as much again. We telegraphed at once to Aurel for more particulars, and whilst we were talking about her mad scheme Goldisch, who has been here for three days, and whom we were certainly expecting to dinner, came in, but in a very different way to what we had expected."

"How in a different way?" exclaimed Isidora and Tieffenstein.

"He came in with Sylvia on his arm," pursued the baroness. "I fancied in my simplicity that he had met her at the door and

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was bringing her up, so imagine my amazement when he said in a solemn tone that he was introducing Sylvia to us as his bride, and that he hoped this and wished that, and I'm sure I don't know what all. And Sylvia kissed me very affectionately and asked for our blessing."

"How cool of Sylvia to force herself into Valentine's place!" exclaimed Isidora, exasperated.

"That's what your father said. He was very much overcome and reproached them both so violently that I was positively trembling with fright and anxiety. But Goldisch remained perfectly calm and said, very gently indeed: 'You are wrong to reproach me now with my divorcing your daughter after taking my part in the whole matter and praising my considerateness. My being a Protestant enables me to go a step further than you think right. But you knew that all along, and as you said nothing whatever about Catholic principles when I married your daughter I am utterly amazed to hear you bring them up now all of a sudden.'"

"Goldisch is perfectly right," said Wilderich.

"No, he is wrong. Marriage is indissoluble," exclaimed Isidora.

"If you think so I wonder at you both for marrying Protestant husbands."

"A girl in love reckons upon lasting feelings," said Isidora.

"Well, then, Valentine was cured pretty quickly of any such expectation," replied Wilderich, with a scornful laugh; "and for the matter of that she is on the point of doing the same as Goldisch, only with this difference: first of all he is authorized by his religion to marry again, whereas she is forbidden to do so by her church; and, secondly, he has made an excellent choice, and she a bad one."

"I might have expected you to have nothing but praise for any matter which touches Sylvia," said Isidora sharply; "but it makes me very angry to hear you condemn my sister's choice in this peremptory way."

"A Duke de San Roque y San Yago will certainly not be a grandee of the first water. Perhaps he is a duke of St. Roch, for good St. Roch was a mendicant, if I'm not mistaken."

"You are outrageous!" called out Isidora angrily.

"My goodness! don't be always quarrelling," groaned the baroness.

"That is part of our daily life. But what happened after that?" asked Wilderich indifferently.

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"What happened was that Goldisch retained his composure till Sylvia began to cry at being reproached by the baron with ingratitude. That roused Goldisch and he said: 'People don't call their daughter ungrateful for leaving her home to follow her husband, even supposing they do not care about the marriage in itself. In this matter they leave her to please herself, and I don't see why you should reproach your niece in this way.' My husband answered: 'Without being her father I have treated her as a daughter.' 'And for that,' Goldisch said, 'she has given you more happiness than both your daughters, and has been the life of your house.'"

"What insolence!" cried out Isidora. "I only hope you stood up for your daughters, mamma."

"Stood up for them, love? Why, I couldn't get a word in. I only kept saying to Sylvia: 'But, love, how shall I get on without you! You are my right hand. I must give up altogether.'"

"You might have said something besides that, mamma," replied Isidora impatiently. "Goldisch must draw the conclusion that you want to prevent Sylvia's marriage out of interested motives."

"Make yourself easy, Isi. I also said to her: 'But consider, Sylvia, my love, that you are a Catholic, and consequently must see that Goldisch has got a wife already.'"

"And what did she say to that, mamma?"

"She kissed me and said affectionately: 'Dear aunt, isn't it very odd that this is the first time in ten years you remind me of my being a Catholic? And it doesn't affect us, either, as Goldisch is not a Catholic and is consequently free to marry again.' I replied: 'When married people are separated it is possible that they may think better of it and go back to each other. But if one of the parties has married again, that makes an insuperable obstacle against it; and yet where there are children it is so very desirable. Wouldn't you have a scruple to stand between Valentine and Goldisch?' 'Oh! of course,' she answered, 'and I spoke of it at once and before anything else to Goldisch. But he gave me his word of honor that such a thing would never enter his mind, and that I was to set my conscience as much at ease on the point as he had done.'"

"What a fool!" said Isidora angrily. "Does she not know that she, too, may be put aside, and that it would be extremely disagreeable for her to see a third wife in her place?"

"Sylvia has nothing to fear; she is good and clever," said Tieffenstein.

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"That's what I think," remarked the baroness. "I should be very willing to let her have a husband, if it were only not Goldisch."

"Would you? Have you ever been so willing before?" asked Wilderich sharply.

"Oh! certainly, of course, if only she were not so wonderfully useful to me," said the baroness, with a touch of constraint.

"But, mamma, don't put it like that; it sounds too selfish," exclaimed Isidora impatiently.

"But it's the simple truth," said Wilderich.

"And how did the scene end, mamma?"

"In this way: Goldisch declared he had no time to waste, and that his house was quite ready; that next Monday he would be married quite quietly to Sylvia and go off immediately afterwards, for he was longing for a home life. Sylvia dried up her tears and agreed to everything. What was to be done? I promised to get a suitable bridal and travelling dress, and I must go at once about it. Will you come with me, Isi? But it was dreadful at dinner—the baron in the worst possible temper, Sylvia not herself, so there was nobody to enliven things. Goldisch has never much to say for himself, and yesterday he did not open his mouth. If General Z—— had not given us a detailed account of his warlike feats for the ninety-ninth time there would have been dreadful pauses as in a convent. Well, then, early this morning Aurel's telegram came. He knows nothing about Valentine's concerns or the Spanish duke, and doesn't believe in him one bit. He will make inquiries and send us all details. How on earth will it end? If Valentine would only bestow her affections upon a fellow-countryman, an honest German! One can't get at foreigners."

"Really, mamma, Goldisch is an 'honest German,' but Valentine is so unreasonable and whimsical. She always wants to have and to be something out of the way. I should like her to marry this duke, or whatever he is, or she will be taking to an Iroquois or a native of Kamtchatka."

"Be quiet, you prophetess of evil!" exclaimed the baroness. "Where is Dorilda? Send for her, and then put on your things. We will try to divert our minds by doing a work of charity, and for that ungrateful Sylvia, too! We must find her two beautiful, two exquisite dresses."

"That shows common sense and kindness," said Wilderich, laughing.

"In one way you are much too indulgent to Sylvia, mamma,"

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said Isidora fretfully. "You don't need to give her any nice dresses; let Goldisch do it, as he is so immensely rich. But in another you are unjust for grudging her her marriage. She doesn't want to be an old maid, and who can be angry with her for not wanting it? At twenty-eight, with waning good looks, no money, and many disappointments, a Crœsus makes her an offer, and she, forsooth, ought to refuse it, in order to write twelve notes a day for you, do your commissions, look over your accounts, and amuse papa for the rest of her days! Do be fair to her. I never admired Sylvia or cared about her as much as all of you, but I must take her part in this business whilst you are blaming her, for I think it is a fearfully hard lot to be a companion all one's life."

"What are you saying, Isi? She was a daughter to us."

"Without any prospects which soften a daughter's state of dependence."

"Nevertheless, Isi, her pitching upon Valentine's husband is exceedingly unpleasant. Indeed, it is unlawful from a Catholic point of view."

"Now, mamma, you gave up the Catholic point of view long ago. Valentine's son will be brought up a Protestant, and so will Dorilda. You never dreamt of stipulating that your grandchildren should be brought up Catholics, although the Catholic Church makes it a duty of conscience in mixed marriages. No, my good mother, you may have had Catholic principles when you were young, but you have not got them now, still less has papa. Valentine has nothing of the sort, either; her point of view is a distorted kind of sentimentality, mine is rationalistic, and Edgar's is unrationalistic. As to Aurel, he always had a weak character and a narrow understanding, and these kind of people keep their Catholic views. But we have emancipated ourselves, so you ought not to make them the ground of your displeasure at Sylvia's step."

"There's nothing equal to a logical head, mamma," said Wilderich scornfully. "You and I can really learn a great deal from Isidora in this particular. She is as clear as a winter's day and as logical as two and two make four. Come here, Dorilda, and kiss your grandmamma," he exclaimed as he caught sight of the little girl coming into the room.

The little creature, with her father's fine features and her mother's disagreeable expression, was obstinate, as all spoilt children are. She remained standing in the doorway, and looked about her defiantly with her dark eyes.

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"How funny it is to see a little shrimp of four years old so defiant!" exclaimed Isidora, much amused.

"I never see the beauty of obstinacy," said the baroness, shaking her head.

"Neither do I," called out Tieffenstein. "Now, then, Dorilda, one, two, three, and away."

Dorilda stood stock-still and gave a searching yet timid look at her father, who said again:

"Onwards, march!"

But as Dorilda showed no signs of obeying him he ran up to her, held her up in the air, and covered her with kisses, exclaiming: "Just wait a bit, you sly little recruit. You shall teach me manners."

Dorilda resisted the powerful caresses which are so distasteful to children, and set up a howl. Isidora rushed to rescue her from her father's hands, calling out: "Just look how he is worrying my child, mamma."

Tieffenstein, who was very tall, held the child high up above his head, and said between fits of laughing: "My child isn't a bit frightened. My child likes being in this lofty position."

But Dorilda, who was suspended above her father's head, fancied her small life endangered and shrieked for help. Isidora began to cry, and the baroness stopped her ears. All at once Wilderich set down Dorilda and said very gravely: "Oh! what a dreadful scene. One must really take to one's heels. Good-by" (this was said to the baroness).

Thereupon he left the room and betook himself to the Jockey Club to give out Sylvia's engagement as the latest news. But nobody took much interest in it. She had been so long on the scenes that she was viewed with general indifference.

"An old maid's turn of fortune doesn't interest me," said one.

"Who can get enthusiastic over a beauty of thirty?" said another.

"If she would only stay here and give us good dinners! But as it is, let her take herself off," remarked a third.

"The worthy nabob has no rivals to fear *now*," said a fourth.

"Who knows?" conjectured some one else. "The fairy is certainly gone off as a young lady, but she may perhaps make a fine woman."

"She will be rich, at all events," said a sixth, "and that is more desirable, because it's more lasting."

"May she be happy!" said Tieffenstein at length.

"Ho, ho! do you still rave about her?"

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"Of course he does," somebody answered for him. "An old love never grows rusty, you know."

"When a man has been through what I have, and when he looks as I do, you may as well talk of his being enthusiastic as of a donkey playing the flute. I mean you make him painfully ludicrous. But for the very reason that I have done with enthusiastic ravings I wish Sylvia von Neheim solid happiness," replied Tieffenstein.

"Hunting will begin at Weldensperg next week, won't it?" asked a new-comer, and the conversation turned upon the interesting topic of the number of wild boars in the Weldensperg forests.

Tieffenstein sat down to a game of chess, but with his mind full of other things. He thought to himself: "Why was my future hidden from me? Why did I not know that a bullet would make me into a disfigured cripple, cut short my military career, and alter my position in society? If I had only known it beforehand I would have got a civil appointment and have married Sylvia. She would have made me so comfortable that I could have done without some luxuries, the more readily especially now that my bad health shuts me out from society. To be tied up to Isidora instead of Sylvia is indeed exchanging Rachel for Lia, as I once said to Xaveria."

He quite overlooked the fact that it was his sad experience alone which had opened his eyes to his own unworthy behavior. His companion called out "mate!" triumphantly, and Tieffenstein said with a sorrowful laugh: "Quite right. I am completely mated, and never am worth anything."

But in that he was mistaken. If neither the world had been his idol nor he the idol of the world he might perhaps have been a good man. Thanks, however, to the idol-worship, he was nothing more than a working officer, and a working officer is by no means necessarily an honest man.

In the meantime Dorilda was screaming herself hoarse, and blue in the face. Isidora fetched eau-de-cologne, salts, and eau-de-mélisse, called the nurse down, and was in as great a state as the child.

"O mamma! the fright will give her cramp, or convulsions, or perhaps epilepsy," she cried out.

"Heaven preserve us! Don't disquiet yourself, that's all. You are upsetting both yourself and the child by your unnecessary anxiety."

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"What! am I not to be anxious over my only child's suffering? My heart is not so stony as that."

And Isidora went on with her remedies. They produced no effect, so that the baroness had recourse to hers and said: "Would you like a sugar-plum, Dorilda?"

"Yes," exclaimed Dorilda, quieting herself at once.

"Oh! thank goodness she can speak. I was afraid of her suffocating," exclaimed Isidora.

"You must be quiet, Dorilda, for if you shriek so you won't be able to eat sugar-plums," pursued the baroness, producing a pretty bonbonnière out of her pocket. Dorilda was quite pacified, and with glistening eyes she sprang from Isidora's lap and went over to her grandmother. Not a little proud of her system of education, the baroness gave her daughter a detailed lecture on the propriety of humoring children in their fits of naughtiness, and adding that sweetmeats were the best means thereunto.

Then Dorilda and her bonbonnière were handed over to the nurse, and mother and daughter drove off to Mlle. Généreuse, the fashionable modiste, to look after Sylvia's dresses.

CHAPTER VI.

POISONED SWEETS.

SYLVIA was standing before her large looking-glass. It reflected a pretty picture back—that of a tall and graceful bride in white silk, with wreath of myrtle in the rich, fair hair and a long lace veil. It was Sylvia herself, and it was in no dissatisfied mood that she gazed at her own likeness, rendered still more interesting by a slight touch of melancholy.

"Well, miss, you *do* look lovely—too lovely," said Bertha, enraptured. "I really can't tell you how beautiful you are, but I know it's a real shame that such a lovely bride should have such a quiet wedding. The whole place and everybody in it should have a chance of looking at you."

"I have already told you several times, Bertha, that Herr Goldisch, good and sensible man that he is, has given up all display out of proper consideration for this house, and that I am quite of his mind."

"Indeed, he is good!" exclaimed Bertha, with a revival of ecstasy. "I certainly owe it to you, miss, but it is wonderfully

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good of him to give me the means of marrying after all this time. It is fearful, miss, to be engaged for eight years without any chance of marriage at the end, and you and Herr Goldisch have helped me out of my trouble, for which I shall always be deeply grateful."

"You deserve it, Bertha, after serving me so well for ten years."

"Yes, just ten years to-day, miss. On the 13th of October, 1858, you came to this house quite alone in a black merino dress and crape veil, and on the 13th of October, 1868, you are standing here as a bride, wearing a dress worth many pounds, and you will go out into the world as the wife of a rich, kind gentleman, Herr Goldisch, who will give you a beautiful home. It cures me of the superstition about the 13th, for if Frau Valentine Goldisch is to marry a Spanish duke, as they are saying in the house, she may be well contented with her lot, too."

"Everything is ready now, Bertha. Give me my gloves and leave me alone," said Sylvia somewhat shortly, for Bertha's words called up unpleasant recollections.

She set herself down at her dressing-table and passed the ten years in review. She remembered how, young and inexperienced, the sorrows and joys of her father's house had been taken away from her, and she had been left to the kindness of her native place, and then how, naturally disposed to piety and goodness, her lot had been cast with unsympathetic relatives. The world had surrounded her, pushed her on, borne her up, petted and flattered her, and she saw with what difficulty her better nature, which had been fostered by her early education, had tried to resist the torrent. It had found support in her innocent liking for Aurel, who shared her feelings and views, but like a weak reed this prop had given way, bent and broken by a current of worldliness.

She saw the growing influence on herself of circumstances and surroundings. They had drawn her more and more to outward things, estranged her first from the church and then from a practising faith, placed her in a sea of distractions and pleasures, without settled plan in her life, or serious occupation, or proper training of mind, judgment, and character. It had been a perpetual idleness, disguised by brilliant development of her musical talent, novel-reading in foreign languages, and note-writing for her aunt. She saw how vanity and self-seeking had grown in proportion as the consciousness that she charmed dawned upon and flattered her. This had been the state of things at the time

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of her affair with Wilderich von Tieffenstein. The world petted them both because they were its slaves, unknown to themselves: and when grave questions arose worldliness parted them, and Sylvia, who wished to love and be beloved, was thrown off as not possessing that which the world most prizes—money.

Then she saw how two rude deceptions of this nature had acted upon her heart like a withering night-frost. She might have become humble and detached herself from the faithless world, and perhaps this had been the very design of Almighty God in his mercy. His lovingness was ever mindful of her, and he had offered her constant opportunities of grace, whilst she was forgetting him and resisting them. Pride, not humility, had taken root in her heart; she had deemed herself deserving of a better fate, had hated her dependent position without striving after inward liberty, and had longed to be loved rather for the sake of inspiring a faithful and enduring love than to love in return. And she had found the object of her desires—a true love, but clothed in the garb of sacrifice. She had come across a man generous enough to love her soul more than anything else in her, and who, in the strength of his affection, purposed to carry the powers of the world before him and to triumph over the conflicting elements in Sylvia's heart. It was two years that day since he had spoken, and now she was going to the altar with another. And for the sake of this other, whom she did not love, she was giving up her faith, giving up Vincent, Clarissa, and all who ever spoke to her of God and strove to win her for eternal things. Why was this? The reason of it was that her soul had become languid and indolent, and earthly-minded in the atmosphere of a worldly life, and that she had forgotten, or, worse still, despised, her heavenly calling. A few heavy tears rolled down Sylvia's cheeks as she saw all this in her mind's eye. She longed to accuse herself in confession of the guilty follies of so many years, and to bear witness to the truth by confessing to God's representative, with hearty contrition and firm purpose of amendment, those offences against his eternal love which were still on her conscience. She longed to hear the words of absolution spoken over her by God's priest—those heavenly words which really accomplish all they promise—and then to welcome the Blessed Sacrament into her purified and contrite heart, so as to receive all the grace contained in the sacrament of matrimony. But it was a vain longing. She was on the point of committing grievous sin. No priest had power to bless her as she stood before the altar to take a hand which was not free. As the sun is

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never so beautiful as when about to set, so now she saw the graces of the sacraments stand out in strongest relief before they disappeared in her soul's dark night. "It is too late; heavenly food is not for me. I have been fed for too long on poisoned sweets," said Sylvia to herself, breathing on to her handkerchief and then passing it across her eyes to hide all traces of tears.

The baroness came into the room. Sylvia hastened up to her, kissed her affectionately, and promised to be a kind mother to Valentine's little boy. The baroness was easily moved. "I wish from my heart, love, that you may be happier than poor Tini," she said. "But I could wish still more that you were marrying a Catholic, who looks upon marriage as indissoluble. You must understand how much I feel this, but I won't reproach either you or Goldisch."

"I will always be a good daughter to you, dear aunt."

The baron remained perfectly unmoved. Sylvia thanked him for all his kindness, and, looking as black as a stormy night, he answered: "That's all very well. I may do what I will for my children, I have no pleasure in any of them, neither in my own nor in the adopted one. They are selfish creatures, who go their own way and don't trouble themselves about their parents."

"You will soon be reconciled to my way, I feel convinced, dear little uncle," said Sylvia in her playful tone.

He answered nothing. It cost him too much to lose the slave who amused him so well.

They drove to a Protestant church where ten years previously the same clergyman had married Valentine to the same man. There was a breakfast afterwards, and then came the parting hour. Everything was got through quickly and without much display of feeling. There were a great many people at the railway waiting-room, and in the confusion a young man passed close up to Sylvia, who was sitting beside Goldisch at a window, looking now into the room, now out on to the platform, and comparing the scene to the one she had witnessed on her first arrival at the capital. The young man brushed past a velvet dress, and turned quickly round to say, "I beg your pardon." Then he recognized Sylvia, bowed politely, and disappeared in the seething crowd. Stunned and bewildered as if she had seen a spectre, Sylvia sat and stared after him. She did not want to be reminded of the past.

"Wasn't that Herr von Lehrbach?" asked Herr Goldisch.

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"Yes, it was," replied Sylvia faintly.

The doors were thrown open. Goldisch led Sylvia by the arm to the train. They got in; Sylvia was alone in the world with him and for him. Whilst their train was flying northwards another was taking Vincent westwards to his mother; and soon afterwards Baron Grünerode and Edgar took the Paris train.

"I have got leave of absence for you," said the baron to his son after Goldisch and Sylvia had bade farewell. "You are to come with me at once to Paris. If I succeed in making that silly creature Valentine listen to reason by removing her bodily from the scenes, this adventurer, who gives himself out, Aurel says, as a Spanish duke and a sufferer in the last revolution, may be troublesome, and you can fight with your fists better than I."

Edgar preferred travelling on his own hook and with like-minded comrades to pleasure trips in his father's society. But knowing how much his aptitude for getting through money had excited the baron's wrath, he resolved not to give him a further cause for annoyance, and therefore complied. His mother burst into tears in wishing him good-by, and kissed him again and again.

"Don't be so easily touched, mother," said Edgar carelessly. "We shall be back in a few days with Valentine, the fanciful creature! There is nothing to cry about."

"Good heavens! who knows how it will end with you all? Harry is more delicate than ever, and perhaps you will never see him again."

"Don't worry yourself needlessly," he exclaimed, throwing her off impatiently to go after his father.

"We are going to Havre first," the baron said in the train. "I have just had a telegram telling me that Valentine wanted to embark there for California."

"What absurd nonsense!" exclaimed Edgar. And ensconcing himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage, he went fast to sleep.

When they reached Havre the baron at once inquired for the *Charmante Gabrielle*. She was already lying at anchor and on the point of sailing for California, so they hurried to the harbor.

"First inquire if Valentine is on board," said Edgar, as the baron was preparing to get from the boat on to the ship, where he seemed to be expected.

"So as to give her the chance of escaping us?" said his fa-

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ther harshly. "No, I am not going to agree to that. Get up and let us have a good search."

The captain received them most politely on deck and took them down to the cabin. There the baron said with iron calmness to his son: "Now, this merchant vessel is bound for California, Japan, and Madagascar, not with Valentine on board, but with you. She returns to Europe in two or three years' time, so you will be able to unlearn money-spending at your leisure. All your expenses are paid, and the captain has orders to give you as much as the sailors earn for your pocket-money, which is a great deal more than you deserve."

"What atrocious tyranny!" cried out Edgar, beside himself with rage.

"In three years' time you will be grateful to me," replied the baron coldly. "Now farewell; behave yourself properly and come back all the wiser for your sail round the world."

He left the cabin, and as Edgar was on the point of rushing after him two big sailors blocked up the way, barring the door like iron fixtures. In mute and raging despair Edgar threw himself on the floor and asked himself whether he had not better take a leap overboard and thus end his days. But he had no attractions that way, and finally decided in his mind that three years of wretchedness were preferable to suicide. Hatred of his father, who had treated him so cruelly and so falsely, was his predominant feeling.

Gloomy and brooding, the baron returned to Havre and then to Paris. For whom was he working? Who would inherit the fruits of his labors? The thought left him no peace, because the answer which forced itself upon him was this: "For a childless son, a banished son, and a dying son; for a daughter who had made an unhappy marriage, and another who was living on the world in misery." These were his children! His whole life had been directed towards securing them brilliant positions in the world. Yet what pleasurable anticipation did they give him? What joyful hopes might he found upon them? Not one. In all probability at his death his name, and fortune, and firm would fall to pieces; and this was all he had to show for his life. What would it profit him to have lived for these things?

There was great joy at Frau von Lehrbach's over Vincent's return. He had received one of those appointments which only the best men are entitled to expect, and the honor encouraged his mother and made her hopeful. She found her son grown to man's maturity, and was justified in looking to him to take his

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father's place to Theobald as an experienced friend and wise counsellor. Vincent's appointment considerably diminished her anxiety about her son's prospects, and it vanished, too, of itself in proportion as her mind regained the equilibrium which her husband's death had temporarily disturbed.

"Follow in Vincent's footsteps," she would say to Theobald, who had finished his studies and wished to pursue the same profession as his brother; "be like Vincent, have God before your eyes, and you will be a joy to me."

"You are like your father—good, and strong, and clear-minded," she would say to Vincent. "You have God before your eyes. Oh! remain always as you are now in the midst of the temptations of the world."

Clarissa's spiritual eye rested tenderly on her mother and on Vincent, the two beings who engrossed her soul's whole powers of loving. Hers was a love which had never known a selfish thought or an earthly desire. "Pray for him, mother dear, that he may always be the joy of your life," she said earnestly.

"Yes, mother," said Vincent, "the world is rushing on into the darkness of the powers of evil and into the shadows of death which spring from its own corruption. But a mountain of light rises in its midst, and rays of light shine forth from it on life's dark stone and enlighten every man that honestly wishes to see. The mountain is the church with her means of grace. She grows in light and strength, and power and peace, in proportion as the world loses ground and standing-point and becomes darker and more miserable. I will be faithful to her and live for her higher interests, and I will love and forward her divine mission, and so I shall become what you wish to see me. I feel that a conscientious discharge of my duties is only daily bread to me; it does not quench my soul's thirst. I must seek that which will quench it in a higher sphere, and I thank God for having shown me the way to it in making me a son of the church."

A letter was brought in for Clarissa.

"It's from Sylvia," she exclaimed joyfully, and broke it open. But a sorrowful "oh!" burst from her lips when she had read it. Vincent seized hold of it and read aloud:

"My dear, kind Clary, you shall have my first note from my new home. I only want to tell you that I was married the day before yesterday, and to ask you not to forget your loving friend, SYLVIA GOLDISCH."

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"That surely cannot be her cousin's husband, can it?" exclaimed Frau von Lehrbach.

"Yes, it is. I saw them going off," replied Vincent calmly, putting the letter back on the table. His struggle was over.

"What a dreadful note! How short, and cold, and stand-off it is! It sounds like a farewell for life," exclaimed Clarissa.

"And that's just what it is, and Sylvia wanted it to be so understood," said Vincent. "She felt that she ought to tell her friend what has happened, but she meant you to see that she did not wish for an answer, and what, indeed, could you now have in common?"

"Oh! how could Sylvia have fallen so low?" sighed Clarissa, sorrowfully clasping her hands.

"Do you think she is the only one who is blighted in this way by the withering breath of worldliness?" asked Vincent.

CONCLUDED.

HARD WORDS FROM HOLY LIPS.

THE TEST SUPREME OF THEIR LISTENERS' FAITH.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."—*Jesus.*

"This is a hard saying; who can hear it? . . . How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"—*The Jews.*

"From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him."—*St. John.*

"He that eateth and drinketh unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, . . . not discerning the Lord's body."—*St. Paul.*

FORBID that I partake, O Paul the Roman!
Discerning not the body of the Lord;
Lest, guilty of his blood, like those of Corinth,
I share the sin thy stern rebuke incurr'd.

Forbid that I desert thee, O my Master!
Like those disciples else to thee so wed,
Thyself as food—that hard, hard word rejecting,
The first to close the lip to Christ, the Bread!

Orate fratres for our Christian kindred,
The separate, yet cherished none the less,
So much of truth, yet not the whole, accepting—
Oh! pray that they the All of truth embrace.

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THE NEW COMET, AND COMETS IN GENERAL.

ON the morning of the 18th of March last Mr. Wells, assistant at the Dudley Observatory of Albany, discovered a small but brilliant and well-formed comet in the northeastern sky. It was an interesting one at first sight, having a sharp and well-defined nucleus, and—what is quite rare for comets at their first appearance—a decided (though, it must be confessed, rather stubby) tail; but additional interest was soon given to it by a calculation of its orbit made by Mr. S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge. According to this calculation, the comet was going almost directly toward the sun, and would, on the 1st of June, pass the great luminary at a distance of only five hundred and fifty thousand miles from its centre. Only five hundred and fifty thousand miles! Well, the unprofessional hearer of this statement would perhaps see nothing very exciting in that; but if he was reminded that it is more than four hundred thousand miles from the sun's centre to its surface, and informed that calculations made at so early a date might well be a hundred thousand or even a million of miles out of the way in this respect, he would begin to see that there was some reason to think that this comet might actually strike the solar orb. And as it seemed to be a pretty good-sized one, it seemed quite as if the obvious possibility of a vast production of heat by a large body falling into the sun were beginning to assume an unexpectedly practical shape. And whatever views people might have about the mass of comets in general, or of this one in particular, the event which seemed to threaten was not without its interest.

Other computations, however, especially those made later, showed that the comet was not going so very near the sun after all; but still it is going to make an uncommonly near approach, and this, together with its present size and state of development, makes it promise to take a fair rank among the naked-eye comets of this century.

The last twenty-five years have been quite fruitful in comets. The great one of Donati in 1858 had in 1861 an even more phenomenal rival, which suddenly burst into the northern heavens early in July with a tail of the enormous length of one hundred degrees. The comet itself was in the northwest, and was plainly visible in bright twilight on the first day that it was seen here;

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and as darkness came on its prodigious appendage was seen stretching overhead nearly to the eastern horizon. It came quite unheralded, and seemed as if it might be rapidly approaching the earth; during the next day there was perhaps some cause for apprehension. But that night what fears might have existed were removed. The comet was then fainter, and thenceforth waned quite rapidly. Its sudden appearance was afterward explained by its having come from the southern celestial hemisphere, and in such a way that at night it was hid from our view by the earth, very much like the great one of last summer. It is probable that we passed through the tail before we saw it.

Then there was a fairly good comet in 1862, giving, with its predecessor, some color to the old belief in the connection of comets with wars. The great German and French wars of 1866 and 1870, however, failed to elicit anything remarkable in this line; there was a break till 1874, when Coggia's comet shone for a few days low in the western sky. Then there was a great one in 1880, though we did not see it, it being too far south; and lastly the great one of June, 1881, and the (comparatively) small one of August of the same year.

These make a very fair showing. In the previous quarter of a century there had been only two fine ones; the first was the celebrated one of Halley, returning on schedule time in 1835, the second the still more remarkable one of 1843, supposed to be the same as that of 1880.

But it must not be supposed that the comets which we have named are all that have visited our system in the last fifty years. On the contrary, about four are observed every year on the average, and probably some others which come within our range escape detection. Not very many, though, in the present state of things, at least in our northern skies; for comet-seeking is now, and has been for a good while, a regular branch of astronomical business, pursued by many amateurs, and also having a detail assigned for it at some public observatories. It is not a very glorious or remarkable achievement to discover a comet; it requires no great professional skill, but principally good eyes, time, and patience. It is like fishing in very poor waters. The comet-seeker goes to work with his telescope as an enthusiast for the gentle sport would with his trolling-line; he sweeps carefully with it over the heavens, and when he sees anything that looks like a comet he stops, unless he has caught, or more properly been caught by, the same fish before. For there are false comets in the sky; that is to say, what are called nebulæ—more

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or less faint, fuzzy objects, in themselves much grander things than comets, being immense systems or worlds, some, perhaps, in course of formation, but usually well known to have been for years just where the cometary sportsman finds them, and therefore not contributing to his renown. If he is an old hand at the business he knows these imitations of his proper game; if he does not remember them he refers to his map of the heavens. If the object is a pretty bright one, and not down on his map as a nebula, he feels sure that he has captured his prey; but the only absolute test is to see if it moves. To assure himself on this point he puts a more regularly mounted telescope than the one he has been using on it, placing his supposed comet just where the wires cross in the field; and then, applying the clockwork which makes the telescope follow the stars in their diurnal (or, more correctly, nocturnal) course, he perhaps goes below and refreshes the inner man with food or some draught that will not unsteady his nerves. After a quarter of an hour or so he comes up; if the clock has been going correctly the stars in the field will not have budged from their places, but the comet—if comet it be—will probably have moved perceptibly off the junction of the wires.

This, at least, is the most comfortable way of "starting" a comet (or a planet also; for the hunt for new asteroids is conducted in a similar manner; only, these little planets being indistinguishable from fixed stars except by their motion, a chart of the heavens has to be continually referred to during the sweeping process, making it slower and more laborious). But if one is too eager for work to relinquish it even for a few minutes a measurement may be made of the relative position of the supposed comet and some neighboring star; the same measurements repeated after a short interval will show the motion, if it exists, by the change in their results.

This measurement of the relative position of a comet and some fixed star determines the place of the comet in the heavens; for the place of the fixed star, its latitude and longitude on the celestial parallels and meridians, can be easily ascertained subsequently by other instruments, if it is not already given in some catalogue. The measurements are made so as to determine the *difference* of longitude and latitude between the comet and the star; then, those of the star being known, those of the comet become known also. This ascertained longitude and latitude of the comet on the celestial sphere, which are technically called its right ascension and declination—latitude and longitude in the sky

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having a somewhat different meaning—together with the time at which they were obtained, constitute what is called a complete observation of its position; and three of these are theoretically sufficient for the complete determination of its orbit. Let us look into this matter a little.

It follows from the law of gravitation that the orbit or path round the sun of any body, whether belonging properly to the planetary system or coming to it from outside, must be one of what are called the conic sections—namely, the ellipse, parabola, and hyperbola. The ellipse is the only one of these curves which returns into itself, so that all bodies properly belonging to the solar system move in ellipses; while those coming from outside and merely taking one turn round the sun move in parabolas or hyperbolas. Some comets belong to our system permanently and move in ellipses; but the great majority of them seem to follow a parabolic course, well marked and indubitable hyperbolas being extremely rare. It is, therefore, always assumed, on first observing a new comet, that it moves in a parabola; and thus the *shape* of its orbit is known—or supposed to be known—to begin with, for all parabolas have the same shape, differing only in their *scale*. The most convenient and natural line to determine the scale of a parabolic orbit by is its distance from the sun at its nearest point. Besides this, however, we have to know what plane the orbit lies in; for it has a definite plane, all the conic sections being plane curves, so that they can be correctly represented on a flat surface. To fix this plane all that is necessary is to know the angle which it makes with the plane of the earth's orbit, and the position in the earth's orbit of the line of intersection of the two planes. Then we must also know how the comet's orbit lies in its own plane; that is to say, whether its line of nearest distance to the sun lies at the intersection of the two planes, or, if not, what angle it makes with the line of intersection. Lastly, to know the comet's movement perfectly we must know when it passes the point of nearest distance to the sun; this known, we have the angle which the line connecting it with the sun at any time makes with the line of nearest distance by a simple algebraic equation. These five quantities—viz., the length of the line of nearest distance to the sun, or of perihelion distance, as it is called; the inclination of the plane to that of the earth's orbit; the position in the earth's orbit of the line of intersection of the two planes; the angle made by the perihelion line with this; and the time of perihelion passage—these are what are called the elements of the orbit. They give, as will be evident on a little reflec-

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tion, the precise position of the comet in space at any time; and they are, as we have said, theoretically deducible from the six quantities, three right ascensions and three declinations, obtained from the three observations.

In fact, these three observations give more than enough material for determining the orbit; they suffice even where the sixth element—that is, the shape of the orbit—is unknown. Still, if the orbit is really parabolic and the observations correct, the orbit obtained on the parabolic hypothesis will undoubtedly satisfy the observations. If it fails to do so it is a sign that the true path is elliptic or hyperbolic, probably the former. If this becomes strongly probable—that is to say, if the discrepancy is more than can be attributed to errors of observation—some one undertakes the more troublesome task of computing elements unassisted by any assumption.

Another circumstance besides this failure of a parabola to represent the observations may give rise to suspicion of ellipticity in the orbit. Suppose that on computing the parabolic elements of a comet supposed to be new they seem to resemble strongly those of some previous one; it at once becomes more or less likely that the two are identical, for it is not very probable that two casual visitors to our system would follow precisely the same path. Sometimes the ground of our belief that a comet moves in an elliptic orbit, and will therefore return periodically, is based principally on this consideration; for when the ellipse is very long compared with its width it is very hard to tell any difference between it and a parabola, in the part which comes within the range of our observation. This is the case, for instance, with the comet of 1880, supposed to be the same as that of 1843.

The great majority of comets, however, as has been said, move in parabolas, as far as we can judge; therefore, of course, their appearance is, as a rule, unexpected by astronomers as well as by other people, there being no ground on which a prediction could be based. Astronomers, however, generally see them first, and are therefore able, as in the case of the present one, to give some information to the world at large about the movements and the future of the greater ones before they become visible to the naked eye, and also post themselves in advance thoroughly about many others of which the world hears little or nothing.

So generally is it the case that comets come unexpectedly that there is but one which is at all conspicuous whose return can be definitely announced before it is seen. This is the celebrated comet of Halley, next due in 1910. So if you see or hear

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of a great comet coming do not ask, "Was it expected?" No, of course not. Some people saw it before you, that is all. But it must not be supposed that their course is at all erratic or untraceable; on the contrary, they move under the same laws which determine the planetary movements, though their wide departure from circular motion and the usually great inclination of their planes to those of the great planets make their disturbances by these planets hard to calculate. Also, they not being, like the planets, permanently in view, we have not the time during the short season of their appearance to determine their elements with the immense precision which would be necessary in order to calculate as exactly as we could wish the disturbing actions of other bodies on them in the time when they are beyond our ken. But let us have the chance to observe them that we have on the planets, and their supposed "erratic" character would vanish; Jupiter itself would be somewhat "erratic" yet, if it could only be seen for a few days in its period of twelve years.

To show how accurate the knowledge of cometary movements is we need only refer to that of Halley, just named. At its last return, after an absence of seventy-six years, it passed its perihelion within four days of the time predicted by one of its calculators before it hove in sight. Next time it will probably be hit even nearer. And Halley's comet is no more regular than others.

Of course those which move in real parabolas or hyperbolas or enormously elongated ellipses may become in a sense decidedly erratic by running foul of some other fixed star besides our sun, and taking a turn round it; or at least by experiencing disturbances from the fixed stars which we have no means to calculate. But in all this there is nothing to show that they diverge a hair's-breadth from the positions which they would occupy under the strict application of the Newtonian law. Comets, instead of being an exception to this law, are a most splendid confirmation of it.

We have said that there is only one great comet that is known to return periodically. There are, however, a good many small ones which do so, and the number is rapidly increasing. Some of them have been observed through quite a number of returns, and they come up to time quite as regularly as the planets, circumstances considered. If, however, their orbits happen to pass near those of one of the greater planets, Jupiter especially, they are subject to considerable disturbance and change, if

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the planet and comet should chance to come at the same time into that region of close approach of their paths. A remarkable instance occurred of this in the case of Lexell's comet, so-called, as is usual with periodic comets, not after the first man who saw it, but after the discoverer of its periodicity.

This comet was discovered by Messier on June 14. On July 1 it came within about one and a half millions of miles from the earth (quite a close shave in planetary space), and, though not in itself a very large object of its class, covered with its round head twenty times as much space on the sky as is occupied by our moon. This astonishing phenomenon, however, was accompanied by an even more astonishing result of calculation, announced by Lexell. He found that the comet was revolving in an elliptic orbit requiring only about five and a half years for its complete circuit. The remarkable feature of this result, of course, was that if the comet really moved in such a path, and was repeatedly approaching so near the earth's orbit, it ought to have been seen before. But however that might be accounted for, the calculations proved beyond cavil and had to be accepted; the practical thing was to look out for it on its next return, and thus make up, as far as possible, for past neglect. Or rather, we should say, on its next return but one; for the next time it could hardly be expected to be seen, since the earth would then be on the opposite side of its orbit, and thus the comet would be too far away from us to be easily detected. At the expected time, however, it did not make its appearance, which seemed quite unaccountable for some time, till Lexell, by a complete study of its movements, found that in 1767, three years before it was first seen, it had passed very near to the planet Jupiter, and that the influence of this planet had changed its orbit from whatever it might have been before, bringing it down to the five-and-a-half-year ellipse in which it was moving in 1770; this sufficiently accounted for its never being seen before that time. And he also found, what was still more remarkable, that twelve years later, in 1779, after two revolutions of the comet and one of Jupiter round the sun, it had again run foul of that great planet in about the same place, and then experienced its attraction in a contrary way so as to throw it out of its short-period ellipse into some path in which it was no longer observable. But it was impossible to tell this new orbit exactly, owing to the want of the very precise knowledge of its temporary path which would be necessary for such a purpose. A comet, however, appeared only last year, which was moving in a somewhat

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similar line in space to that which Lexell's had at the time of its visibility; and it is not impossible that it may have been this old friend again, perhaps once more brought within our reach by the help of the planetary giant which had before twice so violently disturbed its movements. Evidently it can never shake itself quite free of Jupiter without the aid of some other planet, except by being thrown entirely out of our system on a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit; for on whatever ellipse it could leave Jupiter's path, it would, under the influence of the sun alone, come back to the neighborhood of that path again.

Other apparently periodic comets which have not returned have probably met with similar disasters. Such may have been the fate of the great comet of 1556, which was expected to return in 1860, if it be identical, as seems somewhat likely, with those of 975 and 1264; though the orbit calculated for it does not bring it into close proximity with any of the known great planets.

So much, then, for the movements of comets. But what is a comet itself? This, unfortunately, is a question which we are not able as yet to answer, and probably shall not be for some time, unless we have the good or bad fortune, as the case may be, to make the acquaintance of some one of them at much closer quarters than we did even with Lexell's above spoken of. We may consider it as certain that they have some mass or weight, since they follow the law of gravitation; but it is probable that this mass is, at least for the great majority of them, very slight. They have never been known by their attractive influence to disturb the planets perceptibly, though, as has been seen, themselves experiencing great perturbations from them. And some have allowed stars to be seen through what would seem their very densest parts. At the same time it would be a hasty assumption to conclude that there never was or will be a comet possessed of considerable mass. Some of them, like the present one, have had from the outset an apparently compact nucleus of very respectable dimensions, say several hundred miles in diameter; and there is no conclusive *à priori* reason why such masses should not be found travelling in eccentric orbits as well as in nearly circular ones. In fact, the paths of some of the asteroids, generally conceded to be solid and pretty weighty bodies, are quite cometic in their character.

There seems to be a similarity between comets and meteors; some comets travel in the paths round the sun followed by certain meteor streams. And though most meteors are insignificant in bulk and weight, some are not. We have really no se-

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or less faint, fuzzy objects, in themselves much grander things than comets, being immense systems or worlds, some, perhaps, in course of formation, but usually well known to have been for years just where the cometary sportsman finds them, and therefore not contributing to his renown. If he is an old hand at the business he knows these imitations of his proper game; if he does not remember them he refers to his map of the heavens. If the object is a pretty bright one, and not down on his map as a nebula, he feels sure that he has captured his prey; but the only absolute test is to see if it moves. To assure himself on this point he puts a more regularly mounted telescope than the one he has been using on it, placing his supposed comet just where the wires cross in the field; and then, applying the clockwork which makes the telescope follow the stars in their diurnal (or, more correctly, nocturnal) course, he perhaps goes below and refreshes the inner man with food or some draught that will not unsteady his nerves. After a quarter of an hour or so he comes up; if the clock has been going correctly the stars in the field will not have budged from their places, but the comet—if comet it be—will probably have moved perceptibly off the junction of the wires.

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the planet and comet should chance to come at the same time into that region of close approach of their paths. A remarkable instance occurred of this in the case of Lexell's comet, so-called, as is usual with periodic comets, not after the first man who saw it, but after the discoverer of its periodicity.

This comet was discovered by Messier on June 14. On July 1 it came within about one and a half millions of miles from the earth (quite a close shave in planetary space), and, though not in itself a very large object of its class, covered with its round head twenty times as much space on the sky as is occupied by our moon. This astonishing phenomenon, however, was accompanied by an even more astonishing result of calculation, announced by Lexell. He found that the comet was revolving in an elliptic orbit requiring only about five and a half years for its complete circuit. The remarkable feature of this result, of course, was that if the comet really moved in such a path, and was repeatedly approaching so near the earth's orbit, it ought to have been seen before. But however that might be accounted for, the calculations proved beyond cavil and had to be accepted; the practical thing was to look out for it on its next return, and thus make up, as far as possible, for past neglect. Or rather, we should say, on its next return but one; for the next time it could hardly be expected to be seen, since the earth would then be on the opposite side of its orbit, and thus the comet would be too far away from us to be easily detected. At the expected time, however, it did not make its appearance, which seemed quite unaccountable for some time, till Lexell, by a complete study of its movements, found that in 1767, three years before it was first seen, it had passed very near to the planet Jupiter, and that the influence of this planet had changed its orbit from whatever it might have been before, bringing it down to the five-and-a-half-year ellipse in which it was moving in 1770; this sufficiently accounted for its never being seen before that time. And he also found, what was still more remarkable, that twelve years later, in 1779, after two revolutions of the comet and one of Jupiter round the sun, it had again run foul of that great planet in about the same place, and then experienced its attraction in a contrary way so as to throw it out of its short-period ellipse into some path in which it was no longer observable. But it was impossible to tell this new orbit exactly, owing to the want of the very precise knowledge of its temporary path which would be necessary for such a purpose. A comet, however, appeared only last year, which was moving in a somewhat

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similar line in space to that which Lexell's had at the time of its visibility; and it is not impossible that it may have been this old friend again, perhaps once more brought within our reach by the help of the planetary giant which had before twice so violently disturbed its movements. Evidently it can never shake itself quite free of Jupiter without the aid of some other planet, except by being thrown entirely out of our system on a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit; for on whatever ellipse it could leave Jupiter's path, it would, under the influence of the sun alone, come back to the neighborhood of that path again.

Other apparently periodic comets which have not returned have probably met with similar disasters. Such may have been the fate of the great comet of 1556, which was expected to return in 1860, if it be identical, as seems somewhat likely, with those of 975 and 1264; though the orbit calculated for it does not bring it into close proximity with any of the known great planets.

So much, then, for the movements of comets. But what is a comet itself? This, unfortunately, is a question which we are not able as yet to answer, and probably shall not be for some time, unless we have the good or bad fortune, as the case may be, to make the acquaintance of some one of them at much closer quarters than we did even with Lexell's above spoken of. We may consider it as certain that they have some mass or weight, since they follow the law of gravitation; but it is probable that this mass is, at least for the great majority of them, very slight. They have never been known by their attractive influence to disturb the planets perceptibly, though, as has been seen, themselves experiencing great perturbations from them. And some have allowed stars to be seen through what would seem their very densest parts. At the same time it would be a hasty assumption to conclude that there never was or will be a comet possessed of considerable mass. Some of them, like the present one, have had from the outset an apparently compact nucleus of very respectable dimensions, say several hundred miles in diameter; and there is no conclusive *à priori* reason why such masses should not be found travelling in eccentric orbits as well as in nearly circular ones. In fact, the paths of some of the asteroids, generally conceded to be solid and pretty weighty bodies, are quite cometic in their character.

There seems to be a similarity between comets and meteors; some comets travel in the paths round the sun followed by certain meteor streams. And though most meteors are insignificant in bulk and weight, some are not. We have really no se-

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curity that there may be meteors, not merely of a ton or so in weight, like some which have fallen on the earth, but of much greater size. A planet is after all nothing but a large meteor, moving in a nearly circular orbit; a meteor is nothing but a small planet in an eccentric one. Comets may very well be a cross between the two.

But why they develop tails, and what the nature of the tail is, is yet a mystery. We prefer to hazard no guess on the subject till the observations and investigations for which the frequency of modern comets decorated with these appendages has given opportunity have led to some more definite result than at present. The tail is pretty certainly produced by action of some kind from the sun, seemingly of a repulsive character, as the tail is regularly turned away from the sun, following the comet in its approach to that body and preceding it in its retreat. The matter of a comet is apparently of some peculiar character, since planets do not have tails, unless the aurora can be considered such for the earth. There may perhaps be some connection between the two phenomena, but it can hardly be considered as strongly indicated.

But our article is getting unduly long, and we must return from the subject of comets in general to that of the present one in particular. Its orbit, though not determined as yet with all desirable accuracy, is well enough known to give us a sufficient idea for ordinary purposes of its future course and brilliancy. It will probably become faintly visible to the naked eye about the middle of May, but its lustre will be dimmed in the evening by the advancing moon. It will then be in the northern heavens under the pole-star, rather more than one-third of the way down to the horizon. When the moon has well passed the full the comet will probably be easily seen, considerably nearer the sun, and will increase quite rapidly in brightness till its head disappears in the solar rays, though its tail may (or may not) be quite conspicuous. As it passes its nearest point to the sun, or perihelion, on the 10th of June, it will probably swing what tail it may have round into the southern hemisphere of the heavens, and be entirely lost to our view for a day or two before and after that date. By the 15th, however, it will have well emerged on the other side, with the tail running up to the south, and will move through the heavens away from the sun, now pursuing a course among the stars about at right angles to its previous one. But now again the new moon will come in to interfere with it, and by the time that has gone from the evening sky the comet will

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probably be no longer an interesting object to ordinary observers.

In its brilliancy it may fall short of, or perhaps exceed, the expectations now entertained of it; the brilliancy has to be calculated on a merely theoretical rule, strictly applicable only to bodies with an ordinary reflecting surface and shining by reflected light from the sun. On this rule the comet will have at perihelion a lustre more than five hundred times as great as at present (April 24). But at that point probably no human eye will see it, owing to the vastly superior splendor of the sun itself. The most untoward feature of its path in space is the persistency with which it keeps at long range from our planet, from which it will remain at about the same distance as at present till it recedes permanently into space.

We can only hope that it will make as good a show as possible under the somewhat unfortunate circumstances of moonlight, sunlight, and relative position to ourselves which accompany its appearance, and (what is perhaps more important) that it may help to throw some light on the doubtful questions concerning the as yet unknown physical constitution of these frequent but still in some respects mysterious celestial visitants.

IRISH "OUTRAGES" IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WHEN on Queen Elizabeth's death, at Richmond, it became known that her successor was to be James of Scotland, the people of Ireland never doubted that the son of the martyred and Catholic queen would look with lenity, at least, on the faith which had comforted the last moments of his mother. The efforts of O'Donnell and O'Neill against English dominion during the closing years of Elizabeth's reign had ended in defeat, and both the victors and the defeated seemed to acquiesce in a peace which one side was too weakened to seek to disturb and the other was too well satisfied with to seek to break.

Elizabeth expired on the 24th of March, 1603, and the official notification of her death was borne shortly after to Dublin by one Sir Henry Davers, despatched upon this mission by Cecil and the other members of the English Privy Council. Davers struggled with ill-made roads and contrary winds as best he could, and at last reached Dublin in safety on the 5th of April, to learn, however, that the astute lord-deputy, Mountjoy, had had

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for a week full knowledge of the queen's decease, having received the news through another and a secret messenger. Immediately, however, upon Davers' arrival proclamation was made, with the usual formalities, of the accession of James, the sixth of that name, of Scotland, to the thrones of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. Now, the Catholics of Ireland, knowing as yet little of the real character of James Stuart, felt no doubt of his desire to see justice observed in any contention which might arise between them and the Anglican governors of their native land. They were ill-fitted to engage in new warring; a long struggle, waged in Mountjoy's and Carew's peculiar fashions, had decimated their ranks and impoverished the country. The lord-deputy, believing order to be thoroughly re-established and the recent rebellion entirely crushed, was already preparing to return to England when the first rumors of a new display of disaffection reached Dublin Castle. But this fresh effort on the part of the Catholics differed in many ways from most of the previous uprisings. It could not be said to partake of the nature of a national effort to throw off the English yoke nor did it display the ordinary symptoms of disloyalty. Indeed, little of actual disloyalty or disaffection can be discerned in it, and little evidence produced to show that the Catholics whose revolt retarded Mountjoy's departure were seeking aught but the right to practise their religion untrammelled by penal laws or disabilities. Of course in the writings of Mountjoy and his fellows all who sought to change existing laws or to ameliorate the condition of "the papists" were broadly designated as "rebels"; but the citizens of the southern cities had no real claim to the title of rebel, and the chief point of interest in the narrative we have to go over lies in the palpable fact that their effort was the first made by the Catholics of Ireland, *as* Catholics, to regain some part of their ante-Reformation rank and place. It shows, too, that the men who, like Mountjoy, held the reins of power had no desire to win to the cause of King James by conciliation those who were not indisposed to be loyal, unless, indeed, they accepted Protestantism as well as the oath of allegiance. It shows very clearly that good dispositions towards English rule, fealty and loyalty towards the English king, were all ranked as of small account in comparison with refusal to apostatize. At the same time it is not to be forgotten that Spain had old scores to settle with England, and that Spanish swords and Spanish gold were not utter strangers in Ireland.

Probably one of the most valuable helps future historians of

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the past relations of the English and Irish peoples will have is to be found in the "Calendars of State Papers" relating to the two countries, which are now being published under governmental inspection. These "Calendars" show us how the master-spirits of the past thought and wrote on many matters of political interest, and they bring before us the rumors, the stories of hopes and fears, which were transmitted to them and impelled them to action. It is in the volumes of the series referred to containing the summary of the State Papers from 1603 to 1608 that we hope to see the feelings with which King James' lord-deputy and his subordinates viewed Catholics and Catholicity.

When Mountjoy thought of seeking repose from his labors in England he transferred Sir George Carew from the presidency of Munster to represent him in Dublin, and caused two commissioners, Sir Charles Wilmot and Sir George Thornton, to be temporarily and jointly appointed to his place. It was from these commissioners that the first intimation reached the Castle of the disaffection of the Munster cities, and it was the intelligence by them transmitted which caused the viceroy to defer his departure for England and to turn back to the seemingly endless work of "pacification." The story they had to tell was briefly as follows: Carew, before leaving Cork, had given them directions to see to the rapid completion and armament of a certain fortification intended to protect and control that city. With a view to carrying out these instructions they sent orders to one Captain Slingsbie, who, with his company of foot, had been for some time stationed in the remote and then desolate western portion of the county, to move with his men forthwith to Cork. Now, the leaders of the citizens, who had throughout objected to the erection of the fort, strongly resented the billeting upon them of soldiers for the purpose of overawing them, and they saw that if ever effort was to be made for the winning of their rights, that effort could no longer be deferred. The men of Kilkenny and Waterford, as they learned, were ready to do what they might to sustain the old faith. They had eloquent priests who encouraged them, and they had with them stout-hearted William Meade, their recorder, with bold Philip Gould and Lieutenant Murrough, the two latter of whom had seen service on the Continent in the days of the League and Seize. They took to the walls, therefore, and kept what watch they might for the coming of the soldiers. Merchants left their wares and manufacturers their workshops to find a place in the ranks. "John Nicholas, the brewer," was a cannoneer and no

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mean marksman, and "John Clarke, the tanner from Mallow," was dexterous at mounting the big guns, which none else there knew how to do; but—and it is worth remembering—both of these were Englishmen.* The citizens had likewise repossessed themselves of their old churches, and many a pious prayer of thanksgiving was therein uttered. Once again the loud *Te Deums* rose to heaven, the choirs chanted the half-forgotten words of the service, and again the people of the old city worshipped their Saviour in the temples their pious forefathers had raised to his glory. They had no disloyalty to King James in their hearts; many of them were men of English birth; the majority had English blood in their veins. As they said themselves, "Their public prayers gave public testimony of their faithful hearts to the king's royal majesty," but they felt themselves bound to "be no less careful to manifest their duties to Almighty God, in which they would never be dissembling temporizers."

Slingsbie's company of infantry approached the city with beat of drum and colors flying, but they found the gates closed against them. No effort, however, appears to have been made to prevent them from crossing the walls or getting into the city by any means they counted best; but when they stood within the ramparts, and one Captain George Flower came to the mayor demanding billets for the wearied soldiers, by virtue of a warrant to that effect signed by Wilmot and Thornton, he was told that the civic ruler doubted the right of any commissioners to issue such commands to him, and, furthermore, that never had such document been presented to any of his predecessors. Flower hereupon reminded him that President Carew had before this issued such, but the mayor, truly enough, retorted that aught that Sir George Carew had done was no lawful precedent, because never before had Munster had so arbitrary a governor. Recorder Meade stood by the mayor throughout the interview, and by legal and apt citation supported his worship's defence of the municipal immunities. Flower, seeing that he could make no way with the mayor and his colleagues, withdrew to the commissioners, who at once prepared to indite and transmit to Dublin the despatch which retarded Mountjoy's departure. Slingsbie and his troopers seem to have taken up their quarters for the night in one of the churches—a circumstance not likely to raise them in favor with the religious-minded citizens—and next day to have moved outside the walls.

* Lord Cork, quoted in Smith's *History of Cork*, vol. ii. p. 95.

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Meade clearly appears to have been the prime instigator of the civil war which followed upon the withdrawal of the soldiers, and to have by his zeal and his fiery words overmastered the mayor and in most things won the least thoughtful class of the citizens to his way of thinking. That he was involved in Spanish intrigues and that his conduct in Cork was not quite spontaneous seem beyond doubt; for at a later date, when he escaped from the clutches of Mountjoy, he became an avowed Spanish pensionary and remained so until, some years afterwards, he died at Naples.* Never were people more cruelly wronged than the unfortunate Catholic inhabitants of Ireland, not merely those of Gaelic race, but the Anglo-Normans and those of English birth or descent. Anglo-Norman and English still possessed a fair share of wealth and rank, and carried on commerce; they were still permitted to practise at the learned professions; they still held municipal place and governed their cities; but the public following of the dictates of their conscience was forbidden, their priests were banned and hunted, imprisoned and martyred, the churches which their pious forefathers had raised were desecrated and perverted from their original purposes. They saw the funds which had been granted and bequeathed to the religious now in the hands of men far worse than the "unredeemed scoundrels" who Dr. Littledale tells us grasped church land and place in England. Think how the Catholics of Ireland must have felt when they found their cathedrals in possession of men whom Chief-Justice Saxey, himself a Protestant, described as—

"Not after the order of Aaron, bearing on their breast Urim and Thummim, but as the priests of Jeroboam, taken out of the basest of the people, more fit to sacrifice to a calf than to intermeddle with the religion of God. The chiefest of them (Miler Magragh), an Irishman, sometime a friar, is Archbishop of Cashel, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, and Bishop of Kelly.†

"Another, late deceased (Nicholas Keenan), a poor singing man, void of the knowledge of his grammar rules, advanced to the bishopric of Kerry, who hath now a successor (John Crosby) of like insufficiency.

"Another (William Lyon) preferred to three bishoprics, Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, which he now holdeth, a man utterly unlearned."‡

Again, Sir Arthur Chichester writes the Earl of Salisbury that—

"To be plain, it is the clergy itself that hath marred the people and undone the kingdom. There must be a reformation of the clergy."§

* Smith's *History*, vol. ii. p. 90.

† Killala is probably meant, but the word is as above in the original.

‡ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6, p. 220. § *Ibid.* p. 510.

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The so-called bishops alienated the olden church lands in exchange for prompt money payments; careless of the duties they had usurped and careful only of securing benefices for themselves, unlearned in polite science and totally unversed in the language of the natives, looking upon their dioceses as so many sponges from which, by simony and other crimes, to wring as much money as possible, they were examples of all that men in such station should not be. The lower Protestant clergy, who were grossly ignorant, totally unable to communicate with the people, and often men of dissolute and evil lives, speedily became objects of abhorrence to those who saw themselves handed over to the spiritual care of such wolves in sheep's clothing. Yet the manner in which the unfortunate Catholic people of Ireland were incited by the emissaries of Spain to pit themselves against the soldiers of England, while only very meagre supplies of either Spanish steel or gold ever reached Ireland, is a reproach to the statecraft of Spain.

The citizens, incited by Meade, seized the government stores in the city, while the unfortunate commissary or storekeeper fell a victim to popular indignation. The munitions of war and food supplies for the soldiers in the fort at Hawlboline, as well as for those engaged in the completion of the new work close to the city walls, had been stored within the ramparts in an old semi-dismantled fortalice known as Skiddy's Castle. Meade was determined that the troops should not continue to receive their usual supplies, and spared no effort to induce the mayor to lead the citizens in an assault upon the depot. It seems that the news of the disaffection of the citizens had brought within the walls considerable numbers of the native Irish—men who had passed through a severe training in warfare of the guerrilla kind, and who possessed to the fullest extent the mingled faults and virtues of soldiers of their class. Brave to rashness and devoted unto death to any trusted leader, but nevertheless turbulent and unruly, was the help which came from the hills and woods of Munster to the merchants of Cork. It appears that a crowd had surrounded Skiddy's Castle when the mayor and recorder arrived upon the scene. His worship, cautiously doubtful, hesitated about permitting any attack upon the storehouse; but Meade, mounting the steps leading to the entrance, swore a mighty oath that unless he cast away his timidity and took possession of the ammunition he—Meade—for one, would leave the city for ever. The favorite with the populace, Meade's bold words roused the enthusiasm of the crowd to an uncontrollable height. When Lieu-

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tenant Murrough and one Thomas Fagan pulled their head-pieces lower down on their brows, and, drawing their swords, led the way to the assault, the time-worn defences soon gave way. Emboldened by this success, of little account though it was, the citizens or their henchmen determined to attack the newly-erected fort outside the city. Assembled the day before that fixed for the attack, the mayor, in a speech probably inspired by Meade, told the people that before the lapse of forty hours all Ireland would be in arms and English sway within the island at an end. The citizens, led by Murrough, assaulted the fort, put to the sword those soldiers who attempted defence, and dismantled and destroyed all that it had cost Wilmot and Slingsbie so much pains to perfect. Murrough had old scores to settle with the English, for his brother had been executed for a share in the defence of Kinsale when Juan de Aguila held it for Philip of Spain, and it may therefore be thought that he hardly erred on the side of mercy. Naturally exultant at their speedy and easy successes, the citizens became more courageous in the public practice of their religion, and the historian tells us how they resumed possession of their ancient churches and restored the "old popish pictures," and, worst of crimes, "buried the dead with the Romish ceremonies."* Sir Charles Wilmot seems to have now entered into some sort of negotiation with the mayor, the result of which was that Wilmot agreed to withdraw his soldiers from their encampment near the city to Youghal.

Wilmot wrote Carew on the 7th of May, 1603, that—

"The villians have given 20 canonades against Shandon, where Lady Carew lieth, which, thank God, done her no harm; as many more have passed clean through the Bishop's Court, where Sr. George and he do lie. All this could not daunt her Ladyship, neither could they get her to remove any other where for her safety out of her high disdain against the Mayor of Cork."†

Wexford, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Limerick had been, in the words of Mountjoy, guilty of "like insolency" with Cork, and their citizens had ventured to "set up the Mass" and had dared to harbor Jesuits, friars, and other like "firebrands of sedition," but they lacked the courage needful for the worthy continuance of the contest they had engaged in. The real truth seems to be that the leading Catholics in these places were desirous to secure the free exercise of their religion, but had no wish to cast

* Smith, vol. ii. p. 96. † Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6, p. 48.

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off the English rule. Descendants of men who had won at the sword-point foothold on Irish soil, their very ramparts, erected as bulwarks against the natives, seemed a solid remonstrance against their present opposition to the English deputy. When the leading citizens of these towns first ventured to assert their right to worship as their fathers had done, they never thought of allowing their movement to become one of a political nature, and they naturally felt strongly the awkwardness of their position when they found themselves overborne by the Irish element and their effort being rapidly metamorphosed into one for national independence. To use a modern word, their "platform" was, looked at in one aspect, too narrow. Their action had been unwisely premature; they had given all who were interested in the plunder of the property of the church partial excuse to blend under the one cognomen of "rebels" Catholics and Irishmen; and they gave their foes seeming justification for the many hard things they were certain to utter to the new-made monarch about his papist subjects. That, however, the time did not seem altogether inopportune for a nationalist rising is unquestionable, because we know that, when the cities had revolted, after infinite pains and labor Mountjoy could only bring together some five thousand men; that for this small array he could hardly find food or ammunition; and that he lived in perpetual fear of the landing of the Spaniards, for, he declared, if that happened "God knoweth what will become of us, but we will sell our lives dearly." *

The want of persistence which was apparent in the burghers and gentlemen of Anglo-Norman race must not be ascribed to weakness or to pusillanimity. It must be remembered that loyalty, one of the greatest of feudal virtues, was held in high esteem among them. However much the national feeling may have taken hold of all the elements in Ireland in our day, two centuries and a half ago the Anglo-Normans within the Pale still felt themselves bound in honor to support the dominion their warlike ancestors had entered Ireland to establish. In a certain sense they still regarded themselves as an invading army encamped among "the Irish enemy." And this feeling, in spite of occasional alliances with the Gaelic Irish for the sake of religion, undoubtedly continued, within the Pale, down to the final defeat of James II.'s army at Limerick. But however we may account for their conduct, there is no doubt that the appearance of the pennons of Mountjoy's forces was in each instance the signal for

* Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603–6, p. 36.

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attempts at negotiation, and eventually for unconditional surrender. One Humphrey May, who acted as gentleman usher to Mountjoy, writes to Cecil, the English Secretary of State, that the Earl of Ormond brought the chief men of Kilkenny, who sought to excuse their revolt, before the deputy, and that they cast the chief blame of it on "the heady violence of the common people"; and he also reported how those of Waterford "warmly protested their allegiance to their king" and reminded the deputy that they "were descended of the ancient English, the first conquerors of the kingdom, and had ever continued unspotted in their obedience to the crown of England, in which glory they would die."*

In a letter addressed by Mountjoy, on the 4th of May, 1603, to the English Privy Council, he recited the chief events of his march and goes on to declare his intentions for the future, as well as to epitomize the chief crimes of the Cork citizens. He wrote:

"Now for the cities of Limerick and Cork, towards which we intend to proceed in this our journey. From the first of these we do not hear of any great disorder but in their erection and frequenting of the Mass, whereunto these people are too much addicted. But of the second—namely, Cork—we are advertised by Sir Charles Wilmott, Sir George Thornton, and divers others that they have taken arms, seized and stayed his majesty's munitions (being a large proportion) and victuals, not permitting the commissioners authorized in the president's absence to dispose the same for his highness' army, guarded their ports [gates] against the English, resisted the authority established in that province, both in the proclaiming of his majesty and since; imprisoned his majesty's ministers of the munitions and victuals which were left in the city; surprised and demolished the fort near their city; in a time of parlee attempted the taking of Halebowling with their boats and otherwise; and that the mayor and recorder of that city did afford their presence, with many others, to a seditious and traitorous sermon preached by a friar, who openly preached that the king's majesty is not a lawful king until the pope hath confirmed him." †

Mountjoy's story of the poor friar's sermon should no doubt be taken *cum grano salis*, for Irish news for the English market was manufactured then, as now,‡ to suit the tastes of the receivers. Waterford and Limerick followed the example set them by Kilkenny; but it is right to note that while they surrendered to the deputy and vowed allegiance to King James, they neverthe-

* Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6, p. 39.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 35, 36.

‡ And for the American market, too, we may add.—ED. C. W.

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‡ Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603–6, p. 220. § *Ibid.* p. 510.

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The so-called bishops alienated the olden church lands in exchange for prompt money payments; careless of the duties they had usurped and careful only of securing benefices for themselves, unlearned in polite science and totally unversed in the language of the natives, looking upon their dioceses as so many sponges from which, by simony and other crimes, to wring as much money as possible, they were examples of all that men in such station should not be. The lower Protestant clergy, who were grossly ignorant, totally unable to communicate with the people, and often men of dissolute and evil lives, speedily became objects of abhorrence to those who saw themselves handed over to the spiritual care of such wolves in sheep's clothing. Yet the manner in which the unfortunate Catholic people of Ireland were incited by the emissaries of Spain to pit themselves against the soldiers of England, while only very meagre supplies of either Spanish steel or gold ever reached Ireland, is a reproach to the statecraft of Spain.

The citizens, incited by Meade, seized the government stores in the city, while the unfortunate commissary or storekeeper fell a victim to popular indignation. The munitions of war and food supplies for the soldiers in the fort at Hawlboline, as well as for those engaged in the completion of the new work close to the city walls, had been stored within the ramparts in an old semi-dismantled fortalice known as Skiddy's Castle. Meade was determined that the troops should not continue to receive their usual supplies, and spared no effort to induce the mayor to lead the citizens in an assault upon the depot. It seems that the news of the disaffection of the citizens had brought within the walls considerable numbers of the native Irish—men who had passed through a severe training in warfare of the guerrilla kind, and who possessed to the fullest extent the mingled faults and virtues of soldiers of their class. Brave to rashness and devoted unto death to any trusted leader, but nevertheless turbulent and unruly, was the help which came from the hills and woods of Munster to the merchants of Cork. It appears that a crowd had surrounded Skiddy's Castle when the mayor and recorder arrived upon the scene. His worship, cautiously doubtful, hesitated about permitting any attack upon the storehouse; but Meade, mounting the steps leading to the entrance, swore a mighty oath that unless he cast away his timidity and took possession of the ammunition he—Meade—for one, would leave the city for ever. The favorite with the populace, Meade's bold words roused the enthusiasm of the crowd to an uncontrollable height. When Lieu-

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tenant Murrough and one Thomas Fagan pulled their head-pieces lower down on their brows, and, drawing their swords, led the way to the assault, the time-worn defences soon gave way. Emboldened by this success, of little account though it was, the citizens or their henchmen determined to attack the newly-erected fort outside the city. Assembled the day before that fixed for the attack, the mayor, in a speech probably inspired by Meade, told the people that before the lapse of forty hours all Ireland would be in arms and English sway within the island at an end. The citizens, led by Murrough, assaulted the fort, put to the sword those soldiers who attempted defence, and dismantled and destroyed all that it had cost Wilmot and Slingsbie so much pains to perfect. Murrough had old scores to settle with the English, for his brother had been executed for a share in the defence of Kinsale when Juan de Aguila held it for Philip of Spain, and it may therefore be thought that he hardly erred on the side of mercy. Naturally exultant at their speedy and easy successes, the citizens became more courageous in the public practice of their religion, and the historian tells us how they resumed possession of their ancient churches and restored the "old popish pictures," and, worst of crimes, "buried the dead with the Romish ceremonies."* Sir Charles Wilmot seems to have now entered into some sort of negotiation with the mayor, the result of which was that Wilmot agreed to withdraw his soldiers from their encampment near the city to Youghal.

Wilmot wrote Carew on the 7th of May, 1603, that—

"The villians have given 20 canonades against Shandon, where Lady Carew lieth, which, thank God, done her no harm; as many more have passed clean through the Bishop's Court, where Sr. George and he do lie. All this could not daunt her Ladyship, neither could they get her to remove any other where for her safety out of her high disdain against the Mayor of Cork."†

Wexford, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Limerick had been, in the words of Mountjoy, guilty of "like insolency" with Cork, and their citizens had ventured to "set up the Mass" and had dared to harbor Jesuits, friars, and other like "firebrands of sedition," but they lacked the courage needful for the worthy continuance of the contest they had engaged in. The real truth seems to be that the leading Catholics in these places were desirous to secure the free exercise of their religion, but had no wish to cast

* Smith, vol. ii. p. 96. † Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6, p. 48.

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off the English rule. Descendants of men who had won at the sword-point foothold on Irish soil, their very ramparts, erected as bulwarks against the natives, seemed a solid remonstrance against their present opposition to the English deputy. When the leading citizens of these towns first ventured to assert their right to worship as their fathers had done, they never thought of allowing their movement to become one of a political nature, and they naturally felt strongly the awkwardness of their position when they found themselves overborne by the Irish element and their effort being rapidly metamorphosed into one for national independence. To use a modern word, their "platform" was, looked at in one aspect, too narrow. Their action had been unwisely premature; they had given all who were interested in the plunder of the property of the church partial excuse to blend under the one cognomen of "rebels" Catholics and Irishmen; and they gave their foes seeming justification for the many hard things they were certain to utter to the new-made monarch about his papist subjects. That, however, the time did not seem altogether inopportune for a nationalist rising is unquestionable, because we know that, when the cities had revolted, after infinite pains and labor Mountjoy could only bring together some five thousand men; that for this small array he could hardly find food or ammunition; and that he lived in perpetual fear of the landing of the Spaniards, for, he declared, if that happened "God knoweth what will become of us, but we will sell our lives dearly." *

The want of persistence which was apparent in the burghers and gentlemen of Anglo-Norman race must not be ascribed to weakness or to pusillanimity. It must be remembered that loyalty, one of the greatest of feudal virtues, was held in high esteem among them. However much the national feeling may have taken hold of all the elements in Ireland in our day, two centuries and a half ago the Anglo-Normans within the Pale still felt themselves bound in honor to support the dominion their warlike ancestors had entered Ireland to establish. In a certain sense they still regarded themselves as an invading army encamped among "the Irish enemy." And this feeling, in spite of occasional alliances with the Gaelic Irish for the sake of religion, undoubtedly continued, within the Pale, down to the final defeat of James II.'s army at Limerick. But however we may account for their conduct, there is no doubt that the appearance of the pennons of Mountjoy's forces was in each instance the signal for

* Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6, p. 36.

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attempts at negotiation, and eventually for unconditional surrender. One Humphrey May, who acted as gentleman usher to Mountjoy, writes to Cecil, the English Secretary of State, that the Earl of Ormond brought the chief men of Kilkenny, who sought to excuse their revolt, before the deputy, and that they cast the chief blame of it on "the heady violence of the common people"; and he also reported how those of Waterford "warmly protested their allegiance to their king" and reminded the deputy that they "were descended of the ancient English, the first conquerors of the kingdom, and had ever continued unspotted in their obedience to the crown of England, in which glory they would die." *

In a letter addressed by Mountjoy, on the 4th of May, 1603, to the English Privy Council, he recited the chief events of his march and goes on to declare his intentions for the future, as well as to epitomize the chief crimes of the Cork citizens. He wrote:

"Now for the cities of Limerick and Cork, towards which we intend to proceed in this our journey. From the first of these we do not hear of any great disorder but in their erection and frequenting of the Mass, whereunto these people are too much addicted. But of the second—namely, Cork—we are advertised by Sir Charles Wilmott, Sir George Thornton, and divers others that they have taken arms, seized and stayed his majesty's munitions (being a large proportion) and victuals, not permitting the commissioners authorized in the president's absence to dispose the same for his highness' army, guarded their ports [gates] against the English, resisted the authority established in that province, both in the proclaiming of his majesty and since; imprisoned his majesty's ministers of the munitions and victuals which were left in the city; surprised and demolished the fort near their city; in a time of parlee attempted the taking of Halebowling with their boats and otherwise; and that the mayor and recorder of that city did afford their presence, with many others, to a seditious and traitorous sermon preached by a friar, who openly preached that the king's majesty is not a lawful king until the pope hath confirmed him." †

Mountjoy's story of the poor friar's sermon should no doubt be taken *cum grano salis*, for Irish news for the English market was manufactured then, as now,‡ to suit the tastes of the receivers. Waterford and Limerick followed the example set them by Kilkenny; but it is right to note that while they surrendered to the deputy and vowed allegiance to King James, they neverthe-

* Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6, p. 39.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 35, 36.

‡ And for the American market, too, we may add.—ED. C. W.

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less seem to have been faithful to the old religion and to have been resolved to adhere to it through weal or woe. They were ready—too ready, as it seems to us—to give up its public practice at the bidding of Mountjoy, but they consoled themselves with the hope of being permitted to follow its dictates in private. Indeed, until the light of toleration first dawned on the darkness of Ireland's captivity, during all the long and dreary period of "the penal days," the Catholic inhabitants of her great towns adhered to their religion, and while their more truly Irish brethren worshipped God on the mountain-side or in the depths of the umbrageous vales they paid their homage in the gloomy recesses of urban lanes, secretly and with bated breath, perhaps, but with a fidelity and loyalty unparalleled. What is instructive to the mere student of history in the story of the Munster civic revolt is the fact that community of religious feeling could not conquer the national or racial antipathy which existed between the Celt and the Anglo-Norman. No one can doubt that if the keeping of Kilkenny, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork had rested with men of Irish birth and blood, had "the heady violence of the common people" been allowed free vent, then never had Mountjoy and his fellows planted English banner on Munster battlement until the story of Dunboy had been re-enacted and the mercenaries of the deputy had paid dearly for their glory. As it was, the wealthy citizens could not overcome their dread of their Irish allies, and almost at once, upon the arrival of the English troops before their walls, sought terms and to make their peace.

When Mountjoy reached Cork it appears that at once the loyalist citizens advocated surrender, for we are told that "Mead, the recorder, strongly opposed his entrance, and drawing together the Meads, Golds, Captain Terry, Lieutenant Murrough, Fagan, and an infinite number of mob, would have withstood his lordship's entrance, had not Alderman John Coppinger, Alderman Walter Coppinger, Alderman Terry, the Galways, Verdons, and Martels opposed their designs."* The result of such debate as was held was that the warlike propositions of Meade were rejected by the majority and the gates of the city were opened to Mountjoy. That the citizens who were in favor of the surrender were no less loyal to their religion than those who would have kept the walls against the king's troops we have no reason to doubt, for their conduct only goes to prove that they calculated on submission winning reciprocal toleration, and

* Smith, vol. ii. p. 99, quoting a MS. preserved at Lismore.

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that they could not bring themselves to regard the purely native Irish as desirable allies.

Little clemency was to be expected from Mountjoy, and it causes no surprise to learn that many of the leaders in the defence of the city were handed over to the tender mercies of the provost-marshal, and that Meade was consigned to a dungeon to await his trial. He seems to have been put to a searching examination in the presence of the deputy, while no efforts were spared to make the indictment against him as complete as possible. It is true that Mountjoy and his council had reason to lament that it was necessary to try the poor recorder at all; they would have infinitely preferred to take a shorter way with him, because they feared that it would be impossible to ever convict him in Cork County, "so great is his popularity there, and the affections of the people so contrary and backward in a cause of this nature. So great, indeed, is the general interest in all the people of this land in the matter of the religion he professeth that they fear to find no less difficulty if they put him to trial in any county adjoining." *

Withal, however, they counted on manipulating the jury panel and securing a verdict. It is true they felt themselves—as they set forth in the letter we have last quoted from—somewhat hampered in all their proceedings by James' procrastination, for, as they said:

"Since the late commotions in the towns, happily stayed by the lieutenant, a great swarm of Jesuits, seminaries, friars, and priests, notwithstanding their late danger, frequent the towns and other places in the English Pale and borders more openly and boldly than before; few of the best houses in the Pale are free from relieving and receiving them. The council find that they are under a strong and perilous impression, and so persuade the people, that there shall be a toleration of religion; and for the procuring of it sundry of the better sort of the Pale and towns are sent as agents to the court to solicit the same, and great contributions of money cut upon the country for their expenses and other charges of the suit. And being fallen upon this point, they urge the lords of the council to move the king to consider of some present settled course concerning religion, to bridle the boldness and backslidings of the papists before matters grow to further danger."

Verily the magnates of Dublin Castle were to be pitied; for though they might "apply the authority of the state with as great discretion as they could, not knowing as yet what will be

* Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1603-6, p. 66.

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his majesty's course on the point of religion, yet it avails little to stay the case, for they (*i.e.*, the papists) made a contempt of all their doings, reposing altogether upon their project of toleration." For these and sundry other equally weighty reasons these long-headed councillors would "suggest a proclamation from his majesty for the expulsion of the Jesuits, friars, seminaries, and Massing priests, by a day, and punishing with severe penalties all their relievers and abettors, whatsoever they be."

When Meade came to trial, despite legal artifices and judicial terrorism, the jury fulfilled all the forebodings of the councillors and acquitted him, for which course of action they were, however, soon after duly punished, their foreman being mulcted in the sum of two hundred pounds and the rest of their number in proportion.

Though the modern "Irish question" is somewhat of a different kind to that which filled men's minds in the reign of "the wisest fool" amongst kings, there is no cause for wonder in the fact that the thoughts of Irishmen sometimes go back to the days when it could be told of their enemies that—

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor
Or on the moor
Were hid the pious and the true,
While traitor knave
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank, and retinue." *

* Thomas Davis.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, chiefly Roman. By Monsignor Seton, D.D. New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

These essays, which first appeared as contributions to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, have been retouched and added to, and are now brought together in one handsome volume. An idea of the character of the book may be had from some of the subjects treated, such as "Italian Commerce in the Middle Ages," "Vittoria Colonna," "The Jews in Rome," "The Charities of Rome," "The Palatine Prelates of Rome," "The Cardinalate," "Papal Elections," etc. The author's curious erudition, his charitable and at the same time judicious treatment of controverted questions, as well as his exquisite taste, all come into play. The chapter which will perhaps draw the greatest attention at this moment is the one dealing with the Jews of Rome in pagan times and during the middle ages. Not to dwell on the hatred and jealousy which some of the more infidel and unchristian centres of Germany have shown of late years, no classical scholar needs to be told that persecution of the Jews began before Christianity. But classical scholars are somewhat rare, and therefore a good deal of the frothing over "religious fanaticism" in the perennial and inexcusable opposition to the race of Israel passes unchallenged. The author gives evidences of the existence at Rome in the second century before Christ of this hatred of the Jews. The Jews were expelled from the city by Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus about B.C. 139, and they were again expelled under the Emperor Claudius (A.D. 49), though the "banishment cannot have been of long duration, for we find Jews residing in Rome, apparently in considerable numbers, at the time of St. Peter's visit." It is worth while at this point to add to Mgr. Seton's essay a paragraph from an article in a recent number of the *Revue Catholique* of Louvain (15 Février, 1881, p. 162). We translate: "Their [the Jews'] influence at Rome before the reign of Nero was great. The Jews, then numbering nine or ten millions [in the Roman Empire], were as well able as they are now to profit by the liberty they enjoyed. 'They were citizens everywhere,' says M. le Comte de Champagny [*Rome et la Judée*, t. i. chap. iv.], 'almost everywhere *isonomous*, equal before the law to the native inhabitants, and, like them, voting and taking their place in the assemblies. Whenever, as a result of pagan insolence and Judaic irascibility, quarrels broke out, Rome interfered out of love of public peace, and protected them.' Even at that epoch popular prejudice was very lively, and the Israelite race was at the same time detested and influential. The members of the Roman municipality, says Professor Mommsen [*Römische Geschichte*, t. iii. p. 529], took care not to go too near the Jewish quarter for fear of being hooted by the people. Cicero, in one of his pleas [*Pro Flacco*], alludes to the arrogance of the Israelites. 'You know the Jews,' he says, 'you know what tumult they cause in the assemblies of the city; you know what are their numbers, their harmony, their influence in the assemblies in Rome.'" To return to the volume before us. The author points out "that at the time of

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the persecution of the Christians Nero was ruled by his wife Poppæa Sabina, a Jewish proselyte. The hatred of the Jewish race was taken up by the barbarians, and during the middle ages often broke out in acts of revolting cruelty. Yet during the dismal period preceding the twelfth century the Jews, so far as we can know, enjoyed security at least, if not honor, in Christian Rome. Moreover in the twelfth century we have the testimony of the Jewish scholar and traveller, Benjamin Tudela, who visited Rome. He found the Jews very much respected there, and paying tribute to no one—something which could hardly be said with truth of them in any other country at that time. "The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," says Mgr. Seton, "were memorable for massacres of Jews in almost every large city of Europe except Rome, where the wild cry of 'Hep! Hep!' was never raised, and whose streets were never stained with the blood of this ill-used race of men."

An exceedingly interesting, entertaining, and useful volume.

LECTURES AND DISCOURSES. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

The twelve addresses embraced in this volume were delivered under various circumstances, but they are distinguished by a logical connection, both of thought and of topic, which gives them an obvious unity. Taken as a whole their subject may be regarded as the opposition between the character and claims of the Catholic Church and the prevailing intellectual and moral disorders of our time. Whether the immediate text is indifferentism, secularism, Protestantism, the organization and doctrines of the church, or the needs of the priesthood, there is an ultimate reference to the necessity of the divinely-instituted guardian of truth as the sole remedy for world-wide evils. The force of Bishop Spalding's logic is matched by the admirable simplicity of his thought and the lucidity of his style. He states his positions clearly and marches straight to his conclusions. Although he shows himself, now and again, a master of the art of rhetoric on appropriate occasions, he never allows the allurements of merely literary composition to draw him out of his way. Therein, of course, he demonstrates the purity of his literary taste as well as the earnestness of his purpose. He has chosen the style that exactly fits his subject. Its Doric simplicity corresponds with the vigorous thought, the firm grasp of principles, the cogent and rapid reasoning. Scholars will praise these lectures, and undisciplined minds will have no difficulty in understanding them. Dignified, serious, and profound, they are nevertheless, if we may use the expression, very easy reading.

They derive a special interest from the fact that they deal with the dangers, difficulties, and fears of the moment. They treat the great question of the church and the world in the aspect which it presents to the men of this day, and they expose fallacies which confront us every hour in books and in newspapers, in speeches and in conversation. How keenly Bishop Spalding appreciates his own generation may be seen in the masterly discourse on "Religious Indifference" which stands at the head of the volume, or the trenchant review of "The Decline of Protestantism" which brings it to a close. "Observant minds," he says in the latter of these chapters, "have for some years now recognized the approach of a religious crisis

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in the Christian world. The Protestant sects are visibly going to pieces, both in Europe and America, and their disintegration is everywhere accompanied by a kind of collapse of faith in all religion. The infidelity which is rapidly gaining ground does not call in question this or that doctrine, or practice, or theory of religion, but it treats the whole unseen world as an unreality, and feels no more scruple in denying the existence of God or the soul than in rejecting the doctrine of purgatory or the intercession of the saints. Hence the old controversies have not only grown obsolete, but all minor questions are being thrown aside as impediments in the fierce and mighty conflict which is now begun, and in which a power that seems not less strong or less confident than the archangel who, rather than not be first, would not be at all, is moving forward to dethrone God himself. The battle is between Christianity and atheism, between supernaturalism and naturalism. In this struggle the enemies of religion turn aside from special or accidental views of Christianity, such as those of Calvin, or Luther, or Socinus, or Wesley, and concentrate their forces against supernaturalism in its organized and historic power, which is the Catholic Church, which, if it could fall, would bury beneath its ruins those fragmentary forms of Christianity which lie about it." To meet assaults of this nature we need very different weapons from those which answered in a period of sectarian controversy; and it is one of the great merits of Bishop Spalding's book that he realizes so keenly the changed conditions of the conflict. The discourse on "Religious Faith and Physical Science" is an excellent example of his philosophical method of dealing with current difficulties—not by explaining away troublesome texts or ridiculing and minimizing scientific objections, but by a plain statement of the scope of natural and theological inquiry respectively. The "radical and previous question in current controversies concerning the conflict between religion and science" is, as the bishop aptly remarks, "whether scientific tests are the ultimate criterion of all truth—whether, in other words, science can be set up as a universal criterion of certitude to which religion also must conform." One of the pressing needs created by the new intellectual disorder is, in his opinion, a higher education for a certain part of the priesthood. We have only elementary seminaries in the United States. They send us faithful and religious priests with "a sufficient theological knowledge to enable them to perform the ordinary duties of the ministry in a satisfactory manner." They can do no more than this. But "since culture of mind, in our day especially, is an insidious and dangerous foe of religion, it is our urgent duty to form men who will be able to make it also its serviceable ally. And if you say that we have such intellects, I reply that in those parts of the world in which the English language prevails Catholics of the best cultivation of mind are rare, and the chief among them received their intellectual training before they entered the church. It is very easy to account for this fact, but the fact remains, and the loss which results is incalculably great. To me, so long as no step is taken to give to the church in the United States men of the best cultivation of mind, each year seems a decade and each decade a century. It is sad to see the harvest ripen when there are no hands to reap and garner it. And to those who say to me that the time has not come, that it is not possible now to found a high-school of philosophy and theology such as is here

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contemplated, I make answer that it is possible to try. There are things which ought to be done, and if men succeed in doing them it is their highest honor and reward; and if they fail, having tried with honest purpose and persevering effort, they are not less worthy of homage and applause."

The Catholic laity read so few Catholic books that we cannot expect for this volume a circulation proportionate to its merit. We delude ourselves if we imagine that our people, and especially our young men, have altogether escaped the prevailing disease of society, the weakening of faith, the growth of religious indifference, the subordination of the supernatural to the natural. They need something to counteract the mischievous influences to which they are exposed in the newspaper writing, often false and generally ignorant and reckless, which forms almost their only intellectual sustenance; and we know of few tonics at once more efficacious and more agreeable than Dr. Spalding's able and highly interesting discourses.

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NATURAL LAW; or, The Science of Justice: a treatise on natural law, natural justice, natural rights, natural liberty, and natural society, showing that all legislation whatsoever is an absurdity, a usurpation, and a crime. Part First. By Lysander Spooner. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

NOTE.—We have received too late for this number an article entitled "John Bigelow on Molinos the Quietist." It will appear in our next.

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THE

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IRELAND IN THE FUTURE.

A POLITICAL system which extorts from the bulk of its people five times as much labor as is necessary for the support of the entire community does not rest on secure foundations, and consequently cannot afford to pass laws which oppress the whole of one of its integral portions. When a state has departed widely, as England has done, from the rights of man and the notions of equality and brotherhood taught by Christianity, while at the same time its own people are actuated by lingering Christian convictions, there is a serious danger ahead—the point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue. The leaders in such a political system ought not to be astonished that a movement on the part of the Irish people to regain their rights should meet with the hearty approval of all intelligent men who, though daily informed of the history of the movement, are far enough away from the scene of strife to judge things without prejudice.

The longer England puts off doing justice to Ireland the fuller that justice will have to be done in the end. Thus, the political enfranchisement of Ireland, say ten years ago, would perhaps have left the landlord class, alien as that class mostly is, in quiet possession of their estates, under certain limitations. Now there can be no doubt that restitution will have to be made —that is to say, the land will have to pass completely into the ownership of the Irish occupier and tiller, and the compensation to be given to the present landlords will be the less in proportion

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as that transfer is put off. A parallel instance is offered in the history of Catholic emancipation in Great Britain and Ireland. Had George III. been able to overcome the scruples of his false conscience and signed the act, the Catholic Church in those islands would to-day, it is likely, be living under a concordat, with all the hampering inconveniences of such an agreement. The stolid king's refusal forced a hard and fierce contest which, after a few years, finally put the English and Irish Church in a condition second only to that happily enjoyed by the church in this country in point of freedom.

Whatever else the Irish may be, they are not commonplace. They are regarded with great admiration or great dislike, according as their traits of character and their conduct as a people are criticised by friend or foe. But they are never an object of indifference. After fighting, against great odds, a long series of stubborn wars of defence, they were defeated, and were then, during nearly a whole century, subjected to the action of a frightful penal code. But when this accumulation of disaster had brought them down to be in appearance little else than a horde of illiterate paupers, they nevertheless still maintained their ancient warlike pride and refused to cringe. Illiteracy and poverty made them the butt of ridicule with those who could not appreciate the heroism of a sentimental race that had sacrificed everything but honor in its struggle against the unjustifiable invasion and confiscation of its territory and the oppression of its faith. But the Irish only muttered a scornful curse in answer to ridicule, and they laid up another grudge against the enemy that had caused their misfortunes. Contempt they never earned; for though English literature and the Anglicized literature of this country seemed to have made a system of turning the Irish into jest, the jest was always too inane or too bitter not to betray the ignorance or the hatred that underlay it. And through all the evil, dark days, which none but the Irish themselves can fully understand, the idea that Erin and its people would arise again to be an honor among the nations has never been lost to any Irish mind. There was a time, and that not long since, when such an idea itself was a source of ridicule, but that time is passed.

The Irish question has grown to be seemingly interminable, and "practical" people have often inquired when they should hear the last of it. Still, the Irish have kept on their way. Advice has been poured in upon them; they have been called vain, visionary, unreasonable, stiff-necked, turbulent. Within the last

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two years, because that versatile English politician, Gladstone, spoke a few sympathetic words in their favor, and made a few vague promises, and offered them a mutilated relief, their friends, or their so-called friends, grew indignant at their not giving up the struggle of centuries. With their usual defiance of the mediocre common sense which does not see beyond its own nose, the Irish almost in a body rebelled against an administration of the most yielding among the English. To the counsel of their friends not to cause trouble to the Gladstone administration they replied, when they condescended to reply at all, that they had always fought without allies and they expected so to do until the end; that as to causing trouble to an English administration, they had learned by long and bloody experience—not to speak of Gladstone's own admission—that nothing but fear had ever wrung from England an instalment of justice to Ireland. In spite of taunts, of a studied provocation to bloodshed, and of a skilfully arranged scheme of manufactured "outrages," with such wisdom and coolness was this unarmed rebellion carried out that for the first time in history an English administration has been compelled, officially it may be said, to confess its wrong-doing to Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, who some years ago so virtuously and indignantly protested against King "Bomba's" *lettres de cachet* in Naples, was driven at last to open the doors of the prisons which he had filled with men "suspected" of not liking English rule as administered in Ireland. Again Irish stubbornness was right and so-called common sense was wrong.

What must have struck the attention of every one whose knowledge of the state of feeling in Ireland is had from the Irish themselves and the press of Ireland is that the entire body of the Irish people, rich, poor, and middle-class, ecclesiastics, the gentry, professional men, merchants, small traders, farmers, and laborers, Catholic and Protestant, are alike looking for and hoping for a radical political change in the near future. The artisan class it is hardly worth while to mention, as that class is significantly small in Ireland.

What will the change be? The land question is evidently on the way to a satisfactory solution. Still, the fact is, no industrial or social improvement of great consequence can take place until Ireland has been brought to some certain political status. Ireland in its present condition is neither a nation nor a colony. It is merely a military prefecture of the British Empire, governed altogether with a view to its subjection to English interests, military and commercial. It seems almost like a truism to say that

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if a measure for the government of Ireland meet with the approval of the English constituencies nothing further is asked before it is made a law. It is not deemed necessary to consult the Irish as to how they shall be governed.

Will the future bring home-rule in the form of a confederation with Great Britain, or will it bring independence? Until lately there can be no doubt that the immense majority of the real people of Ireland have desired a complete separation from England—the establishment of an independent Irish nation.

But what lies at the root of the Irish desire for independence? and, What would be some of the results of that independence, if gained?

The long struggle has developed among the Irish an intense, passionate love of country. It has also developed a deep-seated hatred of the British power, accompanied with a craving for revenge. All Irishmen, even those who from personal, party, or other reasons may ordinarily not seem to be patriotic, have been at moments stirred with this bitter hatred of England, and all Irishmen have at such moments longed for the independence of Ireland.* The Irish have confidence in the military prowess and skill of their race, and they hope and believe that independent Ireland would make war on England and destroy its empire. Besides, they hope and believe that Ireland, once independent, would grow into a great nation, and that its people would then be able to vindicate their character before the world. These two notions together form the sentimental basis of the Irish desire for independence.

But putting aside the fact that the clear-headed statesmen of

* It is unfair to charge, as is sometimes done, that the Irish are only successful when led or controlled by others. That is Voltaire's sneer. In the ancient days, when they were freemen, the Irish did not understand the idea of fatherland as applied to all Ireland. To the Gael his clan—his kindred—were his people, and his clan-territory his country. This feeling prevailed more or less until after the overthrow of James II. The Confederation of Kilkenny (1641) was merely a compact, between the chieftains of some of the principal Gaelic clans on the one side and the more influential Catholics of the English Pale on the other, in favor of Charles I., under the impression that a Stuart's promises might be relied upon. It was in no real sense a national movement; simply an alliance of Catholics to secure the freedom of their common religion. Had the Irish in olden times been possessed of the national idea they would never have been conquered. It was really the cruel English legislation of the eighteenth century which, in oppressing all Irishmen, made Irishmen first begin practically to act as if they belonged to a common country. Without a national system or a national government, or even the idea of nationality, it was not to be expected that really national leaders should arise. This is a point which has been overmuch neglected by writers of Irish history. Moreover, omitting the abilities shown by the Irish race in the British Empire and in the United States, Generals Browne, De Lacy, and Nugent, and the present minister Count Taafe in Austria, Blake and O'Donnell in Spain, MacMahon in France, O'Higgins and Lynch in Chile, and Prendergast in Cuba, among innumerable others, have proved the Irish faculty for leadership in war, politics, and diplomacy.

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England would bring all the forces of their vast empire to bear against the realization of such hopes, and admitting that the independence of Ireland were once secured—what then? Would not one of the next steps be either the subjugation of England or else a confederation of some kind with it? For the preservation of peace between these two islands, of not largely disproportionate size, as separate and independent nations, would be next to impossible. And what would have happened in the meantime? The British Empire, having England alone for its nucleus, could not maintain its prestige nor even hold together. With Ireland an independent nation, making war, and treaties, and alliances at its will and without regard to British interests, there would follow the independence of Australia, the loss of India and South Africa and the many other far-off sources of wealth and influence, as well as the independence of Canada, or perhaps its annexation to the United States.

The independence of Ireland, therefore, destructive as it would be to England, would also result in the loss to Ireland of all the Irish have done for the advantage of England and the British Empire. The wealth, the established industries, the widely-reaching commercial connections, the navy, the great prestige itself of that empire, would all cease to be available for Irishmen. The fervid and ambitious genius of the Irish would, for all purposes of peace, be shut up within the narrow limits of their island.

On the other hand, some form of home-rule seems to be now almost within the grasp of Ireland. A wise and earnest effort will gain it. All sorts of diversions will be started, it is true, by those whose pecuniary or traditional interests are involved in keeping up the present sad state of affairs in Ireland. But the now quickened intellect of Ireland will thwart the tricks of scheming politicians, whether Whig or Tory. Suppose, then, a system adopted which would place Ireland on an equal footing politically with England, giving Ireland a chance to use its own resources for its own benefit, while contributing its due share only to the maintenance of the empire.

Ethnographically considered, there is no obstacle to a confederation of Ireland and Great Britain. The Irish are not all Celts. The Celtic race undoubtedly predominates in point of numbers, yet there are other very numerous and important elements, composed of the descendants of the Scandinavian sea-rovers—"the Danes"—the Anglo-Normans, the Lowland Scotch, and the English of later immigrations. In fact, the *Sacsanach* is

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everywhere in Ireland, and he is nearly always as stubbornly Irish in sentiment and expression as the man entitled to the O' or the Mac. It is notorious, by the way, that many of the most zealous leaders in Irish national movements during the last hundred years or more have been descendants of the "Norman robber" or of more modern invaders or colonists. Tipperary—"turbulent Tipperary" of the English press, "glorious Tipperary" of the Irish—is celebrated for its determined and inappeasable revolt against English rule, yet the spirited, intensely Irish, and thoroughly Catholic people of Tipperary are to a considerable extent the descendants of discharged English soldiers of Cromwell's Puritan army. It is worthy of note, too, that from the days of "Black" Murroch O'Brien down to our own some of the most servile supporters and tools of English power and most cruel oppressors of the people have been men of undoubted Gaelic lineage. So much for Ireland in the matter of race. The people of Great Britain are not by any means Anglo-Saxons in the majority. The most industrious and energetic people of England itself—the mining and manufacturing people of the northwestern, western, and southwestern counties—are very largely Celtic, while Wales and the north of Scotland are as purely Celtic as Connaught.

In the matter of language, a very important factor in practical politics, the two islands are not divided. The Gaelic language is an interesting, beautiful, and venerable language, it is true, and it is substantially the language that was once spoken throughout the west of Europe, from the Apennines to the Scheldt. But Gaelic is fading away from the islands, as it ages ago faded away from the continent. It is spoken now in the western half only of Ireland—and in the north of Great Britain—and it is seldom heard there except from the lips of fishermen or mountaineers. Even in the Catholic parish schools of Ireland, many of which are attended largely by the children of Gaelic-speaking people, it is not taught. For upward of a century the ancient tongue of the Celts has practically been treated with contempt by the Celts themselves. On the other hand, the Irish have become so closely identified with the English language and English customs that on the continent of Europe and throughout Spanish America they are nearly always, however much they may dislike it, taken to be Englishmen. It is needless to insist upon the debt which English literature in all its departments owes to Irish talent and genius.

For nearly two hundred years, but especially since 1800, the

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Irish have in fact done their share towards building up the greatness of the British Empire, as soldiers, seamen, statesmen, diplomatists, publicists, poets, historians, essayists, journalists, and writers generally, besides the enormous part they have contributed in hard, honest, physical labor. Irish brains, and sweat, and blood have never been wanting.

So far as the development of its internal resources is concerned, its mines, its peat-bogs, its manufacturing possibilities of innumerable kinds, and its navigable waters running almost to its very centre, Ireland is really a new country. A few years of home-rule and good rule would make it the wonder of Europe for its prosperity, as it has too long been for its misery. With the impetus which would come with the aroused energies of a newly enfranchised people the wealth of England would pour over into this fresh field of profit, where the capitalist would find a better investment than in land. The Irish people, who, according to statistics compiled at Edinburgh University, are physically superior to the people of any other part of Europe—the Irish coming first, the Scotch second, and the English third—would be reinforced in their labors by an immigration of skilled workmen from England and Scotland, who, like former immigrations, would settle down and become "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The whole land would hum like a beehive. Intelligence and industry would thrive marvellously in this old but now rejuvenated state.

No one who puts aside prejudices, and, looking at the map of Europe, observes the relative position which the islands of Ireland and Great Britain hold there, both to the rest of Europe and to America, can help acknowledging that, geographically at least, these two islands, with the lesser islands contiguous to them, are favorably situated for the formation of a federal union. So far as natural position and harbors are concerned, Ireland is fitted to be the great mart and the entry port of western Europe for the commerce of North America. Galway is nearly two days nearer than Liverpool to New York, and nearly a day nearer than Milford Haven, which it has been talked of reviving as a great seaport. Next to the encouragement of domestic industries, one of the first cares of an Irish home government would be the restoration and improvement of the many fine harbors which break the coast-line of Ireland throughout its whole extent. Peace and thrift within would be followed by fame and good fortune from without. The commercial traffic between North America and western Europe would take its natural path-

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way. Liverpool would in time reconcile itself to its rightful place as the eastern landing of the Dublin ferry, while Galway, and Bantry, and Kinsale, and Cork, and Waterford, and Belfast, and Donegal bays would see their skies crossed by the long columns of smoke from peaceful craft connecting revivified Erin with the trade and wealth of the world.

Then perhaps the generation of Irishmen born under a beneficent home-rule would be inclined to forgive the wrongs of past centuries, as they saw England relegated to her natural geographical relation to Ireland and the Western World, and as they gazed with pride upon their own now happy country, become the head of the new island confederation.

England has probably nearly reached the climax of her power. She has perhaps had her day—in some respects a glorious day—and many now living may yet see Berkeley's words come true of her: Westward the Star of Empire takes its course.

MEADOW HYMN.

ONLY when soaring sings the lark,
Struggling to fields of purer air:
Silent her music when she sinks
Back to a world less glad and fair.

Only when soaring sings my heart,
Flutt'ring on tremulous wing to God:
Fainter the music as I fall,
Hush'd when I reach the lower sod.

Lark of my heart! this morn astir,
Upward to God on eager wing!
Rise with a burst of grateful song,
Carol the best that love can sing!

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

I.

MR. MELTON MOWBRAY was a man who would be set down at five minutes' acquaintance as that indefinable yet very definite being, a typical Englishman. He was florid in complexion and full in habit. His white hair and gray whiskers set off a well-conditioned face to advantage. He was a handsome, hearty, prosperous-looking gentleman, positive in whatever ideas he had, scrupulously neat in person and surroundings, with an air of eminent respectability distilling from his very essence: One never saw a speck of dust on his clothes, which always had a new look; or a spot of mud on his shiny shoes, which is saying a great deal for a Londoner and a city man. He worshipped the queen, and next to her the English aristocracy; believed in the Church of England by profession, for the reason that it was part and parcel of the queen and aristocracy. He detested the word British as an American invention. He did not believe in American inventions of any kind. To him there was only one country in the world—England; only one sovereign—Queen Victoria; only one government worthy of the name—the English. All else was included in the detestable word foreign.

And yet Mr. Mowbray was a banker, a man dealing with large affairs and with many lands. Large affairs ought to produce large ideas. But Mr. Mowbray drew a distinction between his business and his nationality. In his city office, which was neat as wax and shining as a bridal chamber, he was a cosmopolitan, a man of affairs, a citizen of the world. In his home in Holland Park he was simply an Englishman.

He had one daughter and one ambition, the ambition centring in that daughter. He wished her to marry into the aristocracy. As he could not be noble himself, he desired to be ennobled through her. At the same time he sincerely desired the happiness of his child and was anxious to marry her to a man as well as to a title. She was all he had to love in the world, save an ancient maiden sister, and rather than destroy her happiness he would have sacrificed even his own ambition.

Gertrude Mowbray was only a year old when her mother died. Strange as it may seem, that mother was an Irishwoman

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and a Catholic. Mowbray detested both Irish and Catholics; or rather he looked upon them as beings of an inferior order whom an inscrutable Providence allowed to cumber the earth and stand in the way of Englishmen. He owned some estates in Ireland, which he would as soon have thought of visiting as of making a holiday trip to the festive regions of Timbuctoo. They were managed by an agent. They yielded him a certain annual income. But whether they were occupied by cattle or human beings he neither knew nor cared. They were Irish estates, and that was enough. And yet Mr. Mowbray was really a kindly disposed and, in his way, a charitable man.

In his solitary trip to the country he did not go near his estates. He kept as far away from them as possible, and, after accomplishing the business he had gone over to transact, rambled a little about this new and strange land. In the course of his rambles he ran across Eva Redmond, the beauty of Tullagh Connell. The next thing he did was to run off with her. Her flight was the sensation of the hour in Tullagh Connell. It broke the heart of many a country gallant, particularly of a rising young physician who had paid more assiduous court to her than any other. For a week he was like one dazed and had vague ideas of pursuing the pair to parts unknown, lodging a bullet in the foreigner's heart, and bringing back his lady-love in triumph to Tullagh Connell. A week later, to mend his broken heart and avenge himself on the cruel false one, he married pretty Nellie Fitzgerald, who had long admired him. She was only the daughter of a rich Dublin apothecary; but she made him an excellent wife and brought him a fortune into the bargain. Before two years were over his heart was wholly mended and his practice extensively increased.

And in those two years where was Eva? Mowbray took a short wedding-trip on the Continent, and then returned with his beautiful wife to London. Eva never saw her native land again. The few who became intimate with her fancied that she pined in secret; but people are always fancying foolish things about persons whom they cannot wholly understand. She had the satisfaction of seeing her baby baptized in the faith of her mother, and then she drooped and pined and faded, and the gentle life ebbed slowly out of the large hazel eyes and the transparent face that had caught the pallor of another life. As a dying request she asked her husband to bring up the child in the faith of her mother. "She is a Mowbray," said the banker, "and will always be a Mowbray." Eva spoke no other word, but threw

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her arms around the babe and held it as though she would fain take it with her. When they unclasped those arms she was dead, and the little Gertrude lay there smiling and crowing at them.

Mowbray got over his grief, as men will do, and the sincere love he had for the mother fastened with a new intensity on his daughter. He did not marry again nor contemplate marriage. His sister, Madge, ruled his household, and, to a certain extent, ruled him. She, like him, was Church of England, though not at all of what she called the new-fangled sort, with their copes and candlesticks, and incense and nonsense. She was a very pious, kind-hearted, charitable woman, with a fixed hatred and fear of Romish practices and vestments. There was a Scotch strain in the Mowbrays. For the rest Madge worshipped while she ruled her brother, and petted little Gertrude to a degree that would have been dangerous had not the child's disposition been naturally sweet and unselfish.

Mowbray, true to his original idea of making a place in the great world for his daughter, determined that she should have the benefit of a foreign finish. After deep consultations with Mrs. Beauchamp, who knew everything and everybody, and whose tact and connections made her a leader in society, it was determined to send Gertrude for a couple of years to the Sacré Cœur at Paris.

This announcement was the severest shock that Aunt Madge had ever sustained.

"A convent, Melton, and nuns? Are you sending the child to a convent? She will come back to us a pervert and use beads."

"Nonsense!" was the answer. "I have provided against that. Mrs. Beauchamp says it must be done. Her own daughters were sent there, and they are not perverts."

Mrs. Beauchamp's verdict in such matters was all-powerful with Mr. Mowbray, and Aunt Madge knew this to be the fact. So with an aching heart and dark forebodings she prepared Gertrude for her new journey. As a last precaution the good lady purchased a formidable Bible of the version known as that of King James, the newest of the new editions of the *Book of Common Prayer*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and a superb edition of Martin Farquhar Tupper's poems. These she packed carefully away in one of Gertrude's trunks, and, with a final admonition under no circumstances to use that horrid holy water, let the girl go.

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II.

GERTRUDE went, stayed at the convent two years, and returned, a tall, slim, handsome girl, to her English home. She had the eyes of her mother—those unfathomable eyes, of deep Irish hazel, in which mirth and mournfulness seem for ever struggling for the mastery. Her hair was her mother's also—flowing jet with a natural ripple in it. Her complexion was clear and transparent as Parian marble. Her carriage had a special grace that attracted eyes as she moved, quite apart from her singular beauty. She was more than beautiful; there are many beautiful girls in the world. She was striking, and the rich, low voice was as a rare instrument setting the whole being to perfect symmetry, harmony, and tune. The peculiar charm of it all lay in the fact that the girl seemed wholly unconscious of what a beautiful creature she was.

Mowbray fell in love a second time, and his heart softened and warmed in his lovely child. Aunt Madge was awed by her calm splendor and in secret became her slave. Mrs. Beauchamp gushed over her and at once took upon herself Gertrude's introduction into society. Gertrude passed through that severe ordeal with becoming fortitude. She was one of the sensations of the season. The beauties known as professional stared to see their hangers-on desert them to seek an introduction to the new girl. The new girl took her triumph modestly enough. Flattery she accepted with gentle gayety, or mild wonder when it became too gross. She was a girl who thought as well as observed. She had no rivalries and no affairs. She moved through the brilliant circles that she frequented as one might through a gallery of paintings, admiring, observing, studying, condemning. It was to her a glittering panorama, in which the figures were human.

Once only was she completely captivated. It was one evening at Mrs. Beauchamp's—a political evening; for Mrs. Beauchamp had political ambitions and aspired to rule and influence from behind the scenes. "Men only talk in Parliament, women act outside," was her maxim, and in this she was encouraged by the chief of her party. It was this chief that captivated Gertrude. She had heard and read much about him, and her imagination surrounded him with a halo of romance. He was a man who had literally fought his way up from the ranks against every feeling, thought, and prejudice that makes the English people what it is. Everything was against him, but he overcame everything by the supremacy of his genius, balanced by an invincible

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patience, dauntless courage, and faith in himself. Having achieved greatness, he drew the ranks of his followers up after him, and they were now completely subject to his rule.

As he passed through the rooms men distinguished in politics, art, letters, and science made way for him; the ambassadors of foreign powers bowed low before him, and Beauty looked after him with lingering eyes. He was old now and oppressed with the double weight of years and grave concerns. "Honors come too late," he said once. "They seize on us when we have a foot in the grave." In his youth he frequented society on principle. "A man has only one way of making his place in the world," was his doctrine, "and that is by being in the world. It is different with science, literature, and art. A monk in his cell may shine in those. But to shine in human affairs you must not only be in the world but of it."

He had grown beyond this stage of human progress by a quarter of a century, and he now rarely entered society. But when he did he could unbend. He was a wit as well as a statesman, and his wit in undress was genial and kindly. It only bit and showed its mordant fangs in mortal combat, in that arena where the gladiators are giants in intellect and the prizes kingdoms. He was especially kindly and encouraging to the young, and had a keen eye for worth in men, and beauty and loveliness in women. "Beauty is not always lovely," he remarked drily to Mrs. Beauchamp, as he bowed beamingly to one of the professional beauties and passed smilingly on.

"Would you like to see my pet?" asked Mrs. Beauchamp.

"What is the latest—a French poodle?"

"You are cruel to-night. Well, I won't bring her, then, for she is young and unsophisticated. This is her first season."

"Who is she?"

"Miss Mowbray, the daughter of Mowbray, the banker; this is her first season."

"Mowbray—ha! He is one of us. So he has a daughter? Yes, bring her. I would like to see her."

He had gone through this sort of thing a million times. Budding youths and budding maidens had been brought to him in troops to be presented, as though his hand had a beneficent power, the very contact with which would ensure them fortune and fame. As Mrs. Beauchamp left him to seek Gertrude he had already forgotten the object of her mission and was lost in his own thoughts. His musings were broken in upon by Mrs. Beauchamp's voice as she presented Miss Mowbray.

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The great man's head was drooping as they approached. He lifted it slowly and saw a fair girl bending before him. The contrast was very striking. There stood the veteran statesman, whose attack was more feared by the government than a declaration of war from a foreign power. The form was bent a little and bowed with years. The strongly marked face in repose wore an habitually solemn and abstracted air, heightened by the changeless pallor of the features. That face, educated into impassiveness under the fiercest assaults of the most powerful orators, was seamed and wrinkled as with traces of hard-fought combats extending through a lifetime. His hair, though thin, was still coal-black, and black, bushy eyebrows deepened the lustre of eyes that only at intervals unveiled and lit up the power of the vaulting brow and iron purpose of the massive lower face.

And there before him stood a girl, a wonder of beauty, as yet unbrushed by the world. The hazel eyes were flashing with subdued excitement as she saw for the first time face to face the hero she had admired from afar. Her cheeks were flushed with eager expectancy and her bearing was one of girlish reverence for age and fame.

He shot one swift glance at her. It rested on no common face and he bent towards her as one bends to inhale the perfume of a violet discovered unexpectedly in a dusty place. Mrs. Beauchamp left them to attend to her guests.

Their conversation was brief. The great man told Gertrude that he knew her father, though they did not meet as often as he could wish. He asked her if that was her first season, and on being told that it was smiled and said:

"I thought so. Two seasons spoil most girls"; and then added kindly: "But you won't let them spoil you; will you?"

"I do not know," was the laughing response. "I am only a girl, and I suppose we are all the same."

"No, no," said he; "not all the same. Some have character. You have. You do not know it yet, but you have; and keep it. It is a more precious heirloom than either blood or beauty."

There was a deep earnestness and impressiveness in the tones of his last sentence, while the dark eyes flashed out a moment and wandered away as into a long past. Then he returned to courtly commonplace, and, as they parted, said:

"We will meet again. Permit an old man to say that he looks upon you with interest. I have only one parting word of

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advice to give, and that is: Be yourself always. You cannot be better than yourself."

He had an oracular way of saying things sometimes that his opponents ridiculed, but even in his most oracular sayings lurked a vague sense of profound knowledge of the world and insight into human nature.

"I can never be anything else," answered Gertrude simply; and then, following a sudden impulse, she added: "If I could change at all I would be a man—like you, the leader of a great party, of a great people."

He smiled at the ingenuous outburst and shook his head good-naturedly.

"No, no. Any one may become a premier. Men are made partly by themselves, chiefly by circumstance. But God alone makes creatures of beauty and truth. A man may rule the world, but some woman always rules man. Good-night." And a few moments later the great man left, leaving Gertrude the heroine of the evening.

"All the women are envious of you," said Mrs. Beauchamp, hastening to Gertrude, "and all the men are in love with you. Any of them would have given half their lives for such a *tête-à-tête*. What did he say to you?"

"He gave me a parting piece of advice."

"And that was—?"

"To be myself."

"And what in the name of wisdom does that mean?"

"I don't know. I only know that I mean, as I always meant, to be myself."

"You are a strange girl. I don't understand you. What else could you be?"

"Not myself," said Gertrude musingly. "These people about us are not themselves. There is no reality. It is all a show, and we only see the surface."

"My dear, that is all most of us see of the world, and for my part I am quite content that it should be. Where do you find reality?"

"I found it in the convent."

Mrs. Beauchamp shrugged her handsome shoulders contemptuously.

"As well say you find it in the grave!"

"Perhaps so," said Gertrude, still musing.

"Nonsense! Don't talk in that fashion. Ah! there's Lafontaine. Come here, sir."

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A tall and very handsome young man approached. Breeding was stamped in every line of his resolute face and sinewy form. There was the light of success and ambition in his glowing dark eye, and an easy strength in all his bearing. Although belonging to the opposite party, he was a great favorite of Mrs. Beauchamp's.

"Here, take this girl and make her dance or do something. She seems bewitched since the chief left her, and talks of nothing but graves, convents, and things. Go along; I must attend to my guests."

And the rest of the evening passed very pleasantly to Gertrude in the company of the handsome, brilliant, and gay Geoffrey Lafontaine, at present under-secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and only over on a flying trip to his native London, as he called it. He had met Gertrude often before, and his attentions to the banker's daughter became what the gossiping world calls "marked."

III.

"I AM tired of it, papa," said Gertrude one morning as the season was on the wane. "I should like to go away. After all the convent was sweeter."

Mr. Mowbray looked up from the financial column of the *Times*, which his experienced eye was scanning, and gazed in wonderment at his daughter. He had never heard of a girl being tired of her first season before it was well over, especially after such a success as had attended Gertrude.

"What is wrong, my dear? What tires you?"

"Oh! the same thing, and the same people, and the same talk day after day, night after night. It wearies me. I want rest and I want quiet."

Mr. Mowbray fidgeted uneasily in his chair and darted a keener glance at his daughter. She did look a trifle pale, and there was a certain limpness about the form that he had failed to notice before.

"I want to go away—with you," she added—"to some quiet place. Can you not come?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it. I can easily arrange matters. Come, now, where shall we go?" he asked cheerily, rising and walking to the window.

"Papa, I should like to go to Ireland."

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Mr. Mowbray turned sharply round as though he had been suddenly pricked with a pin.

"Ireland!" he ejaculated—"Ireland!" he repeated in shrill astonishment. "What do you want in that wretched country?"

"I want to see it—where my mother was born—"

He turned sharply away and stood with his back to her, gazing out of the window.

"Besides, Mr. Lafontaine told me so much about it—what a delightful country it was in many respects, and what an original people."

"Ah! Lafontaine," said Mr. Mowbray in a more pleased tone. "Yes, yes. Has he gone back to Dublin?"

"Yes; and he promised if we went over he would show us from one end of the country to the other."

"Ah! that alters the case. Lafontaine—yes; a handsome young man, Lafontaine. It is a pity he belongs to the wrong party; but still he is a rising member and is marked for distinction. Very fine connections has Lafontaine. A rising young man with a future before him. Certainly, my dear, if you wish it, we will go."

"And shall I let Mr. Lafontaine know we are coming? He asked me to do so."

"To be sure, to be sure. By all means." And Mr. Mowbray went into the city that morning humming—actually humming.

Lafontaine met them on their arrival and did all the graces of the occasion with delightful tact. There was nothing at all lover-like in his attentions to Gertrude. They had the easy freedom of natural friendship—nothing more. Never by word, or look, or sign did he pass beyond the conventionalities, and this removed any possible constraint that might have arisen. He was full of gay humor that, when he chose, he could sharpen into sarcasm; and Irish air is always full of anecdote and romance. Parties were arranged for them, and pleasant little excursions and bright surprises, and Lafontaine had the good taste and tact to leave them wholly to themselves at times. When this occurred they soon discovered that they missed their bright companion.

While in Ireland Mr. Mowbray heard of a new agitation that was just then being set on foot under the leadership of Mr. Butt. It was for what its advocates called Home Rule—a cry that sounded to Mr. Mowbray's loyal ears very much like treason. Nevertheless it seemed to take the fancy of the Irish people amazingly, and active preparations were being made by the Nationalist party to contest every available seat at the next elec-

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tion. The agitation was still in its infancy when the news of a dissolution of Parliament fell upon every one with a shock of surprise. The premier, with a strong majority at his back, had, for reasons best known to himself, appealed to the country, and at once the din of politics drowned every other noise. Dublin became unpleasant to Mr. Mowbray, the more so that Lafontaine was called away from them to contest a seat in which the Castle interest was very strong, and for which one of the multitude of Home-Rulers was pitted against him.

They left Dublin and rambled about a little on their own account. The summer had not yet gone, and an unusually warm spell came on, causing them to linger longer than they had contemplated. They climbed one day to some old ruins to which they had been guided from their inn—a quiet little country hostel where, for the time being, they were the sole guests. Castle Craig the hill was called, and it gave its name to the surrounding district, which was large enough and of sufficient importance to return a member to Parliament. But no noise of battle penetrated this peaceful and deserted spot. The fight was being waged over in the town of Castle Craig, a thrifty business place five miles away.

The day was hot and, for Ireland, sultry, and, their inspection over, they turned with relief homewards, when a winding path leading down to a valley of luxuriously soft green invited them to wander back by this untried route. Descending the hillside, they entered what seemed a fairy bower. The sun had oppressed them and they were grateful for the shade that the arched trees afforded. Gertrude could have kissed the soft foliage, so keen was her sense of relief. Through the trees came a glint of water with a sense of coolness. They were alone. The world was shut out a moment, and she felt happy.

"This must be the Garden of Eden," she said, as they plunged deeper into the shade.

"Yes," said her father—"an Irish Eden. Look out for serpents."

"The nuns told me that St. Patrick banished all the serpents from this land."

"Did they? Then they were mistaken. The land is full of them—human serpents, snakes in the grass."

"O papa! how can you say so? Are they not human like us? Was not my mother Irish?"

He did not answer, but averted his gaze. He could not look into the hazel eyes he knew so well, and be churlish.

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"All the people I have met here seem to be lovable," and she went on. "Their attentions do not look like service, as with our colder English. There is heart in it. They seem anxious to serve me for—for—I do not know what to call it, but it looks like love."

And she raised her voice and sang:

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand."

The verse ended with lingering tenderness, and the very air seemed to listen. To their surprise a fine baritone took up the strain and answered back:

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

Gertrude started, clung to her father, and listened with happy eyes and lips parted in delighted wonder. The voice died away in sweet cadence, and a low, rich laugh followed it.

"Who is it? What is it?" asked Mowbray.

"It must be the genius of the place," said Gertrude. "All Irish places are haunted. Come, let us find him. His voice is so sweet that he cannot be an evil genius."

A turn in the path brought them to the verge of a willow-fringed pool that caught the sunlight on its broad, solemn surface. The water was still as death and not a ripple ruffled the awful calm. It made a picture of rare beauty startling in its suddenness and with a strange, uncanny sense about it. Gertrude shivered and clung closer to her father.

"I am afraid," she said. "It is unreal; let us go back. Who sang? I see no one."

"Nonsense!" said her father. "Let us rest here awhile."

Another turn brought them to a rustic bench. Mr. Mowbray's sight was not of the best, and he made for the bench, not noticing that it was already occupied by a recumbent figure. It was that of a man, a young man apparently, clad in a rough, loose-fitting suit. A straw hat and an open volume lay on the greensward. A strong pair of brogans rested on one arm of the bench, while the other supported a head covered with tangled chestnut curls. Mr. Mowbray drew up with a short, dissatisfied

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"Ah!" The figure, whose eyes were looking away from them, did not move until they were quite close. Then a pair of laughing brown eyes turned lazily towards them and fastened on Gertrude. A flush of quick surprise passed over the features. The man was on his feet in an instant, strong and alert, offering his seat to the strangers. His brow was broad and capacious rather than high. The features were too strongly marked to be strictly handsome; but they had the never-failing beauty of youth, strength, and health, together with a secret something of their own. They were certainly not common. To Mr. Mowbray's polite demurrer he replied, in a sweet, mellow voice that fitted with the laugh they had heard a moment before:

"You are strangers, I perceive, and strangers are always welcome to Castle Craig. So you must allow me to offer the courtesies of the country. This is the only bench known in a circuit of ten Irish miles, and it is at your service."

"We would not dispossess you," said Mr. Mowbray.

"Oh!" said the other, with a laugh that showed a perfect set of white teeth, "we Irish are used to being dispossessed." The laugh took away any sting that the words might have had, and with a half-glance at Gertrude he added: "Such a strange people are we that we are sometimes pleased to be dispossessed."

They seated themselves, and, there being room only for two, he remained standing near Mr. Mowbray.

"And you are an Irishman? You don't speak like one," said the latter.

"That's my misfortune," laughed the stranger; he was always ready with a laugh or a smile. "They sent me over to England to college, and by the time I had finished my course our beautiful Irish accent deserted me for a traitor."

"Do you regret it so much?"

"Of course I do. I regret everything that makes me even by accident un-Irish. But, after all, what matters the manner of a man's speech? Since we must speak English, it is as well to speak it English fashion, I suppose. But pardon me; I did not mean to trouble you with a list of Irish grievances." And, bowing, he was moving away when a question from Mr. Mowbray arrested him. He asked the name of the lake before them.

"Well, we hardly call it a lake here, though it is a broad sheet of water. It has a strange name. The people call it Eva's Tear."

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"Eva's Tear!" ejaculated Mr. Mowbray. "That is a strange name."

"Yes, and it has a history. It is not a long one. Would you care to hear it?" And he glanced at Gertrude.

"Yes, yes; please tell it," said she eagerly. It was the first time she had spoken; but she had listened with interest to the conversation, and with a new interest when the stranger proclaimed himself an Irishman. She had so far met very few Irishmen, at least of the national sort, as this young fellow seemed to be.

"To use an Irishism, it is no story all, for there is no beginning to it and hardly an end. Eva was a princess in the old days when all the girls in Irish stories were princesses." A roguish twinkle in the brown eyes caused Gertrude to smile. "She lived with her father up there in a castle on the hill. You may still see the ruins of it."

"Yes, we saw them," broke in Gertrude.

"Well, Eva was the most beautiful girl in the land, and all the chieftains, married and single, went mad about her. This was before St. Patrick came," observed the narrator apologetically to Mr. Mowbray, "and when Irish morals were, I fear, a little looser than they should have been. But Eva was cold as she was beautiful. Her heart seemed made of steel, which always made me suspect that she cannot have been an Irish girl at all. She had been educated in coldness from her infancy, for at her birth they were warned to keep the child from sorrow, and a saying somehow got abroad,

"'Eva's tear
Let Eva fear!'

And rather than lose their beautiful child, the only one given them, her parents had her schooled in coldness, for the cold-hearted know no sorrow. So when men came to sue for her hand, having no heart, she had none to give them, and favored none. It was at last decided that they should fight for her. That was an Irish way of settling the difficulty, you see," said the story-teller to Mr. Mowbray, who laughed. "And the strongest was to bear her away.

"Five-and-forty chieftains met out there," pointing to the lake. "There was no lake then, but a flowery meadow. From the castle above Eva, cold and beautiful as a star, looked down on the combat. It lasted all day until sunset, and as the sun

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was dying the last two survivors of the band fell in mortal combat, their faces turned to the woman for whom they fought. When all was over she left the tower and came down to the battle-field. With tearless eyes and dainty tread she moved among the dead warriors, whose stony eyes stared at her with a reproach she did not feel. She counted their bodies, marked their gory gashes, and was turning away when a faint cry caught her ear—a child's cry for its mother. How it came there none knew, but there it lay nestling in the stiffened arm of a dead warrior, strong even in his death. The babe's eyes were turned to heaven, and its feeble cry went up there with no one in the wide world to answer it. As Eva approached they turned on her, and as she stooped over the babe the eyes faded and death stole over them. Then the woman's heart within her melted. The long-pent-up fountains within were broken at last, and her tears rained down over the babe and over the battle-field. She was not seen at the castle that evening. She was never seen again. But when people woke up next morning there was no scene of carnage; there were no dead warriors; there was no Eva. The meadow had become the lake you see before you; and Eva's tears had washed away the blood and buried the dead."

There was a pause as the story ended. What was it that made the close so touching? There was something in the voice that came with a sort of surprise. Its habitual tones were those of gay mockery and mirth, but tears melted into them at the close and went from them into Gertrude's eyes. "It is very beautiful," she said, and then sat silent and still, looking out over the lake as though searching for Eva.

"You Irish are too imaginative," said Mr. Mowbray.

"Well, sir, we haven't much. Let us have imagination, at least. I believe there is no tax on that. Good-day." And with a genial smile and farewell glance at Gertrude he was gone.

Gertrude started and followed him with her eyes. He never turned or looked back, and in a moment he was hidden from her view. She felt annoyed and hurt at his abrupt departure, and a sense of something like personal affront. A girl does not care to be dismissed jauntily, by one who has entertained her, with a sort of air of "There, that will do. You have had enough of me for the present." That was how the stranger's departure struck her. Mr. Mowbray simply muttered, "A strange young man," yawned, and turned his gaze carelessly on the lake. A moment later rose up again the rich baritone, sinking, then swelling, then dying away in the distance:

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"On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle.
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride!"

"That's a good voice," remarked Mr. Mowbray, who attended the opera in season.

"I think he is very rude," said Gertrude.

"Rude!" said her father. "I thought him very polite for an Irishman."

"To leave us like that! O papa! I hate this place. Come away."

On their return to Dublin a ball was given at the Castle. All the world that Dublin could command was there. Gertrude went, and, though she met many a fair Irish girl, there was none fairer than she. Her uncommon beauty attracted universal attention.

"Who's that girl?" asked Daly, the light of the Dublin bar. "Is she English or Irish? She's a beauty, any way, and if I were a younger man I'd give my best brief for a smile from those hazel eyes."

The only man whom Gertrude knew there was Lafontaine, whose uniform became him admirably. He was a little graver than he had been. He found, notwithstanding the Castle influence at his back, his electioneering campaign anything but a walk-over. The strength of the Home-Rulers had been greatly under-estimated, and the surprise into which they were thrown by the sudden dissolution sprung upon the country seemed only to lend them fresh activity and energy. Lafontaine was ambitious and very anxious to secure the seat, both for himself and the party. He talked over the situation with Gertrude and told her of his hopes and his fears. His frankness caught her sympathies.

"They laugh at these people," he said, "and laugh at their candidates. But, after all, they are the people, and, hang it! if I were an Irishman I would be one of them. Still, as an Englishman I am bound to win. The party wants it, and it must be done." He drew himself up with an air as though that statement of the case settled the whole question.

"If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel," said Gertrude energetically.

"A rebel against what?" asked he, astonished.

"Against everything I see." In her energy she stepped back a moment and came into collision with some one. Turning

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to apologize, she found herself face to face with her acquaintance of "Eva's Tear." A look of mutual recognition passed between them. He looked remarkably well and quite civilized in his evening dress. Bowing low and smiling to himself, as if at some amusing recollection, he passed on.

"Who is that man?" asked Gertrude eagerly of her companion.

"I don't know. Do you wish to discover?"

"Yes—no—no matter; let him go."

"Here's Daly, who knows everybody. Daly, who is that young fellow talking so earnestly to Butt?"

"That?" said Daly, a large, comfortable-looking personage, glancing in the direction indicated. "That? Why, you of all men ought to know him. That's young D'Arcy, your rival in Castle Craig, and, from all I hear, a hard man to beat. Look out for your spurs, Lafontaine; D'Arcy is no chicken." And he nodded significantly as he rolled off. Daly's nod was said to be worth half a case, and imparted more information to a jury than another man's speech.

Lafontaine's brow darkened and Gertrude looked after the stranger with heightened interest. She felt somehow as though she were being drawn into the contest between these two men.

"So that is my rival," muttered the secretary between his teeth as his eye took in the measure of his foe. "He has an open look enough and a face with something in it. Well, let him win if he can."

"Beware of him!" said Gertrude earnestly. "He is a dangerous man."

"Why, he looks harmless enough. But how do you know?"

"We met him accidentally on our travels. He paid us some little attention. But it struck me at the time that no one could hold him." Was there a faint tinge of bitterness in the tone? "He isn't—" and she paused for a word—"he isn't conventional; and unconventional people break through all rules."

"I will beat him," said Lafontaine resolutely. "I like a man who is worth fighting, and I will beat him."

"If you do I shall be proud of you."

"And if I don't?" asked he, looking down into her eyes.

"You will hardly be proud of yourself."

His voice deepened and lowered, and a warmer light shone in the dark eyes, as, bending towards her, he said:

"With you proud of me I could beat the world."

"Beat the world," she laughed back, "and you will beat me."

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She saw no more of the stranger that evening until about to retire with her father and Lafontaine. While the latter was cloaking her D'Arcy passed and Mowbray at once recognized him. Mr. Mowbray had been at the supper-table with some of his new Irish friends, and was in the best humor possible with himself and everybody else. He rushed forward and seized D'Arcy.

"Why, bless my soul!" said the honest gentleman, "you here? Why didn't you let me know? Come along—here's Gertrude—my daughter—whom you met, you know. Gertrude, don't you remember our friend with the voice of—of—where the mischief was it?—some place or another—who sang so well, you know—Adam and Eve, or some place like that. Sorry we're off to-morrow, or I'd ask you to call. But come to London—come to London—here's my card—and call on me. We'll be delighted to see you."

During the delivery of this rather promiscuous harangue D'Arcy stood bowing to each sentence and glancing furtively at Gertrude, who surveyed him with an icy air that was quite an offset to the unusual warmth of her father. Noting her coldness, a shade passed over his open countenance, and, thanking Mr. Mowbray with the best taste at the close, he bowed to him, made a polite obeisance to his daughter, and slowly sauntered away. Her eyes followed him with a calm disdain, yet not without interest. She felt that an unreasonable antagonism towards this man had taken possession of her. They followed after. As he neared the door he moved aside to let a party pass. They stopped to speak to him, and a lovely girl burst from the group just as the Mowbrays reached it.

She laid her hand on D'Arcy's arm, and, clasping it firmly, said, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken:

"I wish you success with all my soul. If you don't win I shall be heart-broken, Martin."

"Then I must win," he said, with his habitual half-earnest, half-playful air, as he gave her his arm to lead her down. And they passed down smiling and happy.

The Mowbrays had been witnesses of the scene, and Lafontaine gazed at his fair foe with undisguised admiration.

"D'Arcy has also strong allies, I see," he whispered to Gertrude.

"Why are we so long, papa?" was her response in a hard, fretful tone that caused Mr. Mowbray to start. "I wish we were home."

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THE ESSENCE OF BODIES.

WHAT is meant by a body? My books, desk, and furniture, the walls and ceiling of my room, seem to stare at me as I ask the question. People that stare must be met by a steady gaze in return, else their impertinence becomes unbearable. I therefore continue to face them all, and repeat my interrogatory. Yes, my boldness has had its effect: they bear a more subdued appearance, and even seem to become communicative. A thousand casual glances have not told me as much as one steady look. They all agree in this: that they possess extension, three dimensions, all have some color, all occupy space, and exclude other bodies from that portion of space which they occupy. Here their resemblance ceases, and in a dozen other respects I find them totally different. Now, when a philosopher begins an investigation he must be content with a descriptive definition, since at the start he cannot have acquired that which is the object of his search, and therefore he cannot give a definition of the essential constituents of his subject. A body, then, is a substance which has three dimensions and is endowed with the force of resistance.

How my lamp flickers! What ails it? By the ghost of Spinoza! it resents being called a substance. Knotty word for metaphysicians, that term substance. But (if the ghost of Spinoza will be quiet) it seems to mean simply something which can exist by itself—that is, which does not need to inhere in any subject; in contradistinction to an accident, which is something that cannot exist by itself, but must inhere in some subject. Iron is a substance; its hardness, color, weight, and shape are accidents. To be sure, we only know substances by their properties and qualities, but, in spite of Locke, we believe none the less that substances are real. Who can imagine a house without foundation, a bridge without piers? And is it not still more difficult to conceive a heap of accidents, qualities, appearances, without some reality lying beneath to sustain them? Now, common sense, which tells us that bodies exist, that appearances differ from substance, and that substance means something real, also tells us that there are different substances. Who but a philosopher, and that of our century, needs to be told that sugar and

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salt, gold and lead, silk and cotton, differ substantially? Those who say that they are not different in substance must account for their diverse properties and qualities. One step more and we shall be fairly ready to leap from the shore of experience into the sea of speculation. Food is changed into flesh, coal into gas and ashes; and the whole science of chemistry treats of the change of substances into one another. New substances are being constantly formed, old ones destroyed, and yet there is no new creative act performed; the old material is simply undergoing various changes. But there's the rub: how are those changes brought about? What light do they throw on the nature of bodies?

Admitting, then, the existence of the corporeal world, of different substances, and of the change of substances into one another, we are at once led to inquire how these changes are accounted for, and what can be ascertained by means of them with regard to the constitution of bodies. It must be borne in mind from the outset that we are seeking intrinsic causes, constituent principles, and therefore we must put ourselves under the guidance of reason. While we use our senses and imagination to aid us in an investigation, they must not be permitted to trammel or confine us when we seek to get beyond their range. When we have said to our Sibyl,

"Doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas,"

we must be prepared to accompany her whithersoever she conducts us. The questions to which we seek an answer are, in brief: What is there in the intrinsic nature of bodies that makes them differ substantially, and how is it that one body can be changed into another? Any theory which fully explains these facts must tell us what constitutes the essence of a body and will require our assent, whilst those hypotheses which fail to account for what our experience teaches must be rejected as unsatisfactory, however exalted be the names of their advocates.

We find that the moderns seem to be traversing the same ground already trodden by ancient philosophers. For example, Descartes* follows Epicurus in holding that there exist in space an infinite number of very minute bodies, called atoms. All we know of their essence is that they are extended matter. They are not intrinsically possessed of any forces, but are endowed with motion by some external cause. This motion, whether rec-

* *Les Principes de la Philosophie*, troisième partie, No. 46 et seq., edit. 1824.

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tilinear or rotatory, is purely mechanical and cannot be destroyed, but only transformed from one to another species of motion. All substances arise from the agglomeration of atoms, which unite in one or other way, according to the nature of the motion imparted to each or according to the manner in which they encounter one another. Descartes' views are much modified by more recent atomists, who hold that matter is uncreated and that motion is essential to it, but it would be an endless task to enter upon the various phases of the theory. All that the atomist asks for in order to construct the universe is matter and motion; it is not our part to ask him whence come these elementary principles, but simply to inquire whether they account for the existing state of facts.

The great Leibnitz preferred "to hold opinion with Pythagoras," if philosophic tradition be correct in making Pythagoras the father of dynamism. According to this system bodies are ultimately composed of monads which are infinite in number, and are endowed with an obscure kind of cognition and some shadowy appetitive faculty which enables them to remain contented in their place at the extreme limit of created things. Boscovich modifies Leibnitz's theory, holding that the monads are finite in number, rejecting the notion that they are endowed with cognition, and granting them instead the forces of attraction and repulsion, which keep them, not in contact, but in certain definite relations to one another. Both views make the monads simple substances without extension, mere mathematical points in space, which give rise to extension by occupying relative positions. The dynamist accounts for diversity of substances, as I might account for the different letters on this page, by imagining a diverse arrangement of a huge number of black dots or points going to form the surface of the type. Bodies, then, are composed of force-centres acting at a distance, never in perfect contact.

Metaphysicians theorize; practical scientists adopt or reject their doctrines to suit their own branches or explain and classify phenomena. Hence we find in modern physics and chemistry a medley of opinions which may be reduced, *mutatis mutandis*, to the views of Descartes and Boscovich. The advanced physical doctrine may be formulated somewhat as follows: Atoms, the ultimate elements of bodies, are simple beings, in some way or other centres of motion, and remaining unchanged in their nature in whatever substances they exist. Molecules are the smallest portions of matter which can exist physically, and

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they differ among themselves by reason of the different number of atoms they contain or the diverse arrangement of the atoms. Ether, that universal agent which is admitted as the cause or condition for all changes in the physical world, and which is held to permeate the most solid substances, is probably composed of atoms only. Matter and motion account for all things. The words force and substance have no plural; language is all figurative; our senses may be reduced to one; in fact, all visible, created nature is one in essence, because the world, after all, is made up of nothing but atoms, however deftly arranged we may find them at present.

The chemist agrees in the main with the physicist. He knows bodies to be either simple elements—that is, such as cannot be split up into other bodies—or compound substances, which he regards as being composed of different elements, still actually present in the compound. For instance, gold is a *simple* body, not in the metaphysical sense that it cannot be divided into parts, but in this sense, that it cannot be further analyzed. Water is a compound body, made up of oxygen and hydrogen, two atoms of hydrogen hooking on to one of oxygen and forming a molecule of water. He finds different degrees of force in the atoms of different substances, one having the power to combine with three atoms of hydrogen, another with two, and so on. This atomicity, or chemical force, of the component particles of bodies plays an important part in modern chemistry. It is called quantivalence. Hydrogen is said to be monovalent, oxygen bivalent, nitrogen trivalent. Thus, a molecule of ammonia gas is represented by the symbol NH_3; and this is held to mean that the smallest physical constituent of the gas contains three atoms of hydrogen joined to one of nitrogen, both substances existing in the compound, but with their forces neutralized, their affinities satisfied, to use the technical explanation. Two forces account for the condition of all stable bodies. Cohesion holds together the atoms of homogeneous substances, affinity binds heterogeneous compounds. The starting-point of this system is Avogadro's hypothesis that "equal volumes of all gases contain, under like conditions, the same number of atoms." Admitting this law, as it is called, and knowing as a fact that two quarts of hydrogen are required to combine with one of oxygen, it follows that every molecule of the resulting substance—that is, water—contains two atoms of one gas to one atom of the other. Observe, the foundation of the system is a hypothesis—that is, a supposition incapable of direct verification. Whatever is drawn from this law,

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then, is merely theory, convenient, plausible, useful, but not certain or evident. It is only fair to state that the chemist, as a rule, does not pretend to build up any philosophic system. He adopts theories in so far as he finds them convenient, and is ready to change his theory when another is proposed that better explains the facts of his science or serves to assist more effectually to its advancement.

Does any of these systems explain the facts? Can we account for diversity of substances, substantial changes, and real extension by any of these doctrines? And, first, what says the atomist? Probably he holds with Descartes that extension alone constitutes the essence of bodies, and that atoms in motion give rise to diversity of substances. Can it be that the only difference between a beautiful flower and a lump of clay is that in one we have atoms arranged in a certain manner, and in the other atoms otherwise distributed? The plant has properties and qualities wholly diverse from those of the stone. A difference of properties indicates a difference of nature, so our common sense tells us that the intimate nature of the flower differs from that of the stone. A mere accidental change in the mode of motion of the atoms or in their arrangement could never bring about substantial differences. And what we say of diversity of substances must be said of substantial changes. Atomism explains the conversion of grass or oats into flesh by supposing that the atoms of the food undergo a change in their order or relative position. The same objection must be urged. Rearrange the grains of wheat in a bushel from now till doomsday, and you will never get anything but wheat. What right have we, then, to presume that by transposing atoms, which no one has ever seen and the existence of which does not admit of direct proof, we can get a whole world of varied beings? No; to change fodder into meat the vital action of a living principle must be employed, and to convert one inorganic body into another a force just as real, though not so high in nature, must be called into play. The vital force in the animal, the chemical force in the mineral, spring from natures that are different. Now, atomism does not give any satisfactory account of these different natures, does not explain the changes with which we are all familiar, and so we feel bound to reject it. Does atomism explain even extension? According to this theory bodies are not continuous, as they appear to be, but each atom is distinct and separate from the rest. Our idea of extension is derived from the atoms, however, because each atom has a certain small extension—in other

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words, is a small body with three dimensions, though incapable of further division. Pope reproaches the philologist for chasing so small a thing as a syllable back to Noe's ark; we must therefore crave pardon while we pursue a poor little atom to its den. The truth is, this atom has made such a noise of late it may be worth inspecting; and then, as nobody has ever seen it, we are perfectly safe in talking about it. Fix the eye of your imagination upon an atom. It has extension; therefore, though physically incapable of division, it must be said to have parts. For what is extension but the placing of parts beyond parts? But these parts are perfectly connected in the atom; there is no actual division of its parts. So our atom has at once unity and multiplicity—that is to say, the characteristics of an extended body. Now, the multiplicity comes from the principle of extension, but whence comes the unity? Opposite properties cannot spring from one and the same principle; the intrinsic cause of dispersion of parts cannot give rise at the same time to cohesion among the parts. How, then, shall we account for this unity? Three answers are possible: it may be said the atom is one because God wills it; or the principle of extension is sufficient to account for the unity; or, finally, that some force holds the parts together. No other answer can be conceived; which of these shall we adopt? The first recurs to the Maker's will—that is to say, it abandons the controversy. For we must admit either that the Maker's will produces some intrinsic effect in the atom or that it does not. If it does not produce any such effect we remain where we were before. If it does produce some effect, then precisely what we are now inquiring is, What does it produce? The second reply, making the principle of extension alone sufficient, gives to the same principle opposite effects, in the same subject, at the same time. This is clearly repugnant. We are obliged, therefore, to conclude that some force is required to bind our atom into one. Such a force must be an essential, not an accidental, one; it must be a constituent part of the nature of the atom, not something added to the complete essence and flowing from it. An accidental force supposes its subject already existing, but the force we speak of is evidently required in order that the atom may begin to exist. Poor little atom! it cannot escape; small as it is, its extension supposes two principles diverse in nature, which must come together in order to make it. Atomism gives no account of any two such principles, so we cannot even grant that it explains its own atoms, much less that it explains the real extension of the world of visible bodies. "Il faut

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qu'outre l'étendue on conçoive dans le corps une force primitive." *

May we, then, embrace the dynamic theory that bodies are mere collections of force-centres—that is, of simple, unextended monads acting on one another by means of attraction and repulsion? Let us apply our crucial test. Does the doctrine explain the diversity of substances? What is the difference between my pen and my watch that is ticking on the desk before me? Force-centres, without extension, grouped one way or other, make the pen and the watch. How is this known? By experience? Clearly not. By reasoning? What course of reasoning brings us to confound things so totally diverse? And, again, how do I get my idea of extension? The page on which I am writing seems to me an extended substance. Now let me consider. The force-centres of which it is composed must either be continuous, or contiguous, or at a distance from one another. First, things are said to be continuous which have one common boundary. But simple beings, having no parts, if they touch at all must coincide altogether, and therefore if our monads are continuous all bodies are reduced to mathematical points. Second, things are contiguous which are joined at one extremity. But, again, our unextended monads have got no extremities, and so if we make them touch one another they vanish once more. Third, put them now at a distance. In the first place, they cannot act upon one another in any way, because there is no such thing as *actio in distans;* but granting, for the sake of argument, that they attract and repel one another, they present no foundation for the idea of extension. We have merely order or arrangement—of what? Of simple points. But order simply means a relation, a disposition: it does not say anything about extension; and surely points cannot be at the same time unextended yet the foundation of extension. But, some one may say, let the intervals between the force-centres be so small that the senses do not perceive them. Bodies contain many pores which we do not see. We imagine them to be altogether continuous, when they are really full of interstices. As Balmez † puts it: "That which is positive in extension is multiplicity, together with a certain constant order; continuity is nothing more than this constant order, in so far as sensibly represented in us; it is a purely subjective phenomenon, which does not at all affect the reality." Outside of us, then, there may be nothing but a multiplicity of beings, between which we perceive no intervals. Now, we ask,

* Leibnitz. † *Fundamental Philosophy*, bk. iii. chap. xxiv. p. 445.

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in what way does order change the nature or the properties of things? Order is a mere accident—something external and apart from the nature of a being. Let us take an example. Here we have a series of points dotted across a slate. Do they make a line? Certainly not; they must be connected in order to make a line. Put four dots at the corners of the slate. Have you a quadrangle? Not till you have joined them. If the notion of extension comes simply from the arrangement of beings not themselves extended, let us arrange a band of spirits in proper fashion and make a cabbage out of them. Make granite walls out of straw, by all means; build bridges of feathers; but when you run against a tree in the dark do not try to persuade yourself that it is not really an extended object, but merely a collection of force-centres mutually repelling one another. Your temper at the moment will not favor that philosophic calm which is required to enable us to put aside our common sense for vague dreams.

Besides, Balmez's objection ignores the testimony of our senses. If there is nothing *a parte rei* corresponding to our perception of extension, our senses deceive us, and if we wish to be logical we must become idealists or sceptics. The testimony of our senses must be true, for nature cannot deceive us; and so there must exist outside of us something to cause in us the impression of extension. But the dynamic theory gives us nothing as a foundation for this notion, and therefore we must abandon it altogether. Better adopt atomism, for there at least we have extended atoms, and these, even though not continuous, might help to explain extension. It is not surprising to find that Balmez elsewhere contradicts himself. He says: "No possible efforts can enable us to consider a collection of indivisible points, neither continuous nor united by lines, as extension; this collection will be to us as that of beings having no connection with extension" (bk. ii. ch. viii. p. 285). To be sure, I do not perceive the pores in ordinary objects; does that prove that things are made of pores? The matter between the pores has real extension; the interstices, in fact, are as a general thing so slight in comparison with the extended particles that they escape my eye. Force-centres, then, without real extension do not explain real extension, and therefore the dynamic theory fails to account for the most obvious and universal property of bodies, and seems, in fact, to deny the reality of true objective extension.

Whither shall we turn? Brief as our consideration has been, we have found atomism and dynamism altogether unsatisfactory.

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Shall we apply to the chemist or the physicist for help? It will be useless to do so, for these sciences either adopt some hypothesis as true, and then argue from it, or they leave the question untouched altogether. It is safe to say that chemists and physicists hold to one of the two theories we have been reviewing, or some modification of them. Perhaps it may be worth while to consider an old-fashioned doctrine that comes down to us from Grecian sages, and which satisfied the minds of men for centuries when questions of this kind were studied with an ardor and a thoroughness which our practical age can hardly realize. It certainly deserves a fair hearing, both on account of its antiquity and the deep hold it has had upon philosophic minds in all succeeding ages up to the present day; and if it can be reconciled with the discoveries of modern science it may still approve itself to thinking men as the best explanation of phenomena which now are clouded in obscurity.

> "Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore."

The system we are going to consider regards all bodies as made up essentially of two principles, matter and form, the first being the source of extension, multiplicity of parts, and of the passive character of corporeal substances, the second serving as the foundation of unity, cohesion, and of all active qualities and properties. The basis of the doctrine is the variety of substances in the world and the reality of substantial changes. As for the variety of substances, it seems almost an insult to common sense to prove that pumpkins are not peaches, stones bread, or sand sugar; but as we are philosophizing, the plainest truths must be weighed in the balance of reason. Actions that are specifically different spring from substances specifically different, because actions are the effects of the nature that produces them, and from effects we argue to causes. But there are among bodies actions specifically different. For instance, the action of oxygen in supporting combustion, and of carbon dioxide in extinguishing fire, are opposite to one another; they could not, therefore, emanate from the same subject. The action of a plant in assimilating its nutriment could not be successfully imitated by any inorganic body. Fancy a series of leaden pipes, attached to an iron trunk, that branches out into copper twigs terminating in silver leaves, and try to imagine how such a tree could grow. Not only in their actions but in their general properties and qualities substances differ. In spite of Locke's efforts to persuade us that our

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knowledge is limited to the exterior of things, we feel convinced that if lead differs from gold in hardness, weight, lustre, color, and fusibility, there must be something different in each of them which is the basis of all these qualities—in other words, that they are different substances. Besides, if substances do not really differ, if all are merely atoms in motion, what becomes of that beautiful gradation in nature which has ever been the wonder and admiration of mankind, and to the existence of which our common sense bears witness? The kingdoms of nature, mineral, vegetable, and animal, protest against any levelling theory that blots out old landmarks or overleaps old boundaries. It is the part of science to take things as it finds them and to explain, but not explain *away*, nature. Not only do substances really differ among themselves, but one or more substances can be changed into another substance. For instance, oxygen and hydrogen unite to form water; food is changed into flesh, coal into vapor and ashes. Now, what do these changes imply? Consider the simplest one, the union of the two gases that go to form water. We have two glass vessels, containing the gases oxygen and hydrogen in proper proportion. They are different substances, and each is a simple substance; that is to say, so far as chemists have yet ascertained neither of them can be decomposed into other elements. Now, the electric spark passes, the gases unite, and a drop of water is produced. Has there been any annihilation of one substance, any creative act to call another into being? Clearly not; there has been a change, but not an annihilation. Do oxygen and hydrogen remain? No; we have an entirely new substance. Water is not oxygen or hydrogen, or a mixture of the two. This is not like dissolving sugar in water or changing water into ice. We have here a perfect conversion—a destruction of a whole series of properties in two simple bodies, the appearance of a new body with new properties. Now observe: as there has been no creation, we must say that the water was made out of something that was there already. But it could not have been made out of the entire substance of oxygen, plus the entire substance of hydrogen, for in that case we should now have the sum or aggregate of two substances, not a new substance. What must be said, then? That the water was made out of something of the substance of oxygen and something of the substance of hydrogen. The something out of which a thing is made we call the matter, so we may say here that the something in oxygen and hydrogen which goes to make water is matter, or the material part of the substance formed. The matter of

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oxygen and hydrogen remains. It was the subject which underwent the change we have been examining; it now remains as the material part of the water. This matter may be justly regarded as the foundation, so to speak, of the existence of the water. It is the lowest step in the ladder of being. We cannot get beneath it. For to be a substance is, as it were, the basis of all properties and qualities: but this matter that we are talking of is at the root of the substance of water as substance; it belongs to the *primum esse rei*, and therefore, whatever be its nature, it deserves to be called first matter—*materia prima*. We call it matter because it is that out of which something is made. We call it first matter because that which is made of it is the *primum esse*, the substantial reality of the thing made.

Again, whilst part of the oxygen and hydrogen still survives, neither of these substances remains *as such*, therefore something has disappeared. But that which has vanished is precisely what made oxygen to be oxygen, and hydrogen to be hydrogen—that which gave each of them its separate nature. What shall we call this something which is gone? It was a constitutive part of the substances that entered into combination, and it was that which gave each its distinct character or form, so we call it substantial form. They have lost their substantial forms, and a new substantial form—namely, that of water—has been produced.

Is all this mere hypothesis, or is it certain? In the first place, it is certain that oxygen and hydrogen unite to form water. It cannot be denied that water is a new substance and one single substance; therefore the oxygen and hydrogen no longer remain as separate substances. But they are not wholly annihilated; they contribute really to the formation of the compound. In the compound, then, there is something old and something new—an entity which was in the elements, an entity which was not actually in the elements, but has been evolved by their union. It is evident, then, 1st, that the elements themselves consist of two principles; 2d, that one of these is permanent, the other can be changed; 3d, that since something from both elements remains in the compound, whilst the compound is one single substance, that principle which remains, and which we have called *materia prima*, is the same in all the three bodies. For whether in the elements or in the water, it is merely something *in potentia*, to be such or such a substance.

We notice, furthermore, that in this evolution of water, while something has been lost, some new reality has been produced. This it is that makes water to be water; this gives it a name and

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a nature of its own, and makes it one complete being. This new arrival on the scene we call the substantial form of water. It is called a form because it limits, determines, perfects the nature of the thing made; it is called substantial form because it enters into the constitution of the essence of water as such. That some new entity has appeared is evident, because water is a new substance; that that entity is not something complete in itself is equally clear, for we saw that the water contains the material part of the elements; that this intruder forms an intimate union with that material part of the elements is equally unquestionable. It is, then, a cause of the resulting compound, because it helps to its production; it is not the only cause, for the matter also was required; it is not an extrinsic cause, since it acts by giving itself, so to speak, to the effect. We must call it, then, a formal cause, or "informing" principle. Now, what the water has gained the elements have lost; they no longer have that which made them distinct and complete substances; they have lost that principle through which they possessed a determinate nature of their own—that is, they have lost their substantial forms.

Why is it that at first blush the modern reader smiles at this doctrine? Many reasons might be given. One is this: We are not accustomed to consider accurately intrinsic causes, nor to weigh what we mean by material and formal principles or by the words matter and form. In order to understand Aristotle's definition of these important terms we cannot do better than ask ourselves bluntly the question what we have meant hitherto whilst we employed these words. For instance: "Did you enjoy that sermon to-day?" "No, the subject-matter was good, but the form showed poor taste." "What do you think of that essay?" "All flowers, no fruit; fine form, but wanting in solid matter." "Does a man commit murder when he shoots a friend accidentally?" "Of course not. The physical act without the intention to kill is no crime; it is only the material part. The formal part of the crime is wanting." Now, observe, in these and similar examples that readily occur to the mind, the word "matter" seems to mean something rather vague and indeterminate, something, for instance, that may be common to a good and bad action, or essay, or sermon—something, therefore, which may be found in different species of objects; whilst "form," on the other hand, gives determination or character, specifies or limits the object to which it is attributed. This in a general way. One is potential, the other actual.[1]

Whilst we bear this carefully in mind, let us also distinguish

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clearly between what is signified by accidental forms and substantial forms. This piece of wax is now spherical. By a few gentle taps on the table I have made it cubical; now again it becomes a pyramid under the pressure of my thumb and finger. It changes its figure, its shape, but it undergoes no substantial alteration; it is the same wax as before. The snow that is falling to-day will melt to-morrow, losing its myriad crystalline forms, but remaining substantially the same. The figure of the wax as well as of the snow is something accidental, since it can be removed without changing the substance. It is called an accidental form, since it determines its subject to exist under such a shape. A substantial form determines its subject to be such a substance; it specifies the whole nature, as the accidental form specifies the quality of the thing in question. Just as by changes of this sort we come to know the real distinction between a substance and its accidents or appearances, so by changes such as that first discussed we acquire our knowledge of the difference between substantial forms and *materia prima*.

It is time to venture on a definition of the two principles of which bodies may be said to be essentially composed. *Materia prima*, or first matter,* is neither substance nor accident, nor anything else that limits and defines a thing; but it is the first subject of all substantial changes, existing *per se* in all bodies. It is not a substance—that is to say, it is not something complete and capable of existing alone. It is not an accident, for it is an essential principle and is found at the bottom of all transmutations, as we saw by an example. Nor is it anything else limiting and defining a being. Why all this? Because it is a potential, passive principle, a mere recipient, a kind of primeval clay, from which all substances are moulded. Since it is a purely potential principle, it is indifferent to all modes of being—that is, it is ready to become anything, just as wax is indifferent to all figures and can be made to assume various shapes at pleasure. It does not follow because it is neither substance nor accident that it is nothing at all, an absolute nonentity, a creature of the imagination; though, being next to nothing, *prope nihil*, having of itself no *determined* nature, we must not expect to have a very obvious definition of it. Since without a form it cannot exist, and we know all things as they exist, we can only know *materia prima* by analogy and by the relation it bears to the actuating principle, though our certainty of its existence is based indirectly upon experience. *Materia prima* must not be confounded with simple elements as

* Cf. St. Thomas, vii. *Met.*, l. viii. lect. 2.

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we know them from chemistry. Simple elements themselves are composed of matter and form, just as all other bodies are. Matter is merely the principle of extension, something common to all bodies whatsoever, and the same in all, because what makes bodies different is the principle that completes their nature, actuating or informing the potential principle, matter, and determining it to be iron, gold, lead, or any other substance.

We have still to define what is meant by substantial form. It may be said to be, in technical terms, the "first act" of a corporeal substance, or that which determines the specific nature of a substance. As matter cannot exist alone, so form cannot. The two co-exist; they are *comprincipia*, and together make up the composite nature of bodies. From matter, the passive principle, flows extension; from form, the active principle, come the qualities and properties of bodies. Real extension is found in gold and silver, because both alike contain the same material principle that gives rise to that fundamental property; gold and silver differ in qualities, because they have different substantial forms. What is simple, then, to the chemist's mind, because he cannot analyze it further, is composite in the view of the metaphysician, since he finds in it two distinct principles.

In setting out we agreed to apply certain tests to the different theories by which philosophers try to account for the nature of bodies. The true theory must explain real extension, diversity of substances, and substantial changes. We rejected atomism and dynamism because they did not seem to explain these facts. Does the scholastic doctrine fulfil this condition? It is precisely upon these facts that the scholastic doctrine is based. 1. Extension implies multiplicity of parts and unity among the parts, therefore it supposes a double principle, just as the union of our States into one government supposes two things, real distinction of States and real unity among them. 2. Diversity of substances among bodies implies a principle essentially different in each substance. This theory gives us a principle, an actuating principle, different for each substance. 3. Substantial changes imply that something substantial is destroyed, whilst something remains; food is decomposed, and flesh is made from it: something of the food becomes part of the substance of our bodies. This doctrine says that the material principle remains, the substantial form is changed. It grants all patent facts, it takes the world as it finds it, consults experience, examines chemical evidence, and then reasons directly upon the facts presented. Difficulty in understanding technical terms, preconceived notions

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coming from some knowledge of chemistry or physics, or, finally, a want of patience in following our own reason when we have not the imagination to help it, especially in treating of bodies, which we are accustomed to know so directly through our senses, makes us smile at first at what the gravest sages have deemed evident and incontrovertible. We must conclude, then, that all bodies are essentially composed of two principles, matter and form.

We have carefully abstained from lengthy quotations, which are only too easily multiplied, and have even omitted nearly all mention of authorities, since such a question appeals purely to our reason and must be decided strictly by its intrinsic merits. It may not be amiss, however, for the sake of the curious or the studious reader, to refer to such works as the *Metaphysics of the School*, by Harper, or Kleutgen's *Scholastic Philosophy* (French translation), whilst those familiar with Latin can find the question fully treated in such authors as De San, Pesch, Cornoldi, and San Severino, unless they prefer to go to the fountain-head of learning, there to imbibe the pure doctrine of the schools, in the rigid simplicity of its relentless logic, from the pages of St. Thomas himself.

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THE FORAY OF QUEEN MEAVE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

FRAGMENT II.

THE HIGH DEEDS OF CUCHULLAIN.

ARGUMENT.

FERGUS is sent to Cuchullain with gifts, and requires him to forsake King Conor. This he will not do, yet consents to forbear the host till Meave has reached the border of Uladh, the Queen engaging that the warfare shall then be restricted to a combat between himself and a single champion sent against him day by day. Each day Meave's champion is slain. Cailitin, Lord of the Magic Clan, counsels Meave to send against Cuchullain his earliest and best-loved friend Ferdia; yet she sends, instead, Lok Mac Favesh. When he, too, falls, Cailitin and his twenty-seven sons, all magicians, noting that Cuchullain stands like one sore wearied, fling themselves upon him. Cuchullain slays them all. The Mor Reega, the War Goddess of the Gael, prophesies to him that there yet awaits him the greatest of his trials. After ninety days of combat Cuchullain's father brings him tidings that all Uladh lies bound under a spell of imbecility.

THUS ever day by day, and night by night,
Through strength of him that 'mid the royal host
Passed and repassed like thought, the bravest fell,
For ne'er against the inglorious or the small
That warrior raised his hand. Then Ailill spake:
"Let Fergus seek that champion in the woods,
Gift-laden, and withdraw him from his king":
But Fergus answered: "Sue and be refused!
That great one loves his country. Heard ye not
How when King Conor's sin, that forfeit pledge
Plighted with Usnach's sons, had left the Accursed
Crownless, and Eman's bulwarks in the dust,
Her Elders on Cuchullain worked, what time
He came my work of vengeance to complete?
They said, 'Cuchullain loves his country well;
The man besides, though terrible to foes,
Is tender to the weak. Through Eman's streets
Send ye proclaim, "Will any holy maid
To save the Land take up her station sole
On yonder bridge, at parting of the ways,
The City's Emblem-Victim, robed in black
Down from her girdle to the naked feet;
Above that girdle this alone—the chains

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Of Eman's gate, circling that virgin throat
And down at each side streaming? It may be
That dread one will relent, pitying in her
Great Uladh's self, despoiled of robe and crown,
Her raiment bonds and shame." ' Of Eman's maids
But one, the best and holiest, gave consent:
Alone she stood at parting of the ways:
While near and nearer yet that war-car rushed
Wide-eyed she stood; death-pale: it stopp'd: she spake:
'Eman, thy mother, stands a widow now:
And many a famished babe that wrought no ill
Lies wailing 'mid her ruins.' To the left
The warrior turned his steeds. The Land was saved."

Then spake the Kings Confederate: "Hard albeit
That task, to draw Cuchullain from his charge,
Seek him, and proffer terms." Fergus next morn
Made way through those sea-skirting woods, and cried
Three times, "Setanta"; and Cuchullain heard
And knew that voice, and, beaming, issued forth,
And clasped his ancient Master round the neck,
And led him to his sylvan cell. Therein
Long time they held discourse of ancient days
Heaven-like through mist of years. Ere long the Chief
Spread frugal feast, whatever wood or stream
Yielded, its best, with milk—the woodland kernes
Brought it each morn: nor lacked that feast its song,
Bird-song, by autumn chilled, that brake through boughs
Gilt by unwarming sunshine. Fergus, last,
Plainly his errant showed, and named the gifts
By Ailill sent, and Meave. Cuchullain rose
And curtly answered: "Never will I break
My vow; nor wrong my land; nor sell my king."
His friend that theme renewed not. Parting, thus
He spake: "For thee, though not for her, unmeet
That pact of Meave;—I own it. Thou, in turn
Conceal not, know'st thou meeter terms, and fit?"
To whom Cuchullain: "Fergus, terms there are
Other, and fitter. I divulge them not:
Divine them he that seeks them!" On the morn
Fergus these things narrated to the chiefs
In synod met. Then rose a recreant churl,

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And thus gave counsel: "Lure Cuchullain here
On pretext fair; and slay him at the feast!"
Against that recreant Fergus hurled his spear,
And slew him; and continued, "Hundreds six,
Our best, have perished, and our march is slow:
Now, warriors, hear my counsel and my terms.
Cuchullain scorns your gifts—of such no more!
'Twixt southern Erin and my Uladh's realm
Runs Avon Dia: through it lies a ford;
Speak to Cuchullain: 'By that ford stand thou,
Guarding thy land. Against thee, day by day,
Be ours to send one champion—one alone;
While lasts that strife forbear the host beside!'"

Then roared the Kings a long and loud applause,
Since meet appeared that counsel: faith they pledged,
And sureties in the hearing of the gods:
Likewise Cuchullain, when his friend returned,
Made answer: "Well you guessed: a month or more
My strength will hold: meantime our Uladh arms."
That day he visited the hostile camp,
And shared the banquet. Wondering, all men gazed,
And maidens, lifted on the warriors' shields,
Gladdened, so bright that youthful face. At morn
Meave, when the warrior left them, kissed his cheek:
"Pity," the proud one said, "that such should die!"
The one sole time that Meave compassion felt.

That eve Cuchullain drank of Dia's wave,
And, wading, reached Cuailgné's soil, his charge,
And, kneeling, kissed it. As the sun declined
He clomb a rocky height, and northward gazed,
And cried: "Ye Red Branch warriors, haste! I keep
The ford; but who shall guard it when I die?"

Next morning by that stream the fight began,
Two champions face to face: and, every morn,
Rang out renewed that combat; while the host
Shouted, in triumph when Cuchullain bled,
In anguish when his boastful rival sank
Dead on the soil. Daily their bravest died;
Thirty in thirty days. Fearbraoth fell,

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And Natherandal, though the Druid horde
Above his javelins, carved at set of moon
From the ever-sacred holly stem, had breathed
Vain consecration, and with futile salve
Anointed them: confuted, soon they sailed
In ignominy adown the Dia's tide
With him that hurled them. Eterconnel next,
Dalot, and Cuir. Yet he that laid them low
Was beardless at the lip. While thus they strove
A second month went by.

Such things beholding,
The Queen was moved; and in her grew one day
Craving for Cruachan. But on her ear
Rolled forth that hour the lowings of that Bull,
Cuailgné's Donn: for he from Daré's house
Had heard, though far, the thunders of the host,
And answered rage with rage. Then mused the Queen:
"Though all my host should perish to a man,
I will not tread once more my native plains
Save with that Bull in charge."

To her by night
Came Cailitin, who ever walked by night,
Shunning mankind, and Fergus most of all,
Cailitin, Father of the Magic Clan,
And thus addressed her: "Place in me thy trust!
I hate Cuchullain, for he hates my spells,
Resting his hope on Virtue. In thy camp
Ferdia bides, a Firbolg, feared of all:
Win him to meet Cuchullain. They in youth
Were friends: to slay that friend to him were death!
Ferdia dies—thus much mine art foreshows—
Then I, since magic spells have puissance most
Upon a soul depressed and body sick,
Fall on him as a storm by night; with me
My seven-and-twenty sons, magicians all:—
One are we; therefore may we fight with one,
Thy compact unimpeached. One drop of blood,
Though less in compass than the beetle's eye,
Costs him his life." Fiercely the Queen replied,
"A Firbolg? Never!" Cailitin resumed,
"Then send for Lok Mac Favesh!"

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With the morn
Mac Favesh sought her tent. Direful his mien,
Massive his stride; his body huge and brawn;
For, though of Gaelic race, the stock of Ir,
With him was mingled giant blood of old,
Wild blood of Nemedh's brood that hurled sea rocks
Against the brood Fomorian. Oft the tide
Drowned both, in battle knit. Before the Queen
Boastful the Titan laid his club, and spake:
"Queen, though to combat with a beardless boy
Affronts my name, my lineage, and my strength,
His petulance shall vex thine eye no more!
Uladh is thine to-morrow!" On the morn,
By hundreds girt, the great ones of his clan,
Down to the ford he drave, and onward strode
Trampling the last year's branches on the marge,
That snapp'd beneath him. Hides of oxen seven
Sustained the brazen bosses of his shield;
And forth he stretched a hand that might have grasped
A tiger's throat and choked him. O'er his helm
Hovered an imaged Demon raven-black.
Cuchullain met him, radiant as the morn:
Instant began the onset: hours went by:
That mountained strength triumphant now, anon
Cuchullain's might divine. Then first that might
Was fully tasked. Upon the bank that hour
Stood up a Portent seen by none save him,
A Shape not human. Terribly it fixed
On him alone its never-wandering eye—
The dread Mor Reega; she that from the skies
O'er-rules the battlefields, and sways at will,
This way or that, the sable tides of death.
He gazed; and, though incapable of fear,
Awe such as heroes feel possessed his heart:
Its beatings shook his brain: his flesh itself
Throbbed as a branch against some river swift:
And backward turned his hair like berried trails
Of thorn athwart the hedge. Three several times
He saw her, yet fought on. With beckoning hand
At last that Portent summoned from the main
A huge sea-snake: round him it twined its knots.
Then on Cuchullain fell the rage from heaven:
A sword-blow, and that vast sea-worm lay dead!

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A sword uplifted, and Mac Favesh fell
Upon the water, prone. In death he cried:
"Lay me with forehead t'ward Cuailgné's marge,
So none shall say Mac Favesh recreant died,
Or fugitive." With face to Uladh turned
Cuchullain laid the dead: then, bleeding fast,
Stood upright, leaning on his spear aslant,
A warrior battle-wearied.

From the bank,
Meantime, the dark magician, Cailitin,
He and his sons, with wide and greedy eyes,
That still, like one man's eyes, together moved,
Had watched that fight, counting each drop that fell
Down from Cuchullain's wounds. When faint he stood
At once their cry rang out like one man's cry;
Like one their seven-and-twenty javelins flew:
As swift, Cuchullain caught them on his shield:
An instant more, and all that horde accursed
Was dealing with him. From the trampled ford
Went up a mist that veiled that strife from view,
Though pierced by demon cries and flash beside
Of demon swords. O'er it at last up-towered
On-borne (such power to blend have Spirits impure)
A single Form—as when o'er seas storm-laid
The watery column reels, and draws from heaven
The cloud, and drowns whole fleets—a single Form,
And Head, and Hand, clutching Cuchullain's crest:—
Not wholly sank he. Sudden, o'er that mist
Glittered his sword. There fell a silence strange;
Slowly that mist dispersed; and on the sands
That false Enchanter lay with all his sons
Black, bleeding bulks of death.

Amid them stood
Cuchullain; near him, seen by him alone,
That dread Mor Reega, now benign. She spake:
"I hated thee; but hate thee now no more:
Be strong! A trial waits thee heavier yet
Than giant sinew or the Magic Clan:
No man is friend of mine till trial-proved."

Yet sad at heart that eve Cuchullain clomb
His wonted rock, and faint with loss of blood,

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And mused: "My strength will lessen day by day";
And northward gazed, thus murmuring: "All too late
To save the land those Red Branch Knights will come
When I am dead—
My war-car and my war-steeds stand far off,
And I am here alone." Through grief that night
He slept not; for that Magic Clan had power,
Though dead, to lean above him as a cloud,
Darkening his spirit. Lonely as he sat
He saw, not distant, on the forest floor,
In moonbeams clad, albeit moon was none,
A princely presence standing. Lithe his form
In youthful prime: chain-armor round him clung
Bright as if woven of diamonds. Glad his eye;
Dulcet his voice as strain from elfin glen
Far heard o'er waters. Thus that warrior spake:
"My child, an ancestor of thine I come,
Great Ethland's son, in battle slain long since:
Among the Sidil haunts and fairy hills
Moon-lit, and under depths of lucent lakes,
Gladness I have who in my day had woe,
And youth perpetual though I died in age.
Repose thou need'st: for sixty days thine eyes
Have closed reluctant. Sleep a three days' sleep;
Whilst I, thy semblance bearing, meet thy foes."
Thus spake the youth; then sang Lethean song;
And, straight, Cuchullain slept. Three days gone by,
Again that vision came. "Arise," he said:
The warrior rose; and lo! his wounds were healed:
Down to the river sped he.

Waiting there
Stood up Iarion, champion of the Queen,
Like courser chained that hears far off the hounds.
There stood, nor thence returned. Eochar next
Perished, then Tubar, Chylair, Alp, and Ord,
In all full thirty warriors. Ninety days
Had fled successive since that strife began,
And now the snow was moulded on the branch
When, on the evening of the ninetieth day,
His strength entire, and victory, eagle-winged,
Fanning his ardent cheek, Cuchullain clomb
Once more that wonted rock. Within his heart

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Spirit illusive that, with purpose veiled,
Oft tries the loftiest most, this presage sang:
"Southward, not distant, thou shalt see them march,
At last, that Red Branch Order, in their van
Great Conal Carnach!" Other spectacle
Met him, a chariot small with horses small,
And, o'er the axle bent, a small old man
Urging them feebly on. It was his Sire!
T'wards him Cuchullain rushed: the old man wept,
For gladness wept, and afterwards for woe
Kissing the wounds unnumbered of his son:
Reverent, Cuchullain led him to his cell;
Reverent, he placed before him wine and meat;
And when at last his soul was satisfied
Garrulity returned, though less than once,
Subdued by patriot passion. Thus he spake:
"Setanta, son of mine, I bring ill news:
Uladh is mad; the Red Branch House is mad:
We two are mad; and all the world are mad,
Mad as thy mother! Through the realm I sped:
A mist hung o'er it heavy, and on her sons
Imbecile spirit, and a heartless mind,
And base soul-sickness. Evermore I cried,
'Arise! the Stranger's foot is on your soil:
They come to stall their horses in your halls;
To slay your sons; enslave your spotless maids;—
Alone my son withstands them!' Drawing in
The eye, like him who seeks repute of shrewd,
Men answered: 'Merchant! see thy wares be sound!
No lack-wits we!' Old Seers I saw that decked
Time-honored foreheads with a jester's crown:
I saw an Ollamb trample under foot
His sacred Oghams: next I saw him grave
His own blear image on the tide-washed sands,
Boasting, the ages here shall stoop their brows
Honoring true Wisdom's image! Shepherds set
The wolf to guard their fold. The wittol bade
The losel lead his wife to feast and dance:
Warriors, one time man-hearted, looked on maids
With woman's eyes, not man's—
I drave to Daré's Dûn; his loud-voiced sons
Adored the Donn Cuailgné as their sire,
And called their sire a calf. To Iliach's tower

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I sped: he answered: 'What! the foe! they come!
Climb we yon apple-trees, and pile good store:
Wayfarers need their victual!" Onward next
To Sencha's castle: on the roof he knelt,
Self-styled the kingdom's chief astrologer,
Waiting the unrisen stars. To Olchar's Dûn
Next drave I. Wrapped in rags the strong man lay,
Thin from long fast; with eyelids well-nigh closed:
Not less beneath them lay a gleaming streak:
'Awake me not,' he said: 'a dormouse I!
Till peace returns I simulate to sleep.'
I sought the brothers Nemeth; one his eyes
Bent on the smoke-wreath from his chimney's top,
One on the foam-streak wavering down the stream:
A finger either raised, and said, 'Tread light!
The earth is grass o'er glass!' I sought the mart:
Men shouted: 'Bid the Druids find the King!'
I sought the Druids' College: in a hall
Reed-strewn to smother sound they held debate
On Firbolg and Dedannan contracts pledged
Ere landed first the Gael. The Red Branch House
Was changed to Hospital; and knights full-armed
Drowsed by the leper's bed. I sought the King:
From hall deserted on to hall I roamed:
I found him in his armory walled around
With mail of warriors dead. There stood, or lay,
The chiefs by Uladh worshipp'd. Nearest, crouched
Great Conal Carnach, patting of his sword
Like nurse that lulls an infant. On his throne
Sat Conchobar in minever and gold:
His eyes were on his grandsire's shield, that breathed
At times a sigh athwart the steel-lit gloom:
Around his lips an idiot's smile was curled:
'What will be will be,' spake the King at last:
'All things go well.'"

Thus Saltain told his tale:
One thing he told not—how, a moment's space,
The passion of his scorn that hour had wrought
Deliverance strange for that astonished throng,
High miracle of Nature. He, the old man
Despised since youth, the laughter of the crowd,
Himself restored to youth by change like death,

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Had rolled his voice abroad—a mighty voice—
They heard it: from their trance they burst: they stood
Radiant once more with mind. They stood till died
The noble anger's latest echo. Then
That mist storm-riven put forth once more its hand,
And downward dragged its prey.

Upon his feet
Cuchullain sprang, his father's tale complete:
That rage divine which gave him strength divine
Had fall'n on him from heaven. He raised his hands,
And roared against the synod of the Gods
That suffer shames below. Beyond the stream
That host confederate heard, and armed in haste,
And slept that night in armor. Far away
Compassion touched the immortal hearts in heaven,
The strongest most—Mor Reega's. Ere that cry
Had left its last vibration on the air
High up the Battle-Goddess, adamant-armed,
Was drifting over Uladh. Eman's towers
Flashed back her helmet's beam. With lifted spear
She smote the brazen centre of her shield
Three times; and thunder triple-bolted rolled
Three times from sea to sea. The spell was snapp'd:
Humanity returned to man! The first
That woke was Leagh, Cuchullain's charioteer:
Forth from the opprobrious mist he passed, like ship
That cleaves the limit of some low marsh-fog
And sweeps into main ocean. Forth he rushed,
Forth to Cuchullain's chariot-house, and dragged
Abroad that War-Car feared of men; and yoked
White Liath Macha, and his comrade black,
And dashed adown the loud-resounding streets,
And passed the gateway towers: the warders slept:
Beyond them, propp'd against the city wall,
A cripple nodded o'er his crust. Still on
He burst, the reins forth shaking and the scourge,
Clamoring and crying: "Haste, Cuchullain's steeds!
On, Liath Macha! Sable Sangland, on!
Your master needs you! Ay! ye know it now!
The blood-red nostril smells the fight far off!
On to Murthemney, and Cuailgné's stream,
And Dia's well-known ford!" Unseen he drave;

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So slowly, clinging still to brake and rock,
And oft resettling, vanished from the land
The insane mist. That hurricane of wheels
Not less was heard by men who nothing saw;
Was heard on plain, in hamlet, and in vale:
They muttered as in sleep: "Deliverance comes."

JOHN BIGELOW ON MOLINOS THE QUIETIST.

THE Honorable John Bigelow, ex-Secretary of State of New York and ex-Minister to France, has recently written a monograph on Molinos the Quietist.* This Spanish priest, after a trial lasting two years, was sentenced to imprisonment for life at Rome by Innocent XI. on November 20, 1687, who also condemned sixty-eight propositions extracted from his works, especially from the chief one, entitled the *Spiritual Guide*, as "heretical, suspicious, erroneous, scandalous, blasphemous, offensive to pious ears, rash, enervating, destructive of church discipline, and seditious." Besides the charge of heresy brought against Molinos, many and fearful accusations were alleged against his morals and admitted as proved in the text of his condemnation.† The belief of the Catholic world and the teaching of Catholic theology in regard to this man are expressed in the words of Gautier.‡ Molinos, "a most cunning hypocrite, came to Rome in the year 1665, where, under the feigned appearance of holiness and by an assumed modesty of speech and dress, he gained the favor and friendship of many even of the highest classes, whom he infected with his poisonous doctrines." These doctrines gave to his system the name of Quietism. The second of the sixty-eight condemned propositions explains the name: "To wish to operate actively is to offend God, who wishes to be sole agent; hence we should abandon ourselves wholly to him, and remain afterwards *like an inanimate body*." This false system of Christian mysticism, divested of its worst errors, spread from Italy into France, and captivated for a time even the great mind of Fénelon, whose *Maximes des Saints*, written in the interest of Madame de Guyon, contains a mild form of quietism. Féne-

* *Molinos the Quietist.* By John Bigelow. Scribners. 1882.

† "Shameful deeds" (bull of Innocent, apud Bigelow).

‡ "De Hæresibus," apud Migne *Curs. Com. Theol.*, vol. v. p. 114.

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lon's work was condemned at Rome and afterwards publicly retracted by the saintly author himself.

Now, it is the character of Molinos and of his doctrines that John Bigelow undertakes to rehabilitate at the expense of the Roman Inquisition, Innocent XI., and the Catholic Church. "He [Molinos] was doubtless a pure man and a thoroughly pious man." * "The doctrine of quietude or passivity was no invention of Molinos, but was the essence of mysticism, not only of the early Christian Church, etc."† "The church canonized Teresa, François de Sales, and John of the Cross, who taught as unqualified quietism as Molinos and Madame Guyon." ‡ The Inquisition which examined Molinos and his writings was a "tribunal constituted . . . not to judge but to condemn." § Such are some of Mr. Bigelow's milder expressions to show his sympathy with the innocent victim of the Roman Inquisition and his hostility to the Catholic Church.

Before proceeding to specific answers to Mr. Bigelow's assumptions we have to call attention to a number of minor errors in his statements, and to expose one or two of his stories which are self-contradictory and altogether romantic. He begins his monograph with an amusing tale about a certain Father Albertini, who had a lodging in the Vatican at the time the police arrived to arrest Molinos, who was living in the same building. Albertini, according to Mr. Bigelow, having reason to suspect that the police were after himself, escaped to the roof of the Vatican in his shirt and thence to a convent "appropriated to the seclusion of women of equivocal character"—*donne male maritate*—among whom there was one specially distinguished for her beauty, who was supposed to have attracted the unlucky Albertini. We spare our readers further details. But this story is spoiled by the impossibility of its having taken place. Every one knows that the Vatican is an isolated building, and that in the seventeenth century it was smaller than it is now, for it has been enlarged by Gregory XVI. and by Pius IX. Mr. Bigelow has been in Rome and knows this. At the time when Albertini's adventure is said to have taken place there was no building within several hundred feet of the Vatican. How, then, could he get from its roof to the roof of a disconnected convent at least half a mile distant? Are we to believe Mr. Bigelow, that the poor priest, with fear as the motive power, actually flew through the air to a place of refuge? Thus we see that while Mr. Bigelow imitates in this, as in other parts of his work, the style of

* *Molinos the Quietist*, p. 101. † Idem, p. 98. ‡ Idem. § Idem, p. 81.

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Boccaccio, he rivals Munchausen in romance. Who would have expected to find so verdant a fancy in so dry a diplomat? The perusal of a Roman guide-book would be beneficial to the Hon. John Bigelow.

Other inexcusable inaccuracies fall from his pen—inexcusable because he is a scholar and a linguist; he has been minister to France and has doubtless travelled in Italy. Thus on the very first page of his work he calls the cardinal secretary of state "*Monsignor*" Cibo, not knowing that a cardinal is not thus addressed; on page 41 he calls the Archbishop of Palermo "*Holiness*," a form of address reserved to the pope; the same error is repeated on page 52; and on page 127 he calls St. Mary Major's *Saint Mary Majora*. Neither does he seem to know that *oratoire* is only French for "oratory"; and that the *donne male maritate* were not likely to be called in Rome by the French name "*Repenties*";* and the "nuns of the Palestrino" should be nuns of Palestrina, a town about twenty miles from Rome. These are small mistakes, but they need to be noticed in a writer pretentious and popular, who either puts a convent of the nuns of the Good Shepherd in the Vatican, contrary to church history and church discipline, or gives us the bogus miracle of a priest flying through the air with his outer garments under his arm.

The hostile animus of Mr. Bigelow for everything Catholic crops out in every line of his work. The Jesuits are "the driving-wheel of the Roman Curia"; the Dominicans are spoken of as the "Dominican octopus." Mr. Bigelow sometimes forgets his own words, that "bad names are the readiest weapon of malevolence."† The most outrageous and offensive statements are made without even an attempt to prove them. Here is one, for instance: "It is a curious and suggestive peculiarity of the tribunal of the Inquisition that it had no jurisdiction over the pope, his legates, nuncios, cardinals, bishops, or familiars. They, however, were not wholly irresponsible. *Poison and the dagger always remained*, and they have usually proved quite as good judges of heresy as the Inquisition."† The only authority for this assertion is Mr. Bigelow himself.

But what are we to think of his witnesses? Two of them show as much bias as Mr. Bigelow, and should therefore be equally distrusted. The one is Gilbert Burnet, the favorite

* From the number of French terms, like *Repenties*, *oratoire*, etc., employed by Mr. Bigelow when English or Italian should be used we infer that he has taken the matter of his monograph second-hand from prejudiced French authors.

† *Molinos the Quietist*, p. 18. ‡ Idem, p. 53.

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bishop of William and Mary. This bishop went to Rome about the time of Molinos' condemnation, and among other silly things wrote that the Catacombs were only the *puticoli* where the Roman slaves were allowed to rot, and that the Christian tokens in them are merely forgeries of the monks of the fourth and fifth centuries.* But let us hear what a brother Scot, and a friendly one, says about the reliability of this witness in matters Catholic: "His propensity to blunder, his provoking indiscretion, his unabashed audacity afforded inexhaustible subjects of ridicule."† He was "often misled by prejudice and passion."‡ "Like many other good men of that age, he regarded the case of the Church of Rome *as an exception to all ordinary rules.*"§ Perhaps this is why Mr. Bigelow relies on him when he says: "It is *authentically* stated that a committee of inquisitors waited upon the old pope, already in the last year of his life, to test his soundness on the all-absorbing question"‖ of quietism. Perhaps for the same reason he considers this blundering bigot good enough authority when he writes: "So the Jesuits, as a provincial of the order assured me, finding they could not ruin him [Molinos] by their own force, got a great king, that is now extremely in the interests of their order, to interpose and to represent to the pope the danger of such innovations."¶ How likely the Jesuit provincial would be to tell Burnet his plans! By this king is meant Louis XIV. We shall examine this charge anon. Father Bruys is another of Mr. Bigelow's best witnesses. Well, any biographical dictionary will tell the reader that this apostate priest left France, became a Protestant at Geneva, wrote several works, among them *L'Art de Connaître les Femmes* and a *Histoire des Papes*, quoted by Mr. Bigelow; that he was driven out of Holland, wandered into England and Germany, returned to France, and most probably died a Jansenist. Yet the testimony of this *vagabundus* is grist to John Bigelow's anti-Catholic mill.** The other witnesses quoted by Mr. Bigelow to sustain his opinions are an English version of the *Spiritual Guide* of Molinos which appeared A.D. 1699 without name of publisher or of place of publication; the testimony of Corbinelli, the private secretary of Mary de Médicis; of Father Mabillon, the Benedictine; of D'Alembert and the letters of the great Jesuit, Paul Segneri.

* See Northcote's *Roma Sotteranea*, p. 318. † Macaulay's *England*, vol. ii. p. 134.
‡ Idem, p. 135. § Idem, p. 136. ‖ *Molinos the Quietist*, p. 93. ¶ Idem, p. 15.
** Bruys, quoted by Bigelow, p. 87, says of the charges against Molinos: "According to all appearances, some good Jesuit father must have amused himself in imagining all these absurd impieties; and God knows what these pious souls are capable of doing." The poor Jesuits! It is a wonder that they are not accused of being the authors of earthquakes and comets!

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As to the English version of the *Spiritual Guide*, the very date of its publication, A.D. 1699, shows that it was done by a Protestant or a Jansenist. Molinos was condemned in 1687; and after his condemnation no Catholic could translate, print, or publish his works without violating the ordinance of Innocent XI. The words of the bull show this. Besides, in 1699 the Catholics of England, groaning under the heavy weight of the penal laws, were more intent on saving their lives than on translating the works of condemned quietists. Moreover, the condemnation of the pope was not based merely on the doctrines contained in the *Spiritual Guide*, but on what was also culled from his very extensive correspondence—according to some authorities, with over twenty thousand persons. His letters, as well as his greatest work, furnished the matter of proof against him. But some of the very passages quoted by Mr. Bigelow from the unauthenticated version of the *Spiritual Guide* bear witness to the truth of the charges made against Molinos by the Roman Inquisition, as we shall presently see.

Corbinelli, the secretary of Mary de Médicis, merely says that he has read the *Castle of the Soul* of St. Teresa "and her other works, and the result is that I have met there almost all the doctrines of the condemned priest." If his testimony is worth anything—and this has to be proved—it only shows that not everything in the *Spiritual Guide* is erroneous. Corbinelli says nothing about Molinos' letters, nor of the fearful charges made against his morals. It is probable that Molinos at first did not show the full depth of his hypocrisy, nor perhaps see all the consequences of the principles which he had laid down as the foundation of the spiritual life. And this is precisely all that Mabillon also says:* "It is conjectured by some that Molinos was not condemned on account of the doctrine of his published work, although it was proscribed by the Spanish Inquisition after the arrest of the author—a fact which displeased the Roman Inquisition, as anticipating a matter pertaining to its judgment—but on account of letters written to several persons, or certainly on account of false interpretations of his opinions made by his friends." Thus writes Mabillon, travelling in Italy and looking at the mere outside of things in Rome before everything connected with quietism had been fully settled. One sees that there is not a word in his testimony to show that Molinos was falsely accused or wrongly condemned. Mr. Bigelow quotes Mabillon as a witness for his contention, but does not translate

* *Iter Italicum*, quoted by Bigelow, p. 82 of *Molinos the Quietist*.

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the passage above quoted, leaving it in Latin in a footnote to impose on the lay reader, as if there was a great deal more in it than there is.

Of what authority is the next witness, D'Alembert, one of the impious infidels who wrote the *Encyclopédie* and a work *Sur la Destruction des Jésuites en France?* Mr. Bigelow might as well have quoted Paul Bert, upon any subject connected with theology, as D'Alembert. He was an expert in mathematics, as Bert is in vivisection and Bigelow in diplomacy; but in theology they all show too much bias. Yet even D'Alembert only says Molinos "was a great director," which we admit, since he carried on a correspondence with thousands of souls, "and yet a good man, for which the pope did him justice"; this is a sneer after the manner of Voltaire. But this witness says nothing about the truth or the falsehood of the charges brought against Molinos by the Roman Inquisition.

Paul Segneri, the last of Mr. Bigelow's witnesses, merely intimates that Molinos did not abjure his errors, or at least that he persevered in them for a long time. This is all that Segneri says in a letter to the Grand Duke Cosmo, as quoted by Mr. Bigelow: "I am profoundly sensible of the benign attention your highness has shown in sending me, by a special messenger, the proceedings on the trial of the unhappy Molinos, of whom it *grieves me to see so many signs of obstinacy.*" How long did these signs last? Segneri did not see them literally, for he was not in jail with Molinos. His knowledge of them was only from hearsay. There is very little proved by such testimony, and yet this is all that Mr. Bigelow can show for his assumption that Molinos was unjustly condemned by Innocent XI. at the instigation of Louis XIV. and the Jesuits, and that he was a good man and taught no immoral doctrines.

We shall, firstly, examine the statement that Louis XIV. and the Jesuits had Molinos condemned. Burnet intimates and Bigelow asserts it. This statement is totally false. The last man in the world likely to have influence on Innocent XI. was Louis XIV. The history of that great pontiff's reign is a continuous struggle against the French king and his Gallican clergy. The pope actually took sides for a time with some of the French bishops who were friendly to the Jansenists, because those bishops had withstood. the king's pretensions to supremacy over the national church. It was Innocent XI. who condemned the four articles of the Gallican Church forced into opposition to Rome by the intrigues of Louis. Innocent refused to sanction

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the appointment of many of Louis' bishops, so that many of them drew the revenues of their dioceses without having any spiritual jurisdiction. Every one bowed before Louis save the old man in Rome. The pope took away from the French embassy in Rome the right of asylum; and when the ambassador of Louis, with eight hundred soldiers and two hundred servants, undertook to maintain this right by force, Innocent excommunicated him and placed the church of St. Louis, the French church, under an interdict. Louis appealed from the pope to a general council—the usual refuge of defeated kings in the middle ages. He made war on the pope, took possession of Avignon, and when Innocent died he was about to do in France what Henry VIII. did in England.* And yet we are to believe Mr. Bigelow that Louis, the enemy of the pope, was the one who influenced him to condemn Molinos; this, too, in spite of what Mr. Bigelow says in regard to the pope's friendship for Molinos in the early part of the controversy on quietism. It is equally absurd to suppose that the Jesuits could influence Louis in the matter, for they had fallen into disgrace with him for refusing to absolve his mistress.†

But if it was not the king was it the Jesuits who influenced Innocent to condemn Molinos? Mr. Bigelow tells us gravely that "the Jesuits, finding the pope so favorable to their adversaries, had prayers put up in their monasteries *for his conversion to Romanism.*"‡ The Catholic reader, who knows that the Jesuits are not monks, and consequently have no monasteries, will smile at this passage, and especially admire the verdancy of an ancient diplomat who speaks of the pope's "conversion to Romanism." Yet there are people who will make acts of faith in all that Mr. Bigelow writes—people, like Burnet, who consider "the Church of Rome as an exception to all ordinary rules."

Now, it is true that the Jesuits, with their usual good sense and acumen, saw the immoral tendencies of quietism and opposed Molinos with all their power. His errors had deceived multitudes. The Jesuits saw that corruption would be the inevitable consequence of so specious yet so enervating a system of spirituality. It had seduced some of their own order, among others a certain Father Appiani mentioned in Mr. Bigelow's work. Segneri, the greatest preacher of his day, set himself to refuting the spreading error in a book§ which had such ill suc-

* See any church history, or *Geschichte der Päpste*, by Dr. Carl Haas, Tübingen, 1860, pp. 621 et seq.

† See Féval's *Jesuits!* or Alzog's *Church History.*

‡ *Molinos the Quietist*, p. 24.

§ *Concordia tra fatica e Quiete.*

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cess that it was put on the Index, where it remained pilloried for years in spite of all the power of the "driving-wheel of the church." This speaks well for the impartiality of the Inquisition and the pope, and shows how little influence the Jesuits exercised over them. In fact, Innocent XI. was rather unfriendly to the Jesuits. He condemned sixty-five propositions tending to laxism taken from the works of some Jesuit casuists—only three less than the number condemned in the writings of Molinos. "Innocent belongs to the list of the greatest and noblest of the popes—strong and every way venerable. Only the French and Jesuits were unfriendly to him."* This is the testimony of a Catholic writer.

Molinos, therefore, was not condemned through the influence of the Jesuits nor of the French king, but on account of his personal immorality, that of his followers, and the immoral consequences of his doctrines. The Roman Inquisition took his case in advisement. The examiners were all skilled theologians, some of them friendly to the accused, and after a searching trial of two years he was convicted, in the language of the bull of Innocent, of "shameful deeds," "heresies and errors." What these deeds were it is not necessary to specify. Mr. Bigelow records them in his account of the trial. History gives the character of the inquisitors, "learned doctors of divinity," and the character of the pope, impartial and saintly, and against its verdict Mr. Bigelow's assertions and characterless witnesses avail nothing. The doctrines of Molinos, even as given by Mr. Bigelow, confirm the justice of the decision. That these doctrines did not sanctify the followers of Molinos is proved by what Mr. Bigelow states as having happened to Father Segneri after the publication of his first work against quietism: "Cautious and forbearing as he was, Father Segneri was not long in discovering that he had been putting his hand into a *hornet's nest*. His biographer tells us that no one would believe what a mass of anonymous letters he received, teeming *with abuse and fearful threats*."† Humility and charity are the essentials of true holiness. Segneri had not even named Molinos in his work, yet we see that the saintly quietists assailed him in a manner to show that their system was not efficacious enough to control their passions. These followers of Molinos were evidently not true quietists in the proper sense of the word. If the reader refuse to accept the authority of the doctors of the Inquisition, because its name, a bugaboo to frighten children, creates a prejudice against its decision, or the pope

* *Geschichte der Päpste*, Dr. Carl Haas, p. 623. † *Molinos the Quietist*, p. 20.

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as judge, or the verdict of the whole Catholic Church on Molinosism, we can give him an acceptable witness in the person of Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray. He had championed Mme. de Guyon, who held the same relation to quietism in France which Queen Christina of Sweden had held to it in Rome. Fénelon the gentle, after battling so manfully against Bossuet for the doctrines of the *Maximes des Saints*—a work of kin to the *Spiritual Guide*—speaks of the "*abominations of Molinosism.*" * This same archbishop issued a pastoral against Molinosism and its immoral consequences on April 5, 1697. Cardinal Caraccioli writes from Naples, January 30, 1682, that the quietists "make no meditation nor vocal prayers, but in the actual exercise of prayer hold themselves in perfect repose and silence, as if mute or dead."† "Among them are some who reject vocal prayer entirely."‡ "A woman brought up in this practice is always saying, 'I am nothing, God is all, and I am in the *abandon*, where you see me, because it so pleases God.' . . . She obeys no one and makes no vocal prayer." § These passages show the fanatical character of the followers of Molinos. The passions of the body were not to be curbed, temptations were not to be resisted, but a passive indifference was to be maintained towards vice and virtue. The reign of concupiscence was the consequence. This passive state of non-resistance brought about the "shameful deeds" mentioned in the bull of condemnation—"the shameful abominations" mentioned in the circular letter of Cardinal Cibo of February 15, 1687, and by Fénelon in the words quoted above. Are these witnesses not better than Bruys or Burnet?

That blind fanaticism and the reign of concupiscence are the logical consequences of quietism is easily shown. The sixty-eight condemned propositions prove it. We need not analyze each of them in detail. As against Mr. Bigelow this analysis would have little weight, since he denies that Molinos taught them, and insists that the pope and the Inquisition forged them for their purpose. "None of the propositions condemned purport to be literal citations from any writings of Molinos, nor is the context of any proposition given, if there is any in which the words of Molinos are used, by the light of which only it could be fairly interpreted." ‖ Of course Mr. Bigelow gives no authority for his opinion. He fails to see that it is not necessary for judges who have been examining a question for over two years to give the exact words of a writer whom they deem it

* *Vie de Fénelon*, par l'Abbé Fénelon, Didot, Paris, 1787, p. 181.
† *Molinos the Quietist*, p. 107. ‡ Idem, p. 108. § Idem. ‖ Idem, p. 81.

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proper to condemn. There are, however, passages from the Protestant version of the *Spiritual Guide*, quoted by Mr. Bigelow himself, which fully sustain the condemned propositions. Thus Molinos is quoted by Bigelow as writing:* "By the way of nothing thou must come to lose thyself in God. . . . In this same shop of nothing simplicity is made, interior and infused recollection is possessed, quiet is obtained." Now, this is doctrine identical with what is contained in the first of the condemned propositions: "Man should annihilate his powers; that is the interior way." Taken in connection with what Mr. Bigelow states in regard to Molinos' opposition to vocal prayers, frequentation of the sacraments, respect for the cross or any sensible objects of devotion, this doctrine is evidently identical with that of the condemned propositions. Does sanctity, then, consist in annihilation of the powers of the mind? in laziness of the intellect and non-resistance of the will? Is it not more reasonable to hold that man is sanctified on earth by struggle, by perpetual resistance to the devil, the flesh, and the world, and not by lying down in a comatose state like a Brahmin in ecstasy or an Oriental dervish after his whirling dance? Again Mr. Bigelow quotes Molinos:† "The patriarch Noe . . . walked *by faith alone*, not knowing nor understanding what God had a mind to do with him." Here is an echo of the Lutheran error, a slur on the efficacy of good works, and it sounds very much like the third of the condemned propositions: "The wish to do any good work is an obstacle to perfection." Again hear Molinos in Bigelow's accepted version: "Consider the blindest beast that turns the wheel of the mill, which, though it see not, neither know what it does, yet does a great work in grinding the corn; and although it taste not of it, yet its master receives the fruit and tastes of the same. Who would not think, during so long a time that the seed lies in the earth, but that it were lost?‡ This is identical with the doctrine condemned in the fourth proposition: "Natural activity is an enemy of grace; it is an obstacle to the operations of God and to true perfection; for God wishes to act in us, but without us." The human intellect in the work of sanctification is degraded by being likened to the actions of a brute beast working a treadmill. When God created man he never intended to deprive him of activity either in this life or in the next. The comparison of the seed in the earth does not serve the system of quietism, for the seed is ever acting even before it develops above the ground. These extracts from the *Spiritual Guide*, taken in connection with

* *Molinos the Quietist*, p. 9. † Idem, p. 6. ‡ Idem, p. 6.

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Molinos' opposition to mortifications of the flesh, fasting, penance, and other good works,* suffice to show the justice of the papal condemnation even from a mere dogmatic standpoint, without speaking of the "shameful deeds" of the culprit.

It is in no sense true, as Mr. Bigelow states, that this quietism of Molinos was identical with the early teaching of the church, or with the doctrine of the German mystics of the fourteenth century, or with the teachings of St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Bonaventure, or Henry Suso. All church history shows that the error of Molinos was but a revival of that of the ancient gnostics and of the scandalously-living Beguards and Beguines of the twelfth century.

The radical difference between quietism and true Catholic mysticism is in the destruction of the purgative way by the former. St. John of the Cross is the great doctor of the genuine, Catholic mystical theology. He far surpasses Tauler, and even St. Teresa, although teaching the same doctrine, inasmuch as he brings to his exposition of the way of contemplation a deep and accurate knowledge of scholastic metaphysics and theology, and a clear, consecutive method. In his treatises on *The Ascent of Mount Carmel* and *The Obscure Night* he prescribes a long course of active purification of the soul as absolutely necessary for all beginners. He shows also that a passive purification effected by grace, in which the co-operation of the subject must concur with the divine operation, is requisite as a preparation for the state of union with God. Moreover, he teaches the impossibility of the subject placing himself in the passive state and attaining to the divine union by his own will, the sinfulness of attempting it, and the obligation of continuing in the lower and more active exercises until God elevates the soul by his own act to a higher state. In this higher state, and even in the highest, the activity of the soul is not quenched by its own voluntary cessation of all operation, but changed and elevated by divine illuminations and inspirations so as to become supernatural. An inferior mode of activity is gradually superseded by one more perfect. It is true that quiet contemplation and ecstasy are the highest forms of prayer, and to those forms all Catholic asceticism leads, though very few attain to them. But the absolute repose of contemplation urged by Tauler and St. Teresa is the repose of a mind in full action, obtained after mortification and penances which have led the soul from the purgative to the illuminative and contemplative state; it is a

* Teste Bigelow passim in his work, *Molinos the Quietist.*

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repose of faculties fully quiet because fully in act, and not a passive inertness like that of an inanimate body, or of an opium-eater dreaming his weird dreams. The mysticism of St. Teresa is one adapted to the lives of all classes, the humblest as well as the most cultivated, for it leads to the highest forms of prayer by the thorny path of mortification and good works—a path that is common to all and never to be deserted; while quietism completely ignores the way of purgation and teaches a holy indifference to heaven and to hell, to virtue and to vice, and bids its votaries lie down and allow temptations to walk over them in a degrading and passive *abandon*, the slang word of their theory. Such a system would turn the Christian Church into an opium-den. It would destroy free-will and the activity of the human intelligence.

True Christian mysticism holds with St. Thomas "that God so acts in creatures as to leave them their own operation,"* and that "human life is here called an operation or activity, upon which man is chiefly intent"; and therefore "human activity is not hostile to grace, but should concur with it."† St. Paul held this doctrine when he said that he chastised his body, and that if we mortify the deeds of the flesh we shall live.‡ It is because of his opposition to this teaching, in precept and in practice, that Molinos was tried and condemned by the Roman tribunal.

It is certain that the unfortunate man repented of his evil course. The bull of Innocent is authority for the fact: "Having heard in our own presence and in the presence of our venerable brothers, the cardinals of the holy Roman Church; the inquisitors-general of the whole Christian state specially deputed by apostolic authority, and many doctors in theology; having also taken their votes *vivâ voce* and in writing, . . . we have condemned Michael de Molinos, . . . convicted, confessed, . . . and penitent."§

This is authentic proof enough for any one save Mr. Bigelow. Without one particle of evidence to sustain him he denies that Molinos retracted. Describing the scene of his condemnation, Mr. Bigelow resorts to the usual trick-of-the-trade of the anti-Catholic polemist, for whom every one condemned by Rome is a saint and a martyr. The usual "serene" brow, "placid" smile, and "defiant attitude" are attributed to him; and the man whose "abominations" the saintly Fénelon reprobated is blasphemously likened to Christ standing before his accusers.

* 1a, 2æ, quæst. 189, art. 2.
† 2a, 2æ, quæst. 182, art. 3.
‡ Romans viii.
§ *Molinos the Quietest*, 125.

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Mystical theology is not a matter for pamphleteers like Mr. Bigelow and novelists like Mr. Shorthouse to meddle with safely. Even more learned and solid writers, and they sometimes Catholic authors of repute in their proper sphere, such as Alzog, blunder grievously when they attempt to discourse on this theme. There is a genuine contemplation which is an angel of light, and a counterfeit which is a demon of darkness disguised. One conducts to heaven, the other into a miry slough or a stony desert of melancholy pride. It requires a more spiritual insight than Mr. Bigelow possesses to discriminate between them. We cannot be surprised, after his present attempt to wash white the bedraggled robe of quietism, if he or some other theological adventurer should try to vindicate the inspiration of Montanus and his two crazy prophetesses of Phrygia.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR IN THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES.

PART FIRST.

IT has been proved in several foregoing articles that before one hundred and fifty years had elapsed from the death of the last of the apostles, the actual state of the Christian society known as "The Catholic Church" corresponded to the definition of the church given in Catholic theology. It was, namely, a visible body in which a multitude were united in professing the same faith and receiving the same sacraments by the teaching and governing authority of a college of bishops under the presidency of the bishop of the principal see of Rome, successor to St. Peter in the primacy which he received from Christ the Lord. The actual existence of this faith and order in the middle of the third century demonstrates the unbroken and unchanged tradition by which they were handed down from the apostles; and also the unanimous agreement of the founders of the church in establishing the same doctrine and polity by their teaching and legislation in obedience to the instructions received from Christ and the Holy Spirit.

We will proceed now to a more detailed exposition of these doctrinal, sacramental, and hierarchical principles of the primi-

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tive and apostolical Christianity, chiefly from documents of the period between A.D. 30 and 258—*i.e.*, from the beginning of the pontificate of St. Peter to the end of that of St. Sixtus II., from the epoch of St. Paul to that of St. Cyprian.

In the outset we have a few remarks to make about the nature and method of the anti-Catholic counter-pleading which attacks and seeks to undermine, singly and collectively, the authority or true signification of these documents which give evidence of the unity and identity of Catholic and apostolic faith and order during this and the next succeeding periods of historical Christianity.

There is no unity, harmony, or consistency among those who make these counter-pleadings. They are ranged all the way between the two extremes of rationalism which is most unreasonable, and pseudo-catholicism which is most un-catholic; from M. Renan to Dr. Littledale. This is one good proof that as they are "all wranglers," so they are "all wrong." They have one thing in common, however: that they follow the method of a sceptical, superficial criticism of historical documents, in which hypothesis and conjecture play a prominent part. In their analysis they are special pleaders, and in their synthesis theorists, with an equal disregard of facts and of logic. M. Renan has informed us that his loss of faith was not due to the intrinsic difficulty of believing Catholic dogmas, but to a critical study of history. In his latest work, *Marcus Aurelius*, he professes to trace the history of Christianity in detail during the second century, and sums up in a systematic formula the results of his former works:

"We may say that the organization of the churches experienced five degrees of progress, four of which were passed over during the period included in the present work. First, the primitive *ecclesia*, in which all its members are equally inspired by the Spirit. Then the ancients, or *presbyteri*, assume a considerable right of control and absorb the *ecclesia*. Next, the president of the ancients, the *episcopus*, absorbs almost all the powers of the ancients, and consequently those of the *ecclesia*. Afterwards, the *episcopi* of the different churches, by a mutual correspondence, form the catholic church. Among the *episcopi* there is one, he of Rome, who is evidently destined to a great future. The pope, the church of Jesus transformed into a monarchy, with Rome as a capital, appear in the dim distance. . . . At the end of the second century the episcopate is entirely ripe, the papacy exists in germ" (*Marc-Aurèle*, 416).

M. Renan likewise attempts to trace the development of the Christian dogmas, which he allows to have all existed in germ

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about the year 180, so that, he says, at this epoch "the Christian doctrine is already such a compact whole that nothing more can be added henceforth, and that any considerable alteration is no longer possible" (*ibid.* 507). Yet in respect to dogmas, and those the most fundamental—the Trinity, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection—the second century, according to him, was a period of formation, resulting toward its close in the state of doctrine which he has described. These results of *criticism* are not the conclusions of a thorough and careful induction, a truly critical analysis, but hypotheses formed by a mind professing "to possess *a vivid intuition* of that which is certain, probable, *plausible, a profound sentiment of life and its metamorphoses*" (*ibid.* introd. iii.)

It is no wonder that after finishing *Marcus Aurelius* M. Renan became tired of his brilliant soap-bubble, and expressed his contempt for what are ironically called *historical studies*, as "petty conjectural sciences which break as soon as formed"; and adds: "It is the regret of my life to have chosen for my studies a sort of researches which will never command assent" (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Dec. 15, 1881). We regret also that he has not employed his pretty literary talent in some more innocent amusement. He has borrowed his idea, as many others have done, from Gibbon, the modern coryphæus of historical assailants of the whole or of certain parts of Christianity.

We beg leave to digress a little, in order to introduce, in contrast with this French apostle of levity and petty, conjectural pseudo-science, another Frenchman—a representative of the solid, plain, unpretentious, yet genuine historical science which is the treasure of the Catholic Church, guarded and preserved by her ancient and universal literary corporation.

The Abbé Gorini was born in 1803 and died in 1859. For eighteen years he was the priest of a vicarial chapel in the diocese of Belley, with a small flock of two hundred and fifty poor people, living scattered in a dismal and unwholesome region. His house was a cottage of four rooms, where, besides his housekeeper, he had his two nieces as pupils, the kitchen as his study whenever a fire was necessary, an income never exceeding two hundred dollars a year, and no library or bookstore within reach nearer than the county town, which was several miles distant. All the money he could save was devoted to buying books. Every book or pamphlet or review he could borrow was brought home by himself on foot and extracts copied from it by his own hand or those of his nieces. In 1847 he was transferred from

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Tranclière to the parish of St. Denis, where his surroundings were more agreeable and his facilities for carrying on his studies greater. In 1853 the great work at which he had been obstinately laboring day and night, all his life, was published: *A Defence of the Church against the historical Errors of MM. Guizot, Aug. and Am. Thierry, Michelet, Ampère, Quinet, Fauriel, Aimé-Martin*, etc. It is most amusing and delightful to contemplate—first the picture of this humble and poor priest in his kitchen, with the chairs, tables, and floor so covered with folios that the ancient demoiselle and the two little girls, who divided their time between their studies under their uncle and their service under the aforesaid demoiselle, could hardly move about; and then the effect which followed the publication of the book composed amid this domestic clatter and talk, which was often increased by the presence of the abbé's brother and sister-in-law.* The author of a sketch of his life prefixed to the fifth edition of the *Défense de l'Église* writes: "The sensation produced by this unexpected stroke of a battering-ram against the badly built ramparts of the historical science of our university doctors had, as every one knows, a far-extending echo, still more increased by the repentant avowals of the historians convinced, if not of mendacity, at least of inexcusable errors, which could no longer be propagated."

MM. Augustin and Amédée Thierry and M. Henri Martin thanked their critic for his corrections and amended the errors pointed out. M. Guizot expressed his esteem for the author in a very polite manner, but evaded any reply to his strictures. Guizot, it is well known, though a defender of Christian dogmas against Renan and other rationalists, substantially agrees with him and with Gibbon in his theory of stages of development in the Catholic ecclesiastical polity, from pure democracy to monarchy. Let us see what he has to say of the strictures of eminent authors upon his historical hypotheses:

"Some of the appreciations and views contained [in the *Hist. of Europ. Civil.*] have been earnestly contested, especially by some zealous and honorable defenders of the Catholic Church. I will mention only three: [viz., Balmes, Donoso Cortes, and Gorini]. I have read these works with all the attention due to their merit, and the conscientiousness which their subject demands, and *I have resolved not to reply*, for two reasons, one personal and the other general. I have no taste for disputing against convictions which I honor without sharing in them, and against moral powers which I would

* One of his nieces once asked him: "Mon oncle, pourquoi donc travaillez-vous si avant dans la nuit?" To which he replied: "Eh! mon enfant, *il y a tant de bruit pendant le jour.*"

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much rather fortify than enfeeble, though I do not serve under their banner. . . . Polemics would push me beyond the measure which I have at heart to observe. . . .

"My general answer is this: Two great forces and two great rights, authority and liberty, naturally co-exist in mutual conflict in the bosom of human societies. In the ancient world . . . the nations had lived sometimes under the almost absolute yoke of authority, sometimes exposed to the continual storms of liberty. . . . Christian Europe has never been subject to the uncontested empire of either of the two rival principles. . . .

"In retracing the beginnings and the course of European civilization I have made this great characteristic to stand out, but I have done so as historian and not as advocate, without taking the part of one against the other of the two principles which have simultaneously presided over this history. The writers who have done me the honor of an attack are avowed advocates of the principle of authority and frank adversaries of the principle of liberty. I would change my position and conduct if I should do like them, and if, in order to answer them, I should make myself the advocate of the principle of liberty over the adversary of the principle of authority. I would be delinquent to the truth of history and to my own idea. I will not do it."*

This is as much as to say that the idea of M. Guizot, impartial judgment, and the objective truth of history are identical; and to fall back on M. Renan's *intuition vive* and *sentiment profond.*

M. Gorini has some acute remarks upon the different classes of historians which we will abbreviate and sum up in our own language. There are three principal classes, the first of which is the picturesque school, which revels in details, reproducing into a semblance of life scenes and persons of the past. The second aims at presenting the exterior truth of facts, but, not content with narration, seeks to explain the ideas hidden beneath all events, of which the facts are symbols. The third reviews entire ages and contemplates the universal movement of the human race in its peregrinations from epoch to epoch, its changes from one social form to another. This is the history of civilization.

These three schools are exposed to various illusions. The first incurs the risk of drawing on the imagination for its facts, or their coloring and drapery; the second of making its judgments upon events and persons at hap-hazard; the third of erring in its analysis through an insufficient induction, or one based on misapprehensions of facts. And besides these dangers which beset the methods of the three schools, there are others proper to the individual writers. These are, in some, their sympathies and antipathies; in others that poetic temperament which inclines

* Preface to *L'Histoire de Civil., etc.*, quoted from the *Défense de l'Église*, Avertiss. de la sec. ed. Vol. i. p. xxxviii. Cinq. ed. Paris. 1869.

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to the invention of epics or historical romances rather than to an exact delineation of things as they are; and, again, there is the desire for novelty, the love of popular applause, the indolence which shrinks from patient examination of documents and evidence, ambition for fame at an easy price, and, finally, an idolatrous self-esteem and self-conceit. Michelet says that no one can do anything great unless he *believes himself to be God.**

These causes suffice to account for a multitude of errors in writers who may be supposed to be in good faith. How much worse is the case with wilful calumniators and falsifiers of history! And hence is what a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (June, 1841), M. Philarète Chasles, in most severe language describes as "*cette nouvelle enveloppe de fictions dont le mensonge européen se couvre comme d'un manteau.*" M. Gorini admits that the historical appreciation of Christianity in the present is more just than it was in the last century, yet the Voltairean mists are not fully dissipated, and many objects are still seen confusedly and in perverse relations.

It is against the Papacy that the greatest number and the most discrepant classes of writers are united, including some who have not questioned the divine institution of the primacy but only the fulness of its authority.

"It is the Papacy," says the Abbé Gorini, "which possesses the special privilege of exciting antipathy. One boldly faces the pope with the inquiry: Who made thee a king? Another, on the contrary, would seem almost to bend the knee before St. Peter, but it is after the manner of that soldier of Rollon who kissed the foot of Charles the Simple in order to throw him down more easily. At what epoch would you have it that the Papacy appeared in the church? In the first century? in the fifth? in the ninth? Are you willing to admit its appearance only as late as the eleventh century? You will find writers ready to sustain any one of these affirmations, in whose eyes every explanation of the origin of the pontifical power is excellent, except that which the Gospel furnishes. They will make out that the pope was established by Mohammed sooner than by Christ" (Introd. p. xlix.)

Whence this strange antipathy? In those who understand what the Papacy really is, it arises from a more radical antipathy to the sovereignty of God over the mind and will of man, which is in opposition to the whole or only to some part of the divine truth and law which the pope proclaims as God's vicegerent on the earth. In those who misunderstand the Papacy, and have no

* "Et qui donc, sans se croire Dieu, pourrait faire aucune grande chose?" (*Hist. Révol. Fr.*, t. i. titre: *Qu'on ne fait rien sans se croire Dieu.*)

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antipathy to a perfect submission of the mind and will under the divine authority of Christ the Lord, it arises from mistakes in regard to facts and errors of judgment. The first sort can be conquered by the truth, but never reconciled to it, unless they undergo a complete interior change. Those of the second sort may or may not be convinced and won over, but the exposition of the truth must have a continually increasing effect upon this class of persons who intend to pay due homage to God and his truth; dissipating the causes of error and removing misunderstandings.

It is in order to set forth more distinctly what the Papacy was during the period of the first two hundred and thirty years from the vocation of St. Peter by our Lord, that we retrace our steps to examine more fully the historical evidence, already given at some length, of the beginnings of the Roman primacy. In this examination we do not intend to consider the primacy purely in the light of an exterior ecclesiastical polity. We connect with the pre-eminence in dignity and power of the Roman pontiff the system of dogmatic and practical religion which he represents, existing in the Catholic Church over which he presided. And our line of argument is intended to show that the whole system, including the primacy, was no accretion, no new formation, which was superinduced upon the apostolic Christianity, profoundly altering its essence or integral constitution; but derived, through the apostles, from Jesus Christ himself. The Roman primacy, the Catholic episcopate, the doctrinal authority of the church, the orthodox faith concerning the Trinity, the Incarnation, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the sacrifice and priesthood in the New Law, sacramental grace; with all else which belongs to the integrity of Catholic faith and order; though distinct are not separate parts of one whole, and are not separable except by violence and mutilation. They are all denied by consistent adversaries, while several of them, more or fewer according to the differences of sects, are more or less clearly confessed, to the exclusion of one or more of the rest, by those who are less consistent. They have a common cause and depend on each other. In the long run they stand or fall together. As an objective and a concrete system of doctrine and practice, for the enlightenment and sanctification of men, they have their root and origin in the Roman primacy. They are the majestic, wide-spreading tree which has grown up from the mustard-seed which St. Peter was commissioned to sow. They are the grand and symmetrical structure the foundation of which is the Rock

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of Peter. Therefore, as thoroughly as the necessity of being brief and succinct will permit, we wish to set forth the primacy of Peter and his successors in the see of Rome, as the support of this genuine and complete religion of Christianity. This is that Roman faith which St. Paul magnifies, for which he praises God, which he says "is announced in the universal world": "Gratias ago Deo meo per Jesum Christum pro omnibus vobis, quia FIDES VESTRA ANNUNTIATUR IN UNIVERSO MUNDO" (Rom. i. 8).

That this faith and polity were existing and universally recognized, both in reality and name, as "Catholic," during the period which includes St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian, is manifest from history and has been fully proved. The inference that they came from the apostles has all the force of a moral demonstration, as St. Irenæus and Tertullian have proved by an invincible argument. Casualty is not causality. There can be no such thing as an universal casualty working like an efficient cause to produce everywhere certain and similar effects. The successive alterations fancied by Guizot and Renan are cobweb hypotheses which one stroke of common sense suffices to sweep away. But, besides the argument from prescription, there is a series of testimonies going back from St. Cyprian to St. Paul and the other sacred writers of the New Testament. These testimonies we have cited in several preceding articles as the course of our argument required; and as we proceed to develop their significance more fully we will add others as occasion offers.

The primacy of St. Peter and his successors in the Roman See is set forth by St. Cyprian, as a witness and expositor of the complete doctrine of the Catholic unity of the church and its episcopal hierarchy, universally received and handed down by tradition from the apostles and their immediate associates and successors. We have now to consider the real nature and extent of the primacy of Peter as the original and principle of Catholic unity, its relation to the ordinary power of his apostolic colleagues; and the nature of the pre-eminence inherited by the Bishop of Rome through their succession to his episcopal chair in that church, in relation to the power of the episcopal college derived by succession from the apostles; in order to vindicate the true sense of the doctrine of St. Cyprian and the other Fathers who were before him.

The Lord chose St. Peter to be "The First" among the apostles: St. Peter fixed his permanent chair in Rome: the Bishops of Rome succeeded to "the Place of Peter": the Roman Church was the "Principal Church." This is the teaching of St. Cyp-

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rian, through whose voice the unanimous belief and confession of the first three centuries is expressed. There is but one plea which presents even a specious appearance, against the Catholic interpretation of the testimony of Scripture and tradition to the primacy of Peter and his successors, the Roman pontiffs. It is: that Peter had only a nominal primacy, which was but a type and figure of the unity of the Catholic episcopate; and that his successors in the Roman See had only an honorary precedence by ecclesiastical custom, out of which gradually arose an acquired jurisdiction over the universal church. According to this hypothesis, every bishop possesses, independently, the plenitude of the episcopate as St. Peter did, and the visible concrete unity of the church is complete in every distinct episcopal church. The *Catholic* Church, therefore, is an aggregate of numerous congregations which agree mutually in essentials. This is no better than pure Congregationalism. It makes no difference whether a complete church is composed of so small a number as to form one parish and assemble in one place of worship, or of so large a number that they make a diocese. The principle is the same. It is one utterly incompatible with St. Cyprian's idea of Catholic unity in the episcopate and the entire body of Christians. It is wholly different from the principle on which the apostolic church was constituted and continued to exist in organic unity. It is an absurd and impracticable scheme of polity. Either every bishop, as a successor of St. Peter, has by his ordination universal jurisdiction throughout the extent of the whole world over all baptized persons, or he has a jurisdiction only within certain limits and over a definite number of persons. In the first case some thousands of bishops have an equal and conflicting jurisdiction. In the second case what authority prescribes to each one his sphere, and constitutes a particular church under one bishop in a perfect unity and a complete independence? It can only be a human authority, established by a compact among equals. In this case councils, dioceses, provincial or national dioceses of greater extent, an œcumenical order uniting all churches together, are purely voluntary arrangements which cannot set aside the *jus divinum* possessed by every bishop, or be obligatory on any who may choose to assert their independence.

Unity of the Catholic episcopate is a chimera without an authority by divine right to which every bishop is subject, and there is no such authority apart from the primacy of Peter. The notion of a figurative primacy, a merely nominal and sym-

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bolic priority, for the sake of preserving harmony among a thousand churches by an image of one church under one head, is a notion which could only occur to a retired and visionary student in his cloister, or a poet in a quiet country parish. It appears ridiculous in the light of the turbulent history of the fourth century. It is, moreover, a purely capricious and most inept explanation of the language of the Holy Scripture. St. Peter was made by the Lord the pastor of his whole flock, received the full and supreme power of the keys, and was made the foundation of the church. As the immediate and inspired legates of Christ, St. Peter and his colleagues had a personal mission which was entirely above the ordinary hierarchical power, and intransmissible. The other apostles were also made for the exigency of the case coadjutors of St. Peter in his capacity of bishop of the whole world. They all, nevertheless, wrought by virtue of the commission given to Peter, in subordination to him, and cooperated in founding the church upon one Rock, the Rock of Peter, his universal and perpetual primacy. Whoever of the apostles, whether St. John or St. Paul, first founded any church and consecrated its first bishop, all was regarded as done by Peter's authority. Hence, although the Roman Church was not the most ancient, and the Gospel did not actually go forth from the city of Rome to all the regions of the world, yet, as we have seen, that church was called the most ancient, the mother of all others, the Root and Womb of the Catholic Church. The Roman Church was in its bishop, according to the axiom, *Ubi episcopus, ibi ecclesia.* Its first bishop, St. Peter, possessed in himself from the beginning that power which was the origin of unity and the source of all episcopal jurisdiction; he brought it with him to Rome, and left it there as the inheritance of his successors. Therefore to the Roman Church—that is, to that supreme chair which St. Peter placed in Rome—is ascribed all that was done by him as well before as after his foundation of that Apostolic See. The power symbolized by the figure of "The Keys" is always referred to St. Peter as its original and source. And the fact that all bishops are declared to participate in the power derived from Peter, instead of being an argument against the primacy, is the strongest of arguments in its favor. We never hear of the Keys of James, John, or Paul. It is in virtue of Peter's power of the keys that in "every church akin to Peter," to use Tertullian's expression, its bishop possesses that power, and is made a prince in his own domain, with a right divine with which no one can justly interfere so long as he ex-

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ercises it in a legitimate manner. The power of the primacy which precedes the power of each bishop in each and every diocese, and is super-eminent over all bishops and all their clergy and people, is that which assigns to each bishop his limits, and excludes all other bishops, even those to whom he may be suffragan, from invading his jurisdiction. It is that same power which constitutes the limits of the provinces of metropolitans, and of the more extensive dioceses presided over by the greater archbishops, variously styled primates, exarchs, and patriarchs. That same power prescribes to particular councils the lawful sphere of their legislation, and is alone competent to convoke and ratify those which are œcumenical. This power of the primacy is especially visible in regard to those prelates who possessed some kind of archiepiscopal pre-eminence over other bishops. The episcopate is a divine institution. Bishops are *jure divino* colleagues of the successor of St. Peter in the teaching and ruling of the universal church, and it is by the commandment of Christ that the apostles established them everywhere as the rulers of particular churches. The Catholic episcopate and the episcopal regimen in the church do not depend from the will of the supreme pontiff as their author, but they are subordinate to his more powerful principality. Archbishops, however, of every degree are mere vicars and lieutenants of the supreme pontiff, in respect to the real though restricted and limited jurisdiction which they enjoy within their several provinces. The greatest of these archbishops during the first three centuries were those of Alexandria and Antioch. It is certain that they derived their pre-eminence from St. Peter. No authority less than his could have secured for the Bishop of Alexandria, who was the successor of a disciple of Peter, his undisputed precedence over the Bishop of Antioch, who was the successor of St. Peter himself. The First Council of Nicæa, in its sixth canon, did not establish, but merely recognized as existing from the beginning, the prerogatives of these two sees by name, and in general the prerogatives of every other metropolis having a similar origin. The Roman pontiff, as the bishop of the diocese of Rome, had all bishops of other dioceses as his colleagues, subject to his primacy. The rights of this primacy, which he personally exercised in all their fulness over his immediate suffragans in a part of Italy, were partially devolved upon metropolitans in their respective provinces within the exarchate of the Italian peninsula and in all other regions, in a higher degree upon the superior metropolitans of other exarchates, and in a still higher degree

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upon the bishops of the sees of Alexandria and Antioch, which shared with the Roman See in the patriarchal dignity. A great modern canonist, following in the footsteps of St. Isidore of Seville, St. Gregory the Great, St. Nicholas I., Benedict XIV., Hallier, and Thomassin, gives the following condensed exposition of the relation of every degree of super-eminence in the episcopate to the primacy:

"All the powers, all the dignities which make a distinction among bishops God has united in the same hand, upon the same head, by constituting a bishop above all bishops, a throne above all thrones. Just as a temporal king can be at the same time duke, prince, and count, without any diminution of his royal dignity, so the royal lieutenant of Christ is at once patriarch, exarch, metropolitan, and bishop. As bishop he has Rome for his diocese; as metropolitan his province in different epochs has embraced a greater or lesser portion of Italy; his exarchate extends over the whole Italian peninsula, his patriarchate over the entire Western world. These dignities, eminent as they are, are shared in by other bishops; but in them they exist only as streams flowing from their source, everything which raises one bishop above another being derived, not from the episcopate, but solely and essentially from the primacy; whence it follows that we must consider Peter as the source of all the pre-eminent rights attached to the patriarchate, to the exarchate, and to the metropolitan dignity. Accordingly, the primitive church attached immediately to the person of the prince of the apostles the metropolitan power in its highest expression—the *patriarchate.*

"The bishops clothed with this dignity are those of the three greatest metropolises of the Christian world: *Rome, Alexandria,* and *Antioch,* erected into apostolic sees principally as having been founded or administered by the apostle St. Peter. Thus the patriarchate, attached to the primacy by the erection of Rome herself into a patriarchal see, is in direct relation to it, draws all its power from it, and it is in consequence of this *rapport,* this immediate relation, that the three highest personifications of the ecclesiastical power were established as the principal centres of the future development of the hierarchical organization. This is the precise reason why, in subsequent ages, those who retraced the origin of the veritable patriarchate of the new covenant recognized those three bishops only as being true patriarchs properly so called.

"From the highest antiquity the popes acknowledged the bishops of Alexandria and Antioch as successors of St. Peter, conjointly with the Roman pontiff. Gregory the Great wrote to Eulogius, patriarch of Alexandria: 'It was said to Peter, I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of the heavens; confirm thy brethren, feed my lambs; therefore, although there are many apostles, yet as regards the principality, the see of the prince of the apostles alone was established in authority, which is the see of one in three places. For he exalted the see in which he deigned to fix his permanent residence and to finish this present life. He glorified the see in which he placed his disciple the Evangelist. He confirmed the see in which he sat for seven years, though with the intention of departing.

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Since, therefore, it is the see of one and one see over which by divine authority three bishops now preside, all the good I hear of you I impute to myself. If you believe anything good of me impute this to your merits; because we are one in Him who says: *That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.*'" *

The primacy of Peter, as a permanent divine right, inherited by his successors in the Roman See, gave to the universal episcopate, which without it would be a rope of sand, the unity, strength, and flexibility of a chain-work of linked steel. For obvious reasons which have been noted in previous articles, the united and concurrent action of bishops, and the exercise of the metropolitan and patriarchal jurisdiction contained in the primacy and communicated to those bishops who enjoyed an archiepiscopal pre-eminence, stand out more prominently and manifest themselves more frequently in the ante-Nicene period than the exercise and action of supreme papal authority. The indirect, immediate, and diffused influence of the primacy is, nevertheless, positively the strongest and most conclusive proof of its existence and divine institution.

The doctrine of Catholic canonists which we have presented is the only one which makes ante-Nicene Christianity intelligible and consistent. It furnishes the only adequate rule for interpreting the language of St. Cyprian and the other writers before his time from whom we have quoted, and for rightly appreciating the historical facts of the period under review by which the position and attitude of the Bishop and the Church of Rome in respect to the universal church are manifested. This truth will be made clearer and more distinct as we proceed with the further development of our thesis.

* Phillips, *Canon Law*, Fr. trans., b. i. ch. viii. sect. 69.

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THE MINNESINGER AND THE MEISTERSINGER OF GERMANY.

WITHIN these last three hundred years histories, at least such as have been read mostly in England and the United States, have spoken of the times between the fifth and fifteenth centuries as the dark ages. This habit has led the English-speaking world, with indifferent exceptions, to conclude that, during those thousand years, the Almighty, disgusted with the failure of his purposes and the thwarting of his predictions and promises, withdrew the light of his countenance from the world and left it to grope its way as it could amidst darkness.

How long may a mistake obtain!—the greater the longer. After the separation of England from the church English historians seemed to have felt bound to give as excuse for such conduct that by means of the grossly erroneous teachings of the church, which Christ had vainly undertaken to guide into all truth, mankind had been led into so many errors, absurdities, and crimes that they had to be abandoned to their own guidance in all matters, religious, political, civil, and social; that they had, during this period, gotten the upper hand, while the Almighty King, conscious of being unable to cope with such adversaries, had sat the while gloomily upon his throne, and watched and waited for a time again to interpose his benignant counsels and influences. Even yet there are many most excellent persons who believe that in those centuries nothing good was produced, for the want both of talent and virtue. Such persons, concluding that there was nothing worth knowing in those dark ages, study with commendable zeal the histories of ancient times down to the fall of the empire in the West, and then, skipping over the intervening centuries, dwell with fondness upon what has been done since, especially in England and Germany, in accordance with the unlicensed liberty which the Creator, after mature reflection upon his former purposes, has granted, by compromise, to human endeavor.

But this prejudice is beginning to disappear. Within the last forty years honest minds have been travelling a good deal over what had long been considered execrated ground, and many an old error has been dispelled. This is not exactly the occasion to speak of the attitude of the church during that period, although

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it is beginning to be known that it was eminently distinguished for intelligence and zeal, for founding civilizations and producing saints. We are now to speak of literature, especially as it was in Germany in the very middle of that long night.

Some writer—who, we do not remember just now—in contrasting the Germans with the French and the English especially, mused about thus: To the French nature assigned the land, to the English the water. Land-locked on the east, the west, the south, and mostly so on the north, the German, having dominion only of the air, separated from the rest of mankind, has lived mainly upon his own resources, and, living thus, he has become the most thoughtful of men, the most earnest, the most sensitive, the most tender and faithful in his loves, and, in the times whereof we write, the most religious. Another writer * thus speaks:

"The proper germ of the romantic is the German heart, the profound sentiment, that love under many forms, which was introduced into life as well as into art by the Germans first and displaced the antique, unsentimental mode of living and thinking, which regarded the senses and the understanding only, and wavered between passion and philosophy. The consecration of woman, and of love itself, by adoration of the earthly beloved object, is purely of German origin, and I might call this the leading trait of the romantic."

We are not quite sure that this may not be regarded as the most distinguishing mark of romanticism—the single, the sentimental, and the honorable love of woman. If so the Germans are to be credited with the highest place in its original, for they are the first people who paid to woman the devotion due as to the friend of man in all the purposes of his creation. In the times when other peoples regarded their women *quasi* slaves, to be kept or parted from at pleasure, the wild Germans treated theirs with consideration and tenderness unknown elsewhere. They followed their husbands, lovers, brothers, and sons to the wars, often determined the occasions of battle, and in the times of defeat perished along with their beloved, preferring death to survival for whatever fortune might be offered by the victors. Love and chastity were common possessions to these barbarians when the latter especially was little known elsewhere. They seemed to feel that the female sex were not only to be loved and defended, but, to some degree, reverenced also. Such sentiments led them to adopt, almost without questioning, the

* Wolfgang Menzel.

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Christian faith and the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, whom they celebrated in songs the sweetest that mortal ears have ever heard.

English scholars have always known of the beautiful literature of the Trouvères and the Troubadours, themes of which were the legends of Arthur and the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins. But they have known little, until lately, of how the spirit that produced it, spreading eastward and northward, penetrated into Germany, where it found a purer, more felicitous expression in the minnesong.

During the twelfth century among the princes of Germany the Hohenstaufens of Swabia were eminently distinguished in all qualities becoming a ruler of a generous people. Under their benignant sway Swabian manners and speech became the standard for all Germans, and originated a poetry which, if it had been preceded, has certainly not been succeeded, by a better in its kind. As poetry is older than prose, so the old poetry, in some of the chiefest purposes for which poesy was given to mankind, for the subdual of their evil and the solacement of their griefs, has been better than the new. It is probable that the poems of Homer were invented before the author had learned to write. It is certain that the most gifted, if not all, of the Minnesinger could neither read nor write, and that their songs, like their forerunners in Greece in the mouths of the rhapsodists, owed their preservation to that exquisite sweetness which led them to be memorized by a whole people and carried down by fondest tradition throughout the ages of the religious faith by which they were mainly inspired. The devout knightly princes that ruled during a century over those regions along the Rhine and the mountain land of Germany gave generous encouragement to this literature, the sweetest that has ever been known among all peoples.

The Minnesinger were so called from their being devoted entirely to love, when love as never before nor since seized upon, and occupied, and thrilled, and purified, and ennobled the heart of man. Whatever there was upon earth to be loved these tuneful brethren sang in strains the most freshly, gushingly sweet that have ever been heard in this world. They sang of the brooks and woods, the flowers and lakes, the hills and valleys, and their songs were inspired by woman's love, and their best and fondest were in honor of Mary the Immaculate, Blessed Virgin, Mother of God.

Now, the greatest wonder about this exquisite poetry is that

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the most of it was produced by those who knew not letters. The lover made his song in his heart and his head, and then recited it. It was so enchanting that all who heard would commit to memory. When a bard made a song in honor of his mistress it was in the fashion following that it was communicated to her in confidence: He taught it first to a trusted boy, who, when he had learned it well, hied to where the lady dwelt, and, when she could recite, ate the piece of cake and drank the glass of wine she gave, and took back the message she might deign to send to the poet, his master. There is a story of a lady who sent her response by letter, and quite a time elapsed before the lover could find a friend who could read and tell him the glad news it contained.

These poems were constructed with an artfulness of rhythm and such arrangement of stanzas as no poets of modern times have been able to equal. The varieties among these are as numerous as are those of the songs themselves. For there seemed to have been an understanding, not only among the poets but of every one with himself, that no two songs should be alike in rhythm. Some rhymes are in immediate sequence at the ends of lines, some at alternate, some in the midst, some beginnings rhyming with endings, and endings rhyming with beginnings.

It must be enchanting to one who knows well the German language to hear these poems in the original. A German-English scholar * some years ago translated some of them into English, and has succeeded often in preserving the rhymes employed in the original. Speaking of them, the translator says:

"We have minnesongs wherein every word of every line rhymes with the other, while the lines again rhyme in the usual way amongst themselves; poems wherein the last word of the line is rhymed by the first of the next line; poems wherein the last word of the strophe rhymes with its first word; poems built in strophes of twenty and more rhymes; poems of grammatical rhyme in the most various possibilities; poems of word-playing rhymes, etc.; and in most cases the fundamental rhythmical beauty reigns supreme and makes the ornamentation seem natural outgrowth."

Let us listen to the following rhymes of endings with following initials, and endings with beginning words of stanzas, and then conjecture how they must sound in the original:

"Rosy-colored meadows
To shadows we see vanish everywhere.
Woodbirds' warbling dieth:
Sore trieth them the snow of wintry year.

* A. E. Kroeger, *The Minnesinger of Germany.* Boston: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

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Woe! woe! what red mouth's glow
Hovers now o'er the valley?
Ah! ah! the hours of woe!
Lovers it doth rally
No more; yet, its caress seems cosey.

"Ever her sweet greeting,
When meeting, my dear love stirs wondrous joy.
As she walks so airy,
The fairy, look! my heart leaps wondrous high.
Woe! woe! what red mouth's glow
Hovers now o'er the valley?
Ah! ah! the hours of woe!
Lovers it doth rally
No more; yet I shall leave it never.

"Pleasure, sweet and steady,
My lady scatters with her red mouth's smile,
And her eyes' sweet beaming
My dreaming, venturous thoughts with bliss beguile.
Woe! woe! what red mouth's glow
Hovers now o'er the valley?
Ah! ah! the hours of woe!
Lovers it doth rally
No more, and I regrets must treasure."

Fine as this is, the author is not known. The following, yet finer, is from Ulrich von Lichtenstein:

"Blessèd the feeling
That taught me the lesson thou hearest,
—Gently appealing;
To love thee the longer the dearest,
—And hold thee nearest;
Yea, as a wonder
From yonder, that bearest
Rapture the wildest,
Thou mildest, thou purest, thou clearest.

—"I faint, I die, love,
With ecstasy sweetest and rarest,
—When thou draw'st nigh, love,
And me thy sweet pity declarest.
—Then, as thou sharest,
Love, oh! I'll sing thee,
And bring thee bonairest
Redress, and over
Thee hover, thou sweetest, thou fairest.

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"My hands I fold, love,
And stay at thy feet, humbly kneeling,
—Till, like Isolde, love,
Thou yield to the passionate feeling
O'er thy heart stealing;
Till thy behavior's
Sweet favors reach healing
My heart, and tender
Love's splendor to thee be revealing.

—"I pray but send me
A hope ere my locks shall turn gray, love;
—Thou wilt befriend me,
And I of thy grace catch a ray, love.
—To light my way, love,
Thine eyes were fated
And mated: their sway, love,
My soul beguiling,
Shall smiling revive me for aye, love."

Amatory as is this poetry, as it is the most intense of all, so is it amongst the most pure. One notices that the names of the mistresses of these lovers are never or seldom mentioned, being supposed to be known only to themselves and the boy who went between. In this respect the Minnesinger were superior to the Troubadours:

"The Troubadour was gay, thoughtless, and licentious, and the Minnesinger were tender and plaintive, spiritual and lofty. The former sings of love and chivalry, and of the various incidents of love and *courtoisie;* the latter, although many Minnesinger had been with the Crusaders to Palestine, seldom, if ever, alludes to the adventures of chivalry and romance. He dwells principally upon the inward feelings of the soul, upon the refined sentiments and pang of the tender passion. His strains are chaste and melancholy; they are marked by a disdain of sensuality and of the corruptions of the world, with allusions to the contemporary history of Germany, and occasional aspirations after the purer joys of another world and the sublime visions of eternity."*

Such delicacy was a most fitting quality in the heart of a poet who would essay to celebrate the excellence of the Blessed Virgin. Of the numberless poems in her honor are the Lay by Walther von der Vogelweide; "The Golden Smithy" of Conrad von Wurzburg; and the Great Hymn that has been assigned to Gottfried von Strassburg. Of all these the Hymn of Gottfried is at the head. It is simply wonderful how many images of exquisite beauty rose to the mind of the bard in con-

* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, xx. 71.

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templating the matchless excellence of the Mother of our Lord, comparing, or trying to compare, with her all beautiful things and all combinations of beautiful things upon earth. We think, when we have read many of these, that the singer must soon end his song from exhaustion of all that we remember to have seen that was most fair; but it continuously rises in fervor, in new and fresher images, through pages and pages, with such as these:

"Thou bloom of rose, thou lily grace,
Thou glorious queen in that high place,
Where ne'er the face
Of woman shone before thee.

"Thou rosy vale, thou violet plain.

"Thou lovely, golden flower-glow,
Thou bloom'st on every maiden's brow;
And glory's glow
E'en like a robe floats on thee.
Thou art the blooming heaven-branch
Which blooming blooms in many a grange.
Great care and strange
God lavishes, maid, upon thee.

"Thou sheen of flowers through clover-place.

"O beauty o'er all beauty's birth!
Never rare stone, or herb, or earth,
Or man bring forth
Such wondrous beauty, maiden—"

and many, many more as beautiful, until, as if recognizing, late, reluctant, that his song *must* come to an end, he pours out this last fond praise:

"Thou of pure grace a clear, fair vase!
Of steady virtue an adamas,
A mirror glass
Of bliss to bliss surrendered.
Thou fortune's and salvation's host,
Thou love-seed of the Holy Ghost;
To all sin lost
Thy image was engendered
On sacred place, where at God's call
God's Son sank down from heaven.
Like on the flowers sweet rain doth fall,
Such gentle sweetness He to all,
Whom reached his call,
Early and late hath given."

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E'en now it appears that he could not have ceased except to rise to a loftier theme—

"O sweet, fair Christ."

Those of us who do not know the German language well may be excused for some envy for those who do, when Kroeger's translation sounds with such rapturous sweetness in our ears. Van der Hagen, a German critic, speaking of this hymn, says:

"It is the very glorification of love (minne) and of minnesong; it is the heavenly bridal song, the mysterious Solomon's Song, which mirrors its miraculous object in a stream of deep and lovely images, linking them all together into an imperishable wreath; yet even here, in its profundity and significance of an artistic and numerously rhymed construction, always clear as crystal, smooth, and graceful."

Except the earliest bards of ancient Greece, the Minnesinger are the most wonderful that are known to history. They illustrate what may be done by a gifted, loyal, devout people in a country whose rulers they love and ought to love. During a period of one hundred and fifty years these unlettered minstrels poured forth a music that had not been heard since the days of Alcæus and Sappho. That music was so ineffably sweet that, though the musicians had not the learning to write out the words, they were committed to memory by all ranks of society and handed down. The age was one of deep, abiding, undoubting, tender religious faith.

The Swabian dynasty passed away; the house of Hapsburg, under Rudolph, came to the throne. The increase of power, the wars among them, discouraged both religion and song. To their gentle influences succeeded the rude manners of the warrior, and the Minnesinger laid aside the cithern. Heretofore poesy dwelt in the country, in the woods and fields, by the margins of lakes and streams, on the sides of hills and mountains, near to the church or monastery where the Blessed Virgin inspired its best endeavors. Henceforward the muse forsook these sylvan retreats and took up its abode in towns, such as Mentz, Augsburg, Strassburg, and Nuremberg. Yet, assuming to be moral and serious, if not devout, the new poets, in some things more learned than the old, for the unlicensed, ever-varying, yet ever-sweet rhythm of their songs substituted those arbitrary rules which took away all the sweetness from German poetry. Their very disdain of the Minnesinger showed their unworthiness to be their successors. Henceforth poetry must enter upon

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a new career. The tenderness, the freshness of love withered away, and a music insipid came on after one that was unapproachably delicious. This was the music of the Meistersinger.

It is undoubtedly true that the best poets have been from the country, either born therein or therein dwelling, and fond of country existence. On the increase of the importance of the German barons, the constant feuds and wars risen among them, poetry left the fields of strife and carnage and sought the security needed for one free, simple, gentle of spirit, within the walls of fortified towns. The merchant, the artisan, the inventors of paper and the printing-press, the builders of houses, horse-shoers, cobblers—these took up the lyre at the gates where the Minnesinger had dropped it in his flight from scenes of violence and his grief for the decline of the child-like religious faith of his countrymen. It is a curious commentary upon the poetry of the Meistersinger that its culmination took place in the person of one who stood among the humblest classes of artisans. Yet Hans Sachs, the shoemaker, was a great genius. Had he lived a century or two before, had he been an indweller of a home remote from towns, had he had the ancient simple love of his countrymen for the good, the simple, the innocent, he would have been one of the greatest of the bards. Except Lope de Vega, he is the most voluminous of writers. For years upon years this artisan of the town plied his talent for verse-making, and Germany was flooded with his productions on the endless varieties of themes which he sang. Though not without his seasons of feeling, deep and intense, yet we look to him in vain for the chivalrousness, the gallantry, the devout fervor of the minnesong. The music he made was not for high-born maiden in bower or captivity, nor for the benign Queen of Saints, nor even for simple damsel of the valley, but mainly for those of his own class in the streets, and taverns, and wine-houses of the town. Of his six thousand poems the far greater part has been lost, and his celebrity rests mainly on his having been the greatest of that class which came in with the new departure of German literature.

Henceforward was a marked declension from the gentle manners of the Swabian dynasty. Among the makers of the earlier songs were many of that old German aristocracy who, though unlearned in books, were most gifted in courtly graces and in the training of the heart to the behests of honor and religion. Poetry, descending from lords and knights to tradesmen and artisans, lost most of its warmth and tenderness and accommo-

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dated itself to their unromantic lives. Germany was now engaged more in working for the future than in meditating upon and praising the past. Towns and cities were to be multiplied, and enlarged, and fortified, trade and commerce extended—the practical to supplant the poetical. To the undoubting docility and obedience to the church was to succeed a sullen independence in harmony with the worldly spirit of the age among a people who, notwithstanding all their vicissitudes, have ever been noted for thoughtfulness and earnestness of purpose beyond every other. For it is to the earnest thoughtfulness of the Germans that are to be attributed those religious conflicts more fierce, more disastrous than have been known to other peoples. Long before Luther the simple faith of the times of the Minnesinger had been giving way to another. That other was as serious as its predecessor—more serious, indeed; for the former, without questioning, accepted the teachings of the church as a child takes its first lessons from its mother, and the adult Christian did not lose in that primeval time the faith and the tenderness of childhood. In the development of arts and science, and trade and politics, that German intellect, always earnest, began to subject the dogmas of religion to the same tests of investigation that accompanied that of sublunary affairs.

The poetry of Germany in the hands of the Meistersinger must follow in that march of trade, and mechanics, and politics. The gentle songsters of the foretime had sung of female loveliness mainly, and after that perfect type set by Mary the Immaculate. It was a poetry unconfined by critical rules of verse or rhythm, pouring itself joyous, tender, irregular, just as love and devoutness find spontaneous expression from one and another loving, overflowing heart. And now frequenters of shops and taverns, without depth of sentiment of any sort, unsimple, hilarious with wine, emulous of wealth, measure their verses as they measure their cloths and their boards, and, instead of the bird, the purling stream, the gentle wind, make their song keep time to the watchman's beat, the hammer, and the anvil.

We do not mean by such comparison to deny that there was a considerable part of the new form of poetry that was good. Some of it was very good, a small portion excellent. The writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* before quoted speaks thus of the popular songs and ballads:

"They were of many sorts: religious songs; there were ballads for the different trades and callings of life, such as the fisherman's, the hunter's, the

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shepherd's, the husbandman's, of which the melody as well as the words are imitative of the sounds and scenes familiar to each. The fisherman's song is distinguished by a monotonous, hollow tune resembling the moaning of the wave striking against the shore. That of the hunter is shrill and wild; that of the shepherd soft and calm. The songs of the husbandman are varied, some for each season, adapted to the various works of the field. In several towns and villages in Germany, towards the beginning of the spring, winter, represent by a jack-straw, is driven out by the children amidst joyous clamors. The wine-dresser's song is like those of old, satirical and somewhat licentious. The miner's lays are among the best. They are marked by a sort of religious awe, as his labor is among the mysteries of the subterraneous creation; they tell of sylphs and other genii which guard the treasures concealed in the bowels of the earth."

Some of the religious ballads and songs have much depth of feeling. They are without the sweetness and the joyousness of the minnesong, but in great part are hymns upon the mysteries of Christianity—faith, eternity, etc. Long before Luther, we repeat, the earnest, deeply religious mind of the Germans had grown restive under the constraints of the church, and, because of the very simplicity of her teachings, been gaining habits of questioning and doubting that were destined, under a bold leader, to culminate in revolt and war. Luther was a man of eminent gifts. He was an orator and he was a poet—two gifts that seldom unite in an individual. Not that he was a great poet, nor great as an orator. His poetry is hard, severe; but much of it is deep, melancholy, and wonderfully impressive. Then he was a statesman, and could have been a warrior. It is difficult to estimate the convictions of the mind of that strange, powerful man, and know with certainty what among them was sincere, heartfelt, what purely subtle, worldly, sensual. We have seen that the mind of Germany had been already growing restive with thoughts of independence. Upon this current of change the young monk, more fitted for the forum and the field than for the altar and the cloister, found himself drifting. The consciousness of extraordinary powers to lead and control mankind, courage that no danger seemed to daunt, a will changeless as the course of the stars, a temper that burned with the fierceness of a furnace seven times heated, he led that career the culmination of which himself, with all his powers, was the last to foresee. Ever contending against the authority of the church, extending his warfare to one and another of the principles which, long after his first revolt, he had professed to love and honor, he became more and more defiant and desperate, but in the end almost admitted, both by his conduct and his words, that he had revolted wrong-

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fully and warred in vain. "O Galilean! thou hast triumphed!" exclaimed the apostate Julian when, upon the plains of Ktesiphon, he felt the life-blood following the javelin that was withdrawn from his breast, and foresaw, under Jovian, the restoration of the temples that he had destroyed. So Martin Luther, in the solemn time of old age, had his own melancholy retrospect of a vain rebellion against a kingdom that the Son of Man had set up in the earth.

With the advent of Luther came on a wonderful change in the prose literature of Germany. Hitherto it was almost entirely worthless, the great prose-writers employing the Latin tongue. The lead of Luther excited the nation throughout to all its borders. The Meistersinger, almost the only poets who then existed, lent their art, such as it was, to the new doctrines. The German nation became disputants with tongue, and pen, and sword. When men's minds are occupied mainly with thoughts and discussions upon the forms of religious worship and the dogmas of conflicting faiths, the muses, averse to such conflicts, absent themselves from earth and leave mankind to wrangle out their lives in such language as they can find without inspiration from them. Already had poesy drooped her wings when she was taken from the fountain and the hill-side, the meadow and the lake, and made to dwell in walled towns and mingle in the business of the streets and the workshops. But now, when she was arrayed against the mother church, and called upon for rhymes upon free-will, justification by faith, the worthlessness of works, and such like themes, then she ceased to soar at all, but retired, to be again invoked in a better age.

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FROUDE'S LIFE OF CARLYLE.*

IT is certainly pleasanter to agree with those you meet in life than to disagree with them, to show sympathy than to criticise, to praise than to blame. Therefore, as we shall not always be able in the course of our observations to admire Mr. Carlyle, let us begin by looking at that quality in him which friend and foe alike may unite in respecting—his sterling honesty: his honesty of purpose, even where his purpose was, as we believe, a thoroughly mistaken one, and his honesty in carrying out his purpose without succumbing to any of those temptations to money-making and popularity-seeking to which weaker men do very constantly and habitually succumb. Let us take his own account of himself given us in *Sartor Resartus*, as it is quite borne out by the facts of his career:

"One circumstance I note," says he: "after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genuine love of truth, had wrought in me, I nevertheless still loved Truth and would bate no jot of my allegiance to her. 'Truth!' I cried, 'though the heavens crush me for following her; no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostasy.' In conduct it was the same. Had a divine messenger from the clouds, or miraculous handwriting on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me, '*This thou shalt do*,' with what passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I have done it, had it been leaping into the infernal fire! Thus, in spite of all motive-grinders and mechanical profit-and-loss philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the infinite nature of duty still dimly present to me; living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft. If my as yet unsealed eyes with their unspeakable longing could nowhere see him, nevertheless in my heart he was present and his heaven-written law still stood legible and sacred there."

We cannot but remark the accuracy, from a Catholic point of view, of Mr. Carlyle's description: "Living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; . . . the [infinite?] nature of duty was still dimly present to me." "If my as yet unsealed eyes could nowhere see him, nevertheless in my heart he was present, and his heaven-written law still stood legible and sacred there."

* *Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of his Life*, 1795–1835. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. *Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle*. Edited by James Anthony Froude, M.A.

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Here Mr. Carlyle expresses, in his own way, truths which all Catholics are bound to believe—viz., that God never abandons any man who is *honestly* seeking after truth; and that even where the gift of faith is still absent he leaves men not without help and guidance from the light of reason which he has placed in their minds, and the law of conscience which he has written upon their hearts, to lead them to himself. This also prepares us for the statement which Mr. Froude makes in one or two places in these volumes: that, although during a period of mental suffering, which Catholics would call temptation, it was obscured and held in abeyance, Mr. Carlyle never lost his belief in God, and in a personal God.

"The theories"—we quote Mr. Froude—"which dispensed with God and the soul Carlyle utterly abhorred. It was not credible to him, he said, that intellect and conscience could have been placed in him by a Being which had none of its own. He rarely spoke of this. The word God was too awful for common use, and he veiled his meaning in metaphors to avoid it. But God to him was the fact of facts. He looked on this whole system of visible or spiritual phenomena as a manifestation of the will of God in constant forces—forces not mechanical but dynamic, interpenetrating and controlling all existing things, from the utmost bounds of space to the smallest granule on the earth's surface, from the making of the world to the lightest action of a man. God's law was everywhere; man's welfare depended on the faithful reading of it. Society was but a higher organism, no accidental agreement of individual persons or families to live together on conditions which they could arrange for themselves, but a natural growth, the conditions of which were already inflexibly laid down. Human life was like a garden, 'to which the will was gardener,' and the moral fruits and flowers, or the immoral poisonous weeds, grew inevitably according as the rules already appointed were discovered and obeyed or slighted, overlooked or defied. Nothing was indifferent. Every step which a man could take was in the right direction or the wrong. If in the right the result was as it should be; if in the wrong the excuse of ignorance would not avail to prevent the inevitable consequence."

So far we can quite agree with Mr. Carlyle. In fact, he might himself have been surprised to know how much of what he said Catholics *could* agree with, though they would certainly have parted company with him on many other points; not, however, on the following, which is extracted from his note-book (vol. ii. of Life, p. 80): "Religion, as Novalis thinks, is a social thing. Without a church there can be little or no religion." Nay, strange as such words may seem to many in the mouth of a Catholic, we can even go so far as to accept Mr. Tennyson's sentiment,

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds,"

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taking, as we suppose Mr. Tennyson means us to do, creeds to stand for religions. But then the doubt must be *honest*, and we hold it could not be honest in a Catholic, who at his baptism has already received that gift of faith which Mr. Carlyle speaks of under the appropriate figure of "unsealing of the eyes," though it may be perfectly honest in those outside the Catholic Church, who have never yet received it. Again, Mr. Tennyson mentions "half the creeds"; Catholics may safely go so far with him. In fact, they would go farther. There is no moral obligation on any man to believe what is false. Considerably more than half the creeds are either almost entirely false or else inextricably blended jumbles of truth and falsehood, which men are therefore bound to reject so soon as they plainly perceive them to be untrue. There would be, from our point of view, no more virtue in forcing yourself to belief in the Calvinistic doctrine of reprobation, or the present necessity of a Judaical observance of the Sabbath, than in forcing yourself to accept Mohammedanism or Mormonism. And we are not taught (though this might have been news to Mr. Carlyle) that, apart from truth, you could perform an act of virtue by trying, like the White Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*, to believe in six impossible things every morning before breakfast.

Before we leave the subject of Mr. Carlyle's belief in a God we may quote from Mr. Froude the following passage, which describes him on the eve of his marriage:

> "He stood there such as he had made himself—a peasant's son, who had run about barefoot in Ecclefechan Street, with no outward advantages, worn with many troubles bodily and mental. His life had been pure and without spot. He was an admirable son, a faithful and affectionate brother, in all private relations blamelessly innocent."

This goes far to explain to a Catholic that "the theories which dispensed with God and the soul" Mr. Carlyle "utterly abhorred," and that "scepticism on the nature of right and wrong, as on man's responsibility to his Maker, never touched or tempted him."

So far, then, we can agree with Mr. Carlyle and admire him for his sincere love of truth, his purity of life, and the honesty of purpose which is forcibly expressed in these words: "The faith," he says, "I had in me, and never would let go, that it was better to perish than do dishonest work, or do one's honest work otherwise than well." Here we have the very best of the man, of whom there is plenty of the worst elsewhere to be found. It

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was this quality which caused men so different as Irving and Jeffreys to respect even whilst they wholly disagreed with him. Add to it considerable intellectual insight, great originality of mind and power of expression, a strong imagination, and the fervid earnestness with which he fought for what he held to be a good cause, and we see the reasons for the admiration which his works have excited.

But there is another side to the question. Mr. Carlyle claimed to be a teacher—claimed, indeed, to be the apostle of a new gospel. We quote some words from his note-book, dated March, 1833:

"One's heart is for hours and days overcast by the sad feeling: 'There is none, then, not one, that will believe in me! . . . Meanwhile continue to believe in THYSELF. Let the chattering of innumerable gig-men pass by thee as what it is. Wait thou on the bounties of thy unseen Taskmaster, on the hests of thy inward dæmon. Sow the seed-field of Time. What if thou see no fruit of it? Another will. Be not weak.

"Neither fear thou that this thy great message . . . will wholly perish unuttered. One way or other it will and shall be uttered—write it down on paper anyway; speak it from thee—so shall thy painful, destitute existence not have been in vain. Oh! in vain? Hadst thou, even thou, a message from the Eternal, and thou grudgest the travail of thy embassy? O thou of little faith!"

Mr. Froude brings this out even more clearly in the first chapter of the second volume of the Life, where he says, to give his own words, with all of which we cannot, of course, agree:

"While he [Carlyle] rejected the literal narrative of the sacred writers, he believed as strongly as any Jewish prophet or Catholic saint in the spiritual truths of religion. He explained his meaning by a remarkable illustration. He had not come (so far as he knew his own purpose) to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil them, to expand the conception of religion with something wider, grander, and more glorious than the wildest enthusiasm had imagined."

Again in the preface:

"He [Carlyle] was a teacher and a prophet in the Jewish sense of the word. The prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah have become a part of the permanent spiritual inheritance of mankind, because events proved that they had interpreted correctly the signs of their own times and their prophecies were fulfilled. Carlyle, like them, believed that he had a special message to deliver to the present age. Whether he was correct in that belief, and whether his message was a true message, remains to be seen."

Quite so.

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"If he was wrong he has misused his powers. The principles of his teaching are false. He has offered himself as a guide upon a road of which he had no knowledge; and his own desire for himself would be the speediest oblivion both of his person and his works."

Nothing could be more lucidly put. Indeed, the extreme clearness of Mr. Froude's style and arrangement makes it delightful to read this most admirable Life, and is a pleasing foil to Carlyle's own occasionally turgid and obscure mode of expression. That Mr. Froude has faithfully interpreted Mr. Carlyle's own convictions there is ample intrinsic evidence.

We have, then, before us a man who claims that we should listen to him as a teacher and believe in him as an apostle. Now, something more than honesty of purpose, command of language, and a fervid imagination is necessary to make a man a useful teacher of his generation. He may be able to give his message extremely well. The question is, What message has he got to give? Perhaps the *first* thing that strikes one about Mr. Carlyle's message is that it consisted, so far as it was spoken during his lifetime, largely and chiefly of denunciation. "I have," he says of himself, "a deep, irrevocable, all-comprehending, Ernulphus curse to read upon gig-manity—that is, the Baal-worship of our times." He was, in fact, rather "full of cursing and bitterness," to use the expression of the Psalmist. He had a good many curses to pronounce upon a good many things and persons. So far as his denunciation went, it was often true enough. But it may be questioned how far, even when true, it was particularly useful. It is doubtless undeniable that there are many rogues, scoundrels, and liars on the earth, and still more of that particular class of people whom he loved to call gig-men—the worshippers of mistaken forms of respectability or orthodoxy. But supposing even one-half of the world to be knaves (which we ourselves would not admit), and the other half, as he evidently believed and often stated, to be fools, what especial good is done to anybody by reiterating that idea continually, and, so to say, trumpeting it to a listening world? The knaves and the fools, even the poor gig-men, will hardly be converted by abuse. To stand and pour contempt on their unhappy heads is such purely negative "work" that the world will hardly be much the better for it.

Now, it is impossible to read Mr. Carlyle's writings and his Life without perceiving that whilst he realized with extreme clearness, and one may even say ferocity, what he denied and rejected, he was either bombastic, inflated, inaccurate, and ex-

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aggerated, or else vague and misty in what he affirmed and believed. His affirmations constantly will not bear the least investigation. His whole doctrine of hero-worship is a strong instance. While knocking over, with the rage of a Don Quixote, the received opinions which surrounded him, he could only produce and set up equally untrue figments of his own. He was quite curiously regardless of facts for a man who professed to base his belief on them. Take the sober facts of the lives of Cromwell, Goethe, or Frederick of Prussia; they do not bear out, in the eyes of reasonable and sober-minded men, the extravagant and inaccurate theories which he built upon them. These hardly make good his claim to be, as he thought himself, an apostle with a mission to teach mankind. The worship of such a trio, with a few other favored individuals added to it, joined to an acrid contempt of nearly all living men except a certain portion of the Scottish peasantry, though apparently a satisfactory creed to himself, would not be satisfactory nor in the least degree useful to the majority of minds. In other words, the teacher had not much to teach; the apostle should more wisely have been a learner; the man with a mission ended chiefly by abusing nearly all other men and their missions. The most foolish of us can generally do that much; and when it is done, *cui bono?* We add to the torrent of useless words which Mr. Carlyle was so fond of condemning, and also to the malice, hatred, and ill-will upon the earth—a task which is surely somewhat superfluous.

We are far from denying, however, that every now and then Mr. Carlyle expressed a true thought and expressed it well. We take, almost at random, three passages out of the Life:

"It was a wise regulation which ordained that certain days and times should be set apart for seclusion and meditation. . . . There is a deep significance in *silence*. Were a man forced for a length of time but to *hold his peace* it were in most cases an incalculable benefit to his insight. Thought works in silence; so does virtue. One might erect statues to Silence. I sometimes think it were good for me . . . did I impose on myself at set times the duty of not speaking for a day. . . . Not only our good thoughts but our good purposes also are frittered asunder and dissipated by unseasonable speaking of them. Words, the strangest product of our nature, are also the most potent. Beware of speaking! Speech is human, silence is divine, yet also brutish and dead: therefore we must learn both arts; they are both difficult. Flower-roots *hidden* under soil. Bees working in darkness, etc. The soul, too, in silence. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. Indeed, secrecy is the element of all goodness; every virtue, every beauty is mysterious. I hardly understand even the surface of this. . . ."

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Again:

"'Belief,' said one, 'has done immense evil; witness Knipperdolling and the Anabaptists.' 'True,' rejoined I with vehemence, almost with fury—'true, belief has done some evil in the world, but it has done all the good that ever was done in it from the time that Moses saw the burning bush and believed it to be God appointing him deliverer of his people, down to the last act of belief that you and I executed. Good never came from aught else.'"

Again:

"I feel assured from of old that the only true enemy I have to struggle with is the unreason within myself. If I have given such things harbor within me I must with pain cast them out again. Still, then, still! Light will arise for my outward path, too, were my inward light once clear again, and the world with all its tribulations will lie under my feet. 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!' So said the wisest Man, when what was his overcoming? Poverty, despite, forsakenness, and the near prospect of an accursed cross. 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' These words on the streets of Edinburgh almost brought tears into my eyes."

"I must get through life *without a trade*, always in poverty, as far better men have done. Our want is the want of faith. Jesus of Nazareth was not poor, though he had not where to lay his head. Socrates was rich enough."

These things are true, but they are no new things, at any rate to Catholics, who have been not only preaching but practising them any time in the last eighteen centuries. They are, in fact, so very ordinary and well understood amongst us that not one solitary prophet here and there, but thousands of humble and unnoticed individuals, act upon them all their lives through. They are to be found not only as words but as living realities embodied in the religious orders and congregations of the Catholic Church. Mr. Carlyle's own spirit of renunciation of worldly goods for the sake of the truth sinks, in fact, into very complete insignificance beside what we can see done, all day and every day, by numbers of men and of women. His sacrifice, after all, though heroic, it may be, in intention, was hardly heroic in extent. The house in Chelsea, with the elegant and refined woman whose fortune helped to support him, and who, as we are told, "shielded him from the petty troubles of a poor man's life, from vexations which would have irritated him to madness, by her own incessant toil" and by "working as a menial servant" for him, was not, as Mr. Froude clearly lets us see, a very costly sacrifice for the "peasant's son, who had run barefoot in Eccle-

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fechan Street," and whose father, "in one year, his best, made in his business (he had ten living children) as much as one hundred pounds." A good deal more than this is done for the love of truth and for the sake of charity by numberless unknown priests, monks, and nuns, who have had more originally to renounce. The difference between them is this: they are rewarded for it by pretty general contempt, Mr. Carlyle was rewarded by pretty general admiration.

Much the same thing may be said of a discovery made by that extremely clever woman, Mrs. Carlyle, whose letters seem to us quite as interesting as her husband's. Her story is so capitally told that we give it in full. It is in a letter to a friend, dated January 11, 1857. Mrs. Carlyle writes:

"So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoilt for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of understanding and laying to heart what you have so well expressed in your verses—the meaning of the Present—for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of 'the duty nearest hand,' but the spirit in which one does it, that makes one's doing noble or mean. I can't think how people who have any natural ambition and any sense of power in them escape going MAD in a world like this without the recognition of that. I know I was very near mad when I found it out for myself (as one has to find out for one's self everything that is to be of any real practical use to one).

"Shall I tell you how it came into my head? Perhaps it may be of comfort to you in similar moments of fatigue and disgust. I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of *peat-bog* that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter, who married a daughter of John Knox. *That* didn't, I am ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat-bog and a most dreary, untoward place to live at. In fact, it was sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post-office. Further, we were very *poor*; and, further and worst, being an only child and brought up to 'great prospects,' I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and very fair mathematician! It behoved me, in these astonishing circumstances, to learn to sew! Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes and were always losing buttons, and *I* was expected to 'look to all that'; also it behoved me to learn to *cook!* —no capable servant choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place, and my husband having bad digestion, which complicated my difficulties dreadfully. The *bread*, above all, brought from Dumfries, 'soured on his stomach' (oh! heaven), and it was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home. So I sent for Cobbett's *Cottage Economy* and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck,

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and then two, and then three, and still I was sitting there in an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and *degradation*. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to DO anything but *cultivate my mind*, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching *a loaf of bread*, which mightn't turn out bread after all! Such thoughts maddened me till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself, 'After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource, were the really admirable things, of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman living at Craigenputtock with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these same qualities would have come out more fitly in a *good* loaf of bread.'

"I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea spread over my uncongenial life during the years we lived at that savage place, where my two immediate predecessors had gone *mad* and the third had taken to *drink*."

This is well put and it is true. But every little nun in a Catholic convent knows it; and Jane Welsh Carlyle, had she been brought up "in the errors of popery," would have had no need to "find it out for herself" in middle life, when she was "going nearly mad" for want of it, as she would have understood it from her nursery. Still, the discovery was a good one, and we think if Mr. Carlyle is a prophet his wife must certainly be a prophetess, and that her insight went farther, perhaps, than his did. "If Irving had married me," she once said, "there would have been no tongues"; and verily we believe her power to stop the tongues would have been greater than her husband's.

However, since the publication of his Life by Mr. Froude, now at last is given to the world posthumously and in embryo the very message which Mr. Carlyle believed himself to have received from the Eternal, and of which he said: "Neither fear thou that this thy great message, that the natural is the supernatural, will wholly perish unuttered."

This, therefore, that the natural is the supernatural, is Mr. Carlyle's message to the world. On this his claims to be a prophet according to Mr. Froude, and an apostle according to himself, must mainly rest. For as to the other things which he has said, and said well, on the beauty and necessity of honesty, truth, and industry, with various other fine sentiments finely rendered, they were not, as we have remarked, altogether new.

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The world, even the Protestant world, had heard something of such things before, and, indeed, they are not unusually accepted, at least in theory. But that the natural is the supernatural Mr. Carlyle deemed himself to have discovered; and he thought, Mr. Froude tells us, that it would bring about a revolution in the spiritual order of the world, "precisely analogous to that which Galileo had wrought in our apprehension of the material heaven." Let us give him the full benefit of the discovery. He seems never to have "uttered" it in his lifetime. But besides the entry in his note-book, just quoted, published since his death, "There remain," says Mr. Froude, "among his unpublished papers the fragments of two unfinished essays which he was never able to complete satisfactorily to himself." Rather suggestive this of the hunting of the snark—if we may be pardoned the allusion. These two essays are given in full in the first chapter of the second volume, and are, from some points of view, extremely interesting. But, on the whole, as the outcome of Mr. Carlyle's whole life and works, so far as construction goes, that "the natural is the supernatural," as expressed in "the fragments of two unfinished essays which he was never able to complete satisfactorily to himself," is, it seems to us, inadequate as a message from the Eternal. The essays are rather vague and cloudy as well as unfinished, and Mr. Froude tells us Carlyle himself "judged them to be an imperfect expression of his actual thoughts."

That (not Mr. Froude's word, but Carlyle's judgment) we have a strong temptation to doubt. If the *thought* had been clear Carlyle was not the man to have failed, believing it to be so important as he did, to express it clearly. It is not so much that the *expression* of the thought is imperfect as that the thought itself is not true or clear enough to be perfectly expressed. Nothing could possibly be clearer than the way in which Mr. Froude sets it forth, so far as it goes. But if it is not easy to catch a snark, neither, if we must put our meaning plump and plain, is it easy to give quite an exact description of a mare's nest. And Mr. Carlyle's message from the Eternal distinctly appears to a Catholic to turn out to be neither more nor less than that curious commodity.

Those who wholly reject the supernatural will differ from it on their own grounds. Christians, who believe in the supernatural, will disagree with it on opposite grounds. Between two stools the new gospel seems very likely to fall to the ground. Its success, however, is not the question, but its truth. Is it, then, true? We believe the common sense alone of mankind will cer-

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tainly answer, No. We may be taxed, however, with doing that which we have ourselves condemned—denying without affirming, criticising without constructing. Well, in answer to that, no one could find fault with Mr. Carlyle, if in one particular paper of his writings he had confined himself to negative criticism. It is because in his long life and rather voluminous works we can find nothing else to warrant his exalted claim to be an apostle but this discovery that the natural is the supernatural that we quarrel with his pretensions. But we cannot here set forth a philosophy which shall embrace the universe and account both for the natural and the supernatural. We can only, *first*, indicate or suggest our explanation of this wonderful message; and, secondly, point out to non-Catholics a work in which we think they will find indirectly a most sufficient refutation of such a curious theory, and a good sample of what we may call a constructive instead of Mr. Carlyle's denunciatory method of philosophy.

We believe, then, the somewhat hazy idea that the natural is the supernatural, as put forth by Mr. Carlyle, to be merely a misconception of a truth or truths not always sufficiently recognized or understood—viz., that the order of nature is, in its own limits, as true as the supernatural or the order of grace; that God is as much the author of one as of the other; and that one is no violent disruption or dethronement of the other, but that each order has a series of laws working in its own sphere, which are able to co-exist as harmoniously as soul and body do in the person of a man. To apply a line of thought Mr. Carlyle himself indicates (but, as we think, *mis*-applies), the law of gravity and other laws of the earth's sphere are not denied or done away with because we affirm the existence of a second set of laws relating to the attraction of the sun and of other heavenly bodies. The two sets of laws are both true and are perfectly compatible with each other. Questions of detail may arise here and there which may require long and patient investigation, and may often seem to be difficult of adjustment. But this is no argument against the existence of either order or of either set of laws. It *is* an argument for patience, for an attitude of humility towards *all* who differ from us (which Mr. Carlyle often forgot or disregarded) for being slow to judge and gentle to condemn those who are yet unable to see as we see ourselves. To rage against our neighbor for not having reached the point at which we ourselves stand is not, perhaps, the most useful thing in the world to do. If, on the contrary, those who are true lovers of the truth would try to be merciful to each other, to give due weight to

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an opponent's difficulties, and to see how much can be respected or found to be true in his opinions, the chances would be better of errors dropping off and of clouds clearing away.

For non-Catholics who may be interested to know what sort of philosophy would seem to Catholics of the present day to offer a more satisfactory solution of some of the questions regarding the natural and the supernatural order than Mr. Carlyle's two unfinished essays can afford, we may mention a book published two years ago, *On the Endowments of Man*, by the venerable Bishop Ullathorne, of Birmingham. To Catholics it would, of course, be singularly out of place on our part to recommend it, as the author's name would render this not only superfluous but impertinent; but it is possible we may render a service to others by introducing them to this beautiful work.

We have now spoken of the first thing that strikes a Catholic in reading Mr. Froude's biography, that the outcome of Carlyle's life and work, so far as construction goes, even if it were true, is inadequate as a message from the Eternal. If, in addition, it is, as we believe, false (and we are asked to accept it without a tittle of proof or evidence beyond Mr. Carlyle's own firm conviction that he was right), why then we are justified in looking upon it as a mare's nest.

Here we make, *sotto voce*, a reflection. We Catholics get a good deal pitied for having to believe in an infallible pope; but do our separated brethren ever reflect from how many infallible prophets we are delivered?

This brings us to our second point. In considering Mr. Carlyle as a teacher it strikes us that St. Paul says, "How shall they preach except they be sent?" Well, of course Mr. Carlyle's answer to that would have been that he *was* sent "by the Eternal." But when his friend Mr. Irving claimed the same thing no one expressed more contempt than he did for the delusion. Yet Irving, so far as we can see, had much greater excuse for it. He certainly had more show of credentials to offer. He not only believed firmly in himself (as Mr. Carlyle did also), but for a long time a good many other people believed in him; whereas Mr. Carlyle mentions and grieves over the fact that no one hardly believed in his mission. Also, Mr. Irving was originally sent forth with an appearance of a real mission from the leaders of the sect he was brought up in. Why, therefore, Carlyle should have been so certain it was "vanity and affectation" in Irving to believe in himself, and equally certain that in him, Carlyle, it was a solemn duty to be performed in defiance of "innumerable chattering gigmen," it is a little difficult to discover. He cannot forgive Irv-

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ing for announcing his message as from "the Lord," yet he declares his own to be "from the Eternal." This looks like a distinction without a difference, more especially as Irving seems to have been singularly free from that tone of harsh and bitter condemnation of others which is so pronounced in Mr. Carlyle.

The question that never appears to have struck the latter, but which reading his Life brings strongly before our minds, is this: Is every man the best judge in his own case that he has a message from the Eternal, or not? Or should there be also a judge of this external to himself? Supposing that, as Catholics, we were not bound to believe the latter principle, we should still remark to ourselves, *sotto voce*, "It is a most desirable arrangement." Without it what limits are there to the quantity and quality of the apostles and prophets who may request our allegiance? We think of Carlyle and Irving, of Calvin and Swedenborg, of Victor Hugo and Mazzini, of Moody and Sankey, of Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader, and of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, and we perceive that we have strong cause to consider ourselves in a very enviable position.

This life of Carlyle gives to us especially of the weaker sex another valuable subject of thankfulness. We have often heard of the "victims of priestly tyranny," meaning monks and nuns, and of the miserable lives they lead. But apparently there are other victims in the world also. What says Mr. Froude?

"The victory [of Mr. Carlyle's success in life] was won, but, as of old in Aulis, not without a victim. The work which he has done is before the world, and the world has long acknowledged what it owes him. It would not have been done as well, perhaps it would never have been done at all, if he had not had a woman at his side who would bear without resenting it the outbreaks of his dyspeptic humor and would shield him from the petty troubles of a poor man's life, from vexations which would have irritated him to madness, by her own incessant toil.

"She [Mrs. Carlyle] who had never known a wish ungratified for any object which money could buy; she, who had seen the rich of the land at her feet, and might have chosen among them at pleasure, with a weak frame withal which had never recovered the shock of her father's death —she, after all, was obliged to slave like the wife of her husband's friend, Wightman, the hedger, and cook, and wash, and scour, and mend clothes for many a weary year. Bravely she went through it all; and she would have gone through it cheerfully if she had been rewarded with ordinary gratitude. But if things were done rightly Carlyle did not inquire who did them. From the first she saw little of him, and, as time went on, less and less; and she, too, was human and irritable. Carlyle proved, as his mother had said of him, 'gey ill to live with.'

"He could leave his wife to ill health and toil, assuming that all was well as long as she did not complain; and it was plain to every one of her

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friends, before it was suspected by her husband, that the hard, solitary life on the moor was trying severely both her constitution and her nerves. Carlyle saw and yet was blind. If she suffered she concealed her trials from him, lest his work should suffer also. But she took refuge in a kind of stoicism which was but a thin disguise for disappointment, and at times for misery. Her bodily health never recovered from the strain of those six years [at Craigenputtock]. The trial to her mind and to her nervous system was still more severe. It was a sad fate for one so bright and gifted. . . . She was not happy."

This shows that there are victims to matrimony as well as to celibacy, and that you may be miserable without being "shut up in a convent." It is kind of Mr. Froude so thoroughly to expose some current delusions to the contrary. For, after all, Carlyle was what might be called a good husband. He was faithful to his wife; he respected her—nay, we go so far as to think he even loved her, only not quite so well as he loved himself. If *she* was so unhappy, what about the women who have distinctly *bad*-husbands? There are such.

To be just to Mr. Carlyle, though he certainly might have been more careful, considerate, and tender, yet we think the *whole* burden of Mrs. Carlyle's unhappiness does *not* rest upon his shoulders. The secret of it is perhaps indicated in her own words: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has more than realized my wildest hopes and I am miserable"; and in some passages of Irving's letters about her which explain a good deal (vol. ii. of Life, pp. 134, 135). She was too clear-sighted not to see all her husband's mistakes and foibles; and she needed, no doubt, more affection than he ever showed and more companionship than he ever gave her. His heart was not sufficiently "at leisure from itself" to sympathize much with another. Moreover, she was herself a singularly clever woman, and it strikes us she must have felt she could teach the prophet at least as much as he could teach her, and that though he had a message from the Eternal to "utter" to all mankind, yet he had no message for his wife which, without his help, she could not very well have found out for herself.

On the whole, though Carlyle was perhaps rather a failure as a husband, we incline to think him a more distinct failure as a prophet; and we believe Mrs. Carlyle suspected it. Therefore, whilst her ambition was satisfied, her intellect was disappointed and her heart was hungry. To her young friends she used to say: "Whatever you do, my dear, don't marry a genius." We suspect the true version of it, in her own mind, was, "Whatever you do, my dear, don't, in this nineteenth century, marry a prophet." And we agree with her.

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STELLA'S DISCIPLINE.

XIV.

DR. MCDONALD was mistaken in thinking that he could either convince or persuade Mrs. Gordon to believe herself well enough to travel by the first of May. The summer solstice was fast approaching before the weary task of combating her objections and satisfying her requirements in the way of preparation was accomplished and the voyage begun; and the last sun of June was blazing in the heavens as Stella sat one afternoon on the deck of the steamer that for nearly a fortnight had been *terra firma* to her and many others, and, with sensations too mingled and too strong for utterance, looked over the limitless expanse of glittering blue water around. Far away on the scarce discernible verge of the horizon, where sea and sky melted together, lay a faint, very faint white line, to the eye hardly more than a point. This, she was told, was the Irish coast.

Her father and several of their fellow-passengers had just left the deck, after welcoming with rejoicing the first sight of land; but she remained, and was glad to be alone. She was so young that history, in the pages of which she had so lately been living, was, with all its actors and tragedies, as vividly familiar and real to her as the events of yesterday are to older people—people to whom years and the memories of their own lives have dimmed the enthusiasms of youth, and even the very recollection of the lives that went before them. What a host of shadows gathered about her, as, leaning back in her deck-chair, her gaze fastened itself on that little, vapor-like speck which was imperceptibly enlarging and growing more distinct while she gazed! She could not have put into words—words that would not have seemed tame and altogether unworthy their theme—one of the thoughts that were crowding on her. Only the inspiration of the poet can analyze and clothe in language emotions which less gifted souls feel—it might almost be said suffer—but cannot express. Stella sat dumb and motionless. The grand Old World of story and of song was here, in her very sight. All its mighty past lay spread out, as it were, like a map before her imagination.

She was startled presently by a sudden voice at her side.

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"Dinner is ready," said her father, offering his arm to take her in.

"I do not care for dinner, papa," she answered. "I would rather stay here, if you will tell the steward to send me a sandwich and glass of wine."

"Come to table," insisted Mr. Gordon. "The Isle of Saints will not vanish while you are away," he added, with a smile. "On the contrary, we shall be an hour nearer to it when you return, and you will be able to see it more clearly than you do now."

"I hate to lose one moment of such an evening and such a view as this," she said, but rose from her seat while speaking. "I do believe you are a devout Catholic at heart, papa," she continued, as they turned to leave the deck, "though you don't seem so."

"At heart I am certainly a Catholic," he answered seriously. "It is only in practice that I am not one."

"And is that right?" asked Stella gently. "I have often been tempted to speak to you on the subject, papa, but hesitated, I scarcely know why. But the first sight of Ireland ought to inspire one not only with devotion but with courage to do anything for God. You have always confessed your faith; why don't you practise it, dear papa?"

Perhaps Mr. Gordon was not sorry to be spared the necessity of answering this question. They entered the saloon at the moment, and nothing more was said on the subject. When they rose from table he conducted Stella back to her seat on deck, and then returned to the saloon for dutiful attendance on his wife and her whist-table.

The Isle of Saints had, in nautical phrase, risen a little out of the water when Stella's eyes turned to it again after her absence of an hour from the deck. A good many people besides herself were now gathered there, watching the land they were approaching, as it became more and more distinct to view in the glorified atmosphere which the sun's parting rays were pouring over it.

The scene was very beautiful. The coast lay like a flake of dull gold on the burnished surface of sun-gilded water, outlined faintly against a pale pink sky that was misty from distance, but transparently clear in tint. There was not a cloud in the heavens, not the thinnest vapor, to catch and refract the rays of light that were beginning to bathe the whole sea-line in sunset effulgence—only the land itself. That changed momently

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as the level beams of the sun touched it, wrapping it in a haze of dazzling light, which deepened rapidly to burning gold, and from gold to orange-rose, and from rose to crimson.

Then the colors commenced fading, dying down from shade to shade. Dull-red, purple, violet, soft, dark, sombre blue, followed each other in swift succession as the sunset radiance retreated from the eastern horizon and came creeping across the water toward the ship, the shades of evening falling like a veil behind it.

Stella scarcely heard the exclamations of admiration and pleasure from those around her. She was thinking of Southgate, of what he would feel if he was by her side looking for the first time at the shore that was now disappearing in the twilight. He was not much inclined to enthusiasm ordinarily, but his eye always lighted and his words and tones warmed when he spoke of Ireland. To be so near it reminded her of all that they had intended to do and see there together.

"We must land at Queenstown," he had more than once said when they were discussing the details of their intended visit to Europe. "I should feel it impossible to pass Ireland without pausing to touch the soil which has been made sacred by the blood and tears of so many generations of saints and martyrs. We will hear one Mass in Cork or Dublin, and go on then to Rome. But as we return we must stay some time and make a great many pilgrimages."

Stella smiled sadly to herself as she remembered how little interest she had felt at the time in the idea of the pilgrimages, and how much more she was thinking of seeing London and Paris than of hearing Mass anywhere! Now she would have been very glad to land in Queenstown and stay in Ireland a few days. She had even proposed it to her father, who was not unwilling to gratify her wish, had not Mrs. Gordon objected to the delay and preferred to land in Liverpool and proceed at once to London.

The weather was unusually fine, and, as Mrs. Gordon found herself much fatigued by her voyage, they decided to remain awhile in England instead of going on at once to the Continent according to their original intention. A few days after their arrival, therefore, they were established in lodgings in that pleasantest part of suburban London, Kensington.

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XV.

"WHAT can be the matter that your father does not return?" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon anxiously the day after that on which they were settled in their lodgings. The dinner-hour was striking, and Mr. Gordon, who had gone out immediately after breakfast to see his banker, had not yet appeared.

"I don't suppose anything serious is the matter," said Stella, speaking more cheerfully than she felt, in order to reassure her mother, who was evidently becoming very impatient and not a little uneasy. "He may have lost his way in this great London town, or—"

At this moment a welcome ring of the door-bell sounded, and she paused to see if it was her father. Yes, that was his step on the stair, she was sure; and when the door opened she looked up with a smile and a jesting reproof on her lips.

She did not utter the last. Mr. Gordon came in hastily, looking grave and a little nervous, it seemed to her.

"I hope I have not kept dinner waiting or made you uneasy, Margaret," he said, glancing anxiously at his wife. "I was detained unavoidably by business. I will be ready in a moment, however."

He passed into an adjoining apartment.

"How worried he looks!" observed his wife. "I can't imagine what business there is that could disturb him so."

"I suppose he was afraid you would be nervous and alarmed by his absence," said Stella.

"Yes, very likely. I was beginning to feel quite anxious. I wish I had your nerves."

She would not have wished so if she had known what a state Stella's nerves were in at that moment, quiet as she appeared. "Something is the matter," she was thinking, "and something very serious, I am sure. I never in my life saw papa look so strangely excited."

Her apprehensions were somewhat dissipated when Mr. Gordon reappeared after arranging his toilet for dinner. He bestowed his usual care in making his wife comfortable, and listened with his usual patience to her report of her symptoms during the morning. But, that subject exhausted, a preoccupied expression stole over his face; and Stella observed that although he accounted for his unusual silence and gravity by saying that he was very tired, he ate little. In his whole air and manner there was a certain quietude too marked to be quite natural.

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She was alarmed. "Something dreadful has happened!" she thought again, while her mother was asking innumerable questions relevant to nothing in particular. "Papa must have received letters at the bank. Oh! I wish dinner was over; he is dreadfully worried about something. Perhaps he is called home by business, and will have to leave us."

This idea took entire possession of her mind, and all the while they sat at table, and during the two hours which followed, she was tormenting herself with anticipations of how wretched she should be if her fears were verified and she had to see her father return home alone. The fact that he said nothing before her mother made her more uneasy than she would otherwise have been even, and more impatient to know the trouble, whatever that trouble might prove to be.

Mrs. Gordon, who still kept invalid hours, finally rose to retire, and her husband gave her his arm to assist her to her chamber.

"Is anything the matter, papa?" Stella asked the moment he entered the room on his return. "Did you get any letters from home?"

"None," he answered. "It is too soon to expect letters from home. But yes, something is the matter. I heard some very bad news this morning."

"I knew it! I felt sure of it!" she exclaimed. "You received a telegram, I suppose? What—"

"I heard nothing from home," he interrupted. "This news is about Southgate."

"He is married!" she thought, with a sharp pang. But womanly pride gave her self-possession. "Ah!" she forced herself to say steadily. "What did you hear about him?"

Her look of inquiry was so composed, if not indifferent, that her father answered at once briefly: "He is dead."

There was a long pause. Mr. Gordon was inexpressibly shocked as well as astonished at the effect his words produced. Stella's face grew as white as marble, her form seemed to stiffen as she sat, and her eyes had a wild, glazed expression that alarmed him.

He uttered an exclamation of dismay. "I have been too abrupt!" he said. "But I thought from your manner that you were indifferent to him."

Her lips quivered; there was a convulsive movement in her throat, as if she was trying to speak. But the effort was abortive. She was aware of a strange, double consciousness—a burn-

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ing pain tearing her heart, with, at the same time, an apathetic recognition of her position and surrounding circumstances.

"I thought so, too," she managed at last to articulate in reply to her father's exclamation. "But you see we were both mistaken."

After another silence she cried suddenly: "You mean it, papa?—you really mean that he is *dead?*"

"Yes; he is dead."

"How do you know it? How did you hear it?"

"I have seen his body," was the reply.

She asked no more questions at the moment, but sat staring vacantly before her, trying to realize, trying to make herself believe, what she had been told.

Southgate dead! It was the first time that the idea of his dying had ever entered her mind. She had thought of his marriage, had prepared herself to hear of this, and, had she heard of it, would have accepted the inevitable with becoming resignation. Not without a pang, certainly; but that pang would have been the death-throe of her love.

To see the extinction of his life was another thing—a life that she believed to be so full of promise. A mingled sense of amaze, of vehement protest, of intolerable regret assailed her. Almost forgetting herself in generous pity for him, she felt like crying out against the cruelty of Heaven.

The entrance of a servant, who came into the room on some trifling errand, roused her from her vain questioning of Omnipotent wisdom, and, glancing at her father, the expression of his face further recalled her to a consciousness of the necessity of self-control.

"I am very, very sorry, papa, to hear this sad news," she said quietly when the man left the room. "I was awfully shocked at first, for"—her voice faltered slightly—"I did care a great deal for him. But you know I have no *right* to care now. You need not be afraid of my making myself seriously unhappy. But I am so, so sorry! How sad it is for any one to die so young! How did you hear it?"

Mr. Gordon's face cleared when he perceived that she intended to take the matter in this sensible way, as he considered it, and he proceeded to explain how by a mere accident, as it seemed, the fact came to his knowledge. He had gone to the banking-house to which he brought letters, to have a check cashed, and, wishing to make his financial arrangements for the period during which he would be on the Continent, requested

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speech with one of the heads of the house. The banker was engaged just then, he was informed, but would probably be at leisure to see him in half an hour, or less time, if he could wait. In much less time than that specified, at the distant tinkle of a bell, the clerk to whom he had given his card rose quickly and, requesting him to follow, led the way down a long corridor to a door, unclosed it, motioned him to enter, and retired.

As he was about to cross the threshold he was met by a man coming out, whose face struck him at a passing glance as singularly pale and haggard—so much so that it remained a picture in his mind all the while he was transacting his business.

"May I ask, Mr. Gordon, if you were acquainted with a countryman of your own, a Mr. Southgate?" inquired Mr. L——, the banker, when he rose to leave.

"I am intimately acquainted with a Mr. Edward Southgate, who was in London about the first of this year, if he is the man you speak of," was the reply. "He went from here to Italy, and thence to Jerusalem, I believe."

"The same, the same man," said the banker. "He intended to spend two years in Eastern travel, he told me, perhaps longer. Unfortunately for him, as it has turned out, he changed his mind, was returning to England, it seems, and last night he lost his life, I understand, by the sinking of the steamer he was on."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon. "Is it possible? This is most deplorable intelligence to me! How did you obtain your information, Mr. L——, may I inquire? Is it to be relied on?"

"There can be no mistake as to the fact, I regret to say," answered the other. "My informant was a fellow-passenger of Mr. Southgate's—the man you met as you came in a few minutes ago. He is a gentleman well known to me, and barely escaped with his own life—was picked up by a boat while struggling in the water."

"And he told you that Southgate was on board the vessel with him, and was lost?"

"He saw his body among a number of others that came on shore with the tide this morning."

"Can I follow and speak to him?" asked Mr. Gordon hastily. "I should like to learn all the particulars of the accident and take charge of the body."

Mr. L—— shook his head. "He has left town by this time, having merely called here on his way to take the 12.30 train at the Northwestern terminus. He is off before now. But I can

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give you the particulars of the accident in a general way, which he told me, and direct you to the place where the bodies will no doubt be kept during the day for identification by friends. Pray sit down again."

Mr. Gordon did so, and learned that one steamer had run into another the night before on the river a little below Greenwich, and that the smaller vessel, a passenger-boat bound from some Mediterranean port to London, was struck amidships and sank almost immediately. Most of the passengers being in their berths at the time of the collision, the loss of life was very great. Some few were picked up by the boats of the larger vessel, but the greater number perished. A good many bodies had already been washed ashore by the tide that came in at daylight, and were deposited in a boat-house on the spot.

This was the substance of what Mr. Gordon heard, Mr. L—— adding that his informant had mentioned Southgate's name incidentally among that of others, but seemed to have had a very slight acquaintance with him, only knowing that he was an American, that he had lately been in Syria, and was evidently but just recovering from what must from his appearance have been a very serious illness.

Taking leave of the banker with many thanks for the information he had received, distressing as it was to him, Mr. Gordon proceeded at once to the place to which he had been directed, some distance below Greenwich.

It was with a feeling akin to physical pain that he shrank, as he drew near to his destination, from the thought of seeing Southgate's lifeless body, if Southgate's body it proved to be. He felt that only ocular demonstration could destroy his hope to the contrary.

A crowd surrounded the boat-house; many people were entering and leaving momently. Some of them, it was evident, came on the same sad errand as himself, with even a closer interest; for he heard more than one burst of heartrending grief as he paused an instant outside the door to brace his resolution before going in. Others were impelled by that strange morbid curiosity, so common to human nature, which makes suffering and death an entertaining spectacle.

To these last the scene in the boat-house was no doubt weirdly attractive; to Mr. Gordon it was horrible. He gave but one glance at the row of cold effigies of humanity that lay waiting recognition or unknown burial, and, seeing none which he thought could by any possibility be that he was seeking, turned

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away and addressed one of the men wearing the badge of the London police who were in official attendance. Taking out his pocket-book with the air of a man who expects to pay for what he gets, he did get civil answers to his questions, but no information that was at all satisfactory. The policeman, who belonged to the reserve force kept for special service, had been on duty but half an hour, he said, and knew nothing whatever about the accident or its victims. He suggested, however, as he condescended to accept the coin extended by Mr. Gordon, that any of the boatmen loitering outside could tell the gentleman all that there was to tell about it.

When Mr. Gordon, glad to escape from proximity to the ghastly company within, hurried out into the sunshine and looked about for one Jim Dodson, who was recommended by the policeman as the "best party to apply to," he fortunately found that individual at his service, ready to "tell what he knowed," if the gentleman would make it worth his while.

The gentleman made it so well worth his while that he was inclined to tell not only all he knew, but more besides, the former suspected. Sifting as well as he could, by a rigid cross-examination, the truth from its embellishments, Mr. Gordon possessed himself of what seemed to him a few probable facts. Among the bodies that had come ashore with the tide there *was* one, Mr. Dodson stated, which an officer and a passenger of the lost vessel had recognized as that of an American gentleman, they said—a young man with dark hair, tall, looking as if he had consumption. "Came ashore in his trousers and shirt, no coat nor—"

Mr. Gordon here interposed. There was no body answering to that description in the boat-house, he suggested.

"Not now," the boatman replied, "'cause it was took away about a hour ago."

"Taken away!" repeated Mr. Gordon in surprise. "Who took it?"

That Mr. Dodson was not prepared to say. In fact, he did not know. Undertaker people. But of course there was somebody behind *them*. All he knowed was that the officer of the ship he spoke about before had come down with the undertaker's men, and the undertaker's men had carried off two bodies—the gentleman they was speaking of and another young gentleman. That was all he knowed.

"And where is the officer of the ship?" Mr. Gordon inquired. "You say he came down; from where?"

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"From the inn up yonder," answered the boatman.

Up to the inn, some few hundred yards distant, Mr. Gordon went in haste; and after a few minutes' conversation with the man he sought, who proved to be the second officer of the unfortunate vessel, he returned to London and spent some time in searching through the advertising columns of the *Times* and other papers for the address of an undertaker to whom he had been referred by the officer for certain information which the latter was himself unable to give. Succeeding at last in his quest, he saw the undertaker, and from him obtained the address of a gentleman, to whom he at once went.

XVI.

ALL these journeyings to and fro occupied so much time as to make him late for dinner. He described his adventures to Stella in few words until he came to the latter part of his narrative, when he spoke more at length.

"I was astonished to hear that the body had been removed," he said, "and began to indulge a hope that, after all, the drowned man might not be our friend, but somebody else of the same name. The possibility—it even seemed to me a probability—of this being the case increased my anxiety to find out by whom the body had been taken, and to what place.

"To my disappointment, the officer to whom I applied as soon as I learned his whereabouts could give me little available information. He remembered that one of the passengers was a Mr. Southgate, an American, who seemed in ill health; recollected to have heard Mr. Southgate remark that he was still suffering from the effects of an attack of fever which he had in Syria, and had noticed that he appeared to be much affected by the heat, which was intense during the whole passage.

"The vessel touched at Gibraltar, and two young Englishmen, one of whom was accompanied by his wife, embarked there, he said. Mr. Southgate and the younger of these two gentlemen seemed to take a fancy to each other at once. They were together a great deal; were in the habit of walking the deck together at night. If it had not been that the bodies came on shore only half dressed he should have thought they must have been on deck when the collision occurred, late as it was —after midnight. Southgate's right hand was grasping the

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Englishman's shoulder, while the Englishman's right hand was clasped around Southgate's left arm just above the wrist. The elder Mr. Willoughby—Willoughby was the name of the Englishmen—was saved, and so was his wife. In claiming his brother's body he requested permission to take Southgate's also, saying something, which the officer did not understand, about Southgate's having lost his own life in trying to save that of his friend. Mr. Willoughby also said that he was a Catholic, and knew Southgate to have been one, and that he would take on himself the burial of the body.

"The officer, thinking that as Southgate was a foreigner, and of course a stranger, it was not likely any one else would claim the body, very readily consented to its being given up to Mr. Willoughby. He went down to the boat-house and so instructed the men in charge. When I spoke to him shortly afterwards he was afraid, I could see, that he had done wrong. I soon reassured him, telling him that he had acted with good judgment in the matter, and that all I asked was Mr. Willoughby's address. He could not give me this, or any clue by which to find it; and I had just decided that I should have to advertise in the evening and morning papers when a boatman to whom I had been talking came to my assistance, giving me the name of the undertaker who had removed the bodies. I looked up the man's advertisement, in that way found him, and learned that Mr. Willoughby was at his house in town to-day, the bodies having been temporarily carried there also.

"I went to the house at once. The blinds were down, and the porter assured me that his master could see no one, being in great distress at the death of his brother. I had some difficulty in getting the man to take my card, on which I had written a line explaining my business. He did take or send it in at last, however; and Mr. Willoughby received me immediately in the most courteous, indeed cordial, manner. He had taken the liberty, he said, of charging himself with the care and burial of Mr. Southgate's body, feeling that, short as their acquaintance had been, gratitude gave him a claim to render every respect and consideration in his power to the memory of a man who had saved his life and that of his wife, and had perished while endeavoring to render the same service to his brother. He could not deny my right as a countryman and friend of Mr. Southgate to have a voice as to the disposal of the body; but he earnestly hoped that I would consent to its temporary burial, at least, with that of his brother. If Mr. Southgate's family wished its re-

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moval hereafter, very well; he could make no objection. But now—

"I interposed here and assured him that I not only consented willingly to his kind proposal, but thanked him heartily for it and could desire nothing better; and that I would only ask further to see the body, in order to be certain it was really that of my friend. I still entertained a faint hope to the contrary.

"He led the way at once from the room in which he had received me to a drawing-room upstairs where the two bodies lay."

Mr. Gordon's voice sank a little as he uttered the last words, and there was a moment's silence, which was measured to Stella by the heavy, sickening throbs of her heart. She would have preferred to hear no more. Almost she felt as if she could not listen to another word. But what matter a few pangs more or less? she thought. The cup of bitterness was at her lips; she might as well drink every drop.

"I should scarcely have recognized the face if I had seen it accidentally without knowing whose it was," Mr. Gordon went on in a tone of much feeling, "though I am sure I should have been struck by its resemblance to Southgate. The forehead, hair, and brows look quite natural, except that the temples are very sunken. But the features are perfectly emaciated, and have the sharpness and lividness which death almost invariably gives, particularly after a long illness. Added to this, the face is clean-shaven. As he always wore a beard and moustache, this gives it a very unfamiliar appearance. The first glance convinced me that it was Southgate, and yet I found it difficult to realize that it was he who lay before me.

"I stayed but a moment; for, painful as the interview was to myself, it was evidently even more so to Mr. Willoughby. He is a great, broad-chested, broad-cheeked Englishman, with a face that looks as if it was made only to laugh; but there were tears in his eyes, and I saw that he could not control his voice as he put his hand on his brother's hair and looked from one of the dead faces to the other."

Stella said nothing, and it was an inexpressible relief to her when her father took out his watch and began to wind it up. She knew that this was his preliminary to saying good-night.

Before the watch was closed and returned to its place the door-bell rang.

"Strange, at this hour," said Mr. Gordon, and looked inquiringly at the servant who appeared a moment after having answered the bell.

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"A person at the door wishes to speak to you, sir," the man said.

"Let him come up," was the reply.

The person declined to do so. He wanted to speak to the gentleman alone.

"Take him into the dining-room, then. I will see him there," Mr. Gordon said, and followed the man as the latter left the room.

He was not gone long. There was a short silence in the house, then movements down-stairs, the shutting of the house door, and Mr. Gordon reappeared.

He had something in his hand, Stella perceived, as he advanced to a table on which was a light, and instinctively she joined him. A cold chill ran through her veins as she saw what it was that he held—a Russia-leather pocket-book, damp and discolored. Before he spoke she knew what he was going to tell her.

"A boatman to whom I was talking to-day brought it to me," he said. "No doubt it was taken from the body and the money it contained abstracted, though the fellow, of course, tells a different story."

He opened it slowly, with the reluctance a man feels in addressing himself to a task which he knows will be a painful one.

The outside was still damp; the inside was wringing wet. There was no money, nothing of any value; simply a number of memoranda leaves and a few letters, all so thoroughly soaked with salt water as to be mere paper pulp with blotty discolorations over the surface, and so pasted together as to defy any effort to take the leaves apart or open the letters without breaking them to pieces. If he had not suspected the fact already Mr. Gordon would have been satisfied, from the disordered and soiled condition of the contents, that the book had been ransacked before it came into his hands. One of the letters had obviously been dropped into the mud and washed off, losing part of its edges in the process. In fact, all of the papers were more wet than would have been possible had the pocket-book remained unopened.

After examining the whole very carefully Mr. Gordon shook his head in disappointment.

"There is nothing by which to judge whether it even belonged to Southgate," he said. "The boatman's story is that it fell from his pocket as his body was lifted out of the shallow tide-water where it lodged—"

"I think," interrupted Stella desperately, feeling that to hear

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such details dwelt on was beyond her powers of endurance—"I think, papa, you did not examine the innermost pocket. There may be something in that."

Mr. Gordon opened the book again and saw that he had not noticed the pocket she alluded to. He unfolded the extreme end and exposed to view two flaps, lifting which he discovered a small pocket.

"Yes, here is a letter or note," he said, "and it has been so well protected by the leather that it is scarcely damp, which shows I was right in believing that the other papers have been tampered with. Here are some finger-marks on it, but it has no address," he added, turning it over.

It had an enclosure, however, he found—a *carte-de-visite* photograph. He took it out of the envelope, and when he saw what it was would have been very glad if he could have concealed it from Stella. But she had recognized it at a glance, he knew by her quick movement and gasping breath. It was her own likeness.

XVII.

AT breakfast the next morning Mr. Gordon was very glad to see Stella in her accustomed place behind the urn. Except that she looked grave and pale, her manner was quite as usual. She even smiled faintly in answer to his greeting; but after the morning salutations scarcely a word was exchanged. Neither of the two was inclined to talk, and neither felt under any constraint in remaining silent. Mrs. Gordon, since her illness, always breakfasted in her own room.

"I told Mr. Willoughby that I would be with him this morning," said Mr. Gordon when he had finished breakfast, "but the visit will not detain me long, probably. Of course I shall insist on seeing to the funeral expenses. Willoughby intended to defray them himself, the undertaker told me; but I cannot allow that, even temporarily. It is totally unnecessary."

He rose and was leaving the room, but paused suddenly as he reached the door, and said:

"I promised your mother to look up the D——s to-day. You can tell her why I am unable to—"

"O papa!" cried Stella impulsively, "if it is necessary that she should be told, cannot *you* tell her? I could not endure to hear any harsh remarks *now*. I am afraid I should lose all self-restraint and retort very bitterly."

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"You do her injustice, if you think she would be capable of saying anything harsh," answered Mr. Gordon gravely. "But if you do not wish to speak on the subject I had better do so. She will see the account of the accident in the morning papers, and wonder that it was not mentioned to her. I will ring and inquire if I can see her before I go out."

"I know," said Stella, speaking rapidly and passionately, "that I have no right to blame her, having myself acted so badly. But I feel that we are his murderers."

"It is worse than folly to entertain such an idea as that!" said Mr. Gordon a little sternly. "What had either of you to do with his death?"

"If he had not been forced in self-respect to break with me everything would have been different," she answered. "He would not have been on that ship, papa. You cannot deny that."

"I do deny that you are in any degree accountable for his having lost his life by an accident with which you had no concern whatever," said her father, crossing the room to ring the bell.

"Inquire of Mrs. Gordon's maid if her mistress is awake and can see me," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Mrs. Gordon could not see him, the maid returned. She had a headache and bad cold, and had given orders that she was not to be disturbed.

"Thank heaven!" said Stella involuntarily beneath her breath; then, observing that her father had heard the exclamation and looked both surprised and displeased, she added quickly: "I did not mean that I was glad mamma had a headache! No, indeed! It is a great relief to me to be able to be alone—that is what I was thinking of. I will go and pray in that church we saw the other day, papa, and you shall find me in better dispositions when you return. I promise you I will try not to be wicked and impatient again."

She kept her word. During the few following days she was very grave and silent, but scrupulously attentive to her mother and not less companionable than usual to her father. The latter at first spoke of Southgate as they sat alone in the evening after Mrs. Gordon retired. He repeated Mr. Willoughby's account of the loss of the vessel, and description of the saving of himself and his wife by Southgate, who burst open the door of their stateroom, which was jammed so tightly by the crushing of the side of the boat in the collision that it could not be moved from within.

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Stella listened with interest to this recital, but asked no questions; and her father, seeing that she shrank from the subject, discontinued alluding to it. Only on the morning of the funeral he said as she was pouring out his coffee:

"If you would like to go with me there is no reason why you should not. There is to be a solemn Requiem High Mass, and a sermon by the cardinal. Willoughby told me that his wife intends to be present at the Mass, and that they will be pleased for you to come out with me this morning to the Manor and accompany her to the chapel."

She shook her head. "No. I will pray during the time in the church here," she answered. "They are very kind; you must thank them and make my excuses. And say, please, that I sent these flowers"—she pointed to a side-table. "You will remember, won't you, papa, that they are for both the coffins?"

"Of course. I am very glad you thought of it," said Mr. Gordon.

"I suppose," said Stella, "that it is a growing custom in England for women to attend funerals, particularly Catholic funerals, where there is a Mass. But I never liked the idea, even at home, where it is universal."

Mrs. Gordon made no harsh remarks when she heard of Southgate's death. Her husband, in communicating the intelligence to her, requested that she would not allude to the subject to or before Stella—a superfluous precaution on his part: she was never inclined to dwell upon anything either painful or disagreeable, and the recollection of her own conduct in the matter of Stella's engagement was both the one and the other, as read now in the light of this tragic end of one of the lives concerned. Stella's pale face and subdued manner were an unceasing reminder that she had inflicted great pain on her only child without having accomplished her proposed object. She was willing to let her blunder and the failure she had made rest in silence, and even consented not ungraciously to Mr. Gordon's proposal that they should leave London at once. He hoped that change of scene and the unavoidable distractions of travel might divert Stella's thoughts from dwelling on the recollection of her former lover's death.

"But the D——s!" cried Mrs. Gordon suddenly. "We must wait for them, if they decide to go with us; and I am almost sure they will. They are to dine here to-morrow and let me know certainly."

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The D——s were some friends, people from their own State, with whom she wished to join parties.

"Papa," said Stella that same evening, "before we leave London I should like to visit Edward's grave. You told me, I think, that the Willoughbys were to leave home to-day?"

"Yes, to join Mr. Willoughby's mother."

"I wonder if strangers are permitted to drive through the park to the chapel?"

"I don't know about strangers in general, but Willoughby's people would recognize me and make no difficulty about my going. I can take you there to-morrow afternoon, if you like."

"I thought I might go alone," she said; adding frankly, "I should prefer it."

"Go alone!" repeated Mr. Gordon in surprise. "Impossible! You forget—"

"I do not mean quite alone," she interposed quickly. "I could take Charlotte with me. You have no idea how useful I have found her. She is very clever and capable, understands dealing with these troublesome London cabmen, getting railway-tickets, and everything of the kind. I should not at all mind going, if I thought the lodge-keeper at Willoughby Manor would let me in. And if you do not object, papa."

"N—o. I suppose there would be no impropriety in your going, if you take this girl with you. But you need not pass through the park; you can go by the village, which is in sight of the railway station, a mile nearer than the lodge. The chapel is not far from the park-palings that bound the village green. Several of the villagers are Catholics, and for their convenience there is a gate opening into the park. You cannot mistake it, and a path leads from the gate to the chapel. You will find the two graves under the very wall of the church on the east side—the side next the open park toward the house. Standing at the foot of them, the one at the right-hand side is Southgate's."

Stella left London later than she had intended, and the sun, though not near the horizon, was sufficiently declined from the meridian to throw a very golden light on the village-green as, attended by her landlady's daughter (the girl of whom she had spoken to her father), she crossed it on her way to the gate which gave entrance to Willoughby Manor Park. Some children playing on the far side of the broad sweep of velvet sward stared at the unusual apparition of two such figures passing there; otherwise there were few signs of life to be observed.

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The village seemed sunk in the drowsy stillness of a summer afternoon.

Tired as well as heated by her walk, short as it was, from the station, Stella was glad to plunge into the deep shade of a park, the coolness of which was most refreshing. Not only the trees but the undergrowth also remained very much as nature had made them. But for the absence of dead leaves and broken branches from the ground she could almost have fancied herself in one of her own native forests, so still and green and dark was everything around as she followed the narrow, winding path that was leading her apparently into the depths of a dense wood, and did lead to a little brook, at which she stopped.

She sat down on the roots of a rugged old beech-tree, and, taking the basket of flowers which her companion carried, drew off one of her gloves, and, dipping her hand in the water, sprinkled the blossoms until they looked as fresh as if they had just been gathered with the morning-dew upon them.

"Sit down, Charlotte," she said then, rising and lifting the basket from the ground, "and wait for me here. I shall not be gone long."

Walking lightly over a rustic foot-bridge that was thrown across the brook a little lower down on its course, she soon disappeared from Charlotte's view along the path which wound through the thick growth fringing the water-course.

After continuing its way through the copse a short distance farther the path suddenly emerged into an open space, in the centre of which stood the chapel—a small but beautiful Gothic structure.

Stella paused with a thrill of indescribable emotion. Here, then, was Southgate's resting-place.

"I am glad that he sleeps in such a lovely spot!" she thought. "But oh! it is terrible to conceive that he is down in the cold darkness—"

She shrank and hesitated, and half turned away with the feeling that she could not bear to go nearer. But the heavy basket of flowers in her hands reminded her of the purpose for which she came. She would not permit herself to yield to the weakness that assailed her. "Let me make this last offering to him, and be near him once more for the very last time," she thought sadly.

She moved forward, approaching the church from the western side, which was all aglow with the broad beams of the July sun shining from a cloudless sky. Standing in this lonely spot,

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the chapel could not be left open, and the Blessed Sacrament could not, of course, be reserved. She was, therefore, denied the consolation of prostrating herself before the altar; but she knelt on the steps of the front entrance, and prayed long and fervently for the repose of the two souls that had been snatched so suddenly from life and all the joys of youth to the cold darkness of the tomb. With her, as with the dead Mr. Willoughby's relatives, there would always, she felt, be two souls to be remembered together.

Her prayers ended, she lifted her basket once more and walked slowly round to the east side of the building.

It was all shadow here—the deep shade cast by the high walls and roof, which were outlined sharply and in exaggerated length on the velvet green, that stretched away in this direction, smooth and level as a well-kept lawn, for a long distance into the park. A few trees were scattered about, one of which, a picturesque hawthorn, stood very close to the building and extended its luxuriant branches protectingly, as it were, over the two graves that lay between its gnarled trunk and the church wall.

After having placed her offering upon the graves Stella sat down on the grass beside the one which her father had said was Southgate's, and looked at it with a strange regard. Could it be, she exclaimed silently, that he was so near to her? So near, yet gone for ever from all but her memory and her regret! But a few feet of earth divided them—the eye whose gaze she so well remembered, the hand that had so often clasped her own! Down there in the cold darkness they were lying, sleeping the unawaking sleep of mortality. This mound of clay was all that remained on earth of the graceful presence which she had thought would be beside her during all her life.

With her head drooped low and her ungloved hand resting on the grave she sat for a long time in silent meditation. How different her life might have been, she reflected, if she had not lost Southgate's heart by what seemed to her, in looking back, the most incomprehensible folly! Love of pleasure and admiration, self-will, and a hasty, uncontrolled temper—these faults had appeared slight and venial in her eyes at the time. Now she saw them in another light: saw that trifling defects of character and conduct are not trifling in their sequences, but that each separate act is one step either on the right road or the wrong one, and that every fault, however apparently small in itself, is a germ of evil which may develop into sins of startling magnitude, or may, directly or indirectly, lead to the most unexpected and

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calamitous results. With no more serious intention of wrong-doing than that with which a spoiled child misuses and breaks its toys, she had flung away happiness the worth of which she did not then know, but had since learned to appreciate. And not happiness only. Despite what her father had said to the contrary, she could not feel that she was entirely guiltless as regarded Southgate's death. Morally guiltless, of course; but was it not incontestably true that if she had acted differently circumstances would have fallen out differently? "Yet God knows best," she said humbly. "He has been very merciful to me in sending the discipline I needed; and how dare I think that his mercy has been less to one who was so much more worthy of it!" Still, to her human sight, it seemed grievous that such a life should have ended so prematurely. But could it have ended more worthily? Self-forgetful to the last, he had died in the performance of an act of charity. Surely a soul so upright and self-sacrificing would not be doomed to stay long in that abode the pains of which are softened by the presence of Hope, and may be shortened by the prayers of the living. She had said many prayers already, but at the thought of purgatory she rose from where she sat on the grass, and, kneeling, began to repeat the *De Profundis*: "*Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord! Lord, hear—*"

Suddenly her voice ceased; a magnetic consciousness made her aware that she was not alone. She lifted both hands, and, hastily throwing back her veil, the folds of which had fallen far over her face, looked up.

But a few feet from her, at the head of the grave over which she was offering a prayer for the repose of his soul, stood Edward Southgate.

She saw him, heard him utter her name, and then consciousness left her.

Southgate—for it was he in his natural body, not, as Stella thought, a spiritual one—was as much shocked when he saw her fall back insensible as he had been surprised the moment before to recognize her face. He sprang to her assistance, laid her down on the soft grass, and hastily took off her hat. What to do next he did not know. To leave her alone while he went more than a mile to the lodge or the manor-house for help was not to be thought of. He had come by the way of the lodge, and knew no other way of approach nor nearer place to seek assistance. He looked at Stella's bloodless face and groaned. What was he to do? He lifted her hand and put his finger on

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her pulse, and as he did so a luminous idea flashed upon him. She was in the habit, he remembered, of carrying a vinaigrette in her pocket. He proceeded to search for it.

With masculine awkwardness he sought vainly for some time in the folds of her dress for the pocket itself in the first place. When at last he found it, and had succeeded in extracting the smelling-bottle from its depths, he was in such haste in applying the open mouth of the bottle to her nostrils as almost to strangle her with the powerful aromatic odor. It was with a gasping cry of pain that she opened her eyes.

"You are better, thank Heaven!" ejaculated Southgate.

She did not answer, but gazed at him with a look which astonished him. Incredulity, terror, horror was what it seemed to express. He was so struck by it that he did not attempt to raise her from the ground, but remained motionless, regarding her almost as wonderingly as she was regarding him.

For an instant, or not much longer, they thus stared at each other before Southgate exclaimed, rising from the ground as he spoke:

"Why do you look at me so strangely, Stella? Surely you do not altogether hate me! Since I find you here at my brother's grave—"

"*Your brother's* grave!" cried Stella. "Then—then—you are not—" A great shuddering sigh heaved her whole frame. "I thought it was *your* grave," she said.

"Mine!" he repeated in surprise. "No; it is Eugene's; Eugene's grave!"

The last words were spoken as if more to himself than to her. His eyes fell and rested on the mound of earth with an expression which made Stella avert her face, while her own eyes filled with tears. She felt as if her presence was an intrusion; and, starting up so quickly that Southgate's attention was not attracted until she had gained her feet, she was moving away when his voice arrested her.

"Stella!" he said, taking a step toward her and extending his hand.

"Are you going to leave me alone in my desolation?" his eyes asked when she turned and met them—or so, at least, she interpreted the sad gaze fixed on her.

"I am very sorry for you," her own eyes answered to that mute appeal; and he drew still nearer and took her hand in his own.

They sat down silently, and it was some minutes before a

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word was exchanged. Then in hushed tones, as if their voices might disturb the rest of the two slumberers beside them, their mutual explanation was made. A few sentences sufficed for Stella's; Southgate's was necessarily less brief.

"When I reached Rome last January," he said, "I found Eugene looking wretchedly. His health had not been good for some months, and latterly had failed so much that, by the advice of his physicians, supported by the command of his superiors, he had been compelled to suspend his studies altogether for the time being.

"This was a great trial to him, for it involved the delay of a year, probably, as to the time of his ordination. In order to turn the period of enforced inactivity to the best account, as well as to regain as soon as possible his lost health, he proposed spending Lent in Jerusalem, and then, as the season advanced, coming to England and devoting the summer to visiting all the holy places of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I willingly agreed to go with him to Jerusalem, and determined to excuse myself from keeping an engagement I had made with two Englishmen to join a party they were getting up for several years' travel in the East, and return with him to Europe after Easter. But when Easter came he was so much better that he insisted on my joining the Englishmen in their first expedition at least, which was through the interior of Palestine. He accompanied me to Damascus—our place of rendezvous—and there I parted from him."

The speaker paused here and was silent for a little time, sitting with his gaze fastened on the grave of his brother. His eyes were dim with tears when at last he turned to Stella, and, half shaking his head, exclaimed:

"Some time in the future, when I have learned to feel the resignation which now I can only desire to offer to God, I will tell you about him," his voice faltered. "You know I always did tell you that if there was any good in me, any aspiration after good, I owed it entirely to his example and exhortations."

"I remember," said Stella. "You always said that he was saintly in character."

"He was truly so. His confessor in Rome said to me, 'Do not think of him as dead, but as transplanted, translated. In all my life I have never known such a beautiful and pure soul as his. I do not hesitate to say that I believe he is in heaven.'"

"Surely this is very consoling," said Stella gently.

"Yes. I ought to be satisfied, since it is God's will. But

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nature is weak. There were so many reasons why I wished him to live—"

He started up abruptly, and, walking some distance away, stood leaning against a tree for a few minutes, looking vacantly toward the green depths of shade in the park before him. Presently he came back and sat down again.

"I blame myself for having been persuaded to leave him," he said, "for having let him a moment out of my sight. It was with great reluctance that I did so; and every day of absence increased my uneasiness, until at last I left my party and returned much sooner than I intended to Jerusalem, where he was to wait for me. I did not find him. A few days previous to my arrival he had started for Europe, but left a letter for me begging me not to be at all anxious about him, as he felt assured that a fever from which he was recovering when he wrote had revolutionized his system so thoroughly that he was now really regaining his health. The English physician who had attended him during his illness told me the same thing.

"I lost no time in following him, however, but did not succeed in overtaking him. Not knowing the route he had taken, I went via Venice to Rome, hoping to find him there. Instead of that I was met by the news of his death. His friends had seen in the English telegraphic news accounts of the loss of the vessel on which they knew he had taken passage, had telegraphed to friends of theirs in London and heard all the particulars—" he pointed to the two graves. "Several telegrams and letters addressed to him were given me, but I did not even look at them. No doubt the ones which you say Mr. Gordon sent were among them."

After another silence he went on with evident effort: "I cannot talk of him yet, but hereafter I must teach you to know him well. I want you to feel as if you *had* known him. When we were first engaged I sent him your photograph, and while we were together he often looked at it, saying what a charming face it was and blaming me for not having had patience enough with what he felt sure was only girlish volatility. He saw, what I was very loath to admit even to myself at first, that instead of forgetting you, as, when I left home, I believed I should, I regretted more and more as time wore on that I had been so implacable. I shrank at the sight of letters from home, expecting each time that I opened one to hear that you were—lost to me. 'Never fear,' he said once as he saw me hesitate to break the seal of a letter in my hand; 'I am sure you will not find the bad

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news you are afraid of. I have an intuition that Stella has no more forgotten you than you have forgotten her, and in the autumn I am going to take you home and see if I cannot persuade her to forgive you.'"

The speaker paused once more, and, taking Stella's hand again, laid it, clasped in his own, upon the grave, saying:

"Let me think that it is he who has spoken to your heart for me now."

CONCLUDED.

THE CATHOLIC SCOTCH SETTLEMENT OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

IN the year 1770 travelling in the Highlands of Scotland was neither so fashionable nor so easy as it is to-day. Steamers were unknown. Oban, waxing strong in the shelter of Dunstaffnage, was unconscious of its future celebrity as a gay seaport town. The Campbells were flourishing as a green bay-tree, nourished on that all-powerful cordial, "government pap." They were the most fashionable people of the country; in brand-new garments of the London cut, new politics of the Hanoverian tint, with a new religion and a new king, they walked in the footsteps of their leader, MacCailleam-Mor, stigmatized by one of Scotland's most vigorous writers as

"He who sold his king for gold, the master-fiend Argyle."

The Western Islands occasionally shipped to England shaggy little bits of canine perfection that were sold at high prices to the phlegmatic Brunswick belles of the English court, but for the most part they were unvisited and unmolested. MacDonald of Sleat had given in his allegiance to the new religion, and for his refusal to espouse the cause of the exiled king had been created Lord MacDonald of the Isles in the Irish peerage. Clan Ronald had gone "over the water to Charlie," though the Inverness-shire hills still echoed to the shrill pibroch of his clansmen, and the bagpipes resounded where to-day one hears but the rifle of the Sassenach sportsman or the bleating of the mountain sheep.

From Oban, after sailing through the Sound of Mull and

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rounding Ardnamurchan Point, one sights the little island of Muck, a place where woman's rights were once pretty well enforced; and after passing the islands called Rum and Eig, that in spite of one's self suggest the addition of milk and sugar, we come to the Long Island of the Hebrides—South Uist. Here in the spring of 1770 was enacted the first of those tragedies that gave to British North America the gallant and God-fearing bands of Scotch emigrants that have done so much to enrich the Dominion of Canada.

The southern part of South Uist had for its laird Alexander MacDonald, better known in those days as Alister mor Bhoistal, or Big Sandy of Boisdale; he owned the southern part of the island, and had leased the northern part from his kinsman and feudal chieftain, Clan Ronald, so that his tenantry numbered over two hundred families—all of them, of course, Catholics. Boisdale took unto himself a wife of "the daughters of Heth," a Calvinist, and fell an easy prey to the gloomy horrors of that doctrine. Not content with converting himself, he undertook to convert his followers. He imported a *dominie*, to whom he entrusted the instruction of his household, and to this man he gave the care of a free school which he opened on his estate. The people, unsuspecting, sent their children gladly at first, but, soon finding their religion was being tampered with, they withdrew them. Upon this Boisdale issued an edict abolishing days of abstinence, holidays of obligation, going to church, to confession, to communion, and even doing away with the priest himself. He gave the people the option of complying with this mild expression of his wishes or of being evicted from their lands and houses, and then set out himself to engraft his doctrines by means of muscular persuasion. It must have been a strange sight that Lenten Sunday morning more than a century ago—the bell calling the faithful to God's own feast: the clansmen coming from near and far, over hill and dale, in their picturesque dress; the Highland lassies in their plaid gowns, with their banded yellow hair, and innocent blue eyes, and so much determination withal; the old wives, who had grown weary while praying for their king to be restored to his own again, and who were looking forward now to their last sleep beside the rocky shores they loved so well, where the surging Atlantic would sing their requiem through the long, wild nights of those northern latitudes, and would bring tangled garlands and clusters of strange sea-mosses to strew their graves in the *cladh cr cladach na fairge*. To this peaceful scene came the laird in his south-country dress, and in his hand, not the

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sword of other days, but his *bhati-bui*, or yellow walking-stick! With this weapon he actually attempted to drive his tenants into a Protestant church that he had erected, and belabored them severely, which treatment did not tend to increase their admiration for what they called *credible a bhati-bui*—the "creed of the yellow stick." Upon hearing his conditions his tenants declared themselves ready to part with their patches of land but not with their faith. They were encouraged and supported by their pastor, an Irish Dominican friar, Father Wynne, who, thus becoming obnoxious to Boisdale, was obliged to fly from the island. The persecution went on, but the people, though they suffered, did not waver. However, it so happened that the persecution suddenly stopped, but not before the people had imbibed the mania for emigration and carried out the scheme devised in their favor by Captain John MacDonald, the laird of Glenaladale, called by his countrymen *Fer a Ghlinne*.*

The great Clan Colla, or MacDonald sept, was divided into several distinct sub-clans, each having its chief—namely, Clan Ronald, Glengarry, † MacDonald of Sleat, Glencoe, Keppoch, and Kinloch-Moidart—and these branches were again sub-divided. Clan Ronald and Glengarry have disputed the chieftainship of the sept for many years, and a great many careful students of Celtic history decide that Glengarry has the stronger claim. Clan Ronald takes its name from "Ranald, eighth chief of the race of Somerled, thane of Argyle, progenitor of the MacDonalds of Glengarry and of all the MacDonalds known as Clanranald, or Clann Raonuil—that is, descendants of Ronald." The Glengarry family now spell their name MacDonell, it being so written in the patent of nobility conferring their title of Lord MacDonell and Aross given them by Charles II. in 1660. ‡

We have already spoken of Captain John MacDonald of Glen-

* Or, as the Irish more correctly would write it, *fear na ghlinne*—that is, the "man of the valleys" (or glèns).

† For the Glengarry colony in Canada see the article "A Scotch Catholic Settlement in Canada" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1881.

‡ *Donald, Donnell*, or, more properly, *Domhnall* (pronounced Dhonal), has practically almost disappeared as a Christian name among the Irish Gaels, having been lost in its supposed equivalent, "Daniel," with which Biblical name it has, of course, not the slightest connection—merely a remote resemblance in sound. In a similar manner *Brian* has become "Bernard" and "Barney"; *Cathal* and *Cormac*, "Charles"; *Tadg* (*Teige*) "Jeremiah" (!) or "Teddy"; *Siodla* (pronounced Sheela), "Julia," etc. *Eoghan* has either been supplanted by its Welsh brother, "Owen," or has been transmogrified into the Greek "Eugene." Most singular of all, that very ancient and suggestive Gaelic name, *Conn* (a wolf-hound), is treated as if it were the nickname of the classical "Cornelius" or "Constantine." Thus the Gaelic-speaking Conn MacDuaire, when he learned English, was metamorphosed into "Cornelius (or perhaps Constantine) Maguire"!

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aladale, who came to the rescue of Boisdale's tenants. At the time of the fatal mistake that put the MacDonalds on the *left* wing of the Jacobite army, and so lost to Scotland the field of Culloden, this Captain John MacDonald was but a child. He was sent to Ratisbon to receive his education in a Catholic college, and returned to his native land one of the most scholarly men of his day. He first married Miss Gordon, of Wardhouse, who died young, and many years afterwards Miss Margery MacDonald, of Ghernish, by whom he had a family of four sons and one daughter. Glenaladale was a wise and far-seeing man, and the events of the time in Scotland showed him that for his clansmen the only hope of happiness lay in emigration. Not only was Boisdale bent on tyranny, but he had infected others. For instance, a missionary priest named Kennedy, landing on the island of Muck, was arrested and imprisoned by order of Mrs. MacLean, wife of the proprietor, who himself was absent from the island. The same work was going on in the island of Barra and in the surrounding country, and the very existence of the Catholic religion in the Western Islands seemed at stake. Such events induced Glenaladale to organize a scheme of emigration, and, going up to Edinburgh, he entered into a treaty with the lord-advocate, Henry Dundas, for some large tracts of land in the isle of St. John, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and known since 1798 as Prince Edward Island, so called in compliment to the Duke of Kent. Glenaladale's following being Catholics proved to be anything but an objection against them, as there were already about fifty families of Acadians on the island, and the authorities hoped that the coming of the Highlanders might ensure a Catholic clergyman for these people, who were without pastoral care.

In February, 1772, Glenaladale went to Greenock and chartered the ship *Alexander;* but it was not until May that the *Alexander*, with two hundred and ten emigrants, sailed for St. John's Island. One hundred of these were from Uist and a hundred and ten from the mainland. They, by a wise foresight, took with them provisions sufficient for a whole year. They were accompanied by Father James MacDonald, a secular priest, who had obtained faculties from Rome, to last until such time as he could have them renewed by the bishop of Quebec. A Dr. Roderick MacDonald was among the passengers, and, owing to his medical skill and their own prudence, they successfully combated several cases of fever, and, their number lessened only by the loss of one child, they arrived safely in the Gulf of St. Lawrence at the end of seven weeks, and dropped anchor in what is now known

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as the harbor of Charlottetown, opposite to a spot that had been partly cleared of woods in preparation for this colony.

Yielding, however, to the persuasions of Glenaladale's brother, Lieutenant Donald MacDonald, the skipper of the *Alexander*, against his will, pushed further up the Hillsborough to a point near the head of Tracadie Bay, the final destination of his passengers, who landed themselves and their goods and chattels, doubtless well pleased to be once more on *terra firma*. As they had passed, on their way up the river, an old stronghold called French Fort, they dubbed the place of their landing Scotch Fort —a name it retains to this day.

In 1773 Fer a Ghlinne sold his estate and set sail for America, coming to St. John's Island by way of Philadelphia and Boston. In Boston he learned that a vessel which the previous year he had despatched from Scotland with a cargo of provisions for the emigrants had never reached her destination, having been taken by a privateer. To meet the demand caused by this serious loss he brought from Boston a cargo of produce sufficient to appease the immediate wants of the colony. He proceeded to his new estate at Tracadie, where he lived for many years, always taking a very active part in the public affairs of the island of his adoption. Although he had shown himself generous to a fault, he was nevertheless very tenacious of the rights of land-owners. Some of his tenants were so prosperous as soon to be able to purchase lands in Antigonish and Bras d'Or, where their descendants are still to be found. The British government had the most exalted opinion of this Highland gentleman, and the office of governor of St. John's Island was offered to him. He was, however, obliged to decline the honor because of the anti-Catholic nature of the oath at that time required to be taken. Glenaladale could have accepted the governorship only at the price of his religion. It was during the administration of Colonel Ready that a better state of affairs was brought about in Prince Edward Island. He was appointed governor in 1829, and from that year until 1831 eighteen hundred and forty-four emigrants arrived and infused new life into the agriculture and trade of the country. It was in the year 1830 that the Prince Edward Island legislature passed the act for "the relief of his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects," by which their civil and political disabilities were repealed and "all places of trust or profit rendered as open to them as to any other portion of the king's subjects."

In conjunction with Major Small, Glenaladale was instrumental in forming the Eighty-fourth, or Royal Highland, Regi-

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ment in Nova Scotia, and gallant deeds are told of him in the records of those troubled times.

Roderick, the son of Fer a Ghlinne, though intended by his father for a priest, entered the army at an early age, and died in the Ionian Islands about twenty-five years ago. He married a niece of Sir James McDonnell, brother to the chief of Glengarry and general of the British forces in Canada. It was this latter McDonnell, by the way, who was the hero of Hugomont, and who, after the battle of Waterloo, received from the Duke of Wellington a special mark of distinction for his bravery. He was called "the bravest man in the British army." Lieutenant Roderick MacDonald, when in London in 1835, having been requested by the Highland Society of Prince Edward Island to select and purchase a tartan for the Highlanders of that colony, asked Miss Flora MacDonald, granddaughter of the heroine of that name, to decide on the pattern. The young lady chose as a prominent color the Gordon tartan, out of respect to the Duke of Gordon, a great patron of the Highlanders in America, and interwove with it the colors of the other clans. This tartan has since been adopted by the Highland Societies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The only son of Lieutenant Roderick MacDonald is a member of the Society of Jesus. One of Glenaladale's sons, John, became a priest and died in England in 1874; William was drowned; and the eldest son, Donald, lived on the family estate, which his descendants still hold.

The Rev. James MacDonald came out in the emigration of 1774, and exercised his ministry among his countrymen and the Acadians of the colony, and also along the shores of the neighboring provinces. He was a zealous and large-hearted man, and universally beloved. The beloved *saggarth*, worn out by the hardships and extent of his mission, died in 1785 at the early age of forty-nine years, and was buried in the old French cemetery at Scotch Fort. For many years after his death the Catholics of St. John's Island were without a pastor, until in 1790 the son of one Ewen bân MacEachern, who had arrived among the emigrants of 1774, having been consecrated priest at Valladolid, in Spain, came out to visit his parents in their new home, and, seeing the sore need of his presence, decided to remain and throw himself into the work so manifestly waiting for him. Among the heroic and holy dead who have worked for Christ on the wild coasts and in the dense forests of the New World there is no more prominent figure, no more revered memory, than that of the Right Rev. Angus MacEachern, first bishop of

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Charlottetown. Catholic and Protestant alike speak lovingly of his virtues and good deeds. His bright intellect mastered all the knotty points of his surroundings, and his wise judgment has borne fruit in the success of the cause for which he worked. His devotion and self-sacrifice sowed the seed of a goodly harvest, to be witnessed in the prosperity and steady increase of the church in Prince Edward Island. Father MacEachern was first created Bishop of Rosens, *in partibus*, and afterwards bishop of Charlottetown. He died in his mission-house at St. Andrews, and was buried in the old cemetery where repose also the mortal remains of good Father James, and of a Father Augustine McDonald, brother of Glenaladale, who, worn out with missionary labors among his native hills, came out to spend his last years with his people, beside whom he now sleeps the dreamless sleep of death.

We may have some idea of the hardships encountered by Bishop MacEachern when we consider that for many years after his arrival on Prince Edward Island there were no highroads nor vehicles in the country. Journeys were accomplished in summer by riding on horseback through rough pathways hewn in the forest. In winter these journeys were generally made on snow-shoes and necessitated weary nights of camping-out under the insufficient shelter of the green spruce groves. The severity of the climate is shown by the following incident, which occurred in Charlottetown, the capital of the island, only two or three years ago. An old woman residing in the *Bog*, or negro quarter of the town, came before the stipendiary magistrate with a petition that teams should be prevented from driving over her house, as since the last snow-storm she had been completely blocked up, and the temporary road broken through the snow-banks and used by the public as a highway lay right across the roof of her dwelling!

In the year 1790 there came from the island of Barra a reinforcement of Highlanders, who settled for the most part in the western end of Prince Edward Island, in and around the district known as Grand River. They were MacKinnons, MacDonalds, MacIntyres, and Gillises.

On the island of Barra dwelt a loyal Catholic population. But the laird of Barra—one McNeil by name—had adopted the religion of Calvin; he accordingly tried to inoculate his tenants, and succeeded just about as well as did Alister mor Bhoistal. On the south end of the island of Barra was built the Catholic church; it was probably insufficient for the wants of the people, and its situation was somewhat inconvenient, as the

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greater part of the population lived at the north end and wished to have their church in that locality. They subscribed four hundred and fifty pounds, and on the 25th of March, 1790, Father Alexander MacDonald gave out that all his flock were to meet on the north end of the island on that evening to discuss the proposed erection. This news was brought to the laird, who determined there should be no church built. Four men were nevertheless selected to choose the site; they were Alec MacKinnon, John MacDonald, Malcolm MacKinnon, and Neil MacNeil. They set off for the appointed land, and met the laird in full bravery riding on his Highland pony, with his sword girded on, all ready for a fray.

"'What brought you here?' said the laird. Alec McKinnon, a very strong and powerful man, was the spokesman and made answer:

"'My lord, to select ground for a church.'

"Said the laird: 'Don't you know, Alec, I've set my face against it?'

"McKinnon, in reply, said they were 'hard dealt with and worse than slaves.'

"The laird retaliated: 'You may thank me for your education.'

"McKinnon: 'I don't; there are schools anywhere.'

"The laird: 'Take care; I'd as soon fight you here as on the mountain.'

"McKinnon: 'No, my lord, I won't fight; I'd rather leave.'"

Soon after this encounter McNeil's Catholic tenants all gave notice, and on the 28th of March they, or probably some among them, went to Tobermory, in the island of Mull, and laid their case before Bishop McDonald, who gave them a letter to Colonel Frazer at Edinburgh. This officer was much interested in promoting emigration to Nova Scotia, and promised them a ship if they could muster three hundred and fifty emigrants. The required number was made up by the addition of some from Uist and from the mainland. They sailed from Tobermory and arrived at Charlottetown Harbor. From Charlottetown the emigrants went up to Malpeque, but in 1792 most of them settled in Grand River, Lot 14. About this time another band came out, principally MacDonalds, McMillens, and McLellens, and settled in Lot 18 and Indian River.

Among all the Highland emigrations to Canada none have furnished so many men successful in professional and mercantile life as the MacDonalds of Georgetown, at the east end of Prince Edward Island. Andrew MacDonald, Esquire, of Eilean Shona, Inverness-shire, and Arisaig on the island of Eig, came to Prince Edward Island in 1806, bringing with him a following

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of forty persons. He had married a Miss MacDonald and had a family of fifteen children, the last of whom was laid to rest in Georgetown cemetery but a few weeks ago, having been born in 1797 and died in 1882. Mr. Andrew MacDonald had purchased an extensive estate in Prince Edward Island, but, owing to some informality in the title-deed, it was ultimately eaten up by law-costs, and there remained to his descendants but Panmure Island and some property in Georgetown. However, in San Francisco, in Boston, in New Brunswick, and in Montreal, as well as in old Scotia and in Prince Edward Island, the descendants of this enterprising Scotch gentleman are not only prosperous but remarkable for their superior talents and success.

The large and fertile property in Prince County known as Bedeque was originally the property of MacDonald of Rhetland, a branch of the house of Morar founded by Raol MacAllan Og. In 1775 Rhetland, following the example of his kinsman Glenaladale, determined to better the condition of his people by emigration, and with that view purchased ten thousand acres in Prince Edward Island and sold his estate in Scotland to Lord MacDonald of Sleat. He was returning in an open boat from Skye, whither he had gone to receive from Lord MacDonald the purchase-money, when a squall arose, and Rhetland, with his eldest son and all on board, were drowned. He left a grandson, who succeeded to the title and estate, and also two sons and two daughters. The family was of course much impoverished by the loss of the gold paid for their lands, and had no choice but to come out to their newly acquired property in America, where their descendants still dwell. A young priest, great-grandson of the old Rhetland,-left Prince Edward Island some years ago and became a most popular *vicaire* in Montreal. He has since entered the Society of Jesus.

The second bishop of Prince Edward Island, the Right Rev. Bernard MacDonald, was of the house of Alisary, another branch of Glenaladale. He succeeded Bishop MacEachern, and was consecrated bishop of Charlottetown in 1836. He was a hard-working pastor and took a deep interest in education. He established in 1855 St. Dunstan's College, an institute of learning for Catholic boys, and was instrumental in inducing the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame of Montreal to open their first mission on the island. He died in his college of St. Dunstan, about two miles from Charlottetown, in 1859.

The present bishop of Charlottetown, the Right Rev. Dr. McIntyre, is descended from one of the Inverness-shire families

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who came out in the *Queen of Greenock*. He was consecrated bishop in August, 1860, and has done a vast work in the building of churches and convents and the organizing of charitable institutions in his large diocese, which comprises the whole of Prince Edward Island and the Magdalen Isles. There are now forty-six churches in Prince Edward Island, and eight convents under the care of the Sisters of the Congregation. There are thirty-six priests in the diocese of Charlottetown; of these eleven are MacDonalds, and three of that name, natives of Prince Edward Island, have entered the Society of Jesus.

A Highland gentleman of Prince Edward Island, writing of his countrymen, says:

"The old people were good, frugal, and industrious; they cleared the land, built houses and barns, and when they died generally left a good farm free from debt and a good stock of cattle to sons who were not long content to live as their self-denying parents had done, and who would take the first offer of wages to go in a vessel as sailors or fishermen. The number of those who have been lost sight of in that way is as great as of those now to be found in the old settlements. Their bones whiten the bottom of the 'George's Banks,' or they are absorbed in the mixed populations of the fishing-towns of New England. Those who came from the Western Islands all have a hankering for the sea, and there is hardly a family to be found that has not one or more of its sons sailors or fishermen. When they have a tendency that way they seldom make good farmers, and so families soon disappear from their native island. The Highlander of my first recollection was very fond of whiskey, and this extravagant habit kept a great many of them in poverty. The last ten years have wrought much improvement in that respect, and many of them are becoming independent farmers and saving money."

One cannot drive through the rural districts of Prince Edward Island without seeing that, in spite of the propensity of some to a sea-going life, as a rule the Scotch make good farmers. Through sad experience have they bought their knowledge, for their hands were more accustomed to fishing-lines than to hoes. It is said of one Highland settlement that when the census was first taken there the returns showed *twenty-nine bagpipes and five ploughs!* To-day, however, there are no more flourishing farms to be seen than those of the western Highlanders. Snug houses and barns mark their settlements, and many of them hold high places of trust in their native colony. Strangers who visit Prince Edward Island on yachting excursions are struck by the fact that, in entering nearly every harbor, the most prominent object is always the Catholic church, keeping, as it were, the *Ave Maris Stella* in the hearts of this seafaring people. As the tired

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fisherman at sunset enters port the Angelus bell is sure to welcome his return. In sight of the lofty spire, where flashes the golden symbol of his faith, he repeats the *Am Beannacha' Moire*, in which his human feeling of tenderness for his beloved Mother is blended with his Catholic reverence for the mystery of the Incarnation.

THE GERALDINE'S SLEEP.*

THE midnight just over, the dawning but gray,
While birds seek their voices I'll up and away.
My purpose a secret my silent heart keeps—
To see for myself if the Geraldine sleeps.
Shall I stand as the stranger, and see as he sees?
No! down by the lakeside I'll kneel on my knees.
Will the wind make no sough, or the waters no stir,
Where my Geraldine lies in the depths of Lough Gur?

I cover my face, for I blush, when 'tis said
That the Geraldine living is still as the dead;
That the hot blood that burst from the Boteler's chains
Now runs thin and cold through the Geraldine's veins.
I know, for I've heard it, how *seanachies* tell
Of his steed silver-shod by the Sacsanach's spell.
But—slumbering son of a warrior line—
By what spell have they bound *him*, my own Geraldine?

Does he dream there is summer and sunshine above,
And but rain falling soft on the land of his love?
Have her tears trickled down to the bed where he lies,
And sorrows too heavy forbade him to rise?

* Garrett FitzGerald, the fourth Earl of Desmond, called the Poet, a few of whose verses in Norman-French are yet extant, is one of the spellbound heroes of tradition who are one day to return and hold their own again. He sleeps in Lough Gur, in the County Limerick, not far from the much-visited ruins of Killmallock, his silver-shod steed entranced beside him. When the shoes are worn off the wakened horse will rouse his master. Here the pilgrim is supposed to visit the lake in troubled times when the living head of Clan Gerald was devoted to the English interest.

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Oh! false is that dreaming and fatal that rest;
Now hush thee, sweet west wind—he loved *thee* the best:
Wave gently, and woo him to listen, fair lake.
My Desmond, my Desmond, awake! oh! awake.

False lake, must thou mimic the storms of the deep?
Does thy breast rise and fall but to cradle his sleep?
Art thou bound, in thy calm, by the pitiless foe
To hide with thy darkness the secrets below?
Lone and sad now I leave thee—a pilgrim in vain;
But I'll tread thy green borders in triumph again,
When spell against spell shall discover thy caves,
And Desmond ride rough-shod thy traitorous waves.

The charm of the Stranger is subtle and strong.
But ears sealed to speech will re-open to song.
Not to me, not to me is the proud task assigned;
But I'll circle our Erin a *File* to find.
Within a green ring where the Green People * dwell
He shall weave it at midnight, a spell against spell.
Love, Magic, and Music, Joy, Sorrow, and Hope,
Shall blend it and bind it as twists of a rope.

Nor rudely my Geraldine's trance it shall it break,
But steal on his sleeping, as dawn on the lake.
It shall tell, in the tongue that his fosterhood spoke, †
How, weeping and bleeding, his Love wears the yoke;
How his kinsfolk are *sorners*, his knightliest name,
Long pride of the proudest, is spotted with shame.
In strain sweet as mead, yet soul-stirring as wine,
It shall taunt him with Thomas "the silk of his kine."

Then the long summer evening I'll sail by the shore
Where Ocean keeps tryst with the fair Avonmore;
Going out with the tide, coming in with the flow,
Till I win a mermaiden to sing it below.
But mermaids are false and but sing to betray;
She might wake my O'Desmond ‡ to lure him away.

* "The gentlemen in green" is one of the Keltic names for the fairies.

† The *Four Masters* describe Earl Garrett as having "excelled all the English and many of the Irish in knowledge of the Irish language."

‡ Amongst the settlers who "became more Irish than the Irishry" the Desmond FitzGeralds were distinctively adopted with the hereditary "O" of the Milesian old stocks. *O Deasmumhan* (pronounced O'Yassoon), the vernacular Irish for FitzGerald—and of which Desmond is the Anglo-Irish form—means *Son of South Munster* (*Deas Mumhan*).

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Than King of the Deep, shared in exile with her,
I'd rather he still slept his sleep in Lough Gur.

O seed of the mountains and valleys he trod,
Are *your* arms enchanted, *your* feet silver-shod?
Ye men of his Munster, quick, circle him round!
The pulse of his heart-strings will leap at the sound.
With foot on his shamrock and face to his skies
Call ye on your chief and he cannot but rise.
Then, then the Green Lady shall reign as of yore,
And the Geraldine, wakened, will slumber no more.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THOMAS A KEMPIS AND THE BROTHERS OF COMMON LIFE. By the Rev. S. Kettlewell. 2 vols. New York: Putnams. 1882.

Thomas Hämmerlein, of Kempen, was born in 1379 and died in 1471. He was a priest and a member of the religious institute of the Brothers of Common Life. He has a world-wide and everlasting fame as the author of that incomparable book, *The Following of Christ*, which has been, after long and interminable controversies, at last positively and indubitably proved to be really his work.

Mr. Kettlewell is a minister of the Anglican Establishment, apparently a descendant of the famous Non-Juror of the same name. His book is, typographically speaking, excellent. It contains a great amount of interesting biographical and historical matter, and shows a warm admiration of the subject and of his life and works. The author evinces a considerable amount of erudition, but at the same time a great deal of ignorance and prejudice. His work is marred, and to a considerable degree spoiled, by the effort to make out of Thomas à Kempis and other men like him a kind of half-way, minimizing, liberal Catholics, who were precursors of the Protestant Reformers. Nothing can be more absurd than such an attempt. The writer identifies abuses and moral corruption with the cause of the Papacy and strict Roman orthodoxy, and on the other hand all noble efforts at reviving pure, spiritual religion, severe ecclesiastical discipline, and genuine Christian morality he identifies with the spirit of schismatical and heretical innovation which at length broke forth in the revolution miscalled the Reformation. This is historically false. The great cause of disorders in the church has been, in every one of the calamitous periods of ecclesiastical history, the interference of the lay power with the independence and the spiritual power of popes and bishops. The true doc-

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tors, apostles, reformers, saints, who have maintained orthodox faith, genuine spirituality, holiness and virtue of life and manners, have always been the most zealous and devoted adherents of the Holy See and the Papacy. It is a great pity that the task which Mr. Kettlewell undertook had not been undertaken with equal zeal and diligence by a Catholic writer who could have accomplished it successfully and given us a book which would be a real treasure.

THE HOLY MAN OF TOURS; or, The Life of Léon Papin-Dupont. Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé Janvier, Priest of the Holy Face. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1882.

M. Léon Papin-Dupont, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1797 in the island of Martinique, and died not more than six years ago at Tours, in France. After having filled for some years the office of councillor of the royal court at Saint-Pierre in his native island, he, on the death of his wife, left his own country and in 1834 settled at Tours, where he passed the remainder of his life. Here it was that he established and propagated that devotion to the Holy Face in which his whole heart was centred and to which he gave up his closing years. The limits of a notice will not allow us to explain at length the nature and origin, the vicissitudes and gradual establishment, of this devotion; for these we must refer our readers to the work itself. But there are two things which we have found of special interest. The title-page tells us that M. Dupont died in the odor of sanctity, and the work itself abundantly proves the statement. Yet he was a layman, who passed his early manhood in the Parisian society of the Restoration, who retained to the last his place in the world, and who never cut himself off from its duties and requirements, and, notwithstanding, was able to do work of so purely spiritual a character as that to which we have referred. It has been urged against the church that it is a consequence of her organization to take out of the hands of men and women in the world all active service and ministry, every opportunity for them to use their highest faculties for the noblest purposes. The refutation of this charge is easy; and in M. Dupont we have the example of a man who, without the extraordinary talents of a Montalembert, an Ozanam, a Cochin, yet as a layman found an ample sphere for his energy and zeal in the service of the church.

The second thing in the work which interests us is the insight which it gives into the inner life (if we may so speak) of France. Unhappily at the present time the minds of Catholics in other lands are being filled with sorrow by the manner in which those who have been elected to carry out the will of this Catholic people are treating the church and religion. But the perusal of such a life as this leads us to hope that the real mind and heart of the great French nation is not represented in the laws of its National Assembly, in the decrees of its ministers and prefects. It leads us to see that there still exist the solid piety, the fervent devotion, the ardent zeal which made France deserve to be called the eldest daughter of the church. Let us hope that she may not deserve to forfeit this glorious title.

Before closing we may call attention to some of M. Dupont's pious practices which we imagine are not very general. We do not remember to

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have read of any saint or met with any person in the habit of having recourse to the righteous Job; yet it seems there is the best of reasons for praying to him. Hear what M. Dupont says, speaking to a friend:

"'You are wrong not to invoke the good man Job. Read.' Taking me to his Bible, he read the following words from the book of Job: 'Go to my servant Job, and offer for yourselves a holocaust: and my servant Job shall pray for you: his face I will accept, that folly be not imputed to you.' 'You see, my friend, that God promises to hear the prayers of Job: *He has promised this to no one else in the holy books.*'"

The keeping a lamp constantly burning before his copy of the Holy Scriptures was another devotional practice peculiarly his own, and yet perhaps it may be thought to be the legitimate expression of the well-known words of À Kempis as to the two tables set side by side in the treasury of the holy church—the one that of the holy altar, the other that of the divine law. The entire chapter on M. Dupont's use of the Holy Scriptures is most interesting.

We have only to add that the book is well translated. If we might make a criticism it would be that the first title, "The Holy Man of Tours," is calculated to give one the impression that the work is rather pious than interesting, but we can assure our readers that it is as interesting as it is pious.

THE TRUTHS OF SALVATION. By Rev. J. Pergmayr, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1882.

This is a book of meditations for a retreat of eight days. The author was a German Jesuit, a man of great distinction in his day. It is admirably translated into English by a Jesuit father of New York. The meditations are suitable for seculars as well as religious. They are selected from all parts of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, and are composed of brief sentences, moderately long points, several of which grouped under one meditation, while there are three of these for each day, furnish matter which is copious and yet so divided that one may take as little or as much as he needs, and is not overburdened by too long discoursing on one idea. At the end there are instructions for each day on the examination of conscience. These have a rare excellence, and seem to be more especially an original work of the author. The whole is what it professes to be—a compendium of the expanded exercises for a month's retreat such as exist in the Italian and French languages, and are masterpieces in their kind, arranged for a retreat of a week.

S. THOMÆ AQUINATIS. Tractatus de Homine. Ad Usum Studiosæ Juventutis Accommodatus Studio B. A. Schiffini, Soc. Jesu in Collegio Woodstockiano Dogm. Theol. Comp. et Ethic. Lectoris. Woodstock, Marylandiæ: ex Typis Collegii. 1882.

This solid, elegant, well-printed, and well-bound issue of the press of Woodstock College has everything in its outward form to recommend it to a student. Its contents have been carefully and elaborately arranged by a very competent editor. Father Schiffini's purpose has been to collect and arrange, with synopses and other critical helps, the entire text of St. Thomas

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which a student of philosophy can wish to refer to while going through his text-book. This volume furnishes about one-half of the whole amount of the metaphysics of St. Thomas. If it meets with favor and finds a ready sale the second volume will be forthcoming in due time. The great convenience of such a book is obvious. It spares the labor of hunting through many folios for that which is here in compact compass. If one cannot get at the complete works of St. Thomas at all he has in this convenient volume all that he wants respecting all that part of philosophy which may be included under the name Anthropology.

THE AMERICAN IRISH AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON IRISH POLITICS. By Philip H. Bagenal, B.A. Oxon. Author's Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1882.

When in 1847 the London *Times*, referring to the exodus from Ireland, screamed out with relief and delight, "They are gone with a vengeance," it little dreamt that the poor mob of emigrants were only going to reinforce "the greater Ireland" growing up on our shores, and that the time would come when England would have to count with the children of the exiles, with a generation more relentless than their fathers even. But whether the *Times*, or the people it represents, dreamt so or not, this is what Mr. Bagenal thinks to be a fact, for he deems the Irish-American element the source and support of the revival of national sentiment in Ireland. He has written for the instruction of English readers. He is himself an Irishman, but a Tory, and he is connected with a very anti-American and anti-Irish paper, the *St. James Gazette* of London. The book is in two parts, the first being devoted to a rapid sketch of the growth of the Irish element in the United States, touching on the share taken by the Irish in the Revolutionary War. His third chapter is given to "Irish Emigration and Statistics." His sixth and seventh chapters, treating of the Irish colonization work in the Western States during the last three or four years, deserve careful reading. The first part is altogether interesting and valuable. The second part is merely a political pamphlet against the Land League.

UNKNOWN TO HISTORY: A story of the captivity of Mary of Scotland. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

There is scarcely one of us whose ideas of the history of any given period have not been colored by something we have read in our youth in an historical romance. Much of this coloring is, it needs hardly be said, false, and Walter Scott will long have to atone in reputation for a good deal of the falsity. But to Protestants the epoch of the so-called Reformation has furnished a whole mass of ideas founded very largely on fiction, the full drift of which Catholics find it difficult to realize. At this very moment the minds of the growing generation of Protestants are being educated by Sunday-school libraries which teem with frightful romances against Catholicity that would shame even the mendacious Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. In England the "Oxford movement," and still later Ritualism, have brought about among the more scholarly non-Catholics a spirit of criticism as to the beginnings of Protestantism, and have shown the real

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bearings of the Reformation on the intellectual awakening of the sixteenth century. But it will be yet a long while before a similar critical spirit will begin to be perceptible in the general run of Protestant romances dealing with that period. It is, therefore, encouraging to note that a thorough-going "Church-of-Englandwoman" such as Miss Yonge, the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe* and of *Cameos from English History*, can so far overcome the proverbial bad logic of her sex, as well as the exigencies —if it may be said—of the Protestant situation, as to give a really interesting romance founded on a supposed event in the life of Mary Stuart.

Taking a suggestion from a certain passage in Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*, Miss Yonge supposes that Mary had a daughter born to her from Hepburn of Bothwell, and on this supposed fact builds up her story very skilfully, giving at the same time a readable account of the manner of life of the country English nobility of that day.

Still, Miss Yonge seems from time to time to feel that, as a Protestant, she is bound to express her belief that Catholics, as a class, are inclined to be unscrupulous—heaven save the mark! had they been unscrupulous Protestantism would soon have come to an end—and as an Englishwoman to feign that the English are, as compared to the Scotch, a straightforward, frank, guileless people. Of course a Scotch writer, Catholic or Protestant, would answer that so far as Scotch and English are concerned it is not a question of frankness—Anglo-Saxon frankness, or any other kind of frankness—but of intellect; that the Scotch are perhaps intellectually quicker than the English; that if Mary Stuart was keener than her cruel captors because she was Scotch and a Catholic, then the poor captive Scotchwoman and her Catholicity deserve merit, all the more considering that she was almost alone against Elizabeth and her entire church-pillaging nobility.

Nevertheless Miss Yonge has made an interesting story of the Babington Plot, and of Bride of Hepburn, as she calls Mary Stuart's supposed daughter.

IRISH ESSAYS AND OTHERS. By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

The gist of Mr. Arnold's thought on the Irish difficulty is that Ireland is governed by a policy which defers to the wishes and prejudices of the "Philistine," narrow-minded, Puritan middle classes of England—a class which, as Mr. Arnold contends, are unable to see beyond their own noses. Mr. Arnold detests Puritan Philistinism, and perhaps in this matter he saddles it with a load greater than it deserves. The Puritan mode of thought, its dogmatic, self-sufficient contempt of all but itself, is still exceedingly powerful in England, even perhaps among many who are unconscious of it. Evidences of it appear occasionally in the way in which the Irish question is discussed by some of the Catholic journals even of England. But to make this particular characteristic of English thought almost solely responsible for the reluctance to do justice to Ireland is to relieve the aggressive, Tory aristocracy of blame which righteously belongs to it. Nevertheless Mr. Arnold is always entertaining and always suggestive. His essay, "An Unregarded Irish Grievance," deals with the university and common-school question in Ireland, and is well worthy of careful reading.

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AN ESSAY ON "OUR INDIAN QUESTION." By Captain E. Butler, 5th Infantry, U.S.A. New York: A. G. Sherwood & Co., Printers, 76 E. Ninth Street. 1882.

This is the Prize Essay for 1880, selected by the Board of Award of the Military Service Institution of the United States, composed of the Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and late Secretary of War, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and Gen. Alfred H. Terry, United States Army.

S. ALPHONSI M. DE LIGUORI, EPISCOPI, CONFESSORIS, ET ECCLESIÆ DOCTORIS, Liber de Cæremoniis Missæ, ex Italico idiomate Latine redditus; opportunis notis ac novissimis S. R. C. decretis illustratus, necnon appendicibus auctus, opera Georgii Schober, C.SS.R. Sacerdotis. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus, Chartis et Typis Friderici Pustet. 1882.

It is sufficient to give the title of this work to show its eminent value. The notes are abundant and important, and the appendices are an excellent addition to the original work, treating mainly on matters of general and practical interest—viz., "de missæ parochialis obligatione; de missis votivis; de missis defunctorum; de obligatione celebrandi missas votivas et de requie; de missa in ecclesia aliena; de officio duorum capellanorum in missa privata ab episcopo celebrata." The book is beautifully got up and is printed in the best and clearest type.

RITUALE ROMANUM. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Frid. Pustet. 1882.

A new and very handsome edition of the Ritual, in very large and clear type, on excellent paper, and containing a most complete collection of benedictions, both reserved and not reserved. The special excellence of this edition is its very convenient shape, the page being large, so that the book is not thick and unwieldy. It is surprising that so much can be put into so small a space, in such a size of type. It is the best one for use in the church which we remember ever having seen.

LIFE OF THE GOOD THIEF. From the French of Mgr. Gaume, Prothonotary Apostolic. Done into English by M. De Lisle. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

To one who has a relative or dear friend hopelessly sunk in sin this little book will be a great comfort. And if any poor sinner could be induced to read it himself he would be led by the nobler ways of affection and gratitude to repentance. It is indeed a delightful book for any one to read, for it contains the beautiful traditions of the early church concerning that desperate outlaw who amid the tremendous events of Calvary confessed Christ and found a happy death. The translation is particularly good.

IDOLS; or, The Secret of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery, by Anna T. Sadlier, author of *Names that Live in Catholic Hearts*. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1882.

Anna Sadlier is a name that lives in many Catholic hearts, honored and

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cherished for the contributions to Catholic literature of the lady from whom Miss Sadlier has received it by inheritance. She is proving herself worthy to bear the name. In the novel before us she has merely performed the task of a translator, and this she has done well. The significance of the title "Idols" consists in this: that the story tells of the shattering of the three idols—love of money, love of pleasure, love of fame—by relating what befell M. Nicois, a banker; Xavier Pomereul, a fast young man of Paris; and Benedict Fougerais, an artist. The power of religion, in contrast with the idols, is chiefly illustrated in the Abbé Pomereul, Xavier's brother, and principally in his fidelity to the secret of the confessional under trying circumstances. The plot of the story leads the author to describe some scenes of the siege of Paris and the civil war of the Commune. It is very tragical in its character, but at the end the reader is consoled to find the Abbé Pomereul, the great hero of the story, emerging triumphantly from his trials, and both Xavier and Benedict, transformed in character and aims, happily married on the same day to two lovely brides. M. Nicois falls a victim, however, to avenging justice, and the Pomereuls, as an offset to their prosperity and happiness, have to mourn the death of their father, whose murder by the son of Nicois and a man named Jean Machu, which the latter confesses to the abbé on the same night, is laid to the charge of Xavier, makes the pivot on which the plot of the story turns. Those who wish to know how the truth was brought to light, and the other particulars, must read the book. Such as are fond of an exciting story will find their taste gratified.

CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY. A Reply to Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons*. By H. I. D. Ryder, of the Oratory. First American edition, with Appendix. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

Though this is called the *first American* edition, it is at the same time a reprint of the third and twice-revised English edition of Father Ryder's answer to Dr. Littledale's exceedingly bitter book against the Catholic Church, its teaching and its practices. It is encouraging to note that it is also the third issue which the Catholic Publication Society Co. has had to make of Father Ryder's answer, which is an excellent compendium of the controversy between Catholicity and Anglicanism in one of its latest phases.

CLONTARF: An Historical Play in three acts. THE OFFICE-SEEKERS: A Farce in one act. By Arthur J. O'Hara, A.M., ex-president of the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church, N. Y. New York: Stephen Mearns. 1882.

MERCY'S CONQUEST: A Play in one act. By Annie Allen, author of *Altar Flowers*. Dedicated, by kind permission, to the Sisters of Mercy at Brighton. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

The two little plays first mentioned above will be welcome to all engaged in preparing dramatic amusements for boys' schools, for they show some literary merit and a certain skill in arrangement. Still, history is history, and it is questionable if one is justified in assuming, even in a play, as Mr. O'Hara does, that the Danes who were beaten by the Gaels at the

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battle of Clontarf were purely and simply a "pagan foe." A century and a half later, when the Anglo-Normans arrived at Dublin, they found the Danes a Christian people living in Christian unity under their archbishop.

Mercy's Conquest is a well-worked-out little allegory for a young girls' school entertainment, the theme being a contest between Justice and Mercy for the possession of a criminal—Mercy coming off the victor.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC COLONIZATION ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES. From the secretary's third annual report. From the Chicago *Daily News*, May 4, 1882.

This Report gives a brief account of the condition of three colonies which the Association has fostered—one at Adrian, Minnesota, established in 1877 by Bishop Ireland, and now numbering two hundred and fifty families; one in Greeley County, Nebraska, numbering one hundred and seventy-five families; and one situated in Yell and Perry counties, Arkansas, known as St. Patrick's Colony, containing families principally from Kentucky, Missouri, and Pennsylvania.

LAST DAYS OF KNICKERBOCKER LIFE IN NEW YORK. By Abram C. Dayton. New York: George W. Harlan. 1882.

From an introductory note it appears that this book is printed from a manuscript dated in 1871 and found among the author's effects at his death some time afterward. Very old New-Yorkers will read it with a good deal of interest, and the younger generation will be able to see what a change has come over Gotham within fifty years. Considerable space is given to theatrical recollections.

FLITTERS, TATTERS, AND THE COUNSELLOR, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By the author of *O'Hogan, M.P.*, etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

SAINTS OF 1881; or, Sketches of Lives of St. Clare of Montefalco, St. Laurence of Brindisi, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, St. John Baptist de Rossi. By William Lloyd, priest of the diocese of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

CHRIST'S EARTHLY SOJOURN AS CHRONOLOGY'S NORMAL UNIT, ALIKE IN ALL CREATION AND IN ALL PROVIDENCE: being a Virgin Mine of Religious and Political Evidences. By an honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Manitoba. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street. 1882.

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ST. MONICA AMONG THE PHILOSOPHERS.

FEW things in the works of St. Augustine are more valuable than the transparent way in which he portrays himself. Through the whole range of history there is hardly one man whose inner life can be more intimately known, and there are very few indeed who are more worth knowing. All the history of his conversion is especially familiar to us: the despair of his powerful intellect in its search after truth; his giving rein to his strong passions; his wanderings in doubt and unbelief; the violent contest between reason and passion; the glorious victory of truth, which the church has ever celebrated with joy. But behind and through it all a sweet face looks upon us which we can never separate from this wonderful story—the face of St. Monica, the model of Christian mothers, who followed her wayward son through all his wanderings with sighs and prayers and tears, who "mourned more for his errors than mothers generally mourn for the death of their sons," and who, "after having brought him forth in the flesh to the light of this world, brought him forth again in her heart to the light of the world to come." We know her well, for her son has given us her portrait, faithfully drawn with loving and delicate hand. We know that in her youth she was beautiful, and was reverently loved and admired by her husband. Her mother-in-law, who had been estranged from her by the calumnies of servants, she overcame by kind offices, forbearance, and meekness. She had the priceless gift of

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knowing when to hold her tongue and when to speak, and thus, though her husband was a hot-tempered, impulsive man, she lived through her long wedded life without a single quarrel; for when he was angry she would resist him neither in word nor in deed at the time, but afterwards, going and talking matters over with him when he was quiet, always succeeded in bringing him to reason. Again, when she was once following St. Augustine from Africa to Italy, a violent storm arose, and all, even the hardy seamen, lost heart, while St. Monica alone preserved her peace of mind and went about encouraging the sailors to do their best, assuring them that they should reach land safely, for she had seen a vision from God. Later on, at the time when St. Ambrose was being persecuted by the Arian Empress Justina, and special prayer was being made in the church of Milan, and the faithful were watching in the cathedral, ready to die with their bishop, St. Monica was there and held the first place in watching and anxiety. "She lived on prayers," is her son's energetic expression. "Whoever knew her, therefore, praised and honored and loved God in her; for her holy conversation was an evident proof that God was ever present in her heart."

So accustomed are we to these memories of her that perhaps there are not many of us to whom the idea of "St. Monica among the philosophers" would not be new, if not strange. Yet the early writings of St. Augustine show that his mother had an exceedingly beautiful mind. Her maternal heart was her greatest talent and was the most splendidly used, but it is well not to forget that she was worthy to be the mother of Augustine the theologian as well as of Augustine the saint.

St. Augustine finally gave his heart to the church in the summer of 386. He was at the time a professor of rhetoric in Milan, but in order to prepare himself more fittingly for the Sacrament of Baptism he gave up his school and retired into the country, to a villa which had been kindly placed at his disposal by his friend Verecundus. He was not alone. St. Monica was there, "full of strong faith, of motherly love, of Christian piety," says her son; her heart overflowing with gratitude for the great good that God was providing for her old age, and calmly awaiting the supreme moment, the end of thirty years of prayers and tears. Alypius, too, was there, Augustine's friend from earliest youth, "the brother of his heart," who, after being his disciple in philosophy, joined him in the Manichæan heresy, joined him again in his conversion to the Catholic Church, and was now, *catechumenus cum catechumeno*, preparing with intense fervor for baptism. There

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were also Navigius, Augustine's brother; Lastidianus and Rusticus, his cousins, who had not gone through any course of study, but were remarkable for their strong common sense; also Trygetius and Licentius, fellow-citizens and pupils of Augustine; and, last and least of all, little Adeodatus—"the son of my illicit love; but thou formedst him well, O Lord my God, Creator of all things and all-powerful to draw good out of the evil we commit." St. Augustine loved the dear little fellow very much and was never tired of praising his talents, "which, unless love deceives me, promise great things"; and especially glad was he to take the lad to the baptismal font with him, father and son being born again together of water and the Holy Ghost. It was just like St. Augustine to give him such a name—Adeodatus, God's gift—but he had ere long to learn to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," for Adeodatus died prematurely at the very beginning of the fair promise of his youth.

Such was the little company of whose *villeggiatura*, half retreat, half vacation, I am to give a slight account—mostly, indeed, in St. Augustine's own words, which I hope will not lose all their beauty even in my feeble translation.

It is not necessary to say that their devotions were constant and fervent—how fervent St. Augustine himself tells us in a little incident which may make us smile. He was suffering intensely from toothache, and at last the pain grew so bad that he could not speak. So, writing upon a wax tablet, he begged them all to pray for relief for him, and no sooner had they knelt down than the pain entirely vanished. But it is of their intellectual occupations that we have the fullest record; and it is of these that I wish to write, with special reference to St. Monica's share in them.

The book which gives us the most vivid idea of their mode of life is that entitled *De Ordine*—a book, or rather a long letter, written to an absent friend, Zenobius, who had had some discussions with Augustine on this subject of order, and was now asking for more instruction. What this *Ordo* is it is hard to express in English; it embraces all ideas akin to order, law, harmony, etc., and is equally concerned with the physical laws of matter and with God as the Cause Exemplar of the universe. This is the homely and charming way the subject is introduced:

"I was lying awake one night, according to my wont, silently following out the various trains of thought that came into my mind. My love of

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seeking after truth had made this quite a habit with me, so that regularly every night I spent either the first or the last watches, at any rate always nearly half the night, in thoughts of this kind; nor would I permit my young pupils to draw me away from myself by sitting up at night to study, for they worked quite enough in the daytime, and if they added the night to it, it would have been excessive. Besides, it was part of my system that they should spend some time in thought away from their books and should accustom themselves to reflection and introspection. So, as I was saying, I was lying awake, when the sound of a little stream of water that flows past our house from the Baths suddenly arrested my attention. It seemed strange to me that the sound came intermittently, now louder, now softer, as the stream ran over the stones, and I began to ask myself what could be the cause of this phenomenon. I confess I was unable to find one. Just at this moment Licentius, moving in bed, startled some marauding mice who scampered off, and thus betrayed the fact that he, too, was awake. 'Licentius,' I said, '(for I see that your Muses have lit their lamps for you to study by *), have you noticed how irregular is the murmur of that little stream?' 'Oh! yes,' he replied, 'that is nothing new to me; at times when I wake in the night, and am particularly anxious for fine weather next day, I listen for any chance indications of rain, and the stream often goes on just like that.' Here Trygetius broke in and said he also had noticed it. So it turned out that he, too, had been lying awake without our knowing it, for it was dark. (In Italy, you know, even those who are well off have to dispense with lights at night.) Finding that our whole school (all of it, that is, that was at home, for Alypius and Navigius were away in town) was wide awake, and hearing the little stream crying out to have something said about it, I began: 'Well, now, what do you think is the cause of this alternation of sound?'"

This commenced a discussion which led directly into the subject of the book—viz., the order which pervades the whole universe. Meanwhile morning came, and the two youths rose and dressed first.

"Then I, too, rose, and after our daily prayers we set out for the Baths, the best and most familiar place for discussion when the weather was not fine enough for the fields. On our way, just before our door, we found two cocks engaged in an exceedingly brisk encounter. It struck our fancy to stay and watch it. For where will not the eyes of the lover of truth and beauty find images of the objects of his search? As, for instance, even in these very fighting cocks—heads eagerly stretched forward, feathers erect, attacks full of energy, defence full of caution, and in every movement of these irrational animals nothing that was not becoming, as being the effects of a superior Intelligence ruling all things from above. Then the expression of the very idea of a conqueror—the proud song of triumph, all the limbs smoothed and shaped and directed to the one feeling of the pomp and consciousness of superiority. On the other hand, the sign of the conquered—the feathers all ruffled, all elegance vanished from voice and

* Licentius was then engaged in the study of poetry.

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motion, and therefore in some sense all harmonious with the laws of nature, and even beautiful.

"Many were the questions we put. Why were all such birds like this? Why this intense desire of superiority? Why, again, did the mere looking at the fight give us a distinct pleasure apart from all higher considerations? What was there in us which kept seeking after things so far removed from sense? What, on the other hand, was there in us which was so easily taken captive by the senses themselves? Then we said among ourselves: Where is there not law and order? Where is not success the meed of the fittest? Where do we not find the shadow of permanence? Where is there not to be seen the likeness of true eternal beauty? Where is there not government and moderation? This last question reminded us that there must also be moderation in standing and looking at things; so we continued our walk to the Baths."

Here they resumed the discussion on order, Licentius and Trygetius maintaining the proposition that order pervades all things, St. Augustine pretending to upset it; and it was during this conversation that St. Monica was definitely entered as one of the philosophers. The scene loses all its sparkle in the translation, but I give it as nearly as I can:

"Meanwhile my mother entered and asked how we were getting on, for she knew of the subject of our debate. And when, according to our custom, I bade them write down her entrance and her question, she said: 'What are you doing? Have I ever heard of women being introduced into this sort of discussion in those books which you read?' 'I don't care much,' I replied, 'about the judgment of proud and incapable persons, who are guided in their reading of books by the same test as in their saluting of passers-by—that is, by external appearance and wealth and fashion. . . . But if my books fall into any one's hands, and on reading my name on the title-page he does not say, Who is this? and throw the volume away, but, whether from curiosity or from eagerness for truth, he disregards the lowliness of the doorway it enters, then he will not take it amiss that I have associated you, my mother, with myself in philosophical pursuits. . . . Nor, indeed, will there be wanting those to whom the mere fact of finding you amongst us will be a pleasure. . . . For among the ancients there used to be women philosophers; and after all, my dear mother, you know I like your philosophy very much indeed. The Greek word philosophy, as perhaps you may not know, means nothing else than love of wisdom; and the Divine Scriptures, which you love so much, do not, when they warn us against philosophy, mean philosophy in its true sense, but the philosophy of this world. There is another world, far removed from these our bodily eyes; and few and perfect are those whose intellect gazes upon it. . . . I should, therefore, pass you over in these my writings, if you did not love wisdom; but I should not pass you over if you loved it, were it only moderately; much less if you loved it as much as I do. But now that I know you love it far more even than you love me (and I know how much you love me), and now that you have so far progressed in wisdom that no

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ill-fortune, and not death itself (so formidable even to the wisest), can move you with fear—a degree which all confess to be the very height of philosophy—think you that I shall pass you by? Nay, I will even sit at your feet as your disciple.'"

Here St. Monica smilingly and modestly assured St. Augustine that he had never told so many lies in all his life before. Nevertheless, in spite of all protests, she was duly enrolled as one of the interlocutors in this philosophical conversation, which owes no little of its beauty to her presence. The arguments, however, are too long to be reproduced and too abstruse to be condensed; and, besides, St. Monica was not so much at home in metaphysical truth as in moral. Let us turn, therefore, to the *De Beata Vita*, a dialogue in which she took a far larger and more important part. It is a dialogue worthy to be ranked among those of Plato—a very idyl of philosophy. I can but once more express the hope that the charm will not have entirely vanished under my treatment. The question was, What is true happiness of life? and it was introduced by the following preface:

"The 13th of November was my birthday. After a dinner, moderate enough not to check the play of the understanding, I invited all who were living with me [Alypius alone being absent] to adjourn to the Baths, the fittest and quietest place at that time of day for conversation. . . . When all were ready I thus began: 'I suppose it is evident to you that we are composed of body and soul?' All agreed except Navigius, who said he did not know. Whereupon I said: 'Do you mean that there is nothing at all that you do know, or that of the few things you do not know this is one?' 'I should hardly think that my ignorance was quite universal,' he replied. 'Well, then,' said I, 'suppose you tell us something that you really do know.' 'Certainly,' said he. And yet on trying he was unable to do so."

By a few well put questions St. Augustine shows him that after all he *is* philosophically certain of the fact that we are composed of soul and body.

"'This being so,' I pursued, 'I want to know why we take food.' 'For the body's sake,' at once answered Licentius; but the others hesitated, urging that food was meant to preserve life, and life was the special attribute of the *soul*. . . . After a while, however, all granted that material food was taken for the sake of the body.

"'How, then?' said I; 'shall the soul have no nourishment for itself? What think you? Is knowledge its food?' 'Certainly,' said my mother: 'I do not think that there is any other fit food for the soul than the knowledge and understanding of things.' Here Trygetius demurred, but my mother pressed him hard: 'You yourself,' she said, 'are a practical proof of what the soul feeds on. For to-day at dinner you said you had not no-

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ticed what dish you had been eating of, because you had been cogitating something I know not what, and yet your hands and teeth were going busily enough all the time. Where then was your soul while your body was feasting? Was it not amongst your theories and speculations, trying if by any chance it could find some nourishment there?' . . .

"When we were all agreed so far, I said that as to-day was my birthday, and I had already provided a little feast for the body, it was fitting I should also provide them a feast for the soul; and that if they were hungry, as they certainly ought to be if their souls were in a good, healthy state, I should at once proceed to lay it before them. All at once exclaimed with voice and looks that they were hungry enough for anything I might have prepared.

"Whereupon beginning again, I said: 'I think I may take it for granted that we all wish to be *happy?*' All assented eagerly. 'Well, then, does it seem to you that a man can be happy as long as he has not what he wants?' Every one said no. 'Then every one who has what he wants is happy?' My mother replied: 'If he wants that which is good, and has it, he is happy; but if he wants that which is bad he is unhappy, though he have it.' 'Well said indeed, mother,' I rejoined; 'you have gained the very heights of philosophy at a single bound.' . . .

After a short conversation on St. Monica's answer—

"Nothing, therefore, remains,' said Licentius, 'but for you to tell us what a man *ought* to want, what desires he ought to have, in order to be happy.' 'Wait a little,' I replied; 'if you will be so kind as to invite me on your birthday I shall be most glad to feast on anything you lay before me. But to-day it is I who have invited you, and I must beg you not to call for dishes that may possibly not have been prepared.'

It was then agreed that they had at least arrived at this result: that no man is happy who has not what he wants, and yet that not every one who has what he wants is happy. They agreed further that there was no medium between *happy* and *unhappy*, and that, therefore, all men necessarily fell into one of these two classes. Then, in order after all to satisfy Licentius' appetite, St. Augustine instituted the question as to what a man ought to have in order to be happy. They agreed it could be nothing mortal, nothing that passes away, nothing subject to loss or vicissitude, or even to the fear of change; for whatever beatifying qualities the goods of this world might possess, the fact that it was *possible* to lose them was enough to prevent perfect happiness. Here, however, St. Monica put in a qualification: "Even though a man had all the goods of this world, and were quite sure that he should never lose them, still they would not be enough to satisfy him; and, therefore, he must ever remain unhappy, for he will ever remain needy in spite of his wealth." (This answer reminds one of the saying of St. Teresa, who could

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not bear to hear preachers urge the nothingness of this world *because* it passes away; its nothingness would be far more appalling, she thought, if it were to last for ever.) But St. Augustine pressed the question a little further and said: "What if a man, possessing all wealth in abundance and superfluity, controls his desires and lives contentedly, pleasantly, and becomingly, does he not seem to you to be happy?" "Happy, perhaps," she replied; "not, indeed, because of his wealth, but because of the moderation of soul with which he enjoys it." This drew from St. Augustine the joyful exclamation that no better answer was possible, and that nothing should henceforth be considered settled unless St. Monica had first given her opinion. They then passed on to the next step, which was that, God being the only being above vicissitude and change, it followed that he alone who possesses God can be happy. And this definition was received by all with gladness and devotion.

"'Nothing, therefore, remains, except to find out what it is to possess God. And on this point I am going to ask the opinion of each of you.' Licentius answered: 'He has God who leads a good life.' Trygetius: 'He has God who does what God would have him do.' Lastidianus agreed with the last speaker. Little Adeodatus, however (*puer autem ille minimus omnium*), thought that 'he has God who has not an unclean spirit.' My mother approved of all, but especially of this last. Navigius said nothing; but on being urged he also decided in favor of the last. Nor would I allow Rusticus to be passed over, for I saw it was not want of thought but shyness that kept him quiet; he finally agreed with Trygetius.

"'Now,' said I, 'I have the opinions of all of you on a matter surely most important, beyond which nothing ought to be sought and nothing can be found. But since the soul as well as the body can indulge in excess of feasting, and such excess results in indigestion and other evils, as much for one as for the other, perhaps we had better adjourn till to-morrow, when, if you have appetite for more, we shall renew our feast.'"

The next day, meeting again at the Baths, they discussed the three answers given to the question, "Who possesses God?" finally agreeing that all three amounted to the same thing. Here St. Augustine introduced a little liveliness into the discussion by the following argument:

"'Is it God's will that man should seek God?' All assented. 'Can he who is seeking God be said to be leading a bad life?' 'Certainly not.' 'Can he who has an unclean spirit seek God?' 'No.' 'He, therefore, who is seeking God is one who does God's will, leads a good life, and has not an unclean spirit. But he who is seeking God does not yet possess God. Therefore we cannot forthwith say that a man possesses God, though he live well, though he do God's will, though he have not an unclean spirit. Here they all laughed at being caught in the trap of their own concessions.

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But my mother, saying that she had always been stupid at these things, begged to have the argument repeated, that she might see if it were not a mere quibble. Which done, she said: 'But no one can possess God without seeking God.' 'Most true,' I replied, 'but the point is that while he is seeking he does not *yet* possess God; and still he is leading a good life.' 'It seems to me,' said she, 'that there is no one who does not have God; only those who live well have him propitious to them, and those who live ill have him unpropitious.' 'Well, then, you made a mistake yesterday in granting that every man is happy who has God; otherwise, if every man has God, then every man must be happy.' 'Then,' said she, 'let us add as an amendment the word *propitious*.'"

They were now going to make a new start with the conclusion that every man is happy who has God propitious to him. But Navigius, who was the hardest of all the party to get a concession out of, saw that there was here another opening for logical flaws. For if the man is happy to whom God is propitious, and God is propitious to those who seek him, and those who seek him do not yet possess him, and those who do not possess him do not have what they want, it follows that a man can be happy without having what he wants, which conclusion had also been rejected the day before as absurd. St. Monica tried to evade this difficulty by a middle course. Being driven from this, and knowing that in reality she was right and only seemed to be wrong because of some technical flaw in the argument, she tried for a moment (like a true woman) to cut the knot, but finally said: "Of course, if logic is against me, I yield." "Therefore," said St. Augustine, "what we have come to is this: that he who has already found God both has God propitious to him and is happy; he who is still only seeking God has God propitious to him, but is not yet happy; he, however, who cuts himself off from God by sin neither is happy nor has God propitious to him." This satisfied everybody.

Still the question was not yet exhausted. The conclusion arrived at was not sufficiently clear without taking in the other side; the shades had to be considered as well as the lights; they had now, therefore, to look at the question from the negative point of view. What was *unhappiness?* Earlier in the discussion St. Monica had assumed that unhappiness and neediness were convertible terms. Was it so? He who has not what he wants (*i.e.*, he who is needy) is unhappy; is it also true that all who are unhappy are needy? If so they had an infallible criterion wherewith to test happiness, as soon as they should know what neediness was.

When the next day came the weather was so inviting that

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instead of going to the Baths they continued the discussion in the open air, reclining in a meadow. After a long argument St. Augustine supposed the case of a man who should possess all he wanted in this life—riches, pleasures, health of mind and body, perfect contentment, etc.; could we call such a man needy? Licentius replied that there must still remain the fear of losing all this good fortune. "Certainly," rejoined St. Augustine; "and the better the man's intellect the more clearly would he see the possibility of such loss. But this hardly affects the case; for neediness consists in not having, not in not fearing to lose what we have. The fear makes him unhappy, but does not make him needy; therefore we have here an instance of a man who is unhappy and yet not needy." To this reasoning all assented except St. Monica, who said: "I am not sure about that, though; I do not yet quite understand how neediness can be separated from unhappiness, or unhappiness from neediness. For even granting the existence of this supposed man of yours, rich and fortunate as he was, and contented (so you say) with what he had, yet the very fact that he feared to lose his good fortune showed that he wanted *wisdom*. Shall we, then, give the name of needy to the man who lacks gold and silver, and refuse it to the man who lacks wisdom?"

"Here," says St. Augustine, "all cried out in admiration, and I, too, was glad and rejoiced above measure to find that she above all had anticipated me in this grand truth which I had drawn from the writings of philosophers, and which I had meant to produce as the crowning delicacy of our banquet. 'Do you not see,' said I, 'that it is one thing to know many and varied doctrines, another thing to have the soul intently fixed on God? Where else did my mother find this philosophy of hers which we are now admiring?' Whereupon Licentius joyously exclaimed: 'Assuredly nothing could have been more truly, more divinely said. For no neediness can be greater or more wretched than to lack wisdom; and he who does not lack wisdom cannot be said to be needy at all, whatever else he may be without.'"

St. Augustine then went on to develop, in his own beautiful and inimitable way, this thought that only the unwise are unhappy and only the wise happy. He defined wisdom as that moderation and balance of soul which prevents its running out into excess or being narrowed by defect. Then passing beyond philosophy, he asked, What is the wisdom which makes men happy, if not the wisdom of God; and what is the wisdom of God, if not the Son of God? And what is the rule which moderates and balances the soul, if not the rule of all sanctity—the

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Holy Spirit? And so the three days' discussion was seen to be harmonious throughout, for they had found that those were happy who possessed God, and, again, that those were happy who possessed wisdom, and that those were wise who possessed the rule of sanctity; whereas now it was seen that God and wisdom and sanctity were one.

"'This, therefore, is true fulness of soul, this is indeed happiness of life, to know devoutly and perfectly by whom we are led to the truth, what truth that is which we enjoy, and how we may be united to the highest rule of sanctity. These three things, to those who have understanding, excluding all vanities of error and superstition, do show forth God, in nature one and in persons three.' Here my mother, greeting these words so familiar to her memory, and waking up, as it were, to a full expression of her faith, broke forth joyfully into that verse of our bishop's hymn, *Fove precantes Trinitas!** and then added: 'Perfect life, beyond all doubt, is the only happy life; and to this, by means of firm faith, cheerful hope, and burning love, we shall assuredly be brought if we do but hasten towards it.'"

Thus ended the discussion. St. Augustine thanked his guests and told them that in reality it was they who had been feasting him, and that they had positively loaded him with birthday gifts. All rose joyfully, and Trygetius said: "Oh! how I wish you would provide us a feast like this every day." "Moderation in all things, as we have just been seeing," replied St. Augustine; "if this has been a pleasure to you it is to God alone all our thanks are due."

As we read this delightful dialogue in the original a breath of fresh air seems to come to us across the centuries; we are sitting on the grass at St. Monica's feet in that meadow so bright with the Italian winter sun, so cheerful with the talking and laughing of the youthful philosophers, so holy with the love of warm hearts whose very recreations rise up to God, whom they know to be the source of all that happiness of life which they are discussing. It is a scene so sunny that not even the ponderous tome in which we read it, its pages brown with the stains of ages, can dim or spoil it. And we hardly check a feeling of sorrow, though it is now no use—sorrow for St. Augustine—when we remember that he must so soon lose the two of that little party whom he loves best. Adeodatus, I have said, died very early. St. Monica died soon after her son's baptism, when they were on their way back together to Africa. The little room at Ostia where she gave forth her pure soul to God is still pre-

* From St. Ambrose's hymn, *Deus Creator omnium.*

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served, and one feels nearer to her after having knelt in it; but her memory has a more precious shrine in the hearts of all Christian mothers and in the gratitude of all Christian sons. "Son," she said to St. Augustine five days before her last illness, as they were leaning on a balcony overlooking the garden at Ostia and talking about the joys of heaven—"Son, as for me there is no further delight left for me in this life. What I am doing down here, and why I still remain, I know not, after the hopes of this world have all vanished away. I had only one reason for wishing to stay awhile in this life, and that was that I might see you a Christian and a Catholic before I died. God has given this to me more abundantly even than I had prayed for; what am I doing down here?" And so, with this *Nunc dimittis*, she left the little company of philosophers and saints on earth and entered into the fulness of the joy of the saints in heaven.

A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"SONS of the patriarchs!" said the Chancellor d'Aguesseau to the frivolous worldlings who in his day had invaded the Parliament of Paris,—"Sons of the patriarchs! what have you done with your heritage—the patrimony of prudence, moderation, and simplicity which were the hereditary property of the ancient magistrature?" Among the many interesting portraits of these "patriarchs" of old France which have lately been brought to light by M. Charles de Ribbe in the course of his researches among the *Livres de raison*—or MS. family histories carefully continued for generations from father to son—one of the most attractive is that of Jacques de Grimoard de Beauvoir, two centuries ago hereditary lord of Barjac, a barony in Languedoc, forming part of the *viguerie* of Uzès.

While their cousins of the elder branch, the Comtes du Roure, had remained faithful to the old belief, and fought in its defence in the Vivarais, this, the younger branch of the De Beauvoir, had, at some date not known, joined the party of "Reform"; or rather they belonged to the numerous category of half-Protestants whom Bossuet and Fénelon so largely succeeded in winning back to the church. Early habits and associations, as well as a certain point of honor, much more than any

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doctrinal questions, held them in schism. Inheriting from their ancestors a respect for tradition, and feeling its moral and social necessity, they strengthened its foundations in their own families by paternal authority, while, on the other hand, they followed the men of the new teaching, though always in the fear of being drawn too far astray. In fact, the greater number ended by a complete reconciliation, and among these Jacques de Beauvoir.

The MS. opens with a verse of the *Magnificat:* "Misericordia Domini a progenie in progenies timentibus eum." In Christian families genealogies are full of value and meaning. They are the expression of a true and noble idea, that it is God who has made and who protects and preserves the race, the line of generations, in the family. The document continues:

"Our family, of the name of Beauvoir, whose acts have been recorded from the time of Guillaume de Beauvoir, lord of Roure, married to Alix de Lagarde Guérin in 1042, bears also that of Du Roure to distinguish it from others of the same name in this kingdom. . . . The chief of our house takes also the name of Grimoard, from Urbaine de Grimoard, dame de Grisac, wife of Guillaume V. de Beauvoir, who, by her testament of the 4th of October, 1530, appointed her son and heir, Claude de Beauvoir du Roure, to take also the name of Grimoard and the arms of the house of Grisac."

Here we observe a notable gap in the genealogy. It has its reason. Urbaine was great-niece of Guillaume de Grimoard, one of the holiest and greatest men of the fourteenth century—the Benedictine monk of St. Victor at Marseilles who in 1362 received at Avignon the papal tiara as Urban V. After ruling the church for eight years with exemplary wisdom, founding and restoring numerous universities, and laboring to restore peace among the princes of Christendom, he died at Avignon in the odor of sanctity.*

Jacques, being a Protestant when he began his MS., is silent not only with regard to this holy pontiff, one of the chief glories of his family, but also respecting another venerable and saintly personage, Dom Hélisaire de Grimoard, contemporary with Urban, and prior of the Grande Chartreuse. Claude, the son of Guillaume V. and Urbaine, married Demoiselle des Porcellets de Maillanne, and had nine sons and three daughters. In these old races numerous families were the rule in France, not, as they are now, the exceptions. Antoine, the eldest son, continued the principal branch, that of the Comtes du Roure, who were among

* See *Hist. d'Urbain V. et de son Siècle.* By the Abbé Magnan. Paris: Bray. 1862.

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the most powerful nobles of the kingdom. The head of the younger branch was Louis, the second son, and great-grandfather of our author, who tells us that "from virtue alone" came all his possessions, since his grandfather, Jacques I., was also a younger son. His share of the property was only the estate of Pazanan: and it was he who, on marrying Gabrielle de Sautel, first settled at Barjac. These De Sautels also sprang from a younger son, who "by industry and labor had acquired nearly all that seigneurie." His son completed what he had begun: "All his life he took pains to establish a good house on the foundations his father had laid. To the lands of Barjac he added those of La Bastide Virac, and took his name from the latter." *

"M. de la Bastide died May 7, 1608, full of days and leaving the odor of a good life. . . . He was beneficent and took much trouble (*s'intriguait*) for the peace of many persons and for the good of their affairs. His opinion was held in great deference; he lent without usury,† having acquired large property and a singular esteem in this country."

Claude, the father of Jacques de Beauvoir, served in his youth (from 1621) under the Duc de Rohan; but his warlike ardor subsiding early, he married in 1625, and at the age of twenty-three, N. de Broche, dame de Méjannes-le-Clap, who was nearly ten years younger than himself. Of this young lady her son writes that she was "brought up in the country, but *well* brought up, and by an honorable family, which for four hundred years had lived on the revenue of its own estates and spread forth into divers branches of equal worthiness." Three sons and eight daughters were born to the young couple. Jacques, the sixth child, was their eldest son. Hitherto he has spoken only of those who went before him; now he begins to speak of himself: "1638—God, from whom I hold my life and being, movement and reason, . . . gave me to see the light in this world January 12, 1638, a Tuesday, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning." The solemn announcement of his baptism follows, as well as the names, titles, and good qualities of his godparents, who "imposed" upon him the name of James. Then follows the mention of his early school-days, and the death of a little brother.

* The château he built on this property was burnt down by the Camisards of Jean Cavalier in 1703.

† In *l'Usure et la Loi de* 1807 (Ch. Périn) we find the reasons explained for which, on account of the economic conditions of society at that period, lending on interest was condemned by religion as entailing the oppression and ruin of the larger class of the community. Christian families, therefore, abstained from this practice. One of the most frequent forms of gratuitous loans, especially in years unfavorable for agriculture, was a certain quantity of corn, to be repaid after the next good harvest.

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Hercule, "which threw him into so great grief that his life was despaired of." When he was ten years old he had a tutor named Ory.

"My cousin Carnet and I learnt with him the principles of Latin grammar. This young man made us also read good French authors. He studied to make us pronounce well, and I think I may, without affectation, boast that I have kept something of a good accent. My life with him was a happy one. He taught us until Easter, 1649, when my father took my cousin and me to Nimes. Our tutor went with us, being necessary for our repetitions and the care of our conduct, and thus himself also, in taking us to the college, was able to continue his own studies. My father lodged us with the Widow de Pelet. The Jesuit fathers received us into the fifth class, of which Père Bec was regent."

The Catholic College of Nimes, after having fallen into the hands of the Protestants, was in 1634 partially recovered by the Catholics. The royal ordinance then commanded them to "elect subjects of their religion capable of fulfilling the functions of principal, regent, physician, first, third, and fifth, and porter of the said college." The "subjects" chosen were Jesuits, "by reason that a more advantageous choice could not be made than of the reverend fathers of the Company of Jesus, whose aptitude in the education of youth is known in all the kingdom." At the same time the chairs of regent for logic, second, third, and fourth classes, were allotted to Calvinists. This extraordinary state of things corresponded, to a certain extent, with the times. Many Calvinists were so scarcely otherwise than by the fact of birth, and their frequent relations with Catholic ecclesiastics naturally softened the prejudices inculcated by their own leaders. When in 1651 we find Jacques at home again, he observes on the circumstance: "I employed my time well under a priest, *vicaire* of this place, and of the name of Tournaire, who came to give me lessons." After various changes—for he was of a somewhat restless turn of mind—he returned to Nimes for rhetoric, went to Valence for law, and here received his doctor's degree. On this he remarks: "They gave me my letters for the doctorate, but I had no conceit for putting myself on the list of lawyers, this profession being scarcely suitable to that of a noble; however, the title of doctor is always useful. *Cedant arma togæ.*"

We find here among the personal ideas of Jacques the prejudice of the times in which he lived—a prejudice which Louis XIV., by an excessive development of the military spirit, spread and deepened throughout France. Still, with the instinct of his race for fitting himself to exercise with ability and honor differ-

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ent functions in the state, he allows that "the title of doctor" is not to be disdained.

Scarcely out of the University of Valence, he was eager to enroll himself in the royal musketeers. For this he had need of a friend at court, and found one in his cousin of the elder branch, Scipion, Comte du Roure, at that time governor of Montpellier, and who, like his fathers, nobly acted on the great principle of solidarity which binds in one all the different branches of the same family.

"My grandfather, when ninety years of age," writes Jacques, "fell dangerously ill. M. le Comte du Roure came to visit him and testified that he had always held his merit in great consideration; to which my grandfather suitably replied. . . . He then recommended to him his family, and, calling me, he said, 'Here is a child whom I give to you—the child of my heart. I hope much of him.' M. le Comte did me the honor to press my hand and assure me before my grandfather that he would have a care of me in all that he could."

The old man then sent round to his neighbors his wishes for "a thousand benedictions on them," and his entreaties for their prayers, thinking his end was near. Nevertheless he recovered from this sickness and lived another three years.

"It was on the 10th of January, 1660, on a Saturday, at midnight, that he died, aged ninety-three. He loved me greatly. Can I ever forget him? Tall in stature and of fine appearance, he had a robust temperament and an agreeable air. Held in high esteem by the noblesse of these parts, he occupied himself both in public affairs *and in those of private persons* with great enlightenment. He had learning, knew history, was versed in the reading of the poets, and his memory was so good that they who most piqued themselves on reciting Latin verse were never able to outdo him in the game of beginning by the last letter with which they ended. He knew every part of the Holy Scriptures and had read the Fathers. *He became a Catholic in his latter years.*"

This portrait, which is one among many, very similar, of that period, needs no comment. The more deeply we dive into the recesses of old France the more cause we find for indignation at the misrepresentation of which her sons have been the object.

The nobles who are described to us as priding themselves on not knowing how to sign their name and in oppressing their peasantry were regarded as a public disgrace and scouted by their order. But for one knave or fool we find abundant contemporary types like that of Claude de Beauvoir.* For instance, in an ancient family in the Rouergue the *Livres de raison*, kept from

* See *Les Familles* (by M. Ch. de Ribbe), vol. ii. ch. iii., "Le Ménage rural," p. 295, etc.

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1346 to the present time, show us in Guillaume de Curières de Castelnau a man of the same stamp. He and his wife were the providence of the country round, and "when they died" (so their son wrote of them) "it could not be said whether the mourning was greater in the *bourg* or in our house, so exceedingly were they cherished and adored by the peasantry."

To return to Jacques de Beauvoir. The Comte du Roure kept his promise.

"My father, taking me, . . . went to pay his *devoir* to him at Montpellier, and was received with much kindness. M. le Comte would have me with him, and recommended me to M. de Vitrac, who kept an academy in that town. My father paid this latter four *louis* per month to teach me to ride, with two and a half *louis* to the dancing-master, half a *louis* to the master-of-arms, and the same to him who taught me mathematics, arithmetic, geometry, cosmography, geography . . .(!) Nothing was spared to make me all that it was befitting I should be, for I had an honest man with me to serve me." After a time (the comte and comtesse being absent) "the desire I had to enter the musketeers made me return home. I prayed my parents to send me to Paris, that being much more to my profit than to remain at Montpellier."

At last the restless Jacques is content. He is enrolled in the musketeers. The war, however, between France and Spain, in which he hoped to reap abundant laurels, ended soon afterwards, in 1659. Disappointed of his hopes of advancement, he returned to the Comte du Roure, accompanied him when, with the Duc de Mercœur, he went to quell the insurgents at Marseilles, and was present at the declaration of peace at Aix in 1660, before the young king, the queen-mother, and Cardinal Mazarin.

Shortly after his return home his maternal grandfather died, M. de Broche—

"Of whom," he writes, "our family ought lovingly to preserve the memory. He had much economy in the good cultivation of our domains, and took great care of all our affairs. He lived in close unity with my father, and no less loved my mother, to whom he had given half his possessions and made her heiress of all the rest. Before dying he called all his family and gave us his benediction. He exhorted me in particular to fulfil all my duties, '*surtout à ayder mon père et ma mère dans le soin de leurs affaires, et à estre pieux.*' He breathed forth his spirit while reciting the Apostles' Creed. He had always been very devout, and so continued until his last sigh."

This death seems, with regard to Jacques, to have put an end to his propensity for change, and from that time he settled down to help his father steadily in the management of his estates. His journal now becomes the land-book of the house, in which all the

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principal details of management, acquisition, or exchange are noted. Claude de Beauvoir, if a large proprietor, had a numerous family to bring up and daughters to endow. "And how," exclaims his son, "could I have pressed him for fresh expenses?" He regretted to have cost him so much, for "the years were often bad and the harvests poor; we were behindhand, and it would have been of use to sell some land, but a too apparent diminution of our property might have done prejudice to the establishment of our family." Upon this Jacques resolves to marry and pay off divers loans with the dowry of his wife. In 1669, therefore, he married Mlle. de Boniol de St. Ambroix, a Protestant with a Catholic father and a Protestant mother. His first care was to secure suitable dowries for his sisters. Two were already married, and two dead, but for the four remaining at home he, with the concurrence of his father-in-law, provided "to the satisfaction of his parents and the good of the family."

After fourteen years of the absorbing duties which then devolved upon the heir of a large property, who worked incessantly, not for his own advantage, but for the profit of all the family, we approach the great event, recorded with a special solemnity in the *Livre de raison*—the return of the De Beauvoirs to the Catholic faith.

Turenne, while yet seeking the truth, which his thoughtful and upright mind was not long before it found, wrote to his wife: "You must feel in your conscience that minds turn rather to disputation than to true devotion. . . . I will own frankly that many of our ministers seem to me full of prejudices and to have none of that simplicity which persuades. It is because they are accustomed to people who *content themselves with terms*, and who know not that, to satisfy the mind, it is much better to own one's self in the wrong than to elude a reason." Bossuet, in like manner, observed that "these gentlemen of the so-called '*reformed*' religion obscured by misrepresentation and invective the true teaching of the Catholic Church, and thus, under hideous falsehoods, concealed the root of the matter."

This "root of the matter" the great bishop resolved to make known to the many deluded by their preachers, and wrote, for Turenne and others, his calm and lucid little formulary called *The Exposition of the Teaching of the Catholic Church on the Matters of Controversy*. On the appearance of this treatise in MS., numerous copies of which were quickly asked for, many honest Protestants declared that the author "would not dare to print it, being certain to incur thereby the censure of all his

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communion, and especially the thunders of Rome." Even when the French bishops and clergy warmly approved and demanded its publication the Protestant minister, Noguier, observed: "I make no great case of the written approbation of the bishops. After all, *the oracle of Rome must speak on matters of faith.*" The oracle spoke. Pope Innocent XI. approved the work and praised the author, who "by his method had found the means of winning from the most obstinate a sincere confession of the verities of the faith." The treatise was printed by thousands. For a whole year the royal press, directed by Anisson, issued no other work.

Jacques de Beauvoir, in the retirement of his domains at Barjac, followed with interest the great questions of conscience which were agitating not only France but the greater part of Europe. He read the *Exposition* of Bossuet, and was so deeply impressed by what he found there that "it was always in his mind." Its approbation by the pope decided him. He and his family, parents and children, in 1685 returned to the unity of the church.

"They spoke to us," he says, "of the Roman Church as a mother whom our fathers had abandoned. I had often thought upon her unity, her duration, the succession of her pastors. . . . I took counsel, so as not to act with prejudice. Confessing my own weakness, I threw myself into the arms of God's mercy, and, reasoning with a man of age and merit and exemplary piety" (his grandfather, who had preceded him in returning to the Catholic Church), "this good personage said, with me, 'My God, thou art the Way that I would follow, the Truth that I would believe, and the Life by which I would live.' . . . I had in my mind the book of the Bishop of Condom and Meaux, as approved by the pope and the cardinals, wherein each of the controverted articles is satisfactorily answered. . . . Assembled, we drew up a paper and signed it. . . . I know no safer conduct than to ask the divine Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to fill our hearts with his grace and grant us the light of his heavenly consolations."

Our MS. has already recorded more than one peaceful and patriarchal death. The next mentioned is that of the writer's young sisters, Louise and Suzanne, "who gave such great marks of piety and charity that, by the orders of my father and mother, I noted down all that they said and did during their sickness, so as to leave thereof a mirror for us to keep in our family." Nor are the servants without mention: "On the 19th of August died at our house Jean du Bois, aged eighty years, seventy of which he had been our servant. He had never married. He was devout and attached with great fidelity to the welfare of our family."

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Next it is the turn of his parents:

"My mother was in her seventy-eighth year; and as for my father, he had continued very feeble ever since his great sickness. We heard them, in converse full of sweetness, speaking together of heaven and assiduously praying to God. My sisters, De Pons and De Brès, were with us to help us in attending upon them, as was our duty. My good father and mother often said to us: 'Be mindful to preserve the happiness of being in the grace of God. We prize more this treasure in you and your children than all the advantages of the world.' Years, which weaken love, far from lessening theirs, only increased it. . . .

"M. Fargier, curé, spoke to my mother very suitably and pronounced the absolution for her sins, for which she showed great contrition. . . . Then . . . she gave us all her benediction, and cast on me a look which was the last token of her tender love, and which sweetly pierced me. Joining her hands, she expired, with the same gentleness that she had shown through all her life, on the 20th of March, 1686, about six in the evening. . . .

"I would fain leave to our family the mirror of her virtues. I shall have no difficulty in saying that often, in the best company and among the wisest persons of these parts and the neighborhood, my dear mother was declared to be in the first rank among the most virtuous and the most esteemed. I am bound to mark well that she had ever been gentle in her speech, tranquil in her manners, vigilant in the care of the numerous family God had given her and in that of her affairs, having a great strength of soul in the divers accidents of the family, in our sicknesses, and at the deaths of my brothers and sisters. After all the succor she had freely lavished upon us for the soul and for the body, one saw her full of the grace of heaven and crowned with glory."

We have found it impossible to deprive this beautiful portrait of a single touch, and must, therefore, glance very briefly at the companion-picture, representing the equally peaceful departure two years afterwards of the husband, Claude de Beauvoir, in his eighty-fifth year:

"He spoke in a most Christian manner to M. le Comte du Roure, who did us the honor to see him often. . . . After making his confession and giving us his blessing he said, looking upon me, '*There is a good son!*' At these words I felt all the movements of the tenderness I owed to the best of fathers. God gave me grace to pray with him and not interrupt an exercise so necessary in these so pressing moments. The religious [Capuchin fathers] then came; . . . he answered the responses, . . . and, falling into a peaceful repose, he quietly departed at ten that night."

We find the chief of the elder branch always present on these solemn occasions. The Comte du Roure, with all the nobles of the neighborhood, attended the funeral and put all his household into mourning. This count, Louis Pierre Scipion de Grimoard, son of the one already mentioned, was among the most

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brilliant of the French noblesse. He married Marie du Guast d'Artigny, friend and companion of Mlle. de la Vallière, and in less than a year after fell at the battle of Fleurus.

It is only now that the foremost figure in the MS. becomes that of Jacques de Beauvoir himself. Born on the confines of the old society with its simplicity and solid virtue, and the new with its rising spirit of frivolity and luxury, he is faithful to the family traditions and remains the living image of his ancestors.

The close of the seventeenth century was the date of a crisis in numberless families in France. That of De Beauvoir was among them. By his marriage with Mlle. de Boniol, Jacques had twelve children, eight of whom were sons. The story of his cares and sacrifices, under new difficulties from without, shows us the lights and shadows, the greatness as well as the dangers and anxieties, peculiar to the period. The noblesse, though no longer able, as in former times, to furnish the principal corps of the army, gave their sons to the service of their king and country. They were, in fact, demanded of them to such an extent that families were decimated, and agriculture suffered by a system which exhausted the nation while it acted prejudicially on its public and private morality.

In 1688, to the great regret of Jacques de Beauvoir, Louis, his eldest son, an intelligent lad of fifteen, informed him "that it would be to his advantage to go to the *Académie*, for that the profession of arms was that of a gentleman." More than thirty years before Jacques had said the same thing, but then it was when he had finished his course of studies and obtained the doctorate. "I had," he writes, "an extreme regret (*déplaisir*) to see him discontinue his studies; but, seeing him so bent upon this, and not wishing to force the inclinations of my son, I ended by giving my consent." Louis, therefore, accompanied to Paris the Comte du Roure, who, after much difficulty, from the extraordinary number of applications at that time, obtained his admission to make his novitiate in arms at Besançon, where was one of the nineteen schools for cadets newly established by Louvois, and which had turned the heads of all the young nobility of France.* In giving up his eldest boy Jacques hoped that his second, who was making good progress with the Jesuit fathers, would grow up to be the "support of the family."

* Formerly the eldest, the guardian of the home, after having bravely paid with his person in the service of the king, resumed the charge incumbent upon him for the family interest. Now, however, it was in early youth that he engaged himself for an indefinite time *in a standing army*, thus almost entirely forsaking his family; and where younger brothers did the same the family often incurred no small risk of extinction.

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Scarcely, however, had he attained the third class before he, too, must follow his brother to Besançon.

"My expenses," wrote their father, "are heavier than ever. I spare nothing, nor yet from my other children, whom I bring up as well as I can." Thus when his sons obtained a sub-lieutenancy he had to pay their fees and charges, "to equip them with their outfit and uniforms at great cost, and provide them with horses and valets." Luxury had penetrated to the lowest grades in the army—not through the fault of Louvois, who barely tolerated the gold and silver stripes on the uniform of the officers. "It is ridiculous," he wrote, "to think of giving sergeants velvet trimmings, gloves, and lace cravats."*

Among the children of Jacques de Beauvoir his third boy, François, was particularly dear to him from his noble qualities and tender heart. Anxiously he hoped to be able to keep this son with him. But an outward pressure which overruled all domestic affections and duties carried him also, at the age of eighteen, into the army. It was not only the rank and file which was recruited by compulsion: the intendants of provinces did the same by the sons of noble families. Saint-Simon relates that Le Guerchois showed him "an order to seek out all the gentlemen of his neighborhood who had sons of an age to serve, but who were not in the service; to urge them to enter, to threaten them, even; and to double and triple the capitation tax of those who did not obey, and to cause them all the vexations and annoyance in his power."† François, on entering the service, was provided with horses, two mules, and all things necessary for serving in a campaign, his father cutting down some of his woods to enable him to meet these additional expenses.

In the October of that same year the young soldier was killed by a cannon-shot before Valence.

"When I received the tidings," writes the father, "my grief was so great that I could not shed a tear. The blow which had struck my child struck me also. I had kept the impression of his tender adieu to me when with his arms around me, on the night of his departure, he repeated that he went away sorrowful at leaving me indisposed. I write these lines for my sons and daughters, that the memory of their brother may always be to them a model of honor, and I entreat them ever to maintain among themselves that tenderness which is natural in our family."

* In one of the lists of purchases quoted by M. de Ribbe we find, among other things for a young sub-lieutenant, ten pairs of silk stockings, several dozens of shirts trimmed with fine lawn, and everything else to correspond.

† *Mémoires de Saint-Simon*, v. viii. p. 109.

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This, however, was not his greatest trial. A passion for gambling infested the army, as it infested the *salons* of that day. Louis de Beauvoir, in spite of parental warnings, having several times fallen into this snare, contracted heavy debts which he was unable to discharge, and which his father was obliged to borrow money in order to pay.

"Those historians," says M. de Ribbe, "who glorify the Revolution for having freed the family from the insupportable tyranny of despotic fathers have not, as we have, read the thousands of texts which, on the contrary, prove a kindness which nothing can tire out." "Correct thy son, and despair not of him," say the Holy Scriptures. That, in this spirit, Jacques de Beauvoir persevered in influencing his son less by fear than love is evident from the touching remonstrance with which we bring our notice to a conclusion:

"I am willing to hope," writes the father, "that reflection will restore you to what is becoming in an honest man. What I ask of you by a return of gentleness is, to examine my conduct in your regard from your infancy. I have been, as I was bound to be, your pedagogue, to instruct you in your duty. In your youth I placed you suitably for your advancement, confided you to my friends, and spared nothing which might give you satisfaction. When you were initiated in the service your mother and I stinted you in nothing for your equipment. When you plunged yourself, and us with you, into embarrassment I suffered all that a good father could suffer. If I have had to bear reproaches and be in confusion on your account, I have borne them with patience; and if you have put me to pain and quest, and God has permitted me to find friends to succor me, I have sought to reimburse them from the best of my possessions. Finally, if you have damaged me in my affairs, as when I was forced to sell a portion of my lands to repair your faults, never forget that you were the cause of this necessity. No one can lay to my charge that I have been a dissipator [of the property]. Had you been orderly you would have had the fruits thereof and we should not now be so tried.

"I write this in order that you may keep in memory the kindness of your father for you. I will add nothing further on this matter."

The father's hopes were not disappointed. The prodigal proved the sincerity of his repentance by a lasting change of life. In 1701 he married Jeanne de Lauzeas. Their daughter, Marguérite, became the last representative of the family, and in her Guy Joseph de Merle, Baron de Lagorce and Lord of Sizailles, married the sole heiress of the younger branch of the house of Grimoard de Beauvoir du Roure.*

* The home of Jacques de Beauvoir, and his domains of Barjac and Méjannes, now belong to Mme. de Merle de Lagorce, Vicomtesse de Pontbriant, heiress of Guy Joseph de Lagorce and Marguérite de Beauvoir.

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The MS. ends with the mention of two deaths, those of two of the younger brothers of Louis, one at the battle of Friedlingen in 1703. What befell the others we do not know, for the rest of the family history is wanting. But enough has been preserved to show, in this "mirror" of filial respect and parental devotion, of what nature were the sources whence were drawn those reserves of chivalrous courage which enabled France, without utter exhaustion, to pass through a long forty years of war.

THE IRISH IN CHILE.

N. P. WILLIS informs us in his *Pencillings by the Way* that in every European country which he visited he found Irish "adventurers of honor," as he terms them, who held in the military service of the various continental kingdoms positions of rank, trust, and dignity. Something like this has been seen in Chile. There seems to be something in the character of the Chilenos congenial to the nature of Irishmen. They are certainly the most energetic and intellectual people in South America. This has been attributed to the mixture in Chilean veins of Spanish and Araucanian blood. Of all the Indians of South America the Araucanians are the most daring, vigorous, and intrepid. Nothing could subdue their courage or cow their indomitable fortitude. In their continual resistance of invasion, in their fierce determination never to submit or yield, they equalled the most heroic races in Europe and surpassed all the other natives of the Western hemisphere. Rarely defeated and never conquered, they fought battle after battle, age after age, during three hundred years, and we might say of the native Araucanian what Horace says of his indomitable philosopher:

> "Si fractus illabitur orbis
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

At the time of the revolution Chile was the poorest and perhaps the most backward of the South American colonies, the least prepared for the terrible and trying ordeal into which she was fated to plunge. In the chorus of liberty which burst simultaneously from all the Spanish colonies, however, the intonation of Chile was by no means the least audible. The cause of

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this unanimity, this vehement passion for liberty, was to be found in the condition of the mother-country, which the South Americans felt to be an insult and an outrage to the whole Latin race. They were scandalized at the elevation of Joseph Bonaparte to the throne of Spain, the abdication of the legitimate king, the proclamation of his successor, Ferdinand VII., and the imprisonment of the latter at Bayonne. The extraordinary incidents of which Spain was the theatre furnished an ample apology for that tempest of agitation which shook the Spanish colonies like an earthquake. Like one man the Spanish settlements flung off the Spanish yoke, proclaimed their national rights, and plunged into a war which, lasting fifteen years, finally ended in their total and triumphant independence. The first steps on the road to freedom taken by Chile were by no means fortunate. She depended on the patriotism of volunteers to realize her proclamation of independence. These raw and undisciplined levies were by no means a match for the warlike and well-trained veterans of Spain, bronzed by the fire of battle in the sanguinary engagements of the great peninsular war—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, and Albuera.

But if the rank and file were untrained the generals who commanded them were experienced and well instructed. Amongst these a foremost place must be assigned to Bernard O'Higgins. This officer was the son of a remarkable Irishman named Ambrose O'Higgins, who by native talent, integrity, and perseverance rose, in spite of national prejudices and innumerable obstacles, from the humble station of a carpenter to the elevated rank of captain-general of Chile and viceroy of Peru, the latter being the most exalted dignity in the gift of the Spanish crown in the colonial empire of Spain. The offspring of an illegitimate union, Don Bernardo, the son, was sent in early boyhood to Spain, where he received an excellent military education. When his education was finished he returned to Peru, where the passion for national independence to which he devoted his afterlife was openly manifested and burned in his heart like fire in a forest. He was one of the first to enlist in the force which Carrera organized in 1813, and which acquired so much glory and suffered so many disasters. O'Higgins was not long in attracting attention by his courage in action and the extent of his military acquirements. Early in his career a brilliant achievement established on a permanent basis his military reputation. The patriot army was surprised and attacked by the Spaniards in an unguarded position on the 17th of October, 1813, routed and put

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to flight in an instant. One portion were precipitated into the river Itata, while another, rallied by O'Higgins, who held the rank of colonel, and animated by his example, succeeded in triumphantly repelling the Spanish attack.

When the commander-in-chief of the patriots, Carrera, was deposed in 1813 O'Higgins was elected by the army and the country to succeed him. The moment he attained the supreme command the war assumed a more serious aspect and more formidable proportions. At the same time the Spanish army was powerfully reinforced by the viceroy of Peru, who placed at its head a brave and experienced general named Sainga. O'Higgins advanced upon this army in March, 1814, but the Spanish general did not wait to be attacked. He quit his position and advanced by rapid marches on Santiago, the capital of Chile, which at that time was wholly defenceless. O'Higgins pursued and was rapidly gaining on his enemy when the latter, availing himself of diplomacy to avert collision, proposed an armistice, which O'Higgins assented to. This armistice, however, did not meet the approval of the viceroy of Peru, and the war, as a consequence, broke out afresh. Carrera, who was ambitious of recovering the supreme command which O'Higgins at that moment enjoyed, availed himself of the viceroy's displeasure and the popular dissatisfaction with the armistice to intrigue for the restoration of his original rank. With this view he established a junto, placed himself at its head, and demanded the restoration of supreme command. As O'Higgins was reluctant to surrender his dignity and Carrera was determined it should be his, an appeal to arms was the inevitable resource. Accordingly the rival generals came into collision on the banks of the Maipu on the 26th of August, 1814, when a battle was fought with no decisive result. The following day the conflict was about to be renewed when the startling intelligence reached them that a Spanish army had landed on the coast of Chile. The invaders were commanded, they were told, by Brigadier Osorio, and were rapidly advancing on Santiago. In the presence of a danger so appalling mutual jealousies were forgotten, union was established, and the combined forces advanced against the enemy. The patriots occupied the small town of Rancagua, twenty leagues south of Santiago, where they awaited the Spanish army. O'Higgins occupied the town. Carrera was posted two leagues in the rear. The Spaniards cut off the water, burned the suburbs, and attacked the place on four sides at the same moment. These attacks were constantly renewed during the 1st and 2d of October, 1814,

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but were constantly repulsed by O'Higgins. Of the two thousand men whom O'Higgins commanded seventeen hundred were killed. At the head of the survivors, three hundred in number, O'Higgins cut his way through the Spanish besiegers. Flushed with their success, the Spaniards marched on Santiago and took possession of the capital, and misnamed their victory "the pacification of Peru." Though O'Higgins was defeated, his defence had been so heroic that he reaped more glory from disaster than the enemy from success. He increased his military reputation and renovated the waning hopes of Chile.

Followed by the broken relics of his vanquished army, O'Higgins climbed the Andes and descended into the Argentine Republic, where he found in a province named Mendoza a refuge for himself and his weary soldiers. At that time the governor of that province was Don José de San Martin, a man destined to be famous in Spanish-American history. The conjunction of these kindred spirits was an auspicious omen to the patriots. It elicited an idea which like an electric flash shed lustre upon both and dissolved the chains of Spanish America. O'Higgins and San Martin during the summer of 1817 managed to raise in the Argentine Confederacy an army of three thousand men. At the head of this army they penetrated the passes of the Andes—narrow, rough, precipitous, and rocky, clothed in snow and rigid with eternal winter. Impeded at once by the horrors of the way and the hostility of the Spaniards lurking in the half-explored defiles, man and nature seemed to combine to shower destruction on the adventurous patriots. Gigantic mountains, towering above them to inconceivable heights, blended their eternal snows with the wintry skies. Frightful chasms, yawning beneath them into dark and impenetrable depths, seemed to open an entrance of the infernal abyss. Torrents, rocks, forests, and avalanches threatened them on every side. Above all, the subterraneous thunders of those cavernous mountains, reverberating at every footfall, seemed to rebuke with indignation the temerity which dared to invade solitudes so appalling.

Finally the patriot forces, issuing from the gorges of the Andes, encountered the Spanish army in a fierce and sanguinary engagement on the 12th of February, 1817. Of this battle Miers gives us the following account:

"It seemed as if the Spaniards conceived that San Martin's division consisted entirely of cavalry, never believing it possible for a body of infantry to march in the space of eight days over rugged mountain-passes of

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three hundred miles in length, which in some places attain an elevation of twelve thousand feet. With this impression they received the advanced party in a square. The fogginess of the morning and the dust of the vanguard favored the deception, and it was only when the infantry advanced within a quarter of a mile from the enemy that O'Higgins ordered the bands of music to strike up and led his comrades to the charge. The Spaniards now discovered their error, and the troops were ordered to deploy into line. But before this could be effected the cavalry rushed in between them, disordered their ranks, and foiled their manœuvres. Terror and dismay seized them to such an extreme that these veteran troops fled, scarcely firing a gun. Their rear was harassed by cavalry and Guaso volunteers. A detachment of cavalry sent by the pass of Tavon descended into the plain just as the royalists began to give way, joined in the pursuit, and destroyed great numbers, etc." *

The advantages conferred on the revolutionary cause by the victory of Chacabuco amply repaired the injuries inflicted by the disaster at Rancagua four years previously. General O'Higgins, who commanded a division of the army, was the hero of that glorious day. Abandoning the capital in haste, the Spaniards, alarmed at the victory of the patriots, retreated to the south in confusion and disorder. Four days subsequently the patriots entered the capital, where they organized a national government and placed O'Higgins at its head with the title of supreme dictator of Chile. The political career of General O'Higgins thus commenced on the 16th of February, 1817. Of that career Lord Cochrane remarks (vol. i. p. 69):

"Like many other good commanders, O'Higgins did not display that tact in the cabinet which so signally served the country in the field, in which (though General San Martin, by his unquestionable powers of turning the achievements of others to his own account, contrived to gain the credit) the praise was really due to General O'Higgins."

"This excellent man," he adds, "was the son of an Irish gentleman of distinction in the Spanish service, who had occupied the important position of viceroy of Peru. The son had, however, joined the patriots, and, whilst second in command, had not long before inflicted a signal defeat upon the Spaniards, in reward for which service the nation had elevated him to the supreme dictatorship."

Though a government was established in Chile, the war was not concluded in South America. The patriots were triumphant in the north, but the south was still occupied by the Spaniards. It was necessary, therefore, to renew the war while the enemy were still paralyzed by their discomfiture at Chacabuco. In this struggle, in which the object of the Spaniards was the

* *Travels in Chile.*

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preservation of power, of the patriots the extension of liberty, the most conspicuous character was O'Higgins.

The Spanish army, routed at Chacabuco but reinforced by recruits from Peru, encountered the patriots at Talcahuana, a place which the royalists had perfectly fortified. In this encounter fortune deserted the patriots; they were compelled to fall back from a field strewn with their dying, dead, and wounded. To revive their fainting spirits O'Higgins administered, in a solemn and public manner, the oath of independence, and at the same time abolished armorial bearings and titles of nobility in Chile.

The Spanish army, flushed with victory and commanded by General Osorio, advanced from Talcahuana; and O'Higgins, in conjunction with San Martin, placed themselves at the head of the patriot forces, when an incident occurred which brought the cause of freedom in South America to the verge of utter and irretrievable ruin. A more disastrous blow never visited the popular cause. Encamped at Canchayarada, the troops were engaged, on the 19th of March, 1818, in celebrating the anniversary of San Martin's birth, when they were suddenly surprised in the dead of night and overwhelmed with destruction by General Osorio. O'Higgins endeavored to rally his troops on that dreadful occasion, showing great presence of mind and personal bravery; but his arm was broken by a musket-ball and he was forced to retreat toward Santiago. Osorio followed at the head of his victorious troops, flushed with success and confident of victory, but was arrested on the plains of Maypu on the 5th of April by troops collected by San Martin. Here a fierce and sanguinary battle took place. The Spaniards were five thousand in number, and the patriots nearly as numerous. The farmhouse of Espejo, round which the storm of battle raged with terrific fury, was successively captured and recaptured twenty times, and during the greater part of the day victory seemed to favor the Spaniards. The Spanish centre and the right wing had a decided advantage, and the defeat of the patriots seemed almost inevitable. The other Spanish wing, however, seemed to shrink from the patriot attack, and the destinies of South America were trembling in the balance when the Spanish regiment of Burgos, to remedy this defaillance, attempted to form into square. At this critical moment, while death fell in showers around him, the gallant Colonel O'Brien, a native of Ireland, who had some time before joined the patriot forces, and who commanded a body of patriots termed Horse Grenadiers, precipitated

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himself upon the regiment of Burgos, charged them with such irresistible fury that they broke, fled, and threw the whole wing into confusion. A panic immediately seized the royalist army. Routed and dismayed, it was overwhelmed with destruction, and the victory of the patriots was brilliant and indisputable.

The independence of South America was established by this victory on an imperishable basis. Thenceforth the viceroy of Peru confined himself to defensive operations and recognized as invincible realities the independent republics of Chile and La Plata. Meantime the task of liberating Peru, which San Martin had projected, devolved upon O'Higgins as supreme director of Chile. To realize this project a fleet was indispensable, and Chile was wanting in all the elements of maritime evolution. O'Higgins nevertheless contrived, at the cost of many sacrifices, to equip a few vessels, which he placed under command of Admiral Blanco Eucalada. The admiral contrived with this fleet to seize in the bay of Talcahuana a magnificent Spanish frigate named *Maria Isabel.* The capture of this vessel filled Chile with exultation, as it was the first maritime victory Spanish America had ever obtained.

Finally O'Higgins had the satisfaction of seeing a naval expedition under the command of Lord Cochrane take the wind in Valparaiso for the liberation of Peru. Chile at this time had been harassed by the vicissitudes of revolution during ten years, had waged an active war against a powerful enemy during sixteen years; she was crippled by innumerable obstructions and embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties of a painful character; nevertheless O'Higgins contrived, by means of voluntary gifts and extraordinary contributions, to send out an expedition for the liberation of Peru on the 20th of August, 1820. Consisting of eleven men-of-war and fifteen transports, this expedition contained four thousand one hundred soldiers, and arms and provisions for fifteen thousand. Under San Martin, who commanded the military, and Cochrane, who was lord high admiral, it was destined to liberate Peru and elevate her from the degradation of a colony to the dignity of a new and independent nation. The military career of O'Higgins, which commenced when the first surge of revolution broke on the shores of Chile, terminated only when the power of the oppressor had entirely ebbed away and Chilean liberty was permanently established on definite foundations. He had the merit of creating institutions which, through laws that govern and tribunals that adjudicate, have rendered Chile superior to her sister-republics; and we may trace to the intelligence

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of his mind and the benevolence of his character the stream of prosperity which strengthens it with power and mantles it with opulence. He opened the "Library and National Institution," which the Spaniards closed during their transient resumption of authority, endowed commerce with liberty and encouraged agriculture by legislation, and improved cities with salubrity and beautified them with decoration. He founded cemeteries for the repose of the dead and promenades for the recreation of the living, and administered, with a zeal which was indefatigable and an honesty that was unquestionable, the pecuniary resources of Chile.

As the government of O'Higgins, extending from 1817 to 1822, though benevolent, was dictatorial, some abuses crept into the administration, and the people, as a consequence, clamored for a constitution. Resisting at first, he finally yielded and assembled a congress to frame a constitution in 1822; but as a large measure of power was conceded by this constitution to the supreme director, the people, discontented, renewed their clamors and manifested in several provinces symptoms of revolution. A public meeting was held in Santiago, which called on O'Higgins to abdicate; and as he was aware that he could not resist the national will and was not sustained by public opinion, he laid aside the ensigns of authority and descended from his magisterial throne rather than kindle in a country he loved the flames of civil war. In 1823 he turned his back on Chile and proceeded to Peru, where he spent the evening of his life at the rural retreat of Montaloan in retirement and tranquillity. He died on the 24th of October, 1842. Such was the close of the career of one of the most illustrious generals and rulers that Spanish America has hitherto produced.

Don Patricio Lynch, who in the recent war between the rival republics of Chile and Peru obtained a well-deserved celebrity, is at present commander-in-chief of the Chilean army in occupation of Lima. Son of a wealthy Irish merchant who married a Chilean lady, Rear-Admiral Lynch was born in Santiago in 1825. His naval career began on board the sloop-of-war *Libertad*, which formed part of the expeditionary squadron sent by Chile to Peru in 1837 with the view of liberating that republic from the tyranny of Santa Cruz, a Bolivian adventurer who had unified two republics in the hope of erecting a throne on the ruins of popular liberty in Peru and Bolivia. In that expedition young Lynch exhibited so much address, intrepidity, and intelligence that the

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government of Chile sent him to England, where he entered the navy and served under Admiral Ross. In the war against China, on board the frigate *Calliope*, and under command of an Irishman named Sir Thomas Herbert, he was repeatedly rewarded with knightly distinctions for brilliant services in naval engagements. On returning to England he successively served in several men-of-war, and in this way visited the most celebrated harbors in the Mediterranean, whose historical renown excited his scholarly interest. In 1847 he returned to Chile, where he entered the navy as lieutenant. We find him, when thirty years of age, in command of a frigate, which he gave up to the government in 1854 and retired from the service, when the frigate in question was converted into a state prison for the detention of political prisoners. Eleven years afterwards, in 1865, he re-entered the service when Spain was waging war against the republics of the Pacific and the naval talents of Lynch were deemed necessary to the safety and honor of Chile.

In this war he held successively the appointment of naval governor of Valparaiso, colonel-organizer of national guards, and commander of a man-of-war. In 1872 he became Minister of Maritime Affairs, and in 1879, when war broke out between Chile on the one hand and Peru and Bolivia on the other, he was still a member of the government.

Among the many services which he rendered to Chile during this memorable war the most brilliant was unquestionably his expedition to the north of Peru. At the head of a naval and military expedition he undertook the invasion of the northern provinces of Peru, which up to that time had been unvisited by war, and which furnished the enemy with abundant supplies. This expedition, which required on the part of the admiral courage and science of no ordinary character, was conducted with consummate ability and terminated in brilliant success. With a mere handful of soldiers he ravaged the enemy's territory, spread desolation far and wide, captured cities containing ten thousand inhabitants, and then, retreating to the south, took part in a campaign which reduced Lima, and terminated in a glorious and decisive manner the war between Chile and Peru. A division of the Chilean army was commanded by Admiral Lynch in the famous battles of Miraflores and Chonilles, where the Chileans, twenty-seven thousand in number, routed the Peruvians, entrenched in admirable positions and forty thousand strong. In these battles the part taken by Admiral Lynch was decisive in its results, perilous in its daring, and glorious in its renown. Such

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was the trouble he gave the enemy, he inflicted such damage upon them, that for some time his division was the exclusive object of the murderous attack and united fire of the whole Peruvian army. The audacity of his onset, the intrepidity of his defence, his consummate knowledge of the art of war, his daring and his fortitude, combined to render Lynch perhaps the most illustrious commander in the Chilean war.

The result of those fierce and sanguinary battles in which Lynch took so distinguished a part was the immediate and unconditional surrender of Lima, capital of Peru, and of Callao, the principal harbor and strongest fortress in Spanish America. Lynch was appointed prefect of Callao and invested with the power of exercising conjunctively civil and military authority. A little time subsequently he was pitched upon by the public opinion of Chile as the most suitable person to exercise the functions of commander-in-chief of the army of occupation. It has been calumniously asserted that the victory of the Chileans was the establishment of oppression. After the battle of Miraflores, according to mendacious rumors, eight hundred Italians serving in the Peruvian army were massacred in cold blood by the victorious Chileans. There is a slight difficulty in accepting this statement, inasmuch as the eight hundred Italians had no existence. They were invented for political purposes. The enemies of Chile "made the giants first and then they killed them." The presence of life, according to logic, must precede its destruction. Now, according to the testimony of the Italian consuls of Lima and Santiago, there was not in the Peruvian army a single Italian soldier, and therefore the Chileans did not stain their laurels with a heinous and unnecessary effusion of Italian blood. Indeed, the best guarantee of the mansuetude of the Chileans is the reputation of Admiral Lynch. Such a man could not befoul himself with cold-blooded massacre. It would be impossible for a government contemplating oppression and bloodshed to place such a man in so lofty and powerful a position. It is an old observation that the only justification of conquest is the improvement of the subjugated people's condition. Now, of all people in South America the Chileans are best calculated to ameliorate the condition of the Peruvians and Bolivians, because they have improved their own. They know that oppression "does not pay," and are therefore unlikely, with their inevitable good sense, to practise it. That frightful succession of military dictators who have trampled on law and established arbitrary power in the neighboring republics have never existed

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in Chile. The Chileans are a rational and fortunate people, whose elevation, like that of the sun, is certain to enlighten and benefit South America.

It must be confessed that the Chileans appear to be the only people able and energetic enough to carry out a policy involving such immense consequences, at once so large and benevolent, so capable of endowing all Spanish America with wealth, fortifying it with inviolable security, and dignifying it with imperishable honor and making the people worthy of the continent.

One thing is certain: Admiral Lynch, in command of the army of occupation, preserved the peace of Peru, rendered her cities habitable by establishing an efficient system of police, by repressing theft and punishing disorder, and spending every month nearly a million of dollars in the conquered territory. During this time, which might be termed a period of expectation, a native government sprang into existence, of which Garcia Calderon was the presiding or animating principle. It was a bad government, no doubt, but preferable unquestionably to social chaos. It was not called into existence by Lynch. It was evolved from native elements and supported by Chilean arms, in order that it might assume an appearance of power and be capable, in the eyes of the world, of signing a treaty of peace.

This native government was supplied by Lynch with six hundred Remington rifles. He limited the number to six hundred, that it might be strong enough to maintain order but not strong enough to attack him. When the Peruvians were thus armed they formed a secret conspiracy to subvert Lynch and annihilate his army. This proceeding did not meet the approbation of the rear-admiral. He had stipulated, when confiding the rifles to Garcia Calderon, that he should confine himself to six hundred, should not increase this number or use any save Remingtons. When Calderon's men—who had been, many of them, prisoners of war—were thus equipped they conceived the idea that the life of a brigand in the mountains was more checkered by vicissitude, more attractive from adventure, than the dull monotony of military duties in casern or camp; and so they stole away in a clandestine manner, with their rifles slung behind, to join Cacere, the guerrilla chief, and this apparently with the approval of Garcia Calderon. Owing to this equivocal conduct the admiral seized Garcia Calderon and sent him a prisoner to Chile. He then found that instead of six hundred Garcia was in possession of twelve hundred rifles, manufactured for the most part by Peabody; he found in addition one million

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two hundred thousand cartridges—in short, all the evidences of a treasonable complot to subvert his power and massacre the forces of Chile. The seizure of Calderon produced a world of discussion in the United States, a storm of vituperation; but no commander on earth would, under the same circumstances, have acted otherwise, "even supposing Garcia Calderon to have been recognized by all the powers in the world, and not merely by the United States and Switzerland alone." In this way the rights of Chile were vindicated by Lynch, who put an end to a war which, provoked by Peru, reddened the waters of the Pacific with human blood.

Although Admiral Lynch has already acquired an illustrious name by his past services to Chile, he will no doubt at some future time prove himself still more worthy of that country, and demonstrate the truth of what the London *Times* grudgingly admitted on one occasion: "No better governors of colonies can be found than Irishmen."

Among the "adventurers of honor," the knights-errant of modern times, who during her struggle for independence arrived in Chile to offer to the young republic the service of their sword, their science, their valor, and their blood, Don Juan MacKenna was by no means the least remarkable. Born in Ireland, he emigrated to South America when the first trumpets of revolutionary war were sounding

> "The song whose breath
> Might lead to death,
> But never to retreating."

His frank and manly character, the generosity of his heart, the native nobility of his cultivated mind, opened him a foremost place among the organizers and leaders of the first army of Chile. He held during the early years of the revolution the most important position of military governor of Valparaiso, the first harbor in Chile and the second city of the republic. When General Carrera, in 1813, was placed at the head of the first army of Chile one of his best and bravest officers was MacKenna. Arrived at the rank of general, he figured in all the early battles of the revolution—in Yerbas Buenas, in San Carlos, and the siege of Chillan, etc. The brilliant conduct of MacKenna in all these conflicts, in which the fortune of war was ever favorable to liberty, raised him to the command of the second division of the army, the first, owing to the deposition of Carrera, being under

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the orders of O'Higgins. General of the second division, MacKenna encountered the Spanish army—immeasurably superior to his own in numerical force and military discipline—in the battle of Juilo, fought on the 19th of March, 1814, and in the battle of Membrilla, which occurred on the following day. In both these encounters he routed the Spanish forces in the most brilliant and decisive manner.

General MacKenna rendered services to the republic which were not confined to the civil and military circle. He figured occasionally as a diplomatist. He and O'Higgins were appointed plenipotentiaries to negotiate with the Spanish general whom MacKenna had defeated a truce or treaty of peace, which, under the name of the "*tratado de Lircai*," they brought to a successful conclusion. After the terrible disaster which in 1814 prostrated the standards of patriotism MacKenna followed O'Higgins across the Andes, entered the Argentine Confederation, and aided in organizing the army of liberation which was fated, in the battles of Chacabuco in 1817, and of Maypu in 1818, to redress the balance and break the chains of Chile.

In these battles, unfortunately, MacKenna was not destined to participate. He was prevented by an incident of a tragical nature. He was provoked, while residing in Mendoza, to fight a duel with Luis Carrera, brother to the general of the same name who was the first president and commander-in-chief of Chile. In this duel he received a bullet in the neck which stretched him dead upon the soil. General MacKenna married a young lady, a native of Chile, and left a family which is at present one of the most illustrious in the republic.

General O'Brien was born in Ireland, and, like MacKenna, ranked amongst the most heroic officers in the war of independence. In 1817 he accompanied San Martin in the liberation of Chile, and in 1820 accompanied the same general in the liberation of Peru. In the battle of Maypu, fought in 1818, his gallantry attracted general attention. In Peru he reached the zenith of his reputation by the services he rendered to the cause of independence under O'Higgins and San Martin. When Peruvian liberty was permanently established he returned to Chile, and there resided until his death. Like MacKenna, he married a Chilean lady and left a family highly respected in the land of his adoption.

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ST. PETER'S CHAIR IN THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES.*

PART SECOND.

IT has been shown that the chair of Peter, *i.e.*, his supreme authority and power, was regarded in the earliest period of Christian history as the original and source of unity in the episcopate and in the entire communion of the Catholic Church. By virtue of this inherited and participated power, bishops were teachers, judges, and rulers in their singular and collective capacity, archbishops of various grades exercised a limited jurisdiction over their colleagues, and the Bishop of Rome, in the chair of Peter, besides fulfilling all these functions within particular spheres, exercised alone the office of universal primacy.

We have endeavored to set forth the real one-ness of the Papacy with the episcopacy, which has been by some schismatically divided from it and placed in an attitude of separation and opposition. The apostolic college was one, and the other apostles were like St. Peter, without prejudice to his principality. Likewise, the episcopal college, constituted in its essence and substance after the apostolic model and succeeding to the apostolate, is one; all bishops being like the pope without prejudice to his sovereign pre-eminence. Nothing can be plainer than the fact that in the first two centuries supreme priesthood, supreme teaching authority, supreme power of judging and ruling in spirituals, were ascribed by all professed Christians who were not open heretics, to the episcopal order in the Catholic Church. It is also plain that this Catholic episcopate, with the clergy and the people subject to their rule, were regarded as one universal organized body. Further, that within this whole there were three great parts, whose respective centres were Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, besides probably three or four other lesser portions lying between the greater divisions of the West and the East, which certainly made separate exarchates in the fourth century, and may therefore be fairly supposed to have existed from the earliest period. It is also unquestionable that Rome was the

* By an error of the press an important sentence in our previous article was turned into nonsense. The last sentence of the last paragraph but one (p. 507) reads: "The indirect, *immediate*, and diffused influence of the primacy, etc." It should read: "indirect, *mediate*, and diffused influence."

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first among the three great apostolic sees, and it has been proved that the Roman pontiff, as holding the place of Peter, possessed a principality among and over all bishops, claimed pre-eminent jurisdiction by virtue of his place, and was generally acknowledged to possess this right, notwithstanding opposition or resistance to his exercise of authority in certain instances. We have given good reasons to show that the Roman See of Peter was the centre of unity in the Catholic Church, that from his primacy all episcopal jurisdiction, and organization into lesser and greater dioceses, were derived, and, in particular, that all pre-eminence of one bishop over others was merely a concession of prerogatives belonging exclusively by divine right to the successors of Peter. There is no question of a *jus divinum*, except in the Papacy and the episcopate. The bishops in general succeed to the place of the college of apostles. The pope succeeds to the Prince of the Apostles in his principality, as well as to the ordinary apostolic episcopate. The distinction between these two terms of the divine right of apostolic succession, their relation, mutual attitude and adjustment, constitute the complete doctrine concerning the *subject* of the supreme hierarchical power.

The primary *object* of this power is the preservation of the unity of faith in the church, on which all else depends. The relation of the Papacy to the episcopate in respect to the office of preserving, teaching, and vindicating the Catholic faith, as manifested by the documents and facts of the earliest period of Christianity, must be, therefore, its fundamental relation. An exposition of the office of St. Peter's primacy in the supreme teaching magistracy of the church will suffice for all else which this office comprehends; and it will lead our argument upon the ground where we desire to have it, away from the merely exterior discipline of government, into the interior relations of the Papacy with the essential doctrines of Christianity.

Our task is twofold—on the one hand, to show the Papacy existing, together with that faith which the Roman Church has always confessed as the very essence of Christianity, each one in the closest relations with the other, and both intrinsically the same as they are now, at that early period we are reviewing; on the other hand, to show both together to have been at the close of that period the unaltered religion which the apostles promulgated and which they received from Jesus Christ. Catholicism and Christianity are two names of one work whose author is Jesus Christ. Its whole nature is implicitly or virtually con-

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tained in, and may be represented by, one terse and concise expression of Catholic faith: Jesus Christ is truly God, and Peter is his vicegerent. It is a historical fact that this is Christianity. "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet" is the formula of the Mohammedan religion, as all must admit to be historically certain, whether believers or unbelievers in Islam. "There is one God of Israël, and a Messiah to come" is the formula of Judaism, by the common admission of those who maintain and those who reject it. In like manner, Mohammedans, Jews, unbelievers in Christianity of every sort have often acknowledged that the formula of Christianity is the one which Catholics profess.

It is, in fact, given in the Gospel itself, as clearly as the Mohammedan formula is given in the Koran. St. Peter, making his confession to the Lord at Cæsarea-Philippi, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," while his name was still Simon, or more properly Simeon; and receiving the name Peter, in the original Kepha, with the well-known promise annexed, is presented to us by the evangelist as an impersonated epitome of Christianity. He represents the apostles, his own future successors and theirs, all popes and œcumenical councils, all coming Fathers and Doctors, and the multitude of true believers, to the end of the world. All Catholic faith and theology are the explication of the epitome of his confession. The complete history of Christianity is the explication of an epitome of itself contained in the words of Christ addressed to Peter. By his faith he was made fit to be the Rock and Foundation of the church. In fulfilment of the promise typified by his new name, he was made unfailing in faith and entrusted with the office of confirming his brethren, teaching and ruling the whole flock of Christ, bearing the keys of the kingdom of heaven, the symbol of the viceroyalty which was given to him as the vicegerent of Christ on earth. The promise and grant extended to the end of the world by their formal terms, the foundation and constitution of the church once established were permanent and unchangeable by their very nature. It was necessary, therefore, that Peter should live and rule in his successors, and his chair be established, an everlasting spiritual throne, the supreme seat of divine truth and law, the Holy See by pre-eminence, possessing the principality, *την αρχην*, both in the sense of source and origin and in that of supremacy. The immutability of the faith of Peter which was the principle of his firmness is necessarily the primary and fundamental principle of unfailing strength and durability in his

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chair and his successors—a principle which is the chief support of unity in faith and communion underlying and sustaining the universal church in all ages. History bears witness to the indissoluble union between the Papacy and the faith in the Divinity of Christ. Roman faith has always been Catholic faith. From St. Paul to St. Cyprian unanimous testimony is given to the Roman Church as the principal stronghold of the faith—that church whose faith the apostle says is proclaimed throughout the whole world, to which, the archbishop says, faithlessness can have no access. It suffices to refer to the passages already cited. Similar eulogiums have been pronounced by eminent Protestants, some of whom assign as a principal cause of the power of the Roman Church its steadfast adherence to that one form of faith which they acknowledge to be apostolic. One citation may answer as a sample of many similar ones. Casaubon says: "No one who is skilled in the knowledge of the affairs of the church is ignorant that God made use of the efforts of the Roman pontiffs during many ages for preserving the doctrine of the right faith" (*In Annal. Baron. Exercit.* xv.)

It has already been amply shown that the great defenders of the faith in the early period under review referred to the unanimous teaching of Catholic bishops as the standard of genuine apostolic doctrine, and to the principal apostolic churches, especially the Roman, as the depositories of authentic tradition, as the most learned Protestant writers acknowledge. St. Irenæus represents all these, and is the most competent and authoritative witness to the universal belief and teaching of the immediate successors of the apostles concerning the external proximate rule of faith, and the special office of the Roman Church and pontiff in the *Ecclesia Docens*, the supreme tribunal of teaching and judging in matters of doctrine and morals.

Mosheim avows that the complete idea of the papal constitution of the church is logically implied in the principles laid down by St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian. He says that "no one is so blind as not to see that between a certain unity of the universal church terminating in the Roman pontiff, and such a community as we have described out of Irenæus and Cyprian, *there is scarcely so much room as between hall and chambers or between hand and fingers*" (*De Appel. ad Concil. Univ.*, sec. xiii.) It is only the perverse determination to separate and divide one part of Christianity from another, and to accuse the fathers of the age following the apostolic age of innovating and altering, which can blind one's eyes to the obvious fact that the reason why the ex-

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plicitly formulated doctrine of later ages is contained implicitly, or at least virtually, in that of earlier times, is that they received it from the apostles in the beginning.

The first principle of all this sophistry, and the seat of its noxious plausibility, lies in the change of terms by which a false theory of alteration, or of new growth by the assimilation of external and foreign elements, is ignorantly or adroitly substituted for the true idea of historical development and progress in Christianity. It is important, therefore, to pause for a moment at this point, and explain the true doctrine of development. Cardinal Newman has made the most thorough and admirable exposition of it in one special *Essay on Development*, and in many other parts of his writings. We will take, however, a short and summary statement of the same from the pages of another eminent author, a French bishop, abridging it as much as possible by quoting only so much as is absolutely necessary:

"It is the constant teaching of the Fathers that a certain progressive illumination is produced as time passes, in the church, by the works of her doctors, and especially by her supreme decisions, and that this progress is ordinarily effected by the occasion of contradictions and conflicts awakened by innovators. . . . This progressiveness of illumination in the church has an immediate reference to the manner according to which Jesus Christ revealed his doctrines to his disciples. For the Saviour did not deliver his dogmatic instruction to the apostles as a speculative system, rigorously co-ordinated and enclosed in invariable formulas. He wrote nothing. He gave forth his teaching historically and, as it were, according to circumstances; attaching it to certain exterior acts and always mingling with it moral considerations. And although the teaching which he dispensed in this manner forms a complete religion perfectly linked together in all its parts, yet he awaited the sending of the Holy Spirit for imparting a complete understanding of it to his apostles. They themselves followed an analogous method in the fulfilment of their own mission. Founding at the beginning doctrine upon preaching, they gave to the faithful a summary of the truths to which all other truths are related; they connected their instruction with certain rites and certain sacred institutions, and, although they suppressed nothing, especially in their lessons to the pastors whom they established, of all which the Saviour had commanded them to teach, and of that which was useful, they insisted principally on those dogmatic and moral truths which were either necessary to the organization of the church or the most directly suitable for forming the faithful to a truly Christian life. The writings composed by several of their number are conceived in a sense conformable to this line of conduct. None of them show any trace of an intention to present a complete view of Christianity. Having inherited the same spirit, the Catholic Church, who possesses also in her bosom the whole divine truth, does not declare it in a manner which is always and absolutely the same. . . . In the process of time the dogmatic truth is made manifest in the church by the writings of her doctors and

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her authoritative decrees with greater splendor than it had before; it is defended by more solid argumentation, it is stated with greater precision: in regard to certain points that which is really contained in the divine revelation is ascertained with greater certitude; but it always remains the same in substance. . . . It is declared in a more solemn manner; but before this declaration it was generally regarded as revealed. It is expressed in more precise terms; but these new terms are employed to interpret the sense of a faith which has never been new. The dogmatic progress which is accomplished in the church is therefore an exterior and relative progress in the formality of the doctrine, and not a substantial progress in its intrinsic reality. . . .

"The assertions of those modern rationalists who regard Christianity as a merely human work, and its actual dogmatic teaching as a natural development wrought by the human mind, lack an historical foundation and are manifestly proved to be false by a series of facts. Catholicism is exhibited as the only true form of Christianity, since it is in its bosom that the doctrine of Jesus Christ was primarily deposited and has been preserved without alteration to the present day.

"What do I say? This doctrine itself shows itself to be manifestly divine in its history; for if it were true that Catholic dogma, unformed and uncertain on many points at its origin, became formed only by little and little, by means of foreign elements and across numerous incertitudes and variations, it would bear in itself, however full of wisdom it might seem to be in other respects, the marks of a human opinion, and its divinity would be manifestly in peril. But if it can be proved that the doctrine which the Catholic Church now professes, formed and perfect from its origin, has remained substantially the same during its march across the ages; that amid the diverse movements to which human society has been subjected it has always been sufficiently understood and sufficiently professed; . . . that the progress of light which has been visible in it is not a progression in its interior reality of being but in the form of expression and instruction, not due to principles exterior to itself but to the innate virtue of its animating spirit; there is no more room for doubting that it has been introduced into the world by a superior intervention. For a doctrine which has produced itself, established, preserved, perpetuated itself with such characteristics, and so completely beyond the conditions of the existence of all human opinions, doctrines, and beliefs, bears, in its origin and its history, the visible signature of the hand of God." *

To apply this now to the primacy of St. Peter and his successors: all that the church has defined or will ever define as of Catholic faith respecting this primacy is contained either explicitly or implicitly in the divine revelation whose sources are Scripture and apostolic tradition. The entire *jus divinum* of the Papacy and of the episcopate is contained in the commission given by the Lord to St. Peter and the apostles, and can neither be increased nor diminished. The indefectibility and infallibility

* Ginoulhiac, *Hist. du Dogme Cathol.*, Introd.

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of the chair of Peter, and of the dispersed and collective episcopate in communion with it, and of the universal church under these legitimate pastors, are included in the grant and promise given to Peter and the apostles, although not expressed in these precise terms. The ideas expressed by these terms were embedded in the Catholic consciousness, and were most energetically operative, especially in the Holy See itself, the centre of vital power, during the earliest ages.

A complete epitome of this primitive phase of the doctrine which was more precisely formulated in later times is contained in the language of St. Irenæus of which we have already given the citation and the literal exposition. He most distinctly and emphatically affirms the necessity of all churches and all the faithful agreeing and being united with the faith and communion of the Roman Church, the chief rule and standard of orthodoxy, through whose succession and tradition the faith had been universally promulgated and preserved, and in which it had its most full demonstration. The "most powerful principality" which he ascribes to the Roman Church because it has the chair of Peter is a principality, whose prerogatives are exercised by a supreme doctrinal authority imposing consent and obedience, and holding the universal church in the bonds of unity, as one communion professing one faith. It is obviously absurd and impossible that the Catholic Church should be held by the obligation of such bonds under the principality of the chair of Peter, unless it were made by the divine power indefectible and infallible. Supreme authority to teach, with a correlative obligation on the disciples to hear and obey, implies the possession of a deposit of divine revelation with a perpetual assistance of the Holy Ghost to preserve and promulgate the same unfailingly and unerringly. For the same reason the Catholic episcopate must be, as a body, indefectible and infallible in union with its head. For it has divine authority to teach, with a correlative obligation on the faithful to believe and obey. The whole body of the church is indefectible and infallible, because it adheres to the doctrine of a supreme teaching authority which is rendered an unfailing and unerring rule of faith by the perpetual presence and grace of the Holy Spirit. Understood in this sense, the proposition that St. Peter was the representative of the whole college of the apostles and of the whole church is perfectly true. The chair of Peter, in the same sense, is the representative and organ of the episcopal college and of the entire society of the Catholic Church. All co-exist together after the manner of one, and con-

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stitute a perfect and inseparable organized unity. It is the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church which is indefectible, infallible, unchangeable, and perpetual, the Spouse of Christ, the Tabernacle of the Holy Spirit, possessing and confessing the true faith once delivered to the saints, from the first day of Pentecost to the end of the world. Having said enough in vindication of the special office of the primacy of St. Peter and his successors in the church, we shall henceforward cease to speak particularly and separately of this, and consider the Catholic faith in a general sense as the common and universal confession of all the faithful everywhere in the earliest age, believed always, everywhere, and by all, identical with the faith which Catholics now profess, and which the apostles delivered as they received it from Jesus Christ, aided and inspired by the Holy Spirit.

It is a historical fact of which we have given sufficient proofs that in the second and third centuries there was such an objective faith distinctly recognized as Catholic, in opposition not only to Jewish and pagan errors, but also to every kind of heresy and sectarian opinion. Its criterion was its priority and its credentials of authenticity as being the tradition of pure legitimate descent from the original teaching of the apostles. There is not a trace of Protestant supernaturalism or of Protestant rationalism to be found, at this early time, except among the heretical sects. The notion that the pure Christian religion is something which each individual believer imbibes for himself from the Scriptures, by the help of a personal illumination of the Spirit, was altogether absent from the Catholic consciousness. The notion that Christianity is a philosophy resting on private reason, and proving itself by merely natural principles through argumentation, is one absolutely scouted as profane and heathenish. The idea of Christian doctrine as a collection of positive articles of belief, revealed by God through the oral teaching of Jesus Christ to the apostles, and made known by them through preaching, and embodied in creeds, rites, and ecclesiastical institutions, preserved and handed on by a living tradition, is the one idea which was prevalent and universal. This idea cannot have become peaceably prevalent and universal by a change and alteration which Christianity underwent during the second and third centuries. And, moreover, there is a chain of continuous and unbroken testimony going back to the apostolic age itself, which proves that this is the authentic and apostolic idea of Christianity.

The Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, etc., show to even a cursory and superficial inspection that

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the faith was something positive, distinct, certain, having as its rule the preaching of the apostles. The Gospels record the commission of Jesus Christ to the apostles to teach in his name, accompanied by the promise of the Holy Spirit. The last of the apostles, St. John, in his Apocalypse, Gospel, and Epistles, is a witness to the soundness of the faith and the legitimacy of the constitution of the Catholic Church at the end of the first century. All the heretics and sectarians existing at that time are unsparingly condemned by the last of the apostles; and authentic history proves him to have superintended that ecclesiastical order and instruction in the Asian diocese the counterparts of which existed in Italy, Asia Minor, and Egypt, as well as other parts of the world; to have been the master and teacher of the first of that line of Fathers whose doctrinal testimony culminates so splendidly in St. Cyprian. In the Epistle which St. John wrote to the churches of Asia as an introduction to his Gospel he most clearly lays down as a criterion of discernment between true Christians and heretics: "We are of God. He that knoweth God heareth us: he that is not of God heareth us not: *by this we know* the Spirit of truth and the spirit of error" (1 Ep. iv. 6).

This is the precise doctrine of St. Clement, St. Ignatius, St. Irenæus, and Tertullian. St. John addresses primarily the bishops, and as there were no other apostles surviving with himself, the *We* and *Us* must be referred to his colleagues in the episcopate. The testimony contained in the inspired writings of the apostles is certainly not to be excluded, but there is no reason to consider their written testimony as exclusive of their oral doctrine preserved by tradition. Dr. Fisher, in his able and beautiful article on "The Christian Religion," * says: "A distinction must be made . . . between Christianity and the Bible. . . . Christianity existed and was complete, and it was preached, before a syllable of the New Testament was written" (p. 180). Of course, then, it remained and was an objective, certain, recognizable reality by virtue of this original preaching of it in its completeness, after the writing of the New Testament was finished, which was not until seventy years after the Ascension. Moreover, although the writings of the apostles were of paramount authority as well as their preaching, their meaning was necessarily interpreted by the doctrine and institutions which made up the complete Christianity already existing. Just as now a Catholic will understand the declaration of St. Paul, "We have an altar," to refer to the altar of the Eucharistic sacrifice, and a Presbyterian will

* *North American Review*, February, 1882.

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interpret it in a mystical and allegorical sense, because there are altars in Catholic churches and none in those of Presbyterians; so, in the primitive times, that which was commonly believed and practised would concur with the verbal expressions of a sacred writing to determine the real meaning of the inspired writer. That traditional sense of the true nature and purport of the apostolic teaching, coming down to us through historical documents and embodied in facts, which agrees with the Catholic sense of the Scriptures of the New Testament, must therefore be the correct sense. It is worth just as much in handing down the true sense of these writings, and in testifying to the nature of that Christianity which was complete and was preached before they were written, as it is in vouching for the authenticity of the writings themselves.

Dr. Fisher refers to St. Irenæus as an unimpeachable witness to the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John:

> "Irenæus, a man of unquestioned probity, Bishop of Lyons in the latter part of the second century, by whom, as by all of his contemporaries, the fourth Gospel was received without doubt or question, had personally known in the East the martyr Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and had heard him describe the manners and appearance of the Apostle John, whom Polycarp had personally known at Ephesus, where the apostle spent his closing years. It is morally impossible that Irenæus received a Gospel as from John which Polycarp knew nothing of, or that Polycarp could have been mistaken on a point like this" (*Ut supr.* p. 196).

It is just as impossible that Polycarp, Ignatius, Clement should have been mistaken in regard to any other important matter of apostolic doctrine and order, and that Irenæus, Victor, Tertullian, Cornelius, Stephen, Cyprian should have received as from Peter, Paul, John, and the other apostles and apostolic men, as divine and Catholic tradition of faith and law, of doctrines and principles, anything unknown to their immediate disciples and successors. It is morally impossible that the universal, traditional understanding of the sense of the Holy Scriptures, received by the Fathers and Doctors who flourished either before or after the Nicene Council, should have come in and become dominant either through an honest misinterpretation or an intentional alteration of Christianity. They had no doubt of the perfect agreement between the inspired writings of the New Testament and Catholic tradition. They were honest and sincere, intelligent and learned. They could not have been deceivers or deceived. Either they were right or the New Testament is worthless as a rule of faith, and Christianity a delusion. If

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Christianity and the Bible are to be interpreted by the illumination of the Holy Spirit given to sincere and holy men, never were there so many men of such heroic sincerity and sanctity as in those early ages of the church; never were the gifts of the Holy Spirit poured out in such abundance as in the spring-time and seed-time of Christianity. If human reason and human knowledge suffice, never were the natural facilities for understanding what Judaism, paganism, and Christianity really were, so abundant and available as then; never were men better capable of judging them than those who were eye-witnesses and participators in their great struggle with each other for the mastery of the world. There is such a thing as personal and individual illumination by the Holy Spirit, if the Holy Scriptures interpreted by the unanimous consent of the Fathers and Doctors of the church are credible. But the men who have given the best evidence of possessing this inner light have been led by it to conform their belief to that which the Catholic Church has always professed. There is such a thing as a rational philosophy and a scientific history of Christianity resting on a solid basis of certainty. We do not fear to submit the evidences of the Catholic religion to this test. They can stand an appeal to the New Testament interpreted either by the general suffrage of the most learned or that of the most holy students of its divine pages. They can stand an appeal to reason and history. In respect to the question what is the real meaning of the New Testament, and what the real meaning of the original Christianity of Christ and the apostles, there is no view or hypothesis, other than the Catholic theory, which can command any general suffrage or secure any permanent assent. If there is anything at all intelligible and certain in regard to the matter, from reason, history, the New Testament, and the tradition of Christianity, the Christianity of the third century was the same unaltered religion which Jesus Christ commissioned his apostles to preach. And this was neither the system of rationalistic or supernaturalistic Protestantism in any of their phases. Not one of these has any objective, historical, or rational verity in it, as an exposition of what Jesus Christ and his apostles actually taught as divine revelation, or actually did as founders of a religion for the world. They are all subjective opinions, conjectures, systems of some imaginary religion or philosophy which they suppose to have pre-existed to the actual and historical Christianity, because of some individual and *à priori* conceptions of their own, or some private interpretation of certain texts of the Holy Scrip-

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ture, or some personal religious experience. The doubt and hesitation with which these various opinions are held and expressed even by learned men, by those whose office it is to instruct others, are daily becoming more manifest, and those who resolutely adhere to their convictions of the truths of natural religion, and even to their belief that there is a truth revealed by God through Christ for the salvation of the world, who detest and shudder at the atheism and scepticism of avowed apostates from Christianity, are more and more becoming aware that they are only seekers and inquirers but not possessors of this truth.

It was not so with the faithful of the apostolic age or with those who believed in Christ and confessed his name during the ages of martyrdom. Tertullian makes the characteristic difference of a Catholic from a heretic to consist in this: that the one is certain of possessing the truth which the other professes to be seeking after. He became a precursor of all those who have departed from this Catholic truth to follow the delusion of false lights, by abandoning his own principle. The principle stands, however, on its own basis, and it is the same which is proclaimed by St. Irenæus, St. Vincent of Lerins, and all other great writers on the rule of faith who flourished during those earlier ages upon which Catholics, Greeks, Anglicans, and all others of the more orthodox Protestants look back with reverence. The complete fulfilment of the plan of argument we have proposed requires that we should show, in respect to all the principal parts of the entire system held and recognized in the second and third centuries as Catholic, by a series of testimonies, that they were professed continuously from the times of the apostles to the middle of the third century, without alteration. For the present we will merely summarize them in a brief general statement, giving only an outline and the principal features of that primitive Catholic theology, but not attempting to enumerate all its particulars.

God has made his final and complete revelation through Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ has committed this revelation to a perfect and unequal society, hierarchically constituted in strict, organized, catholic unity, as the medium of the illumination and sanctification of men by the Holy Spirit.

The primary truth of this revelation is the being of the Godhead essentially and substantially One, subsisting in Three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

The second truth of this divine revelation is the personal

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identity of Jesus Christ with God the Son, on account of which he is truly and properly God as well as Man, having been born of the Virgin Mary in order to redeem mankind from a fallen state the consequence and penalty of the sin of Adam.

The application of this redemption to each individual is necessary to his salvation from original and actual sin, and is made by the grace of the Holy Spirit.

The conditions of receiving this grace, for those who have the use of reason, are faith and good works, with the reception of the sacraments in the Catholic Church; and for others the one condition is the reception of the sacrament of baptism.

All grace and salvation are conferred upon men in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, who offered himself on the cross a sacrifice for the human race, rose again, ascended into heaven, will come again to consummate the present order, and will confer on the saved a share in his own glory in the kingdom of heaven.

As a consolation to the church, deprived of his visible presence on the earth, the Lord has left to her a legacy of love in the Blessed Eucharist, in which he is truly present, offering himself continually as a sacrifice and giving himself in the sacrament to those who receive it, as a source of life and grace to all who are worthy. In the other sacraments he effects that which they signify, through the operation of the Holy Spirit working by them as instruments, except in so far as the unfitness of the recipient hinders the effect of grace.

A catechumen seeking for the truth and for salvation in the Catholic Church had a plain way before him. He was taught that there is but one true church, the only way of salvation, easily discernible from sects of heresy by its plain marks. He submitted with unquestioning docility to the instructions of his teachers, who disclosed to him the doctrines of the faith summed up in the Apostles' Creed; as revealed by God and proposed by the church; after a sufficient moral preparation. By baptism and confirmation he was made a Christian and a child of God and sealed with the sign of the Holy Spirit. Introduced among the faithful, he found the great act of Christian worship to be the mystical sacrifice of the Body and Blood of the Lord, the highest Christian privilege to be the communion with Christ through the participation of the same oblation. Henceforth he had only to persevere in the communion of the church, in the profession of the faith, and in the observance of the commandments, in order to make his salvation sure. If he sinned

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grievously after baptism, the way was open to him to be reconciled through penance and absolution. The teaching of his bishop and priests, according to a plain and well-known rule of common, Catholic faith, and the public reading of the Scriptures, gave him all the Christian knowledge and edification which were needful, and if he could obtain and read some or all of the books of the Holy Scripture, they were an unfailing source of inspired wisdom to whose meaning his Catholic faith gave him the key. If he chose the higher path, the evangelical counsels invited him to follow Christ along their straight and narrow road. If he married, his nuptials were hallowed by a sacramental grace, his children could be sanctified in baptism from their birth and his household made a miniature of the church. Priests whose consecration came from the hands of Christ ministered to him in holy things, and prayed over him at the hour of death, absolving him from his sins, giving him the viaticum, and anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. Holy rites blessed his burial, and prayers were offered for the repose of his soul, unless he were so happy as to become a martyr, when he was commemorated and invoked at the altar among the saints. He was one of a great assembly of angels and saints in heaven, and of faithful Christians united in the grand communion of the Catholic Church on earth under the benign government of the successors of St. Peter and the apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the supreme king and pontiff of the triumphant and militant church.

This was the religion which was propagated in such a marvellous way during the first three centuries of the Christian era, and triumphed in the fourth through Constantine. We have proved the correctness of our description already in great part, either directly or indirectly, in our series of articles of which the present is one. The evidence for the remainder may be given hereafter.*

* NOTE. The author is obliged to discontinue this series during the summer months, but hopes to finish it later.

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

IV.

BEFORE returning to London the Mowbrays took a short trip on the Continent. By the time they returned "many things had happened," to quote a phrase of the new premier that was accepted as a witticism. The government had been thrown out—encountered a disastrous defeat, in fact. The Home-Rulers had shown surprising strength and returned most of their men. Lafontaine was beaten by a neck, and had just time to run over to England and slip in for Broadbridge, where his family connections were strong.

Public excitement ran high. Great expectations were formed of the new government and no little anxiety as to its foreign policy. European affairs were in a delicate condition. There was trouble brewing in the East, and the new premier had always insisted that England was a great Eastern as well as a great Western power. He had views of his own, too, as to the position England ought to occupy in European affairs, and now was the time to test them. There was much noise in the clubs and in society. The younger members of the successful party went about with a jaunty, aggressive air and a dash of war in their coat-tails, and English opinion was being unconsciously fanned into a flame against somebody or something. The new chief had a contempt for the local littlenesses of English politics, which he considered matters for a tax-gatherer rather than a statesman. His ambition was imperial, and he had once likened the late government to a company of vergers.

All this tended not a little to agitate society and make a lively season, to which the irruption of Home-Rulers added a spice of novelty.

"What do you think of them?" was asked the chief.

"They are exceedingly picturesque," he drawled. "They will help to break the gloomy monotony of the opposition benches."

Later on in the season he gave the word to his followers to "cultivate those fellows. They hardly know what they are after yet, but they are numerous enough to make mischief were they only gifted with the un-Irish vice of union. We must keep them

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scattered, and bag them where you can. They would make capital sand-bags between our fortress and the enemy. I see G—— is roaring against us in the north. But he is too angry, and passion spoils his aim. He is shooting over the heads of people, not at their hearts; and the English people soon tire of a verbal *mitrailleuse*. But get our women to invite these Irishmen. They are an imaginative and impressionable people. They love splendor, and all resemble my old friend Moore in this: they dearly love a lord." The chief's will was law even in social affairs, and the Home-Rulers found the sealed doors of the great *salons* open to them as if by magic.

D'Arcy's maiden speech in the House was a very quiet affair, on some small matter connected with his constituency. It called for no rhetoric and received none. The subject was commonplace and the speech in keeping. It did not last ten minutes. The House was prepared to listen with interest as the member for Castle Craig rose—the youngster who had beaten the late government's favorite. It saw a good-looking young fellow with some character in his face. It heard an accent that would be called purely English. The voice was pleasant to hear; the demeanor of the man attractive by its quiet modesty. Having stated his case in a brief and business-like manner, he sat down amid the applause which the usage of the House always prescribes for a maiden effort, no matter how bad it may be. The powers of the speaker were as yet ungauged. As he sat down the chief looked up and asked who he was. "That is D'Arcy," was the answer. "And who is D'Arcy?" "The new member for Castle Craig, who beat Lafontaine." "Ah!" said the great man. "That was a promising speech for a young member. He knows how to state a case." The promising speech in question was reported in two lines of next morning's *Times*.

Later on in the session Mr. Butt brought forward his motion to consider the state of Ireland and explain his demand for Home Rule. The Home-Rulers showed fight, and some of them a great capacity for debate. The House was filled with a brilliant assembly, and as Lafontaine was expected to speak on Irish affairs in defence of the late government, Gertrude obtained an order admitting her to the Bird-cage. It was her first visit to St. Stephen's, and she caught the excitement of the hour as she looked down from the grilled gallery behind which the ladies were hidden in an obscure corner of the chamber that contained the legislators of an empire as great as Rome in the zenith of its power.

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Gertrude's knowledge of politics was as limited as that of most young ladies; and as for Irish politics or the state of Ireland she was as ignorant as the government itself. Mr. Butt made a magnificent speech from an oratorical point of view, and his strong eloquence created quite a flutter in the Ladies' Gallery. To cool judges, however, it was a little vague, and perhaps diffuse, as bearing on a question of practical politics and legislation. But it warmed the House and at once created a desire on the part of every one to speak. The debate soon waxed hot and furious, and the pent-up wrath of the late government burst forth in a scorching stream on those whom it chose to designate as Irish deserters. Later on in the evening Lafontaine was put up to answer a damaging attack on the late Irish administration. Gertrude felt her heart glow with pride as his tall, sinewy form rose like a young gladiator's amid the now tumultuous assembly, that stilled to listen to the ex-under-secretary. It grew more still as his icily cool and calmly confident tones were heard. His reply was admirable from an under-secretary point of view. He rebutted loose charges with force and skill, showed up the contradictions of the Home-Rulers themselves in the actual debate, presented a few half-facts from his own experience that seemed to throw a new light on the whole subject, and one strongly in favor of the late government, which was just on the eve of doing great things for Ireland when Irishmen, with their usual skill in detecting and rewarding their best friends, united with a party who had never brought forward a single measure of peace or good-will to the Irish people, but had opposed to the death every movement in that direction. It was Irish influence that had overthrown Ireland's friends. He congratulated the government on its new allies. The alliance would last until the government was mad or foolish enough to imitate their conduct and attempt some measures for Irish relief. They would then experience the customary gratitude of the Irish people and find their benefits thrown back into their teeth.

There was a tinge of passion in his tones as he closed that told upon the House, and he sat down amid a storm of cheers and counter-cheers. The tumult extended even to the Ladies' Gallery. Gertrude felt as though she had been witnessing something grand and heroic, and listened with a sense of delight to the admiring comments of the ladies around her. "Lafontaine is admirable," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "What a pity so fine a young man is not on our side! He must really be converted. Hush! who is that replying?"

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Gertrude looked eagerly forward at a man whose back was for the moment turned in their direction. A hush of expectancy had fallen on the House, for Lafontaine's speech had been a telling one and had turned the current of debate into a new channel. It was thought that one of the leading lights of the Home-Rule party would have been put up to reply. But here was a young man, who had only addressed the House on one or two occasions and in the briefest possible way. "It is a debate of infants," whispered the chief contemptuously to his neighbor, and he drew his hat lower over his eyes and stared into vacancy.

The voice of the new speaker did not at first reach to the Ladies' Gallery; but as it went on it gained strength and firmness. A sudden interruption by an honorable member seemed to provoke some quick retort, for the House laughed and cheered. Here the speaker turned, and Gertrude saw that it was D'Arcy.

And now all his words came floating up to her and she felt a strange tingling sensation through all her being. She did not understand a word of what he was saying. To her he was still standing half in the shadow, half in the sun, and telling her the quaint story of Eva's Tear. House and parliament and affairs of nations faded from her vision, and away in the distance somewhere a rich baritone was ringing out in gay freedom. Then a beautiful girl came like a burst of sunlight through the fairy foliage, and the baritone faded away, leaving a mocking echo after it.

She was roused from her reverie by an exclamation from Mrs. Beauchamp of "Who is he?" and a roar rose up from the heated assembly below. It was not laughter this time, but defiant cheer answering to defiant cheer. Gertrude looked down and saw that men were angry and excited. The only men cool and collected she could see were her hero the chief and D'Arcy. He had evidently caught the ear of the House, and more: he had moved it to passion, and passion vibrated in his own tones. Gertrude listened now with all her ears, just as D'Arcy was overturning point by point the defence of Lafontaine. What a multitude of facts and figures that young man seemed to have stored away in his solid-looking head! These enabled him to supply and supplant the half-facts that Lafontaine had given out with bureaucratic confidence, and the latter began to experience the uncomfortable feeling that he ought to have been more fully prepared. As the speech progressed the speaker launched into a wider and bolder field, and took up the taunt of the govern-

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ment that the Home-Rulers themselves did not know or could not explain what they meant by Home Rule. There came a play of sarcasm dashed with strong indignation as he scornfully held up for show men so palpably ignorant of Irish affairs undertaking not only to defend an erring and deceitful government but themselves to govern a country of which they knew nothing. There were "Oh! oh's!" at the use of the word deceitful, but the speaker held to it and enumerated the cases in which the Irish had been deceived by a government calling itself liberal. "It is a government of pledges and of promises," he concluded —"of pledges broken and promises unfulfilled. I can find no word but deceitful to apply to such actions, sir. We have heard much of ingratitude to-night—the ingratitude of the Irish people to the late government. What have you done for us that you should claim our gratitude?" he asked, turning full on the leader of the opposition. "Gratitude for what or to whom? I look at the history of my country, not in the dead past, but in the living day, in this century, and from its dawn to the present I search in vain for any adequate motive of gratitude, not to the late government alone but to any English government." ("Oh! oh!" and cries of "Emancipation!") "Emancipation!" he retorted fiercely. "Are we to be grateful for freedom to worship God according to our conscience? You robbed us of our national Parliament—an honorable gentleman takes exception to the word robbed, but I believe it is an accepted fact that the Act of Union was brought about by as gross corruption and bribery as ever disgraced even an English government." At this there was an angry outcry, and as it died out D'Arcy, addressing the Speaker in the blandest tones, said: "I trust, sir, that a member of this House is not by his oath bound to defend every action of every government that has ruled this realm. It is easy to show whether my statement of the Act of Union be correct or not, but, if correct, I consider robbed a very mild term to apply to such gross corruption and bribery." (A voice: "They were only too glad to be bought.") "True; but I claim that a few traitors cannot sell a nation, and I cannot conceive free men defending so vile an act. Well, sir, you merged our national Parliament in your own; for which act, of course, we are to be grateful. You refused to allow a Catholic to sit in that Parliament, which was equivalent to allowing the Irish people no representation—another motive for gratitude! You had already killed our national industries in favor of English traders, and driven the masses of the people to scrape an existence out of the land." ("Question!

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question!") "Sir, this is the question. We have been accused of ingratitude at great length and in various forms, and we have been asked what we meant by Home Rule. I am giving the reasons for our gratitude, and when you have them all you will see that the demand for Home Rule is completely unjustifiable. We must be grateful, then, because O'Connell forced Emancipation upon you and forced his way into this House. We must be grateful for the famines that desolate—" (A voice: "The government is not responsible for famines.") "The government that kills national industries, dooms a nation to subsist on the uncertain products of the soil, and makes the laws governing the holding of that soil laws of penury and starvation for the tenant is responsible for what befalls them. We are truly grateful for the generous relief afforded, that resulted by death and emigration in the loss of two millions of our people within two years. And coming down from that period to the fall of the late administration, for what have we to be grateful? For the destruction of that disgrace to English legislation—the maintaining of a religious establishment totally opposed to the conscience and convictions of a people; and for an attempt, wholly inadequate, to make the existence of those who subsist by tilling the soil in Ireland possible. Sir, I find here no other motives for which to be grateful. Government after government pledged itself to relieve these evils. Was I wrong in describing such as governments of pledges broken and of promises unfulfilled? The great mass of the tenants in Ireland are to-day not a season's remove from starvation. And who is responsible for that state of things?" ("Yourselves.") "Ourselves! Well, sir, that brings us back to the question. We wish to make ourselves responsible for our own well-being. And that is what we mean by Home Rule—the power to mind our own business, which this House undertakes to mind for us; to control our own affairs on our own soil, among and by our own people. We wish to take Irish legislation out of the hands of such conspicuously competent statesmen as the honorable gentleman who preceded me. We are part of you in imperial interests, nothing more. Gratitude is for favors received. We owe no gratitude for natural rights. The state of Ireland is one of grave disaffection, and the criminal causes of that disaffection have been set forth and charged home here, to the English government and people, by no man more forcibly or lucidly, or with such surpassing eloquence and truth, as by the right honorable gentleman who now asks our gratitude for favors that are still left to be conferred."

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He bowed to the head of the late government and took his seat. Butt rose from his place, his broad face beaming with delight, and joined his young lieutenant. He patted him on the back and shook his hand lustily. Cheers rose on the government side as well as among the Home-Rulers. The speech produced so marked an effect that the opposition leader himself rose to reply, his face pale with excitement and passion, and his eyes shooting flame. After complimenting the young member on his remarkably able speech, and congratulating the House on such an addition to its debating power, the veteran proceeded, with all his force and more than his usual vehemence, to pull the remarkably able speech to shreds and overwhelm his young antagonist with invective. Soon leaving him, he launched into a defence of his administration against all attacks that had been made on it. He said that he claimed no gratitude from the Irish people. He and the great party he had the honor to lead acted solely from conviction and an honest sense of justice. They looked for no reward save the approval of their conscience for deeds well done, and would be prepared when the time came to go on in the path they had entered on—that of bringing together two divided peoples by striving by every means in their power to remove the barriers of centuries and the bitter legacies of the past. This they would do with or without Irish assistance, though if the Irish people rejected all attempts at goodwill their sorrows be upon their own heads.

It was, of course, a powerful speech and made a strong defence. At its close the debate was adjourned. D'Arcy had been paid the highest possible compliment to a new member—he had been answered on the spot by one of the leaders of the House. As he passed out he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning, he saw the chief of the government. The old man's face was full of kindly encouragement. "Very good, very good indeed," said he, patting him on the shoulder. "You brought back my young days to me to-night. Keep on. Don't waste yourself; and if you think my advice worth anything at all you may command it. Good-night, good-night." And the great man hobbled away. The gout was twitching him.

Mrs. Beauchamp was full of the debate as she drove home with Gertrude. But Gertrude was silent for the most part, or only responded in monosyllables. She complained of a headache and was glad to reach her room.

Mrs. Beauchamp belonged to the party that was now in the ascendant, and always spoke of the government as "we." The

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chief had great faith in woman's influence in politics as in all things. "A five minutes' conversation with a witty and pretty woman will often effect more than a great debate," was one of his maxims. As the season wore on it became apparent that England was being drawn into the tangle of foreign complications, and the feeling in the country was much divided. It was impossible to gauge public opinion with any degree of accuracy, and a great debate was coming on in which the whole foreign policy of the ministry was to be assailed. If the assault proved successful it meant the overthrow of the government, and the whippers-in had an extremely anxious time of it.

On the eve of the great debate Mrs. Beauchamp gave a party. It was to be a quiet party, so she informed those whom she invited. "You will meet just a few friends—people you will like," she told everybody. "Not a formal affair at all, you know. I am getting tired of formal affairs. But everybody will be somebody, so come." And as everybody imagine themselves to be somebody, everybody came.

Gertrude was there, radiant in her beauty, but Lafontaine was not, being engaged at a rival house. Perhaps she had lost a breath of the naïve freshness and violet softness that constituted her chief charm at her first coming-out; but she was undoubtedly a very beautiful girl, and her beauty was informed with intelligence and spirituality. Her face and air were those of a woman the very sight of whom repelled the commonplace. Men felt that to address the conventional small things to this goddess was to offer her an insult and to demean themselves. Those who attempted it found themselves at once in an uncongenial atmosphere, and were abashed by the calm, open, searching glance of the deep hazel eyes that looked into their little souls and saw their emptiness.

As the evening wore on Mrs. Beauchamp's quiet party turned out to be a great throng, where most of the men were celebrated and most of the women beautiful. The lights of London were there in force. One jostled against members of Parliament, men distinguished in letters and in art, members of the foreign embassies. There was a fair sprinkling of the leading representatives of the Irish movement, and great attention was paid to Mr. Butt by the hostess, while his younger followers were ensnared by her fair sirens.

Once again Gertrude encountered the great Nan. A sensation accompanied his entry, but was apparently unmarked by him. He seemed in the best of health and spirits. He moved

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about with quiet gayety, dropping a sparkling epigram at times that was immediately taken up and passed around for the admiration of the company, as a gem of art might be. To Gertrude he seemed the same as when she first met him. Yet he was now the ruler of Great Britain, and for the time being more powerful than its sovereign. But no sense of this was visible in his demeanor or conversation. He was to all appearance simply a very delightful old gentleman, and not at all like the man who to-morrow would be arraigned before the country for his policy by a host of foes who were giants in assault. But under the smile and the nod was a face full of power and dauntless resolve; and now and then the deep eyes flashed out a glance that shone over the heads of the glittering throng around him into a region apart that only this man of all present seemed to know and search. It was the look of a man who could face Fate and bend it to his will.

"You have not changed much," he said to Gertrude as he looked into her face. "You have been brushed a little by the world. That must be. But it has not brushed yourself away or hidden you under its diamond-dust, which is only dust after all. There is no jewel like a fresh young soul."

"But you are changed," said she, "and I rejoice at the change."

"No, no," was the response, with a sad shake of the head. "After a certain time we get beyond change. Things shift a little, and we shift with them. That is all. When I was young and ardent I used to think that we made changes. Now I have almost come to conclude that changes make us."

"And yet you are now the first man in the country."

There was a faint shrug of the shoulders and a half-smile of good-natured contempt as he answered: "I am precisely the same man I was a year ago, only that I now sit on a different bench." Then he added more gravely: "There is no first man in England; or rather there is a multitude. There are two powers: the sovereign and the people. Ah!" and his eye lit up with pleasure, "here comes one who may be a power some day, if he cares; but the men who can do not always care. Come here, you young rebel," he called to some one—"come here and be converted to loyalty. Miss Mowbray, I leave this rebel in your hands. He has a bad disease that you should cure him of. So you are going to turn us out to-morrow night, eh? This is Mr. D'Arcy, Miss Mowbray, a born Irish rebel. I am not sure but I shall charge him with high treason some day and have

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him sent to the block. So if you would save his head appeal to his heart." And, nodding and smiling, the great man left them together.

Gertrude felt herself blushing to the temples, and was angry for blushing, the more so that D'Arcy was looking at her with a quiet smile in which she fancied she detected a faint play of mockery, as though he were enjoying her evident perplexity. He broke what threatened to be an embarrassment by saying, with genuine good-nature in his tones and with all his coaxing Irish voice:

"This is our second introduction. I esteem myself a very fortunate man, Miss Mowbray. You see it is impossible for you to escape me."

She yielded to his grace and said: "Indeed I am pleased to meet you again, Mr. D'Arcy."

"No, you are not," said he, still in his jocular way, and with not a shade of malice or ill-will in his face or voice, "and you know you are not."

How provokingly cool the fellow was! She looked hurt at the reception of what she intended as a kind greeting, and asked: "Why should you think so?"

"Because I feel that you are not. You were not pleased to meet me in Dublin. Why should you be pleased to meet me here? But no matter. We may at least speak civilly to each other a little, may we not?"

She felt that he had reason to think as he spoke, and her conscience gave her a little twinge of reproach. She was resolved on dissipating the unpleasant impression he had formed of her.

"I have every reason to be civil," she said. "You were very kind to us."

"How and when?" he asked in genuine amazement.

"When we first met you—when you entertained us so pleasantly."

He gave a low laugh and seemed highly amused. Gertrude began to feel that she must appear silly to this man.

"I remember," he laughed. "Yes, of course I was very kind—kind enough to rise from a weather-beaten old bench to make place for an elderly gentleman and his charming daughter. That was cheap kindness."

"Nevertheless, you did it, and we thought it kind." And then, after a slight pause, she asked suddenly: "But why did you leave us so abruptly?"

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"What should I have done? Stay and bore you to death? I felt myself to be an intruder. You would not have a man force himself on you. So I went away, and our second meeting convinced me I did right."

"No, no, do not think that. We enjoyed your company greatly. I remember your beautiful little story by heart. Believe me, you mistake us, if you think we were not pleased to meet you again."

She spoke earnestly, and he felt that she did. He looked down into the pleading eyes, and a puzzled expression stole over his face. "No matter," he said; "it is nonsense, anyhow. I suppose I was brusque, as I sometimes am. And now believe me in my turn: I would have lingered with pleasure, only I thought it better to go."

"Why?"

"I feared the fate of Eva's suitors. I am a very matter-of-fact young man. That is the only thing to be nowadays."

"And am I Eva?"

He looked at her again earnestly, and then said with sudden energy: "No. She cannot have been half as beautiful."

From another Gertrude would have resented such a speech; but somehow she could not be angry any more with this bold, brusque stranger, who said and did just what he pleased.

"What is the use," she asked gaily, "of trying to talk against you Irishmen? You can beat us all at words. I am half Irish myself. Ah! if your deeds only half equalled your words what a people you would be."

His bright face darkened and grew set.

"You are right," he remarked, with an emphasis that was almost fierce. "You have hit on the weakness of some of our people who talk where they ought to act. But what would you have? It is only the other day we were allowed to speak even. Give us a little time, and perhaps speech may shape itself into action. The Irish have shown themselves a long-lived nation under a rule of assassination. Life under such trial is not preserved for nothing. No, no; God's hand must be in it all, though we are too blind to see it. But pardon me; this is not the place for such speech."

"I heard you speak so before."

"You did? Where?"

"In the House of Commons when you gave your great speech that made them all angry."

"Were you indeed there?"

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"Yes, and you made me angry, too. You were so severe on my friend Mr. Lafontaine."

"And he is your friend? Well, I congratulate you on having such a friend. He is a gallant fellow, and I felt sorry that I had to beat him at the election. He fought fairly, and I am convinced he always would, in love as well as in war."

He looked at Gertrude and noticed her color rise as he spoke the last words. He turned his gaze away and added: "In the debate he was not up in his facts, and I happened to be. That was all. I was not fighting him then. I was fighting his government. It was a bad government. But there, again I am drifting into politics. So you were angry at my speech?"

"Yes; but I love to listen to men who are in earnest, even if I do not agree with them. And I am glad to see you can be in earnest."

"Why, did you doubt it?"

"Oh! you are an Irishman, and Irish earnestness is like Irish weather—fitful."

"Yet you tell me you are half Irish."

"Yes; but mine is the earnest half, therefore I am wholly earnest."

"Then you are a very exceptional young lady."

"Well, Gertrude, have you succeeded in converting this rebel?" broke in Mrs. Beauchamp.

"We were not talking politics, Mrs. Beauchamp."

"But you ought to be. It is the only subject worth talking about. Why didn't you attack him, you foolish creature? We might have secured his vote in the coming debate."

"I know nothing about politics, dear Mrs. Beauchamp."

"So much the better. That is where we women have the advantage over you; is it not, Mr. Rebel?"

"The government seem to think so," said D'Arcy. "They follow your standard, Mrs. Beauchamp. The less they know the more they legislate, and this is what is called a spirited policy."

"Rebel, rebel! A born rebel! There, go and lead my pet to supper."

Gertrude enjoyed that evening very much and in her new companion forgot even the chief for the moment. But that great man had long since disappeared. D'Arcy interested her, and she showed herself eager to dispel the impression that she had created in his mind. He struck her as being more clever than most of the men with whom she came in contact. It was not the warped and biting cleverness of men who are, so to say,

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clever by profession. It was tempered by a genial gayety, a sympathetic nature that uttered itself now and then in true heart-tones. He did not pay court to the beauty at his side. He did not seem to regard her astonishing beauty as anything at all to be noticed. He paid her the truest compliment that a woman of sense could desire: he talked to herself and not to her face or her person.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CINCINNATI PASTORAL AND ITS CRITICS.

No one possessing any practical knowledge of the temper and thought of the modern political world could be surprised at the reception which greeted in many quarters the appearance of the pastoral of the late Provincial Council of Cincinnati. It would have been more than strange if it had not encountered hostile and angry criticism. It certainly was saluted with the heavy artillery of wild abuse—the only argument that our American Jacobinism could direct against the Christian doctrine that all civil power comes from God. To the principle that God is sovereign in the world, which he created, the secular press of this country in a large measure uttered a fierce denial. Anacharsis Clootz seemed to have risen from his dishonored grave; for the language of the critics of the Cincinnati pastoral was not different in thought, and hardly less blasphemous and brutal in tone, than his revolutionary aphorism, "The people is sovereign of the world; they are God."

In any period of the world's history prior to the last century the statement that God is the fountain and origin of all civil power would have been read and accepted without dissent. It would have been regarded as a moral and political truism upon which no instruction was needed. Leibnitz describes "two zealous, thick-headed logicians who reduced the first six books of Euclid to syllogisms." Eighteen centuries of Christian thought would most probably have viewed in the same light any one who would view through a dialectic mould the political axiom that all power comes from God. The rejection of the theistic basis of society is an illogical as well as an irreligious act of which the last century must bear the disgrace. And with

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the disgrace society since that time has been compelled to bear the punishment. The doctrinaires of that time preferred to the inspired truth of the Apostle of the Gentiles the hypocritical fictions of the French Declaration of Rights, which the apostate Fouchet so accurately condensed into one line: "In the government of this world man is God; this is the truth." If this is a social truth it is unlike all others that the world has known. Changing the very nature of truth, like a solvent it has destroyed Christian society. It was, in the language of Burke, "a sort of institute or digest of anarchy."

While the un-Catholic world was amazed that a religious document should recognize a divine force in law, the necessity of a divine will to direct the destiny of human society, Catholics, the most enlightened as well as the most ignorant, solely because they are Christians, accepted it not only in its substance but in its most distant conclusions. They know and can conceive of no social organism of which the Christian family is not the life and liberty-giving germ. Of the germ and its full development the incarnate God is the head. The doctrine of the pastoral could not jar in the least upon the framework of their minds. It had to their ears no more the ring of new discovery nor the voice of a new prophecy than a sentence from a Catholic child's catechism. The false and subtle social theories of these days might have dimmed in the minds of some Catholics other truths which Catholic faith requires them to hold. But they have not darkened their belief in the existence of God as the lawgiver of the human race. It would be necessary to assume this to make room for the supposition that they do not hold that all power comes from God.

Whatever others may be, Catholics are not less logical, and they cannot be less religious, than the pagan who told the Athenians in dramatic song that "power and law are born in the upper air and had an eternal throne in the heavens." Greek philosophy, with its uncertain light, had reached the truth, which the Apostle of the Gentiles proclaimed in all its fulness. And a Greek chorus, weaving that truth into the beauty of tragic verse, recites it not as a startling invention but as an ethical platitude. The most stupid or the most irreverent frequenter of the Athenian theatre would not quarrel with it. When Cicero builds the political power of society on the same foundation he is only clothing with his fervid eloquence the spoils of Greek science which the arms of its legions brought to Rome. He knew that duties not only precede rights, but they alone stamp man as a

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moral being; that these duties are the outgrowth of a divine law that has an eternal sanction. If the cultivated pagan of any race, trained in any school, following any of the countless pagan rules of religion, had been told that all power comes from the Creator of the universe, he would have answered, Certainly. He might have also asked his instructor, Who is so foolish as to question it?

It might be inferred from this allusion to the doctrines of classic paganism that our age of culture could sit with profit at the feet of the writer of *Antigone* and learn valuable wisdom from the lips of the prince of Roman orators. Paganism, horrible, revolting, degrading as it was in its sacrifices and worship, was certainly more ennobling and elevating in its belief in the supernatural, to which it linked its whole religious life and wrapped all its religious thought, than the political and social phases of modern naturalism. There is a touching, pathetic truth in the lines of Wordsworth:

> "Great God, I had rather be
> A pagan suckled in some creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses, that would make me less forlorn."

The modern world has found a lower depth in the social abyss than the pagan. The latter would have wisely shrunk from the plague of political atheism that is devouring society. The proverbial greed of the hungry Greek or the uncurbed ambition of the proud Roman patrician might make either indifferent to the injustice and dishonor of a political spoils system which we have perfected, or make either blind to the rights of society. But neither was the less sensible that a divine law ruled society, to which all were subject. Neither was so depraved as to teach that society could exist without God. But to-day an idol not known to the pagan pantheon has millions of worshippers. They may not be as candid, as honest in their worship in this country, but they are just as eager and active as the Berts and Gambettas to eliminate the idea of God from the political world. A large portion of the secular press subscribe to this creed. They adopt the whole liturgy of political atheism. No wonder they raged when the pastoral of the Provincial Council of Cincinnati struck a blow at their loved idol. Their fault is not greater or their cry not more irrational than the furious complaint of the silversmiths of Ephesus when they saw that Christian truth would diminish the profitable offerings to Diana.

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Of course the baser motives of the loud outcry against the pastoral had to be hidden. The covering was an homage which the modern politician is compelled to pay to the lingering Christian tradition that God has a right to a throne in his own world. The covering was very thin and worn from long usage, but it had done good service in the past. It was safe to conclude that the experience of the past would be repeated. The old machinery of ignorant prejudice was set in motion. The doctrine of the pastoral was denounced as one of many signs that the Catholic Church is the irreconcilable foe of civil liberty. It would be an idle task to notice the clamor of opposition pitched upon that key. The very doctrine which the bishops promulgated, and which was so senselessly assailed, is the only force that can conserve human freedom. Separate the recognition of the truth that liberty, like every other good that blesses individual or national life, descends from the "Father of lights," and there will be left, as the history of the world proves, only

> "The name
> Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain."

From this doctrine, as all thinking men can see without labored reasoning, flows all personal freedom. Without the security of personal freedom which an incarnate God first taught to the world national liberty can never draw the first breath of life. Liberty without God sings no song of gladness. It increases, does not heal, the wounds of society. It has only to be proclaimed to give way to the reign of brute force. This has been the never-varying historical record of liberty divorced from the restraints of a divine and supreme lawgiver. God is liberty, says the Angelic Doctor. It is the most perfect definition of the Ruler of the universe which his wondrously illumined mind could fashion. Because she is the church of God, in her path through the world the Catholic Church has been strewing for centuries the blessings of human liberty. Hence Mr. Freeman says that the liberties of which the modern civilized world boast were "broadened down" in mediæval times when the spiritual sway of the Catholic Church was undisputed. Freedom was not then the possession of a few nor the heirloom of a privileged titled caste, but it was the birthright of all, because all, the lowly as well as the great, belonged to the family of God. It was in these very mediæval times that the civil rights of the many, the political descendants of the pagan proletariat, found a defender, and a defender that power could neither frighten nor corrupt. It is to

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this beneficent spiritual power of the Catholic Church watching over the cradle of modern society, fearlessly protecting the seed of human liberty which a divine Husbandman had sown, we wish to draw attention.

One of the journalistic critics of the Cincinnati pastoral has distinguished himself above his fellows by discovering that its doctrine on the origin of power is only a veiled effort of the church to restore the civil pains and penalties of ecclesiastical excommunication. To his dismay he sees rising from the grave the ghost of that "usurped priestly domination which the Reformation was supposed to have buried for ever." Unfortunately for modern society, hopelessly broken into fragments, chaotic as every social world must be where heresy assumes to teach, the restoration which the critic fears is impossible. In the civil and political strength of mediæval excommunication human liberty found its refuge. It was a citadel that saved it from death. It was a sacred sanctuary where religion protected it from the hands of tyranny. He has read the past only to multiply his delusions who does not see that in the exercise of its mediæval right of excommunication the Catholic Church was performing this service for humanity. And he is equally mistaken who believes that the church sought or employed for selfish and ambitious designs judicial prerogatives in the domain of political society. They were congenital with society that was built upon the clean-swept site of paganism. They formed an essential as well as an important part of the texture of Christian society. The social organism which Christianity quickened into life amid the death-throes of the pagan world was identified with the Catholic Church, as the church was one with God as the interpreter of the divine law. In it society "lived and moved and had its being." To deny its competency to sit in judgment upon the acts of the civil power would have been social apostasy from Christ, in whom all power, civil as well as spiritual, centred. That crime of apostasy was at last committed. The only fruit, as far as we can see, has been the groans of human bondage, the undertone of human despair, that mingles with the hopeful cry of every modern revolution. The power of mediæval excommunication was not an abnormal excrescence on the political body. It was not, as we are told, the product of spiritual chicanery. It was not injected into the veins of society as a foreign poison. It grew from within. It was not a destroying parasite, but it was developed silently, and yet divinely, with the growth and needs of Christian society, seeking protection for that liberty which its

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divine Founder bequeathed to it. This instrument of terror to oppression was forged by the hands of Eternal Justice, and it will be restored to the world as the guardian of human rights, if Christian society is ever reconstructed. The proof of this truth lies in the very nature of spiritual censure and in the benign effects which it wrought in the life of European society when the constitutional law of the Christian world classed those upon whom the spiritual censure fell as social criminals and political offenders. We ask no stronger or more convincing vindication of the church as the watchful warder of civil liberty. The history of mediæval jurisprudence is trumpet-tongued in its defence. From the first promulgation of Christianity according to apostolic ordinances the effect of excommunication was to deprive the believer not only of the spiritual advantages peculiar to Christians, but also of certain social advantages and privileges which depend on the freewill of individuals. The latter can be withheld without violating any rights of others or the neglect of any duty. Such, for instance, are the ordinary marks of friendship, politeness, and courtesy. Ecclesiastical history furnishes numerous examples of this ancient discipline of the early ages of the faith. It was considered no less important to preserve the faithful from the contagion of bad example than to excite the guilty to penance by a salutary fear.

There is one circumstance connected with the institutions of the church, says Guizot in his *History of European Civilization*, which has not, in general, been as much noticed as it deserves. I allude to its penitential system, which is the more interesting at the present day because, so far as the principles and application of moral law are concerned, it is almost completely in unison with the principles of modern philosophy. If we look closely, he says, into the punishments inflicted by the church; if we examine its system of public penance, which was its principal mode of punishing, we shall find the object was, above all others, to excite repentance in the soul of the guilty, and then to stir up the heart of Christian society with the moral terror of example. But there is another idea involved in these public penalties—the idea of expiation; that is, in all punishments there is, independently of the idea of awakening the guilty to repentance and of deterring others from the commission of crime, a secret and imperious desire to expiate guilt. Putting this question, however, aside, it is sufficiently evident that repentance and example were the objects which the church desired to reach by its system of excommunication. The attainment of these ends is the legitimate scope of every

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truly philosophical legislation. In defence of these principles the most enlightened jurists have clamored for a reform of the penal legislation of Europe in modern times. Open the books of these legal reformers—those of Jeremy Bentham, for example—and the reader will be astonished at the numerous resemblances which he will find everywhere between his plans of punishment claiming originality and the penitential canons of the church. These canons, rigorous though they be, are a part and parcel of that wondrous system of charity by which the church endeavored to soften the rugged manners of barbaric kings and princes, and to render them more just in their conduct towards the weak. At the same time it sought to inculcate a life of morality among the poor, inspiring them with higher hopes than their lowly lot would give them. In this spirit the church labored constantly for the improvement of civil and criminal legislation during the middle ages. It is impossible to compare the laws of the church with the codes of the barbaric founders of European nations without at once admitting the superiority of the church in matters of jurisprudence and legislation.

The close alliance which the ecclesiastical and civil powers contracted in all Christian states after the conversion of Constantine gave rise to the practice of confirming the divine and ecclesiastical laws by the authority of the sovereign. This was the origin of the correlative practice of punishing any violation of these laws with civil penalties. In time there was scarcely an important article of the doctrines or discipline of the church which was not confirmed by the civil power. Such is the true and just basis of the temporal penalties decreed by Roman (civil) law and the Christian states of Europe in the middle ages against heresy, apostasy, sacrilege, blasphemy, and many other crimes against religion. From this source arose the temporal effects attached to public penances and censures, among which was counted the forfeiture of secular offices and dignities. We have only to refer to the Capitulars of Charlemagne and his successors, or to the decrees of many councils or mixed assemblies in the same epoch, to be convinced that this discipline was then in vigor throughout Europe. It was established and formally recognized by the civil power.

From the seventh to the twelfth century the practice of public penances fell into disuse in consequence of the disorders of society during that turbulent period. It was then found necessary to restrain the wild passions and horrible excesses of a barbarous and undisciplined people by a different kind of punish-

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ment. Religion was clothed with the only authority they respected. Ecclesiastical censures, but especially excommunication, appeared alone capable of reaching and answering the wants of the social body. Sovereigns themselves, according to William of Malmesbury, had no more powerful means of controlling their rebellious barons. It alone could shiver the destroying lance and break in twain the blood-stained sword. In the cause of justice and peace kings took advantage of the strict union between the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and succeeded in attaching to the spiritual penalties, which the church prescribed for crimes, temporal effects like those which had long previously been attached to public penances.

The first example which history furnishes us of this privation of civil rights as a consequence of spiritual excommunication is found in a constitution of Childebert II. It was published in the year 595. In this document the king of the French makes severe laws against incestuous marriages. Those who contracted such unholy alliances and refused to break their sinful bonds were not only excommunicated—entirely stripped of all the spiritual privileges of Christians—but they were forbidden by civil law access to the palace, and their temporal goods were declared forfeited in favor of their heirs. The successors of Childebert, finding that the secular arm grew stronger in its battles for the preservation of society by aiding spiritual authority, gradually extended the temporal effects of excommunication. One of the most remarkable ordinances of this kind was promulgated by the Council of Verneuil, assembled in 755 by order of Pepin the Short. The ninth canon of this council not only closes the doors of the church against the excommunicated, but it decrees the punishment of exile against all who refuse to recognize this separation from the faithful. Another capitular denies to the excommunicated the right of accusation or defence—the right of being plaintiff or defendant in a court of justice. Similar enactments in considerable number show that this legislation existed in England under Ethelred and Canute. They appear again and again in the acts of the Saxon and Danish monarchs' reigns, and Canceanus' *Barbarorum Leges Antiquæ* quotes them as the most beneficent regulations of a warlike age that the temporal power single-handed could not soothe nor soften.

The concert of the two powers in the establishment and approval of this discipline is formally acknowledged by modern writers, even while they censure the practice and contest the maxims of the middle ages on this point. They do not hesitate

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to say that temporal power favored it as the safeguard of order, and they are ready to confess that the church did not suggest nor enforce these punishments of the state in the hope of strengthening its own authority. Charlemagne, says the continuator of Velly, far from being jealous of the power of the bishops, thought it his interest to augment it, that it might serve as a counterpoise to the growing arrogance of his barons. Bred to the use of arms, and having the chief strength of the kingdom at their disposal, they often grew impatient under the just restraints of royal power. He therefore introduced not only into the schools he founded, but also into the ecclesiastical tribunals, whose jurisdiction he extended, and into the parliaments or general assemblies of the nation, new maxims as favorable to the church "as they were contrary to the rights of the sovereign." Charlemagne, in granting these prerogatives to the bishops, knew full well that he was giving to the throne a new element of strength that could spring from no other source. Additional security to his rights could hardly be "contrary to them."

The germs of this new policy were not of slow development. Kings and emperors, having communicated a portion of the civil and political power to bishops, and being interested in the execution of ecclesiastical sentences, enlarged the pains and penalties following excommunication. It soon became a general law in Europe that an excommunicated person, if he had not the disposition to obtain absolution in a given time, was declared civilly accursed. He lost caste; his rights of citizenship were annulled; he was proscribed and banished from society. Society was then sensitively Christian. It traced its whole life to a Christian supernatural root—the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. The church was his representative, clothed with his authority. The Christian civil law of Europe, conforming itself to the legislation of the divine Founder of society, echoed his own doctrine: "If any one will not hear the church, let him be to thee as a heathen or publican." Long before the pontificate of St. Gregory VII., to whom Protestant writers falsely attribute the invention of the temporal penalties of excommunication, civil law had sharpened its sword against public hardened transgressors of the laws of Christianity. For centuries before the memorable days of Hildebrand it had not only been unsheathed but wielded with an unsurpassed severity. By the civil statutes of earlier times it was forbidden even to kindred and servants to hold any intercourse with any one whom the spiritual tribunal had condemned, except in what was indispensable for the support of his life.

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This extreme rigor, inflicting death upon all civil and social rights, was solely the creation of the common law of Europe; it was strictly enforced upon public enemies of the commonwealth whenever they refused obstinately to release themselves from spiritual censure within the period determined by the laws or usages of each particular state.

So far was the church from introducing these edicts into the body of European law for the extension of its own dominion that she was the first to oppose the severity of this discipline. When civil rulers would have made it Draconian her voice of charity was successfully raised to mitigate it in many points. Strange as it may sound in this age, that has falsely given to Gregory VII. all the features of the most unscrupulous tyrant in advancing the cause of spiritual despotism, he was most prominent among the pontiffs of the middle ages in abridging the civil and social disabilities which secular legislation decreed against the excommunicated. He threw the protection of papal power around the home of the worst criminal. He removed the presence of the civil ban from the fireside. By a law enacted during his pontificate the wife, children, and servants, and all whose company would not encourage the excommunicated in his crimes, were allowed to associate with him. This decree was afterwards inserted in the body of canon law. A still greater mitigation of regal rigor was made by Martin V. in the Council of Constance. By pontifical rescript he smoothed away the sternest features of a discipline which civil law had enforced for centuries. In the face of remonstrances on the part of temporal rulers he commanded that unrestricted intercourse should be permitted with all who were not excommunicated *publicly and by name.* This is the present discipline of the church. There were many stages in the history of the mitigations of these punishments. But at every stage it is the church which covers the outlaw with the mantle of mercy. It is the church that lifts its repelling, warning hand against the officers of the civil power. The general principle remained untouched that the obstinate and impenitent under the sentence of excommunication were liable to be deprived of every temporal dignity. It remained because it was the dictum of common law, which the church did *not* establish and had no power to abolish. It had a strength which the church could not destroy—the strength of *custom* and *written law.*

It is a principle universally admitted that the public and private law of any community, in all that is of human and arbitrary

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legislation, is manifest not only from *written* law but likewise from *custom*. Length of years and universal acceptance give to many a custom the form of law. Whether the notification of a law be made by writing or by proclamation of officers appointed for the purpose, or by universal tradition and practice, like the common law of England, is of little moment in determining the justice of the law. An immemorial custom approved or not expressly condemned by the legislative power in any state has the force of law. Even when originating in error or abuse, but in process of time identified with the institutions and policy of a country, such a custom becomes an essential part of the common law of the people who have approved of the custom. The approval need not be more marked than a silent acquiescence. As Montesquieu observes, such a custom could not have become universal if it had not been congenial to the usages of the people. A submission of centuries that utters no protest against a custom elevates it to the dignity of law. This submission, unvaried by a single protest in the history of the middle ages against the right of affixing temporal penalties to excommunication, is an historical fact. When Gregory VII. excommunicated Henry IV. of Germany the boldest partisans of the emperor admitted the existence and justice of this principle. The only subject on which there was a division was whether a sovereign could be the object of a sentence which involved such consequences. This question was solved in the affirmative by the common law of the epoch. That common law laid its hands not only upon the banned baron, but claimed obedience from the wearer of the imperial diadem. Imperial disloyalty to God and his church rent by the hands of civil law the vassal's oath of loyalty to the crown; and by the decision of the same judge, which civil society elected to settle dispute between king and subject, the stain of certain crimes upon the king's soul was reflected in a stain upon the purple of Christian royalty, in the desecration and loss of kingly power. The same handwriting of justice that expelled the impenitent knight from his castle drove the contumacious emperor in disgrace from his throne. While it is true that all nations of mediæval Europe recognized this code of discipline, and prized it as the strongest curb on the lawlessness of human will sitting in high places, nowhere was the text of these laws so clear, so precise, so explicit in determining the punishment to be visited upon excommunicated royalty, as in Germany. The old Saxon love of liberty inherited from pagan times gave the sharpest edge to the laws which could punish the violators of

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that liberty when every other protection was brittle as glass and weak as reeds. These laws, prepared and adopted in the heart of the empire, were the most comprehensive and most effective Bill of Rights that any age has ever enjoyed. Comprehensive they certainly were when the head bound with gold must needs bow to their decision as well as his vassals. And surely they were effective when they won for oppressed peoples far more than all the boastful reformations and bloody revolutions of later times have been able to accomplish. They were really God's gifts to humanity groaning from time to time under the lash of king or noble. And God's gifts are always without repentance. A popular appeal in those days against political wrong, unless supported by the anathema of the church, would have been as idle, as vain as the bleating of the lamb against the wolf, as the cry of the Irish against the butchery of Cromwell. It would only have whetted the tiger vengeance of many a mediæval oppressor. The excommunicated who preyed upon society might not always be sincerely converted. But the fear of the civil penalties which followed in the train of spiritual condemnation stayed the ravaging hand and forced it to restore its stolen spoils to the weak and helpless. Some one has said that justice may prevail in private but never in political life; otherwise the great nations would not fall into decay and their history one after another be written in the dust of death. But this saying is not universally true. There was a time when political justice triumphed—in the middle ages, when ecclesiastical censures carried with them political consequences, when the crown of an unjust ruler weighed light as a feather against the rights of the meanest of his subjects. The laws of those times show that this is no exaggeration. Take the codes of Saxony and Suabia compiled in the thirteenth century, containing the ancient customs of the empire, that had crystallized by the process of time, under the watchful eye of the church, into imperial laws. The third chapter of this "Body of German Laws, containing the statutes enacted and ordained by the Roman emperors and electors, prescribing all that should be done or omitted for the sake of the common peace promulgated by the holy empire and confirmed by the voice of antiquity," conveys a clear idea of the salutary union of the two powers of the world in enforcing these peculiar laws. It impresses the conviction that the declaration that these laws were made for the *common* peace is no arrogant, ill-supported pretension. We quote some of these laws at random: "If any one is excommunicated by the ecclesiastical judge, and continues in

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that state for six weeks, he can be proscribed by the secular judge. If he be excommunicated before being proscribed for his crimes he must be absolved from the spiritual ban, if he be worthy, before civil proscription is removed. But neither the civil nor the ecclesiastical magistrate can release him from the proscription before he has made satisfaction for the fault for which either of the sentences was incurred. If a proscribed or excommunicated person cites any one before a civil tribunal the summons can be disregarded, but if he himself is summoned he is bound to appear." He who had become a public and obstinate malefactor was made a political pariah as well as a spiritual leper. No hereditary dignity, no official rank could screen him. Coats of mail could not ward off the civil death with which this arrow of justice was winged. There was no immunity to do wrong hedging any office; then a bold villain did not mock and avert justice with the trappings of exalted station. These laws were made so general as to be "no respecter of persons." Justice was ever blind to the glitter of high social position when it spoke through these civil-ecclesiastical laws.

The legislation of England and France was substantially the same. The same plant of Catholic faith in different soils produced the same fruit. According to Saxon law, an excommunicated person who took no care to be absolved in forty days after his sentence was denounced to the king's officers, who threw him into prison. If he persisted obstinately in his guilt for an entire year he was branded with infamy. If the offender was a baron or lord of any higher rank his vassals were released from their oath of allegiance, and his fiefs could be seized and held by his suzerain until he atoned for his crimes. Such was a decree of a Council of London held in 1342. A law of greater sternness against guilty magnates of the realm marked with the seal of spiritual judgment is recorded among the statutes of an assembly, composed of bishops, earls, and thegns, held at Lambeth in the preceding century. It would be difficult to magnify the coercive power of laws which could make the first-born of Godwin, the great king-maker in the Saxon days of England, a stranger in his native land, a criminal confessing his sacrilegious guilt to friend and foe, a weary, way-worn pilgrim seeking peace for his soul at the foot of Calvary's mount and welcoming the extinction of his justly incurred sentence in the silence of a foreign grave. Sweyn, heir of the powerful Godwin, surrounded by his men-at-arms and the adherents of his father's house, could bid defiance to the armies of the Saxon kingdom; no physical force

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"Yes, and you made me angry, too. You were so severe on my friend Mr. Lafontaine."

"And he is your friend? Well, I congratulate you on having such a friend. He is a gallant fellow, and I felt sorry that I had to beat him at the election. He fought fairly, and I am convinced he always would, in love as well as in war."

He looked at Gertrude and noticed her color rise as he spoke the last words. He turned his gaze away and added: "In the debate he was not up in his facts, and I happened to be. That was all. I was not fighting him then. I was fighting his government. It was a bad government. But there, again I am drifting into politics. So you were angry at my speech?"

"Yes; but I love to listen to men who are in earnest, even if I do not agree with them. And I am glad to see you can be in earnest."

"Why, did you doubt it?"

"Oh! you are an Irishman, and Irish earnestness is like Irish weather—fitful."

"Yet you tell me you are half Irish."

"Yes; but mine is the earnest half, therefore I am wholly earnest."

"Then you are a very exceptional young lady."

"Well, Gertrude, have you succeeded in converting this rebel?" broke in Mrs. Beauchamp.

"We were not talking politics, Mrs. Beauchamp."

"But you ought to be. It is the only subject worth talking about. Why didn't you attack him, you foolish creature? We might have secured his vote in the coming debate."

"I know nothing about politics, dear Mrs. Beauchamp."

"So much the better. That is where we women have the advantage over you; is it not, Mr. Rebel?"

"The government seem to think so," said D'Arcy. "They follow your standard, Mrs. Beauchamp. The less they know the more they legislate, and this is what is called a spirited policy."

"Rebel, rebel! A born rebel! There, go and lead my pet to supper."

Gertrude enjoyed that evening very much and in her new companion forgot even the chief for the moment. But that great man had long since disappeared. D'Arcy interested her, and she showed herself eager to dispel the impression that she had created in his mind. He struck her as being more clever than most of the men with whom she came in contact. It was not the warped and biting cleverness of men who are, so to say,

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clever by profession. It was tempered by a genial gayety, a sympathetic nature that uttered itself now and then in true heart-tones. He did not pay court to the beauty at his side. He did not seem to regard her astonishing beauty as anything at all to be noticed. He paid her the truest compliment that a woman of sense could desire: he talked to herself and not to her face or her person.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CINCINNATI PASTORAL AND ITS CRITICS.

No one possessing any practical knowledge of the temper and thought of the modern political world could be surprised at the reception which greeted in many quarters the appearance of the pastoral of the late Provincial Council of Cincinnati. It would have been more than strange if it had not encountered hostile and angry criticism. It certainly was saluted with the heavy artillery of wild abuse—the only argument that our American Jacobinism could direct against the Christian doctrine that all civil power comes from God. To the principle that God is sovereign in the world, which he created, the secular press of this country in a large measure uttered a fierce denial. Anacharsis Clootz seemed to have risen from his dishonored grave; for the language of the critics of the Cincinnati pastoral was not different in thought, and hardly less blasphemous and brutal in tone, than his revolutionary aphorism, "The people is sovereign of the world; they are God."

In any period of the world's history prior to the last century the statement that God is the fountain and origin of all civil power would have been read and accepted without dissent. It would have been regarded as a moral and political truism upon which no instruction was needed. Leibnitz describes "two zealous, thick-headed logicians who reduced the first six books of Euclid to syllogisms." Eighteen centuries of Christian thought would most probably have viewed in the same light any one who would view through a dialectic mould the political axiom that all power comes from God. The rejection of the theistic basis of society is an illogical as well as an irreligious act of which the last century must bear the disgrace. And with

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the disgrace society since that time has been compelled to bear the punishment. The doctrinaires of that time preferred to the inspired truth of the Apostle of the Gentiles the hypocritical fictions of the French Declaration of Rights, which the apostate Fouchet so accurately condensed into one line: "In the government of this world man is God; this is the truth." If this is a social truth it is unlike all others that the world has known. Changing the very nature of truth, like a solvent it has destroyed Christian society. It was, in the language of Burke, "a sort of institute or digest of anarchy."

While the un-Catholic world was amazed that a religious document should recognize a divine force in law, the necessity of a divine will to direct the destiny of human society, Catholics, the most enlightened as well as the most ignorant, solely because they are Christians, accepted it not only in its substance but in its most distant conclusions. They know and can conceive of no social organism of which the Christian family is not the life and liberty-giving germ. Of the germ and its full development the incarnate God is the head. The doctrine of the pastoral could not jar in the least upon the framework of their minds. It had to their ears no more the ring of new discovery nor the voice of a new prophecy than a sentence from a Catholic child's catechism. The false and subtle social theories of these days might have dimmed in the minds of some Catholics other truths which Catholic faith requires them to hold. But they have not darkened their belief in the existence of God as the lawgiver of the human race. It would be necessary to assume this to make room for the supposition that they do not hold that all power comes from God.

Whatever others may be, Catholics are not less logical, and they cannot be less religious, than the pagan who told the Athenians in dramatic song that "power and law are born in the upper air and had an eternal throne in the heavens." Greek philosophy, with its uncertain light, had reached the truth, which the Apostle of the Gentiles proclaimed in all its fulness. And a Greek chorus, weaving that truth into the beauty of tragic verse, recites it not as a startling invention but as an ethical platitude. The most stupid or the most irreverent frequenter of the Athenian theatre would not quarrel with it. When Cicero builds the political power of society on the same foundation he is only clothing with his fervid eloquence the spoils of Greek science which the arms of its legions brought to Rome. He knew that duties not only precede rights, but they alone stamp man as a

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moral being; that these duties are the outgrowth of a divine law that has an eternal sanction. If the cultivated pagan of any race, trained in any school, following any of the countless pagan rules of religion, had been told that all power comes from the Creator of the universe, he would have answered, Certainly. He might have also asked his instructor, Who is so foolish as to question it?

It might be inferred from this allusion to the doctrines of classic paganism that our age of culture could sit with profit at the feet of the writer of *Antigone* and learn valuable wisdom from the lips of the prince of Roman orators. Paganism, horrible, revolting, degrading as it was in its sacrifices and worship, was certainly more ennobling and elevating in its belief in the supernatural, to which it linked its whole religious life and wrapped all its religious thought, than the political and social phases of modern naturalism. There is a touching, pathetic truth in the lines of Wordsworth:

> "Great God, I had rather be
> A pagan suckled in some creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses, that would make me less forlorn."

The modern world has found a lower depth in the social abyss than the pagan. The latter would have wisely shrunk from the plague of political atheism that is devouring society. The proverbial greed of the hungry Greek or the uncurbed ambition of the proud Roman patrician might make either indifferent to the injustice and dishonor of a political spoils system which we have perfected, or make either blind to the rights of society. But neither was the less sensible that a divine law ruled society, to which all were subject. Neither was so depraved as to teach that society could exist without God. But to-day an idol not known to the pagan pantheon has millions of worshippers. They may not be as candid, as honest in their worship in this country, but they are just as eager and active as the Berts and Gambettas to eliminate the idea of God from the political world. A large portion of the secular press subscribe to this creed. They adopt the whole liturgy of political atheism. No wonder they raged when the pastoral of the Provincial Council of Cincinnati struck a blow at their loved idol. Their fault is not greater or their cry not more irrational than the furious complaint of the silversmiths of Ephesus when they saw that Christian truth would diminish the profitable offerings to Diana.

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Of course the baser motives of the loud outcry against the pastoral had to be hidden. The covering was an homage which the modern politician is compelled to pay to the lingering Christian tradition that God has a right to a throne in his own world. The covering was very thin and worn from long usage, but it had done good service in the past. It was safe to conclude that the experience of the past would be repeated. The old machinery of ignorant prejudice was set in motion. The doctrine of the pastoral was denounced as one of many signs that the Catholic Church is the irreconcilable foe of civil liberty. It would be an idle task to notice the clamor of opposition pitched upon that key. The very doctrine which the bishops promulgated, and which was so senselessly assailed, is the only force that can conserve human freedom. Separate the recognition of the truth that liberty, like every other good that blesses individual or national life, descends from the "Father of lights," and there will be left, as the history of the world proves, only

> "The name
> Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain."

From this doctrine, as all thinking men can see without labored reasoning, flows all personal freedom. Without the security of personal freedom which an incarnate God first taught to the world national liberty can never draw the first breath of life. Liberty without God sings no song of gladness. It increases, does not heal, the wounds of society. It has only to be proclaimed to give way to the reign of brute force. This has been the never-varying historical record of liberty divorced from the restraints of a divine and supreme lawgiver. God is liberty, says the Angelic Doctor. It is the most perfect definition of the Ruler of the universe which his wondrously illumined mind could fashion. Because she is the church of God, in her path through the world the Catholic Church has been strewing for centuries the blessings of human liberty. Hence Mr. Freeman says that the liberties of which the modern civilized world boast were "broadened down" in mediæval times when the spiritual sway of the Catholic Church was undisputed. Freedom was not then the possession of a few nor the heirloom of a privileged titled caste, but it was the birthright of all, because all, the lowly as well as the great, belonged to the family of God. It was in these very mediæval times that the civil rights of the many, the political descendants of the pagan proletariat, found a defender, and a defender that power could neither frighten nor corrupt. It is to

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this beneficent spiritual power of the Catholic Church watching over the cradle of modern society, fearlessly protecting the seed of human liberty which a divine Husbandman had sown, we wish to draw attention.

One of the journalistic critics of the Cincinnati pastoral has distinguished himself above his fellows by discovering that its doctrine on the origin of power is only a veiled effort of the church to restore the civil pains and penalties of ecclesiastical excommunication. To his dismay he sees rising from the grave the ghost of that "usurped priestly domination which the Reformation was supposed to have buried for ever." Unfortunately for modern society, hopelessly broken into fragments, chaotic as every social world must be where heresy assumes to teach, the restoration which the critic fears is impossible. In the civil and political strength of mediæval excommunication human liberty found its refuge. It was a citadel that saved it from death. It was a sacred sanctuary where religion protected it from the hands of tyranny. He has read the past only to multiply his delusions who does not see that in the exercise of its mediæval right of excommunication the Catholic Church was performing this service for humanity. And he is equally mistaken who believes that the church sought or employed for selfish and ambitious designs judicial prerogatives in the domain of political society. They were congenital with society that was built upon the clean-swept site of paganism. They formed an essential as well as an important part of the texture of Christian society. The social organism which Christianity quickened into life amid the death-throes of the pagan world was identified with the Catholic Church, as the church was one with God as the interpreter of the divine law. In it society "lived and moved and had its being." To deny its competency to sit in judgment upon the acts of the civil power would have been social apostasy from Christ, in whom all power, civil as well as spiritual, centred. That crime of apostasy was at last committed. The only fruit, as far as we can see, has been the groans of human bondage, the undertone of human despair, that mingles with the hopeful cry of every modern revolution. The power of mediæval excommunication was not an abnormal excrescence on the political body. It was not, as we are told, the product of spiritual chicanery. It was not injected into the veins of society as a foreign poison. It grew from within. It was not a destroying parasite, but it was developed silently, and yet divinely, with the growth and needs of Christian society, seeking protection for that liberty which its

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divine Founder bequeathed to it. This instrument of terror to oppression was forged by the hands of Eternal Justice, and it will be restored to the world as the guardian of human rights, if Christian society is ever reconstructed. The proof of this truth lies in the very nature of spiritual censure and in the benign effects which it wrought in the life of European society when the constitutional law of the Christian world classed those upon whom the spiritual censure fell as social criminals and political offenders. We ask no stronger or more convincing vindication of the church as the watchful warder of civil liberty. The history of mediæval jurisprudence is trumpet-tongued in its defence. From the first promulgation of Christianity according to apostolic ordinances the effect of excommunication was to deprive the believer not only of the spiritual advantages peculiar to Christians, but also of certain social advantages and privileges which depend on the freewill of individuals. The latter can be withheld without violating any rights of others or the neglect of any duty. Such, for instance, are the ordinary marks of friendship, politeness, and courtesy. Ecclesiastical history furnishes numerous examples of this ancient discipline of the early ages of the faith. It was considered no less important to preserve the faithful from the contagion of bad example than to excite the guilty to penance by a salutary fear.

There is one circumstance connected with the institutions of the church, says Guizot in his *History of European Civilization*, which has not, in general, been as much noticed as it deserves. I allude to its penitential system, which is the more interesting at the present day because, so far as the principles and application of moral law are concerned, it is almost completely in unison with the principles of modern philosophy. If we look closely, he says, into the punishments inflicted by the church; if we examine its system of public penance, which was its principal mode of punishing, we shall find the object was, above all others, to excite repentance in the soul of the guilty, and then to stir up the heart of Christian society with the moral terror of example. But there is another idea involved in these public penalties—the idea of expiation; that is, in all punishments there is, independently of the idea of awakening the guilty to repentance and of deterring others from the commission of crime, a secret and imperious desire to expiate guilt. Putting this question, however, aside, it is sufficiently evident that repentance and example were the objects which the church desired to reach by its system of excommunication. The attainment of these ends is the legitimate scope of every

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truly philosophical legislation. In defence of these principles the most enlightened jurists have clamored for a reform of the penal legislation of Europe in modern times. Open the books of these legal reformers—those of Jeremy Bentham, for example—and the reader will be astonished at the numerous resemblances which he will find everywhere between his plans of punishment claiming originality and the penitential canons of the church. These canons, rigorous though they be, are a part and parcel of that wondrous system of charity by which the church endeavored to soften the rugged manners of barbaric kings and princes, and to render them more just in their conduct towards the weak. At the same time it sought to inculcate a life of morality among the poor, inspiring them with higher hopes than their lowly lot would give them. In this spirit the church labored constantly for the improvement of civil and criminal legislation during the middle ages. It is impossible to compare the laws of the church with the codes of the barbaric founders of European nations without at once admitting the superiority of the church in matters of jurisprudence and legislation.

The close alliance which the ecclesiastical and civil powers contracted in all Christian states after the conversion of Constantine gave rise to the practice of confirming the divine and ecclesiastical laws by the authority of the sovereign. This was the origin of the correlative practice of punishing any violation of these laws with civil penalties. In time there was scarcely an important article of the doctrines or discipline of the church which was not confirmed by the civil power. Such is the true and just basis of the temporal penalties decreed by Roman (civil) law and the Christian states of Europe in the middle ages against heresy, apostasy, sacrilege, blasphemy, and many other crimes against religion. From this source arose the temporal effects attached to public penances and censures, among which was counted the forfeiture of secular offices and dignities. We have only to refer to the Capitulars of Charlemagne and his successors, or to the decrees of many councils or mixed assemblies in the same epoch, to be convinced that this discipline was then in vigor throughout Europe. It was established and formally recognized by the civil power.

From the seventh to the twelfth century the practice of public penances fell into disuse in consequence of the disorders of society during that turbulent period. It was then found necessary to restrain the wild passions and horrible excesses of a barbarous and undisciplined people by a different kind of punish-

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ment. Religion was clothed with the only authority they respected. Ecclesiastical censures, but especially excommunication, appeared alone capable of reaching and answering the wants of the social body. Sovereigns themselves, according to William of Malmesbury, had no more powerful means of controlling their rebellious barons. It alone could shiver the destroying lance and break in twain the blood-stained sword. In the cause of justice and peace kings took advantage of the strict union between the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and succeeded in attaching to the spiritual penalties, which the church prescribed for crimes, temporal effects like those which had long previously been attached to public penances.

The first example which history furnishes us of this privation of civil rights as a consequence of spiritual excommunication is found in a constitution of Childebert II. It was published in the year 595. In this document the king of the French makes severe laws against incestuous marriages. Those who contracted such unholy alliances and refused to break their sinful bonds were not only excommunicated—entirely stripped of all the spiritual privileges of Christians—but they were forbidden by civil law access to the palace, and their temporal goods were declared forfeited in favor of their heirs. The successors of Childebert, finding that the secular arm grew stronger in its battles for the preservation of society by aiding spiritual authority, gradually extended the temporal effects of excommunication. One of the most remarkable ordinances of this kind was promulgated by the Council of Verneuil, assembled in 755 by order of Pepin the Short. The ninth canon of this council not only closes the doors of the church against the excommunicated, but it decrees the punishment of exile against all who refuse to recognize this separation from the faithful. Another capitular denies to the excommunicated the right of accusation or defence—the right of being plaintiff or defendant in a court of justice. Similar enactments in considerable number show that this legislation existed in England under Ethelred and Canute. They appear again and again in the acts of the Saxon and Danish monarchs' reigns, and Canceanus' *Barbarorum Leges Antiquæ* quotes them as the most beneficent regulations of a warlike age that the temporal power single-handed could not soothe nor soften.

The concert of the two powers in the establishment and approval of this discipline is formally acknowledged by modern writers, even while they censure the practice and contest the maxims of the middle ages on this point. They do not hesitate

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to say that temporal power favored it as the safeguard of order, and they are ready to confess that the church did not suggest nor enforce these punishments of the state in the hope of strengthening its own authority. Charlemagne, says the continuator of Velly, far from being jealous of the power of the bishops, thought it his interest to augment it, that it might serve as a counterpoise to the growing arrogance of his barons. Bred to the use of arms, and having the chief strength of the kingdom at their disposal, they often grew impatient under the just restraints of royal power. He therefore introduced not only into the schools he founded, but also into the ecclesiastical tribunals, whose jurisdiction he extended, and into the parliaments or general assemblies of the nation, new maxims as favorable to the church "as they were contrary to the rights of the sovereign." Charlemagne, in granting these prerogatives to the bishops, knew full well that he was giving to the throne a new element of strength that could spring from no other source. Additional security to his rights could hardly be "contrary to them."

The germs of this new policy were not of slow development. Kings and emperors, having communicated a portion of the civil and political power to bishops, and being interested in the execution of ecclesiastical sentences, enlarged the pains and penalties following excommunication. It soon became a general law in Europe that an excommunicated person, if he had not the disposition to obtain absolution in a given time, was declared civilly accursed. He lost caste; his rights of citizenship were annulled; he was proscribed and banished from society. Society was then sensitively Christian. It traced its whole life to a Christian supernatural root—the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. The church was his representative, clothed with his authority. The Christian civil law of Europe, conforming itself to the legislation of the divine Founder of society, echoed his own doctrine: "If any one will not hear the church, let him be to thee as a heathen or publican." Long before the pontificate of St. Gregory VII., to whom Protestant writers falsely attribute the invention of the temporal penalties of excommunication, civil law had sharpened its sword against public hardened transgressors of the laws of Christianity. For centuries before the memorable days of Hildebrand it had not only been unsheathed but wielded with an unsurpassed severity. By the civil statutes of earlier times it was forbidden even to kindred and servants to hold any intercourse with any one whom the spiritual tribunal had condemned, except in what was indispensable for the support of his life.

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This extreme rigor, inflicting death upon all civil and social rights, was solely the creation of the common law of Europe; it was strictly enforced upon public enemies of the commonwealth whenever they refused obstinately to release themselves from spiritual censure within the period determined by the laws or usages of each particular state.

So far was the church from introducing these edicts into the body of European law for the extension of its own dominion that she was the first to oppose the severity of this discipline. When civil rulers would have made it Draconian her voice of charity was successfully raised to mitigate it in many points. Strange as it may sound in this age, that has falsely given to Gregory VII. all the features of the most unscrupulous tyrant in advancing the cause of spiritual despotism, he was most prominent among the pontiffs of the middle ages in abridging the civil and social disabilities which secular legislation decreed against the excommunicated. He threw the protection of papal power around the home of the worst criminal. He removed the presence of the civil ban from the fireside. By a law enacted during his pontificate the wife, children, and servants, and all whose company would not encourage the excommunicated in his crimes, were allowed to associate with him. This decree was afterwards inserted in the body of canon law. A still greater mitigation of regal rigor was made by Martin V. in the Council of Constance. By pontifical rescript he smoothed away the sternest features of a discipline which civil law had enforced for centuries. In the face of remonstrances on the part of temporal rulers he commanded that unrestricted intercourse should be permitted with all who were not excommunicated *publicly and by name.* This is the present discipline of the church. There were many stages in the history of the mitigations of these punishments. But at every stage it is the church which covers the outlaw with the mantle of mercy. It is the church that lifts its repelling, warning hand against the officers of the civil power. The general principle remained untouched that the obstinate and impenitent under the sentence of excommunication were liable to be deprived of every temporal dignity. It remained because it was the dictum of common law, which the church did *not* establish and had no power to abolish. It had a strength which the church could not destroy—the strength of *custom* and *written law.*

It is a principle universally admitted that the public and private law of any community, in all that is of human and arbitrary

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legislation, is manifest not only from *written* law but likewise from *custom*. Length of years and universal acceptance give to many a custom the form of law. Whether the notification of a law be made by writing or by proclamation of officers appointed for the purpose, or by universal tradition and practice, like the common law of England, is of little moment in determining the justice of the law. An immemorial custom approved or not expressly condemned by the legislative power in any state has the force of law. Even when originating in error or abuse, but in process of time identified with the institutions and policy of a country, such a custom becomes an essential part of the common law of the people who have approved of the custom. The approval need not be more marked than a silent acquiescence. As Montesquieu observes, such a custom could not have become universal if it had not been congenial to the usages of the people. A submission of centuries that utters no protest against a custom elevates it to the dignity of law. This submission, unvaried by a single protest in the history of the middle ages against the right of affixing temporal penalties to excommunication, is an historical fact. When Gregory VII. excommunicated Henry IV. of Germany the boldest partisans of the emperor admitted the existence and justice of this principle. The only subject on which there was a division was whether a sovereign could be the object of a sentence which involved such consequences. This question was solved in the affirmative by the common law of the epoch. That common law laid its hands not only upon the banned baron, but claimed obedience from the wearer of the imperial diadem. Imperial disloyalty to God and his church rent by the hands of civil law the vassal's oath of loyalty to the crown; and by the decision of the same judge, which civil society elected to settle dispute between king and subject, the stain of certain crimes upon the king's soul was reflected in a stain upon the purple of Christian royalty, in the desecration and loss of kingly power. The same handwriting of justice that expelled the impenitent knight from his castle drove the contumacious emperor in disgrace from his throne. While it is true that all nations of mediæval Europe recognized this code of discipline, and prized it as the strongest curb on the lawlessness of human will sitting in high places, nowhere was the text of these laws so clear, so precise, so explicit in determining the punishment to be visited upon excommunicated royalty, as in Germany. The old Saxon love of liberty inherited from pagan times gave the sharpest edge to the laws which could punish the violators of

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that liberty when every other protection was brittle as glass and weak as reeds. These laws, prepared and adopted in the heart of the empire, were the most comprehensive and most effective Bill of Rights that any age has ever enjoyed. Comprehensive they certainly were when the head bound with gold must needs bow to their decision as well as his vassals. And surely they were effective when they won for oppressed peoples far more than all the boastful reformations and bloody revolutions of later times have been able to accomplish. They were really God's gifts to humanity groaning from time to time under the lash of king or noble. And God's gifts are always without repentance. A popular appeal in those days against political wrong, unless supported by the anathema of the church, would have been as idle, as vain as the bleating of the lamb against the wolf, as the cry of the Irish against the butchery of Cromwell. It would only have whetted the tiger vengeance of many a mediæval oppressor. The excommunicated who preyed upon society might not always be sincerely converted. But the fear of the civil penalties which followed in the train of spiritual condemnation stayed the ravaging hand and forced it to restore its stolen spoils to the weak and helpless. Some one has said that justice may prevail in private but never in political life; otherwise the great nations would not fall into decay and their history one after another be written in the dust of death. But this saying is not universally true. There was a time when political justice triumphed—in the middle ages, when ecclesiastical censures carried with them political consequences, when the crown of an unjust ruler weighed light as a feather against the rights of the meanest of his subjects. The laws of those times show that this is no exaggeration. Take the codes of Saxony and Suabia compiled in the thirteenth century, containing the ancient customs of the empire, that had crystallized by the process of time, under the watchful eye of the church, into imperial laws. The third chapter of this "Body of German Laws, containing the statutes enacted and ordained by the Roman emperors and electors, prescribing all that should be done or omitted for the sake of the common peace promulgated by the holy empire and confirmed by the voice of antiquity," conveys a clear idea of the salutary union of the two powers of the world in enforcing these peculiar laws. It impresses the conviction that the declaration that these laws were made for the *common* peace is no arrogant, ill-supported pretension. We quote some of these laws at random: "If any one is excommunicated by the ecclesiastical judge, and continues in

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that state for six weeks, he can be proscribed by the secular judge. If he be excommunicated before being proscribed for his crimes he must be absolved from the spiritual ban, if he be worthy, before civil proscription is removed. But neither the civil nor the ecclesiastical magistrate can release him from the proscription before he has made satisfaction for the fault for which either of the sentences was incurred. If a proscribed or excommunicated person cites any one before a civil tribunal the summons can be disregarded, but if he himself is summoned he is bound to appear." He who had become a public and obstinate malefactor was made a political pariah as well as a spiritual leper. No hereditary dignity, no official rank could screen him. Coats of mail could not ward off the civil death with which this arrow of justice was winged. There was no immunity to do wrong hedging any office; then a bold villain did not mock and avert justice with the trappings of exalted station. These laws were made so general as to be "no respecter of persons." Justice was ever blind to the glitter of high social position when it spoke through these civil-ecclesiastical laws.

The legislation of England and France was substantially the same. The same plant of Catholic faith in different soils produced the same fruit. According to Saxon law, an excommunicated person who took no care to be absolved in forty days after his sentence was denounced to the king's officers, who threw him into prison. If he persisted obstinately in his guilt for an entire year he was branded with infamy. If the offender was a baron or lord of any higher rank his vassals were released from their oath of allegiance, and his fiefs could be seized and held by his suzerain until he atoned for his crimes. Such was a decree of a Council of London held in 1342. A law of greater sternness against guilty magnates of the realm marked with the seal of spiritual judgment is recorded among the statutes of an assembly, composed of bishops, earls, and thegns, held at Lambeth in the preceding century. It would be difficult to magnify the coercive power of laws which could make the first-born of Godwin, the great king-maker in the Saxon days of England, a stranger in his native land, a criminal confessing his sacrilegious guilt to friend and foe, a weary, way-worn pilgrim seeking peace for his soul at the foot of Calvary's mount and welcoming the extinction of his justly incurred sentence in the silence of a foreign grave. Sweyn, heir of the powerful Godwin, surrounded by his men-at-arms and the adherents of his father's house, could bid defiance to the armies of the Saxon kingdom; no physical force

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could stay the invasion which his burning vengeance excited; but civil justice, armed with the sacred power of Him who calmed in a moment the white-capped waves of Galilee, subdued his haughty will and furled his rebellious banner.

In France, as in England, amid the din of arms these laws, and these alone, were never silent. The writings of the learned Ives of Chartres, the light of the West in the twelfth century, abound in proofs of the excellent results of this blending of the authority of crown and crosier, of sceptre and shepherd's crook, in repressing the worst classes of crime. In a collection of laws in vigor in his time, published under the title of the *Decretum*, he declares that this discipline was invoked by the most intelligent, the wisest of the guardians of the public good. It was as healthy as it was universal. These laws he holds to be the outgrowth of a sacred compact between the two powers of the state, mutually preserving and strengthening the highest interests of society. In a letter of this prelate to Laurence, a monk of La Charité, apparently written about the time of the excommunication of King Philip of France by Urban II. on account of his scandalous marriage, he represents the canons relating to the excommunicated as the marriage of divine mercy and human justice. An ordinance published in 1228 by St. Louis of France indicates in a decisive manner the legislation prevailing in France on this point. It enjoins on all secular judges to enforce the temporal penalties enacted against the *obstinate* under sentence during a year. It is well to note the purpose expressed in the ordinance: "in order to bring back by the fear of chastisement those who were unmoved by the dread of divine justice." "We, therefore, command all our bailiffs," says the text of the law, "to seize, *at the expiration of a year*, all the movable and immovable effects of the excommunicated, and to hold them until they are reconciled to the church." In all regulations of similar kind which form the code called "The Establishments of St. Louis," in which Montesquieu, although reluctant to attribute all of them to the saintly sovereign of France, finds the most perfect and beneficent criminal code ever devised by human wisdom, there is one supreme aim—the reformation of the guilty. This reformation is sought by the surest path, as the discerning Montesquieu frankly testifies. In the light which the history of the early discipline of the church throws upon these later laws they lose all their rigor. Viewed in relation to the rights of the Christian society that accepted them, they shine amid the darkness of feudal records with the splendor of the most perfect in-

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It is obvious to the most superficial thinker how beneficent to society were the consequences flowing from this discipline when applied to tyrannical princes. It was a power capable of enforcing submission upon the haughtiest autocrat when he would make his will override the laws of his kingdom. Their deposition by the action of spiritual authority, while it was the only refuge for civil liberty, was nothing more than the application of prevailing jurisprudence. It had its wholesome root in something stronger than custom approved by the pious and learned. It was a written principle of European, Christian law. No one was more competent, by his knowledge of history and jurisprudence of the middle ages, to judge of the true and legitimate foundation of this law than the Protestant Leibnitz. Without indiscriminately approving every execution of the law of deposition against excommunicated princes, he maintains and proves by citations of civil laws that this authority rested upon the maxims and usages adopted by the sovereigns themselves. In the dissertation on the use of "Public Acts," which is the preface to the *Codex Diplomaticus Juris Gentium*, he says it must be confessed that the vigilance of the popes in the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, enforcing it upon all alike, arrested a multitude of disorders. The acceptance of a crown and the temporal effects of excommunication were made by law inseparable. Nothing was more common, says Leibnitz, referring to the treaty of Bretigny in 1360, than to see kings in their treaties submit themselves, as if it were an indisputable law, to the censures and correction of the church. But it is principally in his treatise on the Right of Supremacy ("De Jure Suprematus") that Leibnitz demonstrates that, while the sentence of excommunication was entirely spiritual, it was the provision of civil law of the Roman Empire, the justice of which no humbled emperor could reasonably question, that dethroned him. It was the curse which civil law pronounced on him on the day of his royal consecration, if he should prove faithless to the contract he

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made with his subjects on the day of his royal consecration. No prince of the Christian commonwealth embracing all Europe could place himself, argues Leibnitz, beyond the reach of this civil ordinance. Its limit was the horizon of Christianity. The king's privileges and his submission to this organic law were correlative. It was a power behind and higher than the throne, representing the people. As long as it existed it could be truly said that the voice of the people was the voice of God. The shadow of that power followed not only the feudatories or vassals of the Holy See, who owed to it obedience by its right of suzerainty, as some writers have argued, as some Gallicans have pretended, like Bossuet denying to the church anything more than a *directive* power in the deposition of princes. In Catholic days the title of Christian prince was something more than a sounding name. It carried with it, as Leibnitz observes, the obligation of homage to Jesus Christ—an homage that expressed itself in the official observance of every human right which the Gospel had secured to the meanest of his subjects. When any of these rights were invaded the prince was logically regarded as having forgotten his oath of fidelity to the religion which had clothed his subjects with the dignity of freemen. His deposition was involved in the very nature of the position which he had betrayed and dishonored. Leibnitz is not blind to the benefits which the Christian world reaped from this Christian form of the body politic. He mourns over the disappearance of this close, well-regulated connection between things sacred and profane. He laments the death of that resistless avenger of tyranny which struck the guilty and saved the innocent victims of misrule.

In the place of this angel of mercy the modern world has been able to invent no other substitute but brutal, bloody revolution, inflicting new social wounds and healing none. Christendom has been torn into shreds. The Christian world, composed of Christian nations ligatured by Christian law, has become a wreck. In the sad ruin which heresy has made in the political world the law which rang out for centuries an appalling doom against abuse of royal authority was buried. Every element of political disorder sang a song of triumph over its grave. Kings, impatient of restraint, longing for the hour when their will would be sovereign law, when they could say, I am the state, read most clearly the advantages of such a victory. For the future they were hampered in the indulgence of passion or in the assumption of lawless authority only by parchments which the

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sword could divide with impunity. Their subjects, ignorant of the chains they were forging for their own limbs, joined their rulers in the mockery of the strong-handed, divinely-constituted justice that had so long protected them. What power have they been able to evoke from the ruin to regain the rights they so madly cast away? We need not wait long for an answer. It comes to us from the thousand dens of European secret societies, schools of murder and rapine. The sign of the Son of Man has been contradicted and torn down. It has ceased to be a sign of terror to the rulers of the world. They tremble now only at the dagger and torch of the Nihilist. This is hardly a profitable exchange for a papal anathema that relieved enslaved subjects, humbled royal arrogance, adjusted all political relations, reformed broken social compacts, without weakening in the slightest degree the bonds of society, without impairing on the one hand the rights of rulers, or mutilating on the other the inherited liberties of the subject. It was the Catholic Church, and it alone, that could endow civil law with this power. By her unity she impressed upon political life the truth that all men are brethren, the human race one family, and rulers were only fathers of the people and must obey one Master and render an account to a supreme judge—God. By her sanctity the church reprobates all crimes. No sympathy, then, or union could exist between her and despotism, which is a foul infraction of the laws of God and man. On the one hand she enforces the precepts of religion which condemn civil oppression; on the other she holds up to view the fate which awaits oppressors invoked by the cries of a down-trodden people. As fearless as she is sinless, she never quailed before human fury. She is the mother strong in the might of her affections, as she casts her long arms around her offspring to shield them from suffering and death. By her apostolicity she preserves the heritage of Jesus Christ and his apostles—the doctrines which they taught for the government of society in regard to the rights of the people and the duties of their rulers. All ages are before her eyes. She sees the causes of the prosperity and the ruin of nations. She loves no novel diplomacy or legislation which cannot be traced to the primitive laws of natural justice. If man's policy effects changes in fundamental laws which assail the liberties of manhood she points to a divine standard of right, to her divine Author. She calls upon all to abide by the divine decision of the Gospel, and she clings ever to its conservative principles. Vainly have unjust rulers essayed to break the chain of authority that binds her to the

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past, or subject to their perverse will her teaching, that has always been swift to condemn them. Embracing all nations as a teacher of divine morality, she has the right of inspection over the conduct of rulers in behalf of their subjects. In the vast dominion which she holds she pursues with sleepless eye the enemy of liberty. He cannot conceal from her vigilance his projects, and conspiracies, and outrages against the welfare of the people, nor escape the high and holy indignation which streams in burning anathemas from her lips to compel obedience to law. Watchful over all and over every land, the lordly and the lowly, the king who riots in rapine and the slave who is crushed beneath his iron foot, she lifts her voice first in prayer, then in command, finally in menace. She stretches forth her benignant arms to embrace all classes of men, to improve the condition of the unhappy, and by her divine mediation to save the oppressed and confound the oppressor. "Who is just without compulsion?" asks Æschylus. And we ask, What was this rod of compulsion, and what is it to-day, for wicked kings or lawless revolutionists, but the Catholic Church? So reasoned Leibnitz in his letter to Grinaret, in which he regrets the extinction of the temporal penalties of papal excommunication, the re-establishment of which, in his opinion, would revive political justice and restore the golden age. I would give my vote, he says, "for the erection of a tribunal at Rome to decide the controversies of princes, and to make the pope president of it, as he formerly filled the office of judge of Christian kings."

Another Protestant, Eichhorn, son of the celebrated commentator of the Bible and professor of history in the University of Göttingen, in his *History of the German Empire and its Laws*, sums up in the following manner the system of the public or common law of Europe on this subject in the middle ages: "Christendom, which in virtue of the divine destiny of the church embraces all the nations of the earth, forms a whole whose welfare is confided to the care of a *power* which God himself has granted to certain persons. This power is of two kinds, spiritual and temporal. *Both* are confided to the pope in virtue of his office as vicar of Jesus Christ. It is from him, and consequently under his dependence and supervision, that the emperor, in his quality as visible head of the Christian commonwealth in temporals, and all princes in general, hold their power. . . . The church and state form but a single society, although they appear exteriorly to be two separate societies, and regulate their mutual relations as such by concordats or contracts." To prove this exposé the

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author cites the organic laws of the principal states of Europe in the middle ages. While we may not adopt his views on the extent of papal power in temporals, his quotations of law in defence of his position should moderate the tone of sciolists, both Catholic and Protestant, who, without a tithe of the learning and without the slightest claim to the erudition of Leibnitz, hurl their smart sarcasms at the pope and his harmless thunderbolts.

This class of shallow writers ought to be more astonished at the opinion of Voltaire in his *Essai sur les Mœurs :* "It appears to me that the princes who had a right to elect the emperor had also the right to depose him, and the making of the pope president of this tribunal was equivalent to acknowledging him the judge of the emperor and the empire." A contemporary of Voltaire, one whose animosity against the popes yielded in nothing to the philosopher of Ferney, could not help making the same avowal. "Unfortunately," says he, "nearly all sovereigns, by an *inconceivable blindness*, labored themselves to accredit, in public opinion, a weapon which had and could have no power but by the force of this opinion. They charged themselves with the execution of the sentence which stripped a sovereign of his states, and they submitted their own to the same jurisdiction." But they did not submit *blindly* to this jurisdiction. It was written in large, bold hand in every national code of Europe. That jurisdiction was as solid and legitimate as the hereditary tenantry of crowns. As Mr. Freeman is forced to confess in his *History of William Rufus*, the Roman pontiff in those days "seemed the one embodiment of right and law, the one shadow of God, left upon the earth in a world of force and foulness of life—a world where the civil sword was left in the hands of kings like William and Philip, and where an unemperor-like Henry still wielded it in defiance of anathemas." That jurisdiction was a divine protection thrown around society, which then wore the now forfeited dignity of being the one fold of Christ—a spiritual barrier defending its temporal life, too deep to be undermined by royal intrigue, too strong to be shaken by royal threats. Against it the waves of royal iniquity beat only to be broken.

In every historical anathema of the Holy See pronounced upon the possessors of temporal power human freedom found its voice. While the name of empire was preserved it was the excommunicating power of the popes that made organized European society a Christian republic in its highest and widest and most attractive meaning. In fact, the text of mediæval laws more than once inserts this title. It was papal power that made

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a Christian commonwealth possible, as it was the doctrine of Christianity tracing all power on earth to a heavenly source that gave solid substance and enduring life to human liberty. In the spiritual and temporal order the highest freedom of man is to give obedience only to God. To subject soul or body to any authority less exalted is slavery. The Catholic Church was the first teacher to proclaim to the world that man, as man, has no right of dominion over his fellow-creature. The thunderbolt of papal excommunication, heard so often amid the raging social storms of mediæval times, only enforced this golden truth of the Gospel. The insatiable selfishness of human power quailed before it. The American principle that rulers exist for the benefit of their subjects was not only born but was triumphant centuries before the "embattled farmers at Concord fired the shot heard round the world." As the late Sage of Concord truly said, "the Catholic Church during the middle ages was the democratic principle of Europe, for she lived by the love of the people."

Liberty never did exist except under the shadow of the cross. Equality has no home except at the altar on which the shadow of that cross falls. Fraternity is a dream or becomes a curse to humanity when it is not rooted in the charity which the divine Victim of the cross preached with the undying eloquence of his death. When the imperial substitutes for the Roman Cæsar mocked the poor, the weak, the suffering in their helplessness, as Cæsar sneered at the divine representative of afflicted humanity in Pilate's hall, the Catholic Church secured for the oppressed the rights that the Son of God had given to them as their heirloom. If the incarnate God had not appeared in the world liberty would not have been born. Take the Catholic Church out of the world and liberty would sink into an eternal grave. If Protestant nations are free it is because they once were Catholic. If a republic was built in this New World Catholic principles were the architect. All that is good, and shapely, and beautiful in this new temple of liberty are the results of the long struggle between the Son of God and Cæsar, the Vicar of Christ and mediæval imperialism, the power of excommunication and the power of royal lawlessness. The arm of God conquered with the weapon of excommunication, and liberty survived to bless ungrateful generations. Liberty will be a lost treasure when we forget that all power comes from God. That doctrine does not impair but fortifies all legitimate civil authority. It rests the temporal order on a basis so strong, so enduring that it mocks the tyranny of the one or the many, Cæsar

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or the mob. With it is bound up all freedom of conscience and the free exercise of religion. Abandon it and religion sinks, as it has done wherever the principles of the Reformation prevailed, into a department of the state, and conscience is regulated by the bludgeon of the police. To revive the coarse, vulgar tyranny of pagan Sparta would not be a very creditable or cheering sign of progress. Yet to this political complexion must we come if God be not the source of all civil power. In this principle lies the whole difference and distinction between the strong dignity of a citizen and the helpless infamy of a state chattel. The American character must undergo a sad transformation to prefer the latter condition. Before the American citizen can reach that state of degeneracy not only the political past of this country must be forgotten, but a political earthquake like the French Revolution will have overturned the whole foundation of the republic. Then we shall have society without God. It will hardly be a gain, for infidelity will be glorified.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

So many of the great luminaries in the world of poetry have recently gone out that our eyes, dimmed at their eclipse, have not perceived the twinkling of some lesser light that ceased. A star of no mean order has set for ever, and to the long list of Ireland's losses must now be added that of her greatest poet since Moore. It would be ungrateful were these pages to make no mention of one whose pure Muse has sung the highest mysteries of the Christian faith and cheered his fellows in the hour of their country's trials.

Denis Florence MacCarthy was born at Dublin in 1817. He was admitted to the Irish bar, but never practised. He was appointed by Dr. Newman professor of English literature in the Catholic University when it was first established, but he held the position for a few months only. His first poetical works were published in the *Nation*, founded at Dublin in 1842 by Mr. (now Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy. From 1848 to 1853 Mr. MacCarthy was a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*. The first volume of his poetical works appeared in 1850 under the title, *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics, original and translated* (Dublin). This was followed some years later by

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could stay the invasion which his burning vengeance excited; but civil justice, armed with the sacred power of Him who calmed in a moment the white-capped waves of Galilee, subdued his haughty will and furled his rebellious banner.

In France, as in England, amid the din of arms these laws, and these alone, were never silent. The writings of the learned Ives of Chartres, the light of the West in the twelfth century, abound in proofs of the excellent results of this blending of the authority of crown and crosier, of sceptre and shepherd's crook, in repressing the worst classes of crime. In a collection of laws in vigor in his time, published under the title of the *Decretum*, he declares that this discipline was invoked by the most intelligent, the wisest of the guardians of the public good. It was as healthy as it was universal. These laws he holds to be the outgrowth of a sacred compact between the two powers of the state, mutually preserving and strengthening the highest interests of society. In a letter of this prelate to Laurence, a monk of La Charité, apparently written about the time of the excommunication of King Philip of France by Urban II. on account of his scandalous marriage, he represents the canons relating to the excommunicated as the marriage of divine mercy and human justice. An ordinance published in 1228 by St. Louis of France indicates in a decisive manner the legislation prevailing in France on this point. It enjoins on all secular judges to enforce the temporal penalties enacted against the *obstinate* under sentence during a year. It is well to note the purpose expressed in the ordinance: "in order to bring back by the fear of chastisement those who were unmoved by the dread of divine justice." "We, therefore, command all our bailiffs," says the text of the law, "to seize, *at the expiration of a year*, all the movable and immovable effects of the excommunicated, and to hold them until they are reconciled to the church." In all regulations of similar kind which form the code called "The Establishments of St. Louis," in which Montesquieu, although reluctant to attribute all of them to the saintly sovereign of France, finds the most perfect and beneficent criminal code ever devised by human wisdom, there is one supreme aim—the reformation of the guilty. This reformation is sought by the surest path, as the discerning Montesquieu frankly testifies. In the light which the history of the early discipline of the church throws upon these later laws they lose all their rigor. Viewed in relation to the rights of the Christian society that accepted them, they shine amid the darkness of feudal records with the splendor of the most perfect in-

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vention of charity. No one can question that they were a mitigation of the still more ancient discipline imposed upon public sinners. The latter subjected the guilty to the most painful and humiliating practices, which continued for many years. Nor was the spiritual ostracism revoked, as in the middle ages, when satisfactory signs of repentance were exhibited. Nor should it be forgotten that excommunication, with all its baneful effects, was, in the infancy of the church, incurred for far less grievous crimes.

It is obvious to the most superficial thinker how beneficent to society were the consequences flowing from this discipline when applied to tyrannical princes. It was a power capable of enforcing submission upon the haughtiest autocrat when he would make his will override the laws of his kingdom. Their deposition by the action of spiritual authority, while it was the only refuge for civil liberty, was nothing more than the application of prevailing jurisprudence. It had its wholesome root in something stronger than custom approved by the pious and learned. It was a written principle of European, Christian law. No one was more competent, by his knowledge of history and jurisprudence of the middle ages, to judge of the true and legitimate foundation of this law than the Protestant Leibnitz. Without indiscriminately approving every execution of the law of deposition against excommunicated princes, he maintains and proves by citations of civil laws that this authority rested upon the maxims and usages adopted by the sovereigns themselves. In the dissertation on the use of "Public Acts," which is the preface to the *Codex Diplomaticus Juris Gentium*, he says it must be confessed that the vigilance of the popes in the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, enforcing it upon all alike, arrested a multitude of disorders. The acceptance of a crown and the temporal effects of excommunication were made by law inseparable. Nothing was more common, says Leibnitz, referring to the treaty of Bretigny in 1360, than to see kings in their treaties submit themselves, as if it were an indisputable law, to the censures and correction of the church. But it is principally in his treatise on the Right of Supremacy ("De Jure Suprematus") that Leibnitz demonstrates that, while the sentence of excommunication was entirely spiritual, it was the provision of civil law of the Roman Empire, the justice of which no humbled emperor could reasonably question, that dethroned him. It was the curse which civil law pronounced on him on the day of his royal consecration, if he should prove faithless to the contract he

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made with his subjects on the day of his royal consecration. No prince of the Christian commonwealth embracing all Europe could place himself, argues Leibnitz, beyond the reach of this civil ordinance. Its limit was the horizon of Christianity. The king's privileges and his submission to this organic law were correlative. It was a power behind and higher than the throne, representing the people. As long as it existed it could be truly said that the voice of the people was the voice of God. The shadow of that power followed not only the feudatories or vassals of the Holy See, who owed to it obedience by its right of suzerainty, as some writers have argued, as some Gallicans have pretended, like Bossuet denying to the church anything more than a *directive* power in the deposition of princes. In Catholic days the title of Christian prince was something more than a sounding name. It carried with it, as Leibnitz observes, the obligation of homage to Jesus Christ—an homage that expressed itself in the official observance of every human right which the Gospel had secured to the meanest of his subjects. When any of these rights were invaded the prince was logically regarded as having forgotten his oath of fidelity to the religion which had clothed his subjects with the dignity of freemen. His deposition was involved in the very nature of the position which he had betrayed and dishonored. Leibnitz is not blind to the benefits which the Christian world reaped from this Christian form of the body politic. He mourns over the disappearance of this close, well-regulated connection between things sacred and profane. He laments the death of that resistless avenger of tyranny which struck the guilty and saved the innocent victims of misrule.

In the place of this angel of mercy the modern world has been able to invent no other substitute but brutal, bloody revolution, inflicting new social wounds and healing none. Christendom has been torn into shreds. The Christian world, composed of Christian nations ligatured by Christian law, has become a wreck. In the sad ruin which heresy has made in the political world the law which rang out for centuries an appalling doom against abuse of royal authority was buried. Every element of political disorder sang a song of triumph over its grave. Kings, impatient of restraint, longing for the hour when their will would be sovereign law, when they could say, I am the state, read most clearly the advantages of such a victory. For the future they were hampered in the indulgence of passion or in the assumption of lawless authority only by parchments which the

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sword could divide with impunity. Their subjects, ignorant of the chains they were forging for their own limbs, joined their rulers in the mockery of the strong-handed, divinely-constituted justice that had so long protected them. What power have they been able to evoke from the ruin to regain the rights they so madly cast away? We need not wait long for an answer. It comes to us from the thousand dens of European secret societies, schools of murder and rapine. The sign of the Son of Man has been contradicted and torn down. It has ceased to be a sign of terror to the rulers of the world. They tremble now only at the dagger and torch of the Nihilist. This is hardly a profitable exchange for a papal anathema that relieved enslaved subjects, humbled royal arrogance, adjusted all political relations, reformed broken social compacts, without weakening in the slightest degree the bonds of society, without impairing on the one hand the rights of rulers, or mutilating on the other the inherited liberties of the subject. It was the Catholic Church, and it alone, that could endow civil law with this power. By her unity she impressed upon political life the truth that all men are brethren, the human race one family, and rulers were only fathers of the people and must obey one Master and render an account to a supreme judge—God. By her sanctity the church reprobates all crimes. No sympathy, then, or union could exist between her and despotism, which is a foul infraction of the laws of God and man. On the one hand she enforces the precepts of religion which condemn civil oppression; on the other she holds up to view the fate which awaits oppressors invoked by the cries of a down-trodden people. As fearless as she is sinless, she never quailed before human fury. She is the mother strong in the might of her affections, as she casts her long arms around her offspring to shield them from suffering and death. By her apostolicity she preserves the heritage of Jesus Christ and his apostles—the doctrines which they taught for the government of society in regard to the rights of the people and the duties of their rulers. All ages are before her eyes. She sees the causes of the prosperity and the ruin of nations. She loves no novel diplomacy or legislation which cannot be traced to the primitive laws of natural justice. If man's policy effects changes in fundamental laws which assail the liberties of manhood she points to a divine standard of right, to her divine Author. She calls upon all to abide by the divine decision of the Gospel, and she clings ever to its conservative principles. Vainly have unjust rulers essayed to break the chain of authority that binds her to the

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past, or subject to their perverse will her teaching, that has always been swift to condemn them. Embracing all nations as a teacher of divine morality, she has the right of inspection over the conduct of rulers in behalf of their subjects. In the vast dominion which she holds she pursues with sleepless eye the enemy of liberty. He cannot conceal from her vigilance his projects, and conspiracies, and outrages against the welfare of the people, nor escape the high and holy indignation which streams in burning anathemas from her lips to compel obedience to law. Watchful over all and over every land, the lordly and the lowly, the king who riots in rapine and the slave who is crushed beneath his iron foot, she lifts her voice first in prayer, then in command, finally in menace. She stretches forth her benignant arms to embrace all classes of men, to improve the condition of the unhappy, and by her divine mediation to save the oppressed and confound the oppressor. "Who is just without compulsion?" asks Æschylus. And we ask, What was this rod of compulsion, and what is it to-day, for wicked kings or lawless revolutionists, but the Catholic Church? So reasoned Leibnitz in his letter to Grinaret, in which he regrets the extinction of the temporal penalties of papal excommunication, the re-establishment of which, in his opinion, would revive political justice and restore the golden age. I would give my vote, he says, "for the erection of a tribunal at Rome to decide the controversies of princes, and to make the pope president of it, as he formerly filled the office of judge of Christian kings."

Another Protestant, Eichhorn, son of the celebrated commentator of the Bible and professor of history in the University of Göttingen, in his *History of the German Empire and its Laws*, sums up in the following manner the system of the public or common law of Europe on this subject in the middle ages: "Christendom, which in virtue of the divine destiny of the church embraces all the nations of the earth, forms a whole whose welfare is confided to the care of a *power* which God himself has granted to certain persons. This power is of two kinds, spiritual and temporal. *Both* are confided to the pope in virtue of his office as vicar of Jesus Christ. It is from him, and consequently under his dependence and supervision, that the emperor, in his quality as visible head of the Christian commonwealth in temporals, and all princes in general, hold their power. . . . The church and state form but a single society, although they appear exteriorly to be two separate societies, and regulate their mutual relations as such by concordats or contracts." To prove this exposé the

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author cites the organic laws of the principal states of Europe in the middle ages. While we may not adopt his views on the extent of papal power in temporals, his quotations of law in defence of his position should moderate the tone of sciolists, both Catholic and Protestant, who, without a tithe of the learning and without the slightest claim to the erudition of Leibnitz, hurl their smart sarcasms at the pope and his harmless thunderbolts.

This class of shallow writers ought to be more astonished at the opinion of Voltaire in his *Essai sur les Mœurs :* "It appears to me that the princes who had a right to elect the emperor had also the right to depose him, and the making of the pope president of this tribunal was equivalent to acknowledging him the judge of the emperor and the empire." A contemporary of Voltaire, one whose animosity against the popes yielded in nothing to the philosopher of Ferney, could not help making the same avowal. "Unfortunately," says he, "nearly all sovereigns, by an *inconceivable blindness*, labored themselves to accredit, in public opinion, a weapon which had and could have no power but by the force of this opinion. They charged themselves with the execution of the sentence which stripped a sovereign of his states, and they submitted their own to the same jurisdiction." But they did not submit *blindly* to this jurisdiction. It was written in large, bold hand in every national code of Europe. That jurisdiction was as solid and legitimate as the hereditary tenantry of crowns. As Mr. Freeman is forced to confess in his *History of William Rufus*, the Roman pontiff in those days "seemed the one embodiment of right and law, the one shadow of God, left upon the earth in a world of force and foulness of life—a world where the civil sword was left in the hands of kings like William and Philip, and where an unemperor-like Henry still wielded it in defiance of anathemas." That jurisdiction was a divine protection thrown around society, which then wore the now forfeited dignity of being the one fold of Christ—a spiritual barrier defending its temporal life, too deep to be undermined by royal intrigue, too strong to be shaken by royal threats. Against it the waves of royal iniquity beat only to be broken.

In every historical anathema of the Holy See pronounced upon the possessors of temporal power human freedom found its voice. While the name of empire was preserved it was the excommunicating power of the popes that made organized European society a Christian republic in its highest and widest and most attractive meaning. In fact, the text of mediæval laws more than once inserts this title. It was papal power that made

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a Christian commonwealth possible, as it was the doctrine of Christianity tracing all power on earth to a heavenly source that gave solid substance and enduring life to human liberty. In the spiritual and temporal order the highest freedom of man is to give obedience only to God. To subject soul or body to any authority less exalted is slavery. The Catholic Church was the first teacher to proclaim to the world that man, as man, has no right of dominion over his fellow-creature. The thunderbolt of papal excommunication, heard so often amid the raging social storms of mediæval times, only enforced this golden truth of the Gospel. The insatiable selfishness of human power quailed before it. The American principle that rulers exist for the benefit of their subjects was not only born but was triumphant centuries before the "embattled farmers at Concord fired the shot heard round the world." As the late Sage of Concord truly said, "the Catholic Church during the middle ages was the democratic principle of Europe, for she lived by the love of the people."

Liberty never did exist except under the shadow of the cross. Equality has no home except at the altar on which the shadow of that cross falls. Fraternity is a dream or becomes a curse to humanity when it is not rooted in the charity which the divine Victim of the cross preached with the undying eloquence of his death. When the imperial substitutes for the Roman Cæsar mocked the poor, the weak, the suffering in their helplessness, as Cæsar sneered at the divine representative of afflicted humanity in Pilate's hall, the Catholic Church secured for the oppressed the rights that the Son of God had given to them as their heirloom. If the incarnate God had not appeared in the world liberty would not have been born. Take the Catholic Church out of the world and liberty would sink into an eternal grave. If Protestant nations are free it is because they once were Catholic. If a republic was built in this New World Catholic principles were the architect. All that is good, and shapely, and beautiful in this new temple of liberty are the results of the long struggle between the Son of God and Cæsar, the Vicar of Christ and mediæval imperialism, the power of excommunication and the power of royal lawlessness. The arm of God conquered with the weapon of excommunication, and liberty survived to bless ungrateful generations. Liberty will be a lost treasure when we forget that all power comes from God. That doctrine does not impair but fortifies all legitimate civil authority. It rests the temporal order on a basis so strong, so enduring that it mocks the tyranny of the one or the many, Cæsar

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or the mob. With it is bound up all freedom of conscience and the free exercise of religion. Abandon it and religion sinks, as it has done wherever the principles of the Reformation prevailed, into a department of the state, and conscience is regulated by the bludgeon of the police. To revive the coarse, vulgar tyranny of pagan Sparta would not be a very creditable or cheering sign of progress. Yet to this political complexion must we come if God be not the source of all civil power. In this principle lies the whole difference and distinction between the strong dignity of a citizen and the helpless infamy of a state chattel. The American character must undergo a sad transformation to prefer the latter condition. Before the American citizen can reach that state of degeneracy not only the political past of this country must be forgotten, but a political earthquake like the French Revolution will have overturned the whole foundation of the republic. Then we shall have society without God. It will hardly be a gain, for infidelity will be glorified.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

So many of the great luminaries in the world of poetry have recently gone out that our eyes, dimmed at their eclipse, have not perceived the twinkling of some lesser light that ceased. A star of no mean order has set for ever, and to the long list of Ireland's losses must now be added that of her greatest poet since Moore. It would be ungrateful were these pages to make no mention of one whose pure Muse has sung the highest mysteries of the Christian faith and cheered his fellows in the hour of their country's trials.

Denis Florence MacCarthy was born at Dublin in 1817. He was admitted to the Irish bar, but never practised. He was appointed by Dr. Newman professor of English literature in the Catholic University when it was first established, but he held the position for a few months only. His first poetical works were published in the *Nation*, founded at Dublin in 1842 by Mr. (now Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy. From 1848 to 1853 Mr. MacCarthy was a frequent contributor to the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*. The first volume of his poetical works appeared in 1850 under the title, *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics, original and translated* (Dublin). This was followed some years later by

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The Bell-Founder, and other Poems (London, 1857), consisting of a selection from the above volume, with but two new poems. The same year appeared at the same place *Under-glimpses, and other Poems.* These three modest volumes, long since out of print, together with some poems scattered through the pages of various periodicals, constitute all the poet's original work.* His translations will be noticed hereafter.

A glance at these volumes will convince the reader that Mr. MacCarthy's genius is essentially lyrical, and that his works are conspicuous for their delicate fancy and musical rhythm. Only four of his poems are narrative in form, although tinged more or less by the lyrical spirit. These may be considered first, especially as they are among the poet's most popular and successful productions.

The "Bell-Founder" is a poetical version of the well-known legend of the "Bells of Limerick Cathedral." Near Florence, in the vale of Elsa, lived Paolo, the young bell-founder, who is plighted to the fair Francesca. The days of betrothment are over, and now "two faces look joyfully out from the purple-clad trellis of vines." The bell-founder prospers, broad lands lie about his cottage, young footsteps trip lightly around, and the grateful Paolo vows eight silver-toned bells to the Church of Our Lady that stands at the head of the vale. The casting of the bells is described in a brief passage that may be compared not unfavorably with the similar scene in Schiller's great poem:

"In the furnace the dry branches crackle, the crucible shines as with gold,
As they carry the hot, flaming metal in haste from the fire to the mould;
Loud roar the bellows, and louder the flames as they shrieking escape,
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er the fast-filling shape;
To and fro in the red-glaring chamber the proud master anxiously moves,
And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the dull and the laggard reproves;
And the heart in his bosom expandeth as the thick, bubbling metal upswells,
For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the birth of the bells."

Then the firm, sandy moulds are broken and the bells are brought to the convent church that stands on the cliff overhead. Inexpressible was the rapture "the deep cadence of the bells

* It was Mr. MacCarthy's intention as long ago as 1868 to publish a new edition containing all of his uncollected pieces, but this purpose was, for some reason, never carried out.

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bore to the old campanaro reclining in the shade of his vine-covered door."

"And thus round the heart of the old man, at morning, at noon, and at eve,
The bells, with their rich woof of music, the network of happiness weave.
They ring in the clear, tranquil evening, and lo! all the air is alive,
As the sweet-laden thoughts come, like bees, to abide in his heart as a hive.
They blend with his moments of joy, as the odor doth blend with the flower;
They blend with his light-falling tears, as the sunshine doth blend with the shower.
As their music is mirthful or mournful, his pulse beateth sluggish or fast,
And his breast takes its hue, like the ocean, as the sunbeams or shadows are cast."

Alas! "feuds fell like a plague upon Florence" and "the war-demon swept o'er the vale." Paolo's children, grown to manhood, perished in the thick of the fight, and his darling Francesca lay down full of love by their side in the tomb. The church was levelled in the dust and the sweet-sounding bells borne away by the hand of sacrilege. The old campanaro had but one dream—"to seek up and down through the world for the sound of his magical bells." He wanders through Italy, to the shrine of Loretto, to Rome and Tivoli.

"He listens when matins and vesper-bells toll,
But their sweetest sounds grate on his ear, and their music is harsh to his soul."

He sails away to Santiago in Spain; but again his hopes are blighted, and he goes on board a bark bound for Erin and soon enters the Shannon:

"And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the broad bank below.
Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look o'er the town;
The old man sees naught but St. Mary's square tower, with its battlements brown.
He listens. As yet all is silent; but now, with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies!

"One note is enough. His eye moistens; his heart, long so withered, outswells:
He has found them, the sons of his labors—his musical, magical bells!

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At each stroke all the bright past returneth; around him the sweet Arno shines:
His children, his darling Francesca, his purple-clad trellis of vines!
Leaning forward, he listens, he gazes; he hears in that wonderful strain
The long-silent voices that murmur, 'Oh! leave us not, father, again!'
'Tis granted—he smiles; his eye closes; the breath from his white lips hath fled:
The father has gone to his children—the old campanaro is dead!"

In "Alice and Una" we have an Irish legendary tale with fairies and a phantom horse. The hero, Maurice, is led to his beloved by a gentle fawn, the fairy Una in disguise, who rescues the daring hunter when the Phooka Horse carries him to the abode of the fairies, where, like Tannhäuser in the Venusberg, he forgets his earthly love. The poem opens with a fine apostrophe to the pleasant time when the world was fresh and golden and the earth peopled with graceful spirit-people. The description of Alice shows the author's fondness for rhyme and his great ability in using it:

"Alice was a chieftain's daughter, and, though many suitors sought her,
She so loved Glengariff's water that she let her lovers pine;
Her eye was beauty's palace, and her cheek an ivory chalice,
Through which the blood of Alice gleamed soft as rosiest wine,
And her lips like lusmore blossoms which the fairies intertwine,
And her heart a golden mine."

"The Foray of Con O'Donnell" is a stirring ballad of border raids and rude chivalric deeds. An aged bard sings at Con's table the praises of MacDonnell's wife, steed, and hound, and Con swears that all three shall be his. The band of Con takes MacDonnell's castle by surprise and Con's oath is kept. Con's conscience smites him on his return, and he reflects:

"If I behold my kinsmen slain,
My barns devoid of golden grain,
How can I curse the pirate crew
For doing what this hour I do?"

and he nobly sets at liberty his prisoners and restores a hundredfold the plunder his band had taken.

We have left to the last the longest and most important of MacCarthy's narrative poems, "The Voyage of St. Brendan." Few mediæval legends have enjoyed greater favor than that of the Irish monk who sailed away to the west and saw strange sights and found new lands, the fame of which long lured the bold navigator to perilous voyages. In MacCarthy's poem the bold monk relates his exploits to his nurse, St. Ita, and tells how

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"he grew to manhood by the western wave, among the mighty mountains on the shore." His occupation was

> "Time's unheeding, unreturning flight
> And the great world that lies beyond the grave."

The monk dreamed of a more sunny clime beyond the waste of waters at his feet, and thought he saw the enchanted isle, Hy-Brasail, which, once touched by a spark of earthly fire, would remain fixed and no longer fade and be lost in an azure grave. Then angels came and whispered:

> "'This is no phantom of a frenzied brain—
> God shows this land from time to time to tempt
> Some daring mariner across the main:
> By thee the mighty venture must be made,
> By thee shall myriad souls to Christ be won!
> Arise, depart, and trust to God for aid!'
> I woke, and kneeling cried, 'His will be done!'"

After this Brendan sailed away to the blessed Enda, "beneath whose eyes, spread like a chart, lay all the isles of that remotest shore," and the pious father told him all he knew, and Brendan made ready his wicker boat covered with ox-skins, chose his companions from the good monks, and waited for the wind to leave the shore.

The third canto describes the voyage of the pious sailors as they prayed and sang, or "some brother drew from memory's store

> "Some chapter of life's misery or bliss,
> Some trial that some saintly spirit bore
> Or else some tale of passion, such as this:"

and then follows the beautiful legend of "The Buried City" seen by the hero from his bark:

> "And now the noon in purple splendor blazed,
> The gorgeous clouds in slow procession filed;
> The youth leaned o'er with listless eyes, and gazed
> Down through the waves on which the blue heavens smiled.
> What sudden fear his gasping breath doth drown?
> What hidden wonder fires his startled eyes?
> Down in the deep, full many a fathom down,
> A great and glorious city buried lies.
> . . . . . .
> "Beneath the graceful arch the river flowed,
> Around the walls the sparkling waters ran,
> The golden chariot rolled along the road—
> All, all was there except the face of man.

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The wondering youth had neither thought nor word:
He felt alone the power and will to die;
His little bark seemed like an outstretched bird
Floating along that city's azure sky."

When the brother had finished his tale a glorious isle with purple hills and sunbright peaks gleamed on their gladdened sight. This isle was known as the Paradise of Birds, and the poet paints in gorgeous colors the feathered dwellers in that happy home:

"Oft, in the sunny mornings, have I seen
Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,
And sweetly singing all the morning through;
And others, with their heads grayish and dark,
Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old trees,
And striking on the hard, rough, shrivelled bark,
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease.

"And diamond birds chirping their single notes,
Now 'mid the trumpet-flower's deep blossoms seen,
Now floating brightly on with fiery throats,
Small-winged emeralds of golden green;
And other larger birds with orange cheek,
A many-color-painted, chattering crowd,
Prattling for ever with their curvèd beaks,
And through the silent woods screaming aloud."

Brendan and his companions tarried not, but sailed on and came at last to the Promised Land, which is described in a passage of great beauty. For fifteen days they wandered through this land, and reached at length "a mighty stream whose broad, bright waves flowed from the east to west." They were about to cross its placid tide when an angel on their vision broke and thus addressed Brendan:

"Father, return; thy mission now is o'er:
God, who did call thee here, now bids thee go.
Return in peace unto thy native shore,
And tell the mighty secrets thou dost know.
But in the end upon that land shall fall
A bitter scourge, a lasting flood of tears,
When ruthless tyranny shall level all
The pious trophies of its earlier years;
Then shall this land prove thy poor country's friend,
And shine, a second Eden, in the West;
Then shall this shore its friendly arms extend,
And clasp the outcast exile to its breast."

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We have bestowed much space upon this beautiful poem, because it is, in many respects, the author's finest production, and because it affords a very happy treatment, it seems to us, of a mediæval theme—a treatment that might be followed with profit by our own poets in these days, when so many lessons are still to be learned from that period.

Before passing to the purely lyrical poems we must pause a moment at the noble ode on the death of the Earl of Belfast, a gifted young nobleman, who died at Naples in his twenty-sixth year. The ode in question was recited at the unveiling of a statue of the earl at Belfast in 1855. The proem contains some beautiful anapæsts and shows MacCarthy's great command of his language—a gift that shines forth pre-eminently in his Spanish translations. It begins:

"Maidens of Italy,
Napoli's daughters,
Send the sad requiem
Over the waters."

The ode proper is a song of Italian maidens, the response to the invocation of the proem.

If we turn to the purely lyrical poems we shall find them marked by the same smoothness of diction and delicate fancy. They are full of charming pictures, as in "The Pilgrims":

"See yonder little lowly hut,
Begirt with fields of fresh-mown hay,
Whose friendly doorway, never shut,
Invites the passing beams to stay;
Upon its roof the wall-flower blooms,
With fragrant lip and tawny skin,
And through the porch the pea perfumes
The cooling breeze that enters in.

"Sweet-scented, pearly hawthorn boughs
Are in the hedges all around;
Sweet, milky, fragrant, gentle cows
Are grazing o'er the dewy ground;
The rich laburnum's golden hair
O'erhangs the lilac's purple cheek,
While, stealing through the twilight air,
Their hives the honey-plunderers seek."

The following beautiful one is from "The Meeting of the Flowers":

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"Nor was the Marigold remiss,
But told how in her crown of gold
She sat, like Persia's king of old,
High o'er the shores of Salamis;

"And saw, against the morning sky,
The white-sailed fleets their wings display;
And, ere the tranquil close of day,
Fade, like the Persian's, from her eye."

In "The Progress of the Rose" we have this beautiful stanza:

"At first she lived and reigned alone:
No lily-maidens yet had birth;
No turbaned tulips round her throne
Bowed with their foreheads to the earth."

The two poems just mentioned form part of a cycle denominated "Underglimpses" and devoted to the various phases of the year. Especially beautiful are the ones entitled "The Spirit of the Snow" and "The Year-King." In the former the varying effects of the snow are portrayed with a master's hand; in the latter the hackneyed theme of the old year's death is treated under the novel representation of a monarch's life, in which the different ages are the seasons. The last poem of the cycle, "The Bridal of the Year," contains a fine description of the poet:

"But who is this with tresses flowing,
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing,
From whose lips the thunder-music
Pealeth o'er the listening lands?
'Tis the first and last of preachers—
First and last of priestly teachers;
First and last of those appointed
In the ranks of the anointed;
With their songs like swords to sever
Tyranny and Falsehood's bands!
'Tis the Poet—sum and total
Of the others,
With his brothers,
In his rich robes sacerdotal,
Singing from his golden psalter."

Another side of the same character is portrayed in "Fatal Gifts":

"The Poet's heart is a fatal boon,
And fatal his wondrous eye,
And the delicate ear,
So quick to hear,
Over the earth and sky,

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Creation's mystical tune!
Soon, soon, but not too soon,
Does that ear grow deaf and that eye grow dim,
And Nature becometh a waste for him
Whom, born for another sphere,
Misery hath shipwrecked here."

A very touching expression of the poet's own feelings is to be found in "Truth in Song":

"I cannot sing, I cannot write
To show that I can write and sing—
I cannot for a cause so slight
Command my Ariel's dainty wing:
Not for the dreams of cultured youth,
Nor praises of the lettered throng;
Ah! no, I string the pearls of song
But only on the chords of truth."

The poet's intense sympathy with nature which manifested itself in the cycle above mentioned is found in some beautiful detached poems, one of which, "Summer Longings," is perhaps MacCarthy's best-known work. We have space but for the first and last stanzas:

"Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

"Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!"

The same thought is continued and the poet's longing answered in "Sweet May":

"The summer is come! the summer is come!
With its flowers and its branches green,
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
And the sunlight struggles between;

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And like children over the earth and sky
The flowers and the light clouds play;
But never before to my heart or eye
Came there ever so sweet a May
As this—
Sweet May! sweet May!"

In the last stanza is given the reason for this revulsion in the poet's feeling:

"For ah! the belovèd at length has come,
Like the breath of May from afar,
And my heart is lit with her gentle eyes,
As the heavens by the evening star."

We have left ourselves but little space to devote to MacCarthy's national poems. These, few in number and written between 1843–49, display a pure patriotism and broad liberality, and contain lessons that might well be heeded to-day.

"Oh! the orator's voice is a mighty power,
As it echoes from shore to shore,
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar!
What burst the chain far over the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless pen and the voice of power.
Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah for the voice and pen!
. . . . . .

"Oh! these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust,
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again;
And the world will say no power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah for the voice and pen!"

The admonition, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well," cut in the stone above the entrance of the penitentiary where O'Connell and the other political prisoners were confined in 1844, inspired the poet with some stirring lines addressed to the Liberator:

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"If haply thou art one of genius vast,
Of generous heart, of mind sublime and grand,
Who all the springtime of thy life hast passed
Battling with tyrants for thy native land;
If thou hast spent thy summer, as thy prime,
The serpent brood of bigotry to quell,
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—
'Cease to do evil, learn to do well!'"

One of the earliest and most popular of MacCarthy's poems is the ballad, if it may so be called, of "The Pillar Towers of Ireland":

"The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land!
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime—
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time!

. . . . . .

"The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
These temples of forgotten gods, these relics of the past!

. . . . . .

"How many different rites have these gray old temples known!
To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone!
What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth!

. . . . . .

"Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell,
Where the fugitive found shelter became the hermit's cell;
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood!

"There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!"

Under the head of political and occasional poems may be mentioned, in conclusion, the odes for the O'Connell Centenary in 1876 and the Centenary of Moore in 1879, recited before immense audiences with great enthusiasm. As we have said before, all the above poems are buried in a few rare volumes or scattered through the pages of periodicals. The worthiest monument his much-loved countrymen could raise to his memory would be a complete edition of his original poems.

In the volume of *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics*, published in 1850, appeared a number of translations from the French, Italian, Spanish, and German. These were distinguished by their grace and

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fidelity, and showed the wide range of the poet's reading. Some years earlier MacCarthy's attention had been directed to Calderon by Shelley's translation of some scenes from "El Magico Prodigioso," and in 1847 appeared his first labors in a field he was afterwards to cultivate with such success. That year he published in Duffy's *Irish Catholic Magazine* (Dublin, vol. i.) an introductory essay with scenes from "El Purgatorio de San Patricio." From 1848 to 1852 he contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* analyses of five other plays with occasional translations.* In 1853 these five plays and the one above mentioned were published in a complete translation, under the title, "*Dramas of Calderon, Tragic, Comic, and Legendary.* Translated from the Spanish, principally in the metre of the original. London: C. Dolman, 1853. 2 vols. 16mo." In 1858 MacCarthy published in the *Atlantis* (a register of literature and science conducted by members of the Catholic University of Ireland) "the only complete version that has ever appeared in English" of one of Calderon's *autos sacramentales.* This *auto*, "The Sorceries of Sin" (*Los Encantos de la Culpa*), was republished two years later together with two of Calderon's secular plays, "Love the Greatest Enchantment" and "The Devotion of the Cross" (London: Longmans, 1861, 4to).† In this volume the Spanish text was printed side by side with the translation. MacCarthy's interest in the *autos* of Calderon grew and resulted in a valuable, charming volume with the somewhat misleading title, "*Mysteries of Corpus Christi.* From the Spanish. Dublin, 1867." This work contained translations of two complete *autos*, "Belshazzar's Feast" and "The Divine Philothea," and the first scene of another, "The Poison and the Antidote," together with an elaborate introduction and essay from the German and Spanish of Lorinser and Pedroso. This volume was followed by "*The Two Lovers of Heaven: Chrysanthus and Daria.* From the Spanish of Calderon. Dublin, 1870." This translation is dedicated to our own Longfellow in two beautiful sonnets recording days spent together in Rome. MacCarthy's last work in this field appeared in 1873—*Calderon's Dramas:* "The Wonder-Working Magician," "Life is a Dream," "The Purgatory of St. Patrick"‡ (London: H. S.

* *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. xxxii. pp. 1, 518; vol. xxxiv. p. 139; vol. xxxviii. p. 325; vol. xxxix. p. 33.

† My copy has a second title-page: *Three Dramas of Calderon.* From the Spanish. Dublin: W. B. Kelly. 1870.

‡ This version of "The Purgatory of St. Patrick" is, with the exception of a few unimportant lines, an entirely new translation, and not a reprint of the version of 1853.

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King & Co.) This mere enumeration of labors extending over nearly thirty years would naturally beget in our minds respect for the author's industry—a respect which is greatly enhanced on comprehending the difficulties with which he had to deal and which he successfully overcame.

Calderon's plays, it is hardly necessary to say, are all in verse of various metres. The one most frequently employed, and which, so to speak, constitutes the woof of the fabric, is the eight-syllable trochaic verse ending in the *asonante*, or vowel rhyme.* The difficulty which presented itself in translating this verse was twofold: first, the genius of our language is iambic and not trochaic; and, secondly, the *asonante* rhyme is almost imperceptible to the English ear, even in Spanish verse, where the vowel-sounds are more open and where a greater variety in this species of verse is possible than in English. Some attempts had been made to reproduce this exotic form in English, but the results were not of a character to encourage Mr. MacCarthy, who, in his first translations, substituted for it the unrhymed trochaic of eight syllables, sometimes varying it with monosyllabic terminating lines, sometimes increasing the number of syllables, and in one play alternating the unrhymed trochaics with rhymed lines. He even went so far as to introduce blank verse in one or two scenes, although he acknowledged that "this noble measure is, generally speaking, quite unsuited to the lyrical form and spirit of Calderon's poetry." In the introduction to the *auto*, "The Sorceries of Sin" (in the *Atlantis*), partly reproduced in the preface to the *Three Dramas of Calderon*, MacCarthy changed his opinion and says: "Yet this 'ghost of a rhyme,' as Dr. Trench calls it, is better than none at all, and I have found from my own experience that an inflexible determination to reproduce it, at whatever trouble, even though with imperfect success, enables the translator more closely to render the meaning of the original, and saves him from the danger of being tempted into diffuseness by the facilities for expansion which an uncontrolled system of versification supplies." To this rule MacCarthy henceforth firmly adhered, allowing himself only the slight liberty of substituting for a certain Spanish *asonante* another less rare and more perceptible English one. That he was wise in this determination we think cannot be denied. In no other way was it possible to give the English reader a correct

*The *asonante* may be single, double, or even treble, consisting in the similarity of the vowels, beginning with the last accented one in the line. *Desdén* and *cruél*, *famósa* and *béca*, *dlamo* and *pájaro*, are examples of the three classes, the last of which is very rare.

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idea of Calderon's form; and in this case the form was of supreme importance. As to his reproduction of the spirit of the original, and the extraordinary fidelity of his versions, there can be no doubt whatever.

We have been guided in our selection of a few specimens of MacCarthy's translations by a desire to show his reproduction of characteristic Spanish forms, and also to give passages which offered some attraction in themselves. The first passage is from "Love the Greatest Enchantment" (pp. 88, 89), and is mentioned with great approbation by Mr. Longfellow in a letter to the translator:

"You scarce had gone when near
The margin of a lake, that crystal-clear
Seemed a smooth mirror for the beauteous spring,
A heron rose; so sudden its quick wing
Bore it amid the sky elate and proud
That at one moment it was bird and cloud,
And 'twixt the wind and fire
(Would that such courage had my heart's desire!)
So interposed itself that its bold wings,
Wheeling alternate near,
Now the diaphanous, now the higher sphere,
Were burnt or froze,
As down they sank or upward soaring rose,
In all the fickleness of fond desire,
Now in the air and now amid the fire.
An emblem, as it were,
This heron was, betwixt each opposite sphere,
Of one who is both cowardly and bold,
Can burn with passion and yet freeze with cold,
And 'twixt the air and fire still doubts his place."*

The following soliloquy occurs in "Life is a Dream," and is one of the gems of that wonderful production. The form is the *redondilla*, or eight-syllable trochaic verse, the first and fourth, and second and third, lines rhyming. This is, after the *asonante*, the most favorite form in the Spanish drama:

". . . Since 'tis plain,
In this world's uncertain gleam,
That to live is but to dream:
Man dreams what he is, and wakes
Only when upon him breaks
Death's mysterious morning beam.

*The metre of this extract is known as the *silva*, a mixture of seven and eleven syllable rhymed iambics, with no division into stanzas. It occurs frequently in Calderon's dramas.

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The king dreams he is a king,
And in this delusive way
Lives and rules with sovereign sway;
All the cheers that round him ring,
Born of air, on air take wing.
. . . . . .
And the rich man dreams of gold,
Gilding cares it scarce conceals,
And the poor man dreams he feels
Want, and misery, and cold.
Dreams he, too, who rank would hold,
Dreams who bears toil's rough-ribbed hands,
Dreams who wrong for wrong demands,
And in fine, throughout the earth,
All men dream, whate'er their birth,
And yet no one understands.
. . . . . .
What is life? 'Tis but a madness.
What is life? A thing that seems,
A mirage that falsely gleams,
Phantom joy, delusive rest,
Since is life a dream at best,
And even dreams themselves are dreams."

We must hasten, however, to the most characteristic form, the *asonante*. This occurs in two forms in Calderon, the single and double. In translating the former Mr. MacCarthy has allowed himself the slight liberty of adding consonants, although rigidly preserving the original *asonante*.

The following example is from the *auto* of the "Divine Philothea," and contains a curiously-worked-out metaphor that reminds one of Bunyan's "Holy War":

"You will think the metaphor,
'Twixt a castle of defence
And the human body, doubtful,
But a strange coincidence
You will find they both exhibit
If you look to either sense.
In all strongly guarded places,
From the outward battlements
To the central fort, the earthwork
Made of clay its form presents,
Seeming almost the whole structure;
If, then, as it is, of earth
Is the human body fashioned,
And the castle's circling girth
Made but of the same material,
In this unity of birth

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All must see a certain likeness,
Whatsoe'er may be its worth.
Then as to the guard, whatever
Ammunition of defence
That a castle needs, the body
Hath as well: Intelligence
Sits presiding o'er the council,
Which takes up its residence
In the brain's secluded chamber,
And the body rules from thence;
War, too, hath its proper council,
Of whose board in permanence,
Like a general commanding,
Is the heart the President,
To whose orders thè remaining
War-troop ever are attent;
Like a body-guard around him
They their faithful breasts present,
Thinking only of his service,
On no other thing intent."

Then follows a description of the sentinels Sight and Hearing, directed by Faith, who commands Smell also. Taste is the warden of the castle, the provent of which is supplied by Touch.

As an example of the double *asonante* we have selected a passage from the *auto* of "Belshazzar's Feast," containing a highly poetic description of the Deluge and the building of the Tower of Babel. The vowels in the Spanish are *u a*, as in for*tuna*, j*usta*, d*ura*, etc. In the English the vowels used very nearly represent the same sound, *u e* being the predominant ones, as s*u*bj*e*ct, th*u*nd*e*r, tri*u*mph*a*nt, etc.

"Calmly was the world enjoying,
In its first primeval summer,
The sweet harmony of being,
The repose of perfect structure;
Thinking in its inner thought
How from out a mass so troubled,
Which by poesy is called
Chaos, and by Scripture *Nothing*,
Was evolved the face serene
Of this azure face unsullied
Of pure sky, extracting thus,
In a hard and rigorous combat,
From its lights and from its shadows,
The soft blending that resulteth
From the earth and from the waters.
. . . . . .

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First began a dew as soft
As those tears the golden sunrise
Kisseth from Aurora's lids;
Then a gentle rain, as dulcet
As those showers the green earth drinks
In the early days of summer;
From the clouds then water-lances,
Darting at the mountains, struck them:
In the clouds their sharp points shimmered,
On the mountains rang their butt-ends;
Then the rivulets were loosened,
Roused to madness ran their currents,
Rose to rushing rivers, then
Swelled to seas of seas:—O Summit
Of all Wisdom! thou alone
Knowest how thy hand can punish.
Drinking without thirst, the globe
Made lagoons and lakes unnumber'd;
Then a mighty sea-storm rushed
Through the rents and rocky ruptures
By whose mouths the great earth yawns,
When its breath resounds and rumbles
From internal caves."

The above is but a fragment of a long passage remarkable for its poetic beauty.

MacCarthy's translations were received with the greatest favor by the foremost Spanish scholars of the day. Mr. Ticknor says, speaking of the volume *Three Dramas*, etc.: "It is, I think, one of the boldest attempts ever made in English verse. It is, too, as it seems to me, remarkably successful. Not that *asonantes* can be made fluent and graceful in English verse, or easily perceptible to an English ear, but that the Spanish air and character of Calderon are so happily and strikingly preserved. . . . In the present volume Mr. MacCarthy has far surpassed all he had previously done; for Calderon is a poet who, whenever he is translated, should have his very excesses and extravagances, both in thought and manner, fully produced in order to give a faithful idea of what is grandest and most distinctive in his genius. Mr. MacCarthy has done this, I conceive, to a degree which I had previously supposed impossible. Nothing, I think, in the English language will give us so true an impression of what is most characteristic of the Spanish drama, perhaps I ought to say of what is most characteristic of Spanish poetry generally." Mr. Longfellow, a profound Spanish scholar, and a translator of the highest order, as the readers of the *Coplas de*

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Manrique know, says: "It seems as if Calderon himself were behind you whispering and suggesting." Mr. MacCarthy's labors in Spanish met with still more flattering and substantial recognition than the mere praise of delighted readers. He was elected a member of the Spanish Academy—an honor rarely bestowed—and last year that body presented him with a medal struck in commemoration of the bi-centenary of Calderon's death, as a token of their "gratitude and appreciation" of his translations of the great poet's works.

MacCarthy's Spanish studies brought him into correspondence with several American scholars. Mr. Ticknor he never met, but Mr. Longfellow, whom he desired greatly to see, he met in Rome, and he commemorated this meeting in the two beautiful sonnets prefixed to *The Two Lovers of Heaven.* Mr. Longfellow spoke with delight of the many charming qualities of the Irish poet, and treasured their meeting as one of the pleasantest episodes of his journey. To Mr. Bradford, of Boston, an accomplished Spanish scholar, Mr. MacCarthy was indebted for a copy of the former's MS. index to Clemencin's edition of *Don Quijote*, and he says of it in a private letter: "I value it as one of the most interesting volumes I possess."

It is for those who knew him more intimately to speak of his personal character. A writer in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: "It is no exaggeration to say that no more genial or delightful companion has existed in our time. He was the very soul of brightness and gayety, and his wit was as unfailing as it was natural and unforced. His early friends and the friends he made through life remained his friends to their last hour or his, and he never had an enemy that we heard of." His love for his native country was never weakened by his interest and labors in a foreign literature. While in France a friend sent him an Irish shamrock to wear on St. Patrick's day. The very day he received it he wrote in reply the verses, "A Shamrock from the Irish Shore." Two stanzas may find a place here:

"Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh, fond words kept fresh and green,
The pressure of an unfelt hand,
The kisses of a lip unseen;
A throb from my dead mother's heart,
My father's smile revived once more—
Oh! youth, oh! love, oh! hope thou art,
Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore.

. . . . . .

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"And shall I not return thy love,
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie for ever at thy feet,
O shamrock of the Irish shore."

We cannot conclude this very inadequate notice better than by applying to the poet, as a writer we have just quoted has done, his own lines on Moore:

"But wheresoe'er the Irish race hath drifted,
By what far sea, what mighty stream beside,
There shall to-day the poet's name be lifted,
And be proclaimed in glory and in pride."

WAS ST. PAUL IN BRITAIN?

AMONG the many gratuitous claims put forward at various times by members of the Protestant Church of England, and of its daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church in these States, there is one which, forgotten for a while, seems now to make every effort to revive, and which, now more than ever, is insisted upon as one of the highest importance. The Rev. J. A. Spooner, A.M., in a pamphlet lately published, and highly praised by the *Guardian*, and the *Church Standard* of New York, thus expresses himself on this subject:

"As it is the glory of the English Church, so it is *the only warrant* for her existence, that her descent is traced from the hand of our Lord Jesus Christ through the mission of his apostle St. Paul to the British Isles. *If the English* [Protestant] *Church is not that, she is a grievous delusion to immortal souls*" (*Thoughts on the Early British Church*, p. 2).

This claim, as we have already remarked, is not a new one. It was defended more than two centuries ago by Archbishop Usher and by Stillingfleet, and after them by Burgess, Odenheimer, and others. Mr. Spooner's late pamphlet on this subject is only a rehearsal of what had already been said by these writers, whose words and misquotations he often literally repeats

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with a solemnity and conviction which, if sincere, would recommend his simplicity in the highest degree.

Before examining the arguments brought in support of this claim, which, not to appear "partisans," we propose to refute by Protestant authorities, it will not be out of place to remark that even if it were true that St. Paul had been in Britain and established the church there, this would not be by any means "a warrant" for the existence of the Protestant Church of England, unless this should be proved to be the identical church in faith and government founded there by the apostle nineteen centuries ago, and not, as it is in reality, a new sect, or, to use an expression of a Protestant historian, Lord Macaulay, "a bundle of religious systems without number" (On Gladstone, *Essays*, ii. p. 488) whose existence may be dated from the period of the divorce of Henry VIII. from his legitimate wife, Catherine.

But is it proved that St. Paul ever was in Britain? Anglicans who have undertaken the task of proving this give us several statements which they call "arguments." Thus, we are told that St. Paul went to Britain "because he had time and opportunity to go there"; "because he had the zeal, and was the most likely of all the apostles to go there." Granted, what would this prove? If anything, it would merely prove that St. Paul *could* have gone to Britain—a point which nobody denies. The question is not whether *he could*, but whether *he did* really go and establish the church there. Yes, "he did it," answers Mr. Spooner (p. 4), because, "Britain being a gentile land, it came within the appointment and the duties of St. Paul to plant the church there." Well, and was not China "a gentile land" as well as Britain? It came, then, within the appointment and the duties of St. Paul to plant the church in China. *Did* he do it? We think not; consequently the fact of his having been appointed "Apostle of the Gentiles" does not imply that he should have established by himself the church in each and every gentile land, and therefore does not prove that he *did* plant it in Britain. This receives further confirmation from the remarks we are going to make on the other Scriptural argument, which is taken from St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians (i. 23) where he says, "The Gospel was preached to every creature which is under heaven." But, argues Mr. Spooner, the Britons "were creatures under heaven," therefore St. Paul planted the church in Britain. There is one little fault in this reasoning which spoils its beauty—viz., the conclusion is too big for the premises. St. Paul, it is true, says that "the Gospel was preached to every

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creature," but *by whom?* By himself or by others? The text does not say it, and the context proves that he is not speaking of himself but of others. Thus, if we believe Protestant commentators, the very church of Colossæ to which this epistle is addressed was composed of "creatures under heaven" to whom the Gospel was not preached by St. Paul.

That St. Paul himself did not plant the church of Colossæ, though he was "the Apostle of the Gentiles" and Colossæ was "a gentile land," is the opinion of Rosenmüller, Michaelis, De Wette, Steiger, Credner, Neander, Olshausen, Myers, and others. We will be satisfied with one quotation. Dr. Ph. Schaff, former professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., in his *History of the Apostolic Church* (p. 323, New York, 1853), says: "The church of Colosse, a city of Phrygia, not far from Laodicea and Hierapolis, *was not* founded by St. Paul himself, but by his disciples, particularly by Epaphras." Moreover, let us suppose St. Paul to have asserted that "the Gospel was preached to every creature which is under heaven" by himself; must we understand St. Paul to imply Britain in these words? We must not. For if St. Paul did go to Britain he went there only *after* his first imprisonment. This is the only date assigned by those who defend this pretended journey. Now, it is a fact that the Epistle to the Colossians containing those words was written, as Davidson, Whitby, Hewlett, etc., testify, not *after* but *during* this first imprisonment, A.D. 62. How, then, could St. Paul mean Britain in those words when confessedly he had not yet been there?

What is, then, the meaning of the passage in question? We think the correct explanation is given by the Protestant commentators, W. J. Conybeare and J. S. Howson. "St. Paul," they say, "is, of course, speaking hyperbolically, meaning: The teaching which you (Colossians) heard from Epaphras is the same which has been published universally by the apostles" (*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, v. ii. p. 397, London, 1853). This same remark may be applied to the other text, as quoted by Mr. Spooner, from 2 Tim. iv. 17: "The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me, . . . that all the gentiles might hear."

But let us come to the direct historic witnesses. Those quoted by Mr. Spooner are five in number—viz., Venantius Fortunatus (sixth century); Theodoret (fifth century); St. Jerome and Eusebius (fourth century); St. Clement (first century). "Those all," says Mr. Spooner (p. 11), "affirm that by St. Paul the church was planted in Britain."

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Now, the fact is that *no one* of them affirms any such thing. We will begin by St. Clement, who is the oldest. The passage in which he is said to "affirm that by St. Paul the church was planted in Britain" is taken from his first Epistle to the Corinthians (ch. v.), and is given as follows by Stillingfleet, Burgess, Odenheimer, and Spooner (who seem to have copied each other): "St. Paul preached righteousness through the whole world, and in doing so went to the utmost bounds of the West." The reader scarcely needs to be told that there is no mention made of Britain either in the passage referred to or in the whole chapter from which it is taken. Nor can it be said that Britain is implied in those words, "He *went* to the utmost bounds of the West," for, even granting that St. Clement did say these words (which is denied, among others, by the Protestant Dr. Lardner), there is no reason why by "the utmost bounds of the West" we have to understand Britain. "Anglican theologians," says Dr. Schaff (l. c. p. 341), "interested in the apostolical origin of their church, have referred this phrase of Clement to Britain, still more remote from Rome. But τέρμα (boundary), if ever interpreted geographically, admits also of being taken subjectively, and may possibly denote only what was for Paul the limit of his apostolic labor, or what appeared to the Corinthians, to whom Clement was writing, to be the boundaries of the West. And even aside from this the whole passage is plainly so colored by rhetoric and panegyric that it cannot possibly furnish of itself adequate ground for so important a hypothesis." "I think," writes Dr. Lardner, commenting on this same passage, "that Clement *only* meant Italy or Rome, where Clement was and where Paul suffered. From a note of Le Clerc upon the place we learn that Bishop Fell so understood Clement." And he proves this from the very passage in question, as it ought to have been translated—viz., "And having *come* to the borders of the West." L'Enfant and Beausobre, in their general preface to St. Paul's Epistles (p. 33), say: "*The bounds of the West* signify nothing but the West. It is an expression borrowed from the Scriptures, in which the borders of a country denote the country itself. In like manner, by those words Clement intended Italy" (see Lardner's *Works*, vol. v. p. 531, London, 1838). And, to omit many others, Dr. Davidson declares that "it is exceedingly improbable that Clement meant Britain, either solely or as included in the phrase (extremity of the West). *Nor is there any other evidence to show that Paul preached in our island* [England]. Theodoret, who is the first writer that names Paul in connection with

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Britain, mentioned no more than *a floating and baseless tradition*" (*Introd. to the New Testament*, v. ii. p. 101, London, 1849).

And, in fact, Theodoret, who is another witness quoted as "affirming that St. Paul planted the church in Britain," in the passage referred to by Mr. Spooner, far from affirming this, does not even make the remotest allusion to Britain. Where, then, did Mr. Spooner read the words which he ascribes to Theodoret: "The Britons were among the nations converted by *the apostles*"? Certainly not in the commentary to which he refers his readers (*Comm. in 2 Tim.* iv. 17). There is not a word there about Britain or Britons! And even if the text were genuine, by what rules of interpretation must we understand "*apostles*" to mean *Paul*?

The same remark would apply to the testimony of Eusebius, if he had said what Mr. Spooner makes him say—viz., "*Some of the apostles* preached the Gospel in the British Isles." But the exact words of Eusebius are: "Some of them crossed over to the British Isles" (*Dem. Evang.*, l. iii. c. v.) Now, to whom does the pronoun "*them*" refer? Certainly not to St. Paul, whose name does not appear in the whole context, where Eusebius is speaking of the preaching of "the twelve apostles" and of "the seventy disciples." Whether by the pronoun "them" he meant some of the twelve apostles or some of the seventy disciples we are not told by Eusebius. His line of argument would make us believe that he is speaking of some of the seventy disciples. At any rate we know this for certain—and this is enough for our present purpose—that none of "them" was St. Paul; for he was neither one of "the twelve apostles" nor one of "the seventy disciples."

The assertion that St. Jerome (*Works*, bk. xiv. pt. ii. De Script. Eccles.) and Venantius Fortunatus (*Life of St. Martin*, l. iii. p. 317) "affirm that by St. Paul the church was planted in Britain" we must emphatically deny. St. Jerome does not speak of Britain—he merely says that "St. Paul preached in the western parts"; and Venantius Fortunatus, in the passage referred to, does not speak of St. Paul but of his *writings*, "which," he says, "have penetrated into every country and have even crossed the ocean into Britain." (See for the correct reference St. Jerome, *De Viris Illust.*, c. v., and Venantius Fortunatus, *De Vita S. Martini*, Migne, P. L., vv. 23, 88, p. 406.)

We doubt very much whether Mr. Spooner has ever seen the works of these Fathers, and are sure that he has not verified any of the quotations which he gives in support of his thesis, and

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which, very likely, he blindly copied from Dr. Burgess, mixing up all his references. For, strange enough, not one of Mr. Spooner's references is the correct one. Had he verified his quotations how could he now avoid the charge of recklessly misquoting and misrepresenting them? With what honesty could he have coolly assured his readers (p. 11) that "the testimony of these Fathers was quite satisfactory and conclusive to one not a partisan"? But this is an age of wonders, and the reader will not be surprised to hear the editor of the *Church Standard* of New York recommending Mr. Spooner's pamphlet as an excellent "tract for the people" and "a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history," declaring at the same time that he has "verified some of its more remarkable statements and conclusions, and cannot see any escape from Mr. Spooner's thesis and from the proofs which he adduces in its behalf" (February 8, 1882).

The last point which we propose to notice would be, if true, "a very valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history." Mr. Spooner assures us, "as an evidence of the thorough manner in which this question of planting the church in Britain has been investigated," that St. Paul so far organized the church in Britain as to place a bishop over the Christians there A.D. 64—that is, seven years before his martyrdom—and that such a bishop was the Aristobulus mentioned by St. Paul in Romans xvi. 10. How Mr. Spooner, or Usher, whom he quotes, found this out is a mystery, and will remain a mystery to all readers, their statement being totally unsupported by proof.

But who was this Aristobulus? The Protestant commentator, Adam Clarke, gives the following details about him: "It is doubted whether this person was converted, as the apostle does not salute him but his household, or, as the margin reads, his friends. He might have been a Roman of considerable distinction, who, though not converted himself, had Christians among his servants or his slaves. But whatever he was, it is likely that he was dead at this time" (*Comment.*, p. 87, Philadelphia, 1842). See also Rosenmüller's commentary on Romans xvi. 10, who agrees with Clarke and many other Protestant writers in thinking Aristobulus dead at the time this epistle was written (A.D. 58). If these details, derived from Protestant sources, are to be relied upon we are bound to conclude that the first Protestant bishop of the Church of England was either a person not converted to Christianity or a man who, before his appointment (A.D. 64) to the primatial see of England, had been dead for at

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least six years. We leave it to Mr. Spooner and to his friends to settle this domestic trouble, and we beg of them to consider attentively that if the fact of St. Paul planting the church in England "is the *only* warrant" for the existence of the Protestant Church of England and of its daughter in America, they both are "a grievous delusion to immortal souls."

THE REVIVAL OF ITALIAN LETTERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE oldest literature of modern Europe has exhibited a greater number of variations than any of its contemporaries. Direct descendant of that old Roman one which had dominated the world, it rose from the wreck of the empire, not uncontaminated by northern barbarism and Arabian fantasy. The thirteenth century witnessed its rapid growth; Italy had then workers in the field not unworthy of her ancient renown, whose scattered materials were gathered up and welded into a living whole by the genius of her greatest singer. Dante was followed, somewhat timorously, by his two illustrious countrymen, Petrarch and Boccaccio. Historians were the next to try their hands; even the inmates of convents—Passavanti, Cavalca, St. Catherine of Sienna—wrote their religious tracts and pious meditations in the now classic Tuscan. Everything seemed to point towards a long and vigorous life for the new tongue, of which the great books it contained were its chartered right. Its elastic capabilities were fathomed, its periods fixed, its harmony, especially for the purposes of poetry, developed in widest range.

Suddenly its inspiration seemed to fail, its voice became mute, and the old Roman tongue again obtained the ascendency. What was the cause of this retrograde movement? Principally the discovery of the ancient classics, in which Italians, of course, felt much pride; to a less degree the unconscious influence of the church, whose language was Latin, the want of a common centre for Italian learning, and the arrival of the Greek refugees flying before the Moslem conqueror—all these impelled towards the attainment of classic lore. Italian writers soon disdained to write but in Latin, abandoning the *lingua volgare* to the vulgar in-

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deed, who mutilated and debased it by provincial dialects. But the banishment of the Italian tongue could not last. Italians soon found that the ancient language, suited as it was to the grandeur of old Rome and the majestic worship of the church, fell in but ill with the state of the modern motley races. Este at Ferrara, the Medici at Florence, the Gonzagas at Mantua, chose to patronize the subtle *lingua volgare* in preference to the idiom of the people of Quirinus, with their haughty senators and warrior consuls. So came the sixteenth century, second era of Italian literature. Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Ariosto, Tasso, Berni, Michelangelo, Palladio—these are a few whose stars shine brightest in that galaxy of genius illustrious in almost every branch of letters and of art. Brilliant, polished, flourishing externally like a green bay-tree, the epoch flashed upon a world ready to applaud and to imitate; yet in it was sown the seed of future decay. Or, to vary the metaphor, there was no heart in it, only a foul and rotten core. The polish was the polish of voluptuous courts, of unprincipled aristocracy, purchased at the expense of that blunt energy characteristic of the old writers, born in the midst of stormy republican independence. Italian history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is one of the sad epochs in the history of the world. Spanish viceroys and French conquerors struggled for victory over the prostrate country. Well might the noblest of her sons in those dark times mourn Italy's "deadly dower of endless miseries" and pray that she might be less fair or more strong. But what are merely external wrongs compared with the internal tarnish of the spirit? The endurance of the Italians gave way; the iron truly entered their souls. Debased, enervated, corrupt, every feeling poisoned at its inmost source, misery and ignorance were but the outward symbols of inward degradation. From such a nation what was to be expected, in the shape of literature, but a false polish on vicious matter, the natural offspring of prostituted genius?

Still, however, though the seventeenth century, the age of *Seicentisti*, has been justly stigmatized as degraded in literary as well as political condition, it would be an error to imagine that such corruption was universal. Spain had borne off the palm of victory, but her yoke did not weigh upon the whole peninsula. Her power, rooted at both ends, at Naples and at Milan, extended not to Rome, Piedmont, and Tuscany, nor to the republics of Venice and Genoa. Thus the very divisions of Italy, which had facilitated her invasion and partial conquest, were the means of preserving parts from foreign rule and its con-

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sequent degradation. Land-love, if we view it rightly, is a mighty thing. Enlightened cosmopolitanism, a feeling for the whole race of man, it is not wished to deprecate. But charity begins at home. We must love our country first, and then extend the sphere of our affection, if possible. And is not the one the true basis of the other? If we love not our own land how can we sympathize with the struggles of those whose motive power is found in this sentiment? Why has America, ay, the whole world as for that, sympathized with Ireland in her efforts for freedom? The same cause moved her heart towards Poland, Hungary, France—every land under the sun struggling for emancipation; and that cause is found in the love of her citizens for their own country. The seventeenth century witnessed the beginning, or at least the reappearance, among Italians of a longing for freedom—an aspiration which, having glowed in their fervid imagination to white heat, we have seen in our own age lead them even into great crimes. Genoa, Venice, Tuscany, Rome, the little scraps of their country free from foreign domination, though fallen and decaying, were yet the ideal centres round which clung the dearest hopes of many.

It was amid such surroundings that Italian genius in the seventeenth century found itself. Here and there rays shoot forth over the dark night, lurid, fitful, jagged as the lightnings, yet better than blank darkness, inasmuch as the old fire, imperishable, blazed up. Davila, Tassoni, Chiabrera, Guidi, Filicaja; learned prelates like Bentivoglio and Pallavicini; the Jesuits Segneri and Bartoli; Salvator Rosa and Campanella in the southern extremity of the peninsula, throwing out wild flashes volcanic as the land of their birth—these surely redeem in some measure Italy's century of dishonor. Science has its representatives, too: Galileo, Cassini, Torricelli, Malpighi. Spanish infantry, French cavalry, German mercenaries have not, it appears, succeeded in trampling the life out of the land. Stifled under despotism and corruption, rolling in dim, chaotic agony, the better elements, though with uncertain and often erring course, still strive upwards and on.

During this period the French, though a younger language, was the fashion in all the courts and among the nobility of Europe. The splendor of Louis XIV.'s reign, the ease and currency of their idiom for familiar discourse, and also the real merit of their dramatic and prose writers gave to the French of the seventeenth century an undisputed intellectual sway. Italy could produce no dramatist to rival Corneille, Racine, Molière;

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no moralist to match against Bossuet, Fénelon, Pascal, La Bruyère. "The French," says Corniani,* "first found the art of distributing, with measure and taste, a certain sum of ideas and of knowledge—the modern art, in short, of making books. They introduced in their works clearness and precision, an easy manner of expression, with a befitting proportion of ornaments. Italy, no doubt, preserved her literary and scientific powers, but the French have known better how to make use of theirs"—a criticism that remains true to the present day. But the French repaid such just and candid views by undervaluing their former teachers. What a spectacle do their critics of this and the following century present—judging flippantly of Italian literature without knowing it, sneering at authors whose equal France has never produced! Boileau's "clinquant du Tasse," the epigrams of Bouhours, Fontenelle, and Voltaire, remain a lasting monument of presumptuous levity and conceit.

Thus, Italian literature, ridiculed in the works of her popular neighbor, had small chance of being known beyond the Alps. Most foreigners seemed to think the language, that mighty engine shaped by the hands of Dante, unfit for anything but amatory poetry, and that of a very watery kind. Metastasio, the graceful, the effeminate, came just then to confirm the idea. In Italy, indeed, the circumstances were sufficiently unfavorable. There were little coteries of authors, very much like mutual-admiration clubs, revolving round each municipal centre and scarcely known beyond the borders of their respective provinces. Says Giordani: "The circuit of literary reputations in our divided country has always been extremely slow."

The dawn of the eighteenth century witnessed the emancipation and rejuvenation of Italy. The wars of the Spanish succession and of the empire broke the iron sceptre of Spain, and the peninsula, with the exception of Lombardy, achieved independence under native sovereigns. Even in the latter province the Austrian government proved beneficent, and the reign of Maria Teresa was long remembered with gratitude by the Milanese. One day of peace followed another; princes of mild character, enlightened ministers, wise and saintly pontiffs held sway over the contented population. Chiefly valuable as the pulse of a land, showing its state of vitality, is literature; and the revival of the never-dying genius of Italy was the first-fruit then and is the testimony now of Italy's independence and renewed life. Amusement had been the chief staple of the previous century's

* *I Secoli della Letteratura Italiana.*

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literature; but now the spirit of investigation and deep reflection was at work. Maffei and Muratori in the province of antique study and of history, Vico and Giannone in philosophical inquiry, with the assistance of some others, ushered in the new era amid great splendor. It was, however, more toward the middle of the century that the spirit of the epoch began to manifest itself. The torch of rational philosophy, taken up timidly at first, began to pass from hand to hand, illuminating the empty places of ignorance and prejudice. Even the bold novelties, many of which have been since demonstrated to be erroneous, but were then so fashionable among neighboring nations, were viewed with indulgence by the rulers so long as they remained in the region of mere speculation. "It was then that the writers of Italy separated into two families, the one consisting of worshippers of the past, the other of partisans of emancipation. The former pleaded the cause of ancient literature in those hallowed regions and under the same sky where the Latin muses had long and nobly held their sway. The others maintained that the spirit of literature ought to follow the bent of the social system; they showed the weakening effects of an imitation protracted through centuries—imitation which at last had reduced itself to the external form of the classics—after the spirit had long fled and was irrevocably lost." *

Philosophy and poetry were not neglected; indeed, they are to be counted the principal fruit of such a revival and the principal end of historic investigation. But, as nothing could better exhibit the spirit of the new era, the present paper is confined in its notice of writers to this latter province of letters. If it be true of other nations that we can best judge them by their own self-examination, it is doubly true of Italy. The *lingua volgare*, from the time of Dante, who first raised it to the dignity, had been struggling for a place in literature. Now successful, now defeated and driven back, its checkered career was about to issue again from the shadow into the sunlight of triumph. Every investigation of her past literature was therefore doubly valuable; and the abundant flood of such works was but a sign of the general revival.

Many authors, both native and foreign, have written on the history of Italian literature. Among the latter may be reckoned the Swiss Sismondi, whose Calvinist prejudices mar his eloquent work,† and whose acquaintance with this section of his subject

* *Della Letteratura Italiana*, etc., Ugoni, preface, p. 15.
† *Histoire Littéraire du Midi de l'Europe.*

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was extremely slight. Bouterwek confined himself chiefly to the poets. But much the most notable was Ginguené, who undertook a complete *Histoire Littéraire d'Italie*, though death stopped him in the midst of its publication. All these derived their materials, not from original research, but from Italian historians.

Every state of Italy, almost every city, has its literary chronicles, annals, and biographies. This was rendered inevitable by the division of the country, as Giordani complains above. But the new period stimulated some Italian thinkers to undertakings of wider scope, and in order to appreciate the profound earnestness of the revival I shall proceed to notice these in turn.

First on the list is the learned and indefatigable Muratori. His life, serene and tranquil generally, but informed by a spirit of deep speculation, was well fitted for the task that fell to its lot. From an early age he exhibited a predilection for literary pursuits. When he entered into holy orders he would accept no ecclesiastical office, but determined to devote his spare time to calm research, especially into the history of his native country. His opportunities were great, and he laboriously made the most of them. His first appointment, as one of the librarians of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, secured for the world two notable books from his pen on the various Greek and Latin fragments there lodged. In 1700 he was called to Modena by the duke and placed in charge of the famous D'Este library, at the same time holding a pastoral office in the church of St. Mary at Pomposa. Here for a period of half a century he lived and labored, happy and content. His works, covering a vast extent of ground and including criticism, history, liturgy, dogma, even medicine, and, not the least, Italian antiquities, are too many to enumerate. Suffice it to say his researches fill forty-six folio volumes, thirty-four quarto, thirteen octavo, and a number of duodecimo. Amid all this prodigious labor it is gratifying to note one fact: the simple priest never made the labor of the pen an excuse for neglecting his proper work. His exactness in discharging the duties of parish priest was beyond all praise, and several of the charitable institutions of Pomposa were founded by him. Generally serene and tranquil, I have said, was his life—nay, even cheerful; as how could it fail to be, filled thus by unwearied labor, contemplating high pursuits, but equally diligent in humble and humane affairs? Not without a storm, though—a cloud that swiftly passed away. It might seem that such a life as his would disarm envy herself; but no, ever busy and malicious, her thousand tongues began to wag. In the compass of so much

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toil many flaws there doubtless were; and these, being snail-like picked out, were presented against him as a grand indictment. But his detractors reckoned without Muratori; in the gentle priest of St. Mary's there was a fund of virile energy they little dreamed of. He appealed to the pope, who was the learned Benedict XIV. What did the pope? Lo! instead of the condemnation so confidently expected, he paid a warm and generous eulogy to the sterling uprightness of the man. The pope disagreed with many of Muratori's opinions, as he took care to say, but at the same time pronounced them free from the imputation of being contrary either to the doctrine or to the discipline of the church. So the provost of St. Mary's came out unharmed—nay, crowned with new glory; for the agitation extended his reputation, which was only confirmed by the praise and encouragement of the pope.

I dwell on Muratori at some length because it is rare to see centred in one man such enlightened diligence, such sober good sense, such virtue, modesty, and true merit generally. Men like these are the salt of the earth, not only spiritually as priests but in the kindred function of intellectual dominance. To read of them in the dry wastes of learning is like coming upon a sparkling spring in the desert; we drink of the waters and rise refreshed and strengthened. Was I not right in saying his life was fitted for its task? And a truly arduous one it was. Thirty years, a whole generation—the life of an ordinary man—this was the limit. Day and night came and went, month after month, year after year rolled away, and there, in the library of Este, unceasingly toiled Muratori. Let us look into the room. It is the 28th of January, 1750. There at his desk sits an old man; his shoulders are bent over; his hair is silvery gray, but his eyes beam with unconquerable intelligence. . . . Presently a pale spectre glides in and places its hand on those stooping shoulders. Death calls at last and finds him pen in hand. But his task is complete, his work is done. He is called hence, leaving no unfinished legacy behind him, but a splendid and well-nigh perfect monument of human labor.

Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, begun in 1723 by the issue of the first volume, had swollen in thirty years to twenty-eight enormous folios. Gigantic in conception, every detail was worked out with minute care. Princes, nobles, the higher clergy had zealously seconded and assisted the presiding genius. Its nature and scope may be indicated by the fact that it embraces all the chronicles of Italy from the fifth to the sixteenth century. It

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was accompanied by six folio volumes of dissertations on the religious, social, political, military, commercial, and literary relations of Italy with all her divided states during that vast period of time. Not exempt from errors, of which the most was made, as we have seen, this grand work is still regarded as a treasure-house of Italian antiquities. As regarding the special subject of this paper, the matter in it had a most important and immediate influence on the thought of the eighteenth century. A new impulse was given to the study of Italian language and literature, and Muratori's work seemed the signal for the pouring forth of a multitude of works on the same theme. Significant, too, is this: Muratori wrote in Latin; his followers adopt the *lingua volgare*. So had it been in the revival of the thirteenth century: Dante argued for Italian in Latin, but illustrated and established his theories in his grand epic. Likewise in the eighteenth century victory was won for the *lingua volgare* on its enemy's ground, and thenceforth Italian is classic.

Salverio Bettinelli, a Jesuit, was the next laborer in the field of historic Italian letters. The period of time covered by his work coincides with the period of Muratori's work. In it he traces the progress of mental development, and by the name bestowed on the book clearly marked out the new epoch—*Risorgimento d'Italia negli studj, nelle arti, ne' costumi dopo il Mille.** It is valuable yet, both for its abundant erudition and for the philosophical manner in which that erudition is displayed and arranged. He begins by tracing back the moral condition of the Italians during the three ages preceding the revival, from the reign of Charlemagne to the eleventh century. The sketch of the crusading times, in which feudal pride and turbulence were contrasted with monastic fervor and seclusion, when Latin was the only written language and priests the only men who could write, is full and animated. Dark as those times seem, there was a germ of promise in them. The Crusades, while appearing as another disturbing element in the general uproar and chaos, were in fact the motive power towards a new order of things. For on those distant Syrian fields of battle, to which they were called by the voice of spiritual authority, baron and burgher, lord and peasant, struggled together for one common object. The iron network of the authority of feudalism was broken for a time by the dominance of a higher authority, which appealed, not to the old forms, but to feelings which had an equal sway over the hearts of all. This is what clothes that extraordinary epoch

* The Revival of Italy in studies, arts, and manners after the year One Thousand.

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with interest for us now. Look at the tenth century. The corruption of the secular clergy, the ignorance of the laity, the wretchedness of the people, sunk under the fivefold scourge of Hungarian irruption from the north, of Saracenic invasion from the south, and of the wars between the Italian lords, the counts of Provence, and the German emperors, contending for the insecure possession of a blood-stained crown—all these calamities had extinguished the last spark of learning. A report had also got abroad that the end of the world was at hand—fitting catastrophe for such a scene of horror; and the apprehension of this deterred men from the idea of wasting their days in acquiring an empty and now useless knowledge. The Crusades, pouring into the East a deluge of European turbulence, and leaving behind the power of baronial anarchy so weakened that it speedily succumbed to the efforts of the kings and the teaching of the church, cleared, in some measure, the darkened field. Law came to be recognized as a force, and consequently a civilized society was rendered possible. In Italy the province of human activity in literature was marked by the renaissance of the thirteenth century, besides many other beneficent effects.

Another Jesuit follows Bettinelli—the "good" Tiraboschi, as the French republican and *philosophe*, Ginguené, calls him. Tiraboschi, as a figure of Italian literature, fills a space second only to Muratori's, whom he succeeded, after an interval, as prefect of the magnificent library of the house of Este. He had long meditated the work for which opportunity was now afforded. Besides resorting to the rich stores of the ducal library, he made extensive researches in other archives, the result of all which was the *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* (1772–1783), extending to thirteen volumes.* Tiraboschi more minutely goes over the same ground as that of Muratori and Bettinelli, bringing the record to the end of the seventeenth century. A repetition of Bettinelli in the history of the middle ages, the special value of Tiraboschi's work is in the light it throws on the intellectual condition of the peninsula during the brilliant period from Dante to Tasso.

Many subsequent studies of single epochs have but revealed the substantial accuracy of Tiraboschi's truth-loving mind. Indeed, inquirers have generally, after testing for a while, found it convenient to follow him almost *verbatim*. Thus, Ginguené, who afterwards wrote in French on the same subject, made a free use of Tiraboschi's extensive information, and, says Ugoni, "copied

* The best edition is that published at Milan in sixteen volumes, 1826.

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much without always quoting him"; in fact, had it not been for the hard-earned erudition of the "good" Jesuit the French writer could never have written his *Histoire Littéraire d'Italie.** But Ginguené, it must be admitted, though a *philosophe*, not only bears this mute testimony, but, while proclaiming his difference of opinion, again and again is an open and honorable witness to Tiraboschi's historical fidelity. The Italian's conscientiousness led him to only one great error, or rather defect of plan. He is too minute in biographical details, forgetting at times his purpose of writing the "history of a literature" rather than that of "men of letters"—a failure which I for one can heartily forgive; an admirer of biography could only wish every similar work built on the same principle and dealing less in vague generalizations.

The city of Brescia produced three investigators who, one after the other, labored in the field of Italian antiquities. First was Conte Mazzuchelli, who, in the middle of his life, formed a great design which he did not live to complete. The reception of a scientific work he had produced was the flattering encouragement of this new undertaking. A copious and instructive series of biographies of Italian writers, ancient and modern, arranged in alphabetical order—this was the gigantic task before him. The first two volumes, covering only the letter A, appeared in 1753; and at the time of his death (1765) four more volumes had carried it on to the end of B. These six tremendous folios, going over such a narrow extent of the ground contemplated, afford some measure of the vastness of Italian literature.

Next came Conte Corniani, who wrote *I Secoli della Letteratura Italiana*, in which he describes the Italian writers since the twelfth century, in separate articles, forming, as it were, a gallery of miniature sketches. Each article is divided into three sections containing respectively accounts of the life of the author, of his works, and of his character. It is complete—a dwarfed reproduction of Muzzachelli's scheme—that is to say, each author has less space, but the book covers the ground contemplated. Useful and pleasing is it for those who cannot wade through the learned but enormous volumes of Muratori and Tiraboschi, and who yet may wish to become acquainted with the literary *fasti* of Italy. Corniani's work extended only to the middle of the century; and so Baron Ugoni, a townsman of the conte, undertook the continuation of the same task to the conclusion of the century. Ugoni's work† is far superior to Corni-

* Ugoni, vol. iii, p. 358. † *Della Letteratura Italiana nella seconda metà del secolo xviii.*

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ani's, inasmuch as he recognized the distinct revival of Italian genius in his own days, and this tends to throw much light on the matter he handles. It is only fair to add that the principal materials of this article are derived from him.

A view of the historical writers of Italy in the last century would be incomplete without some mention of Denina. The first edition of his great work—*Della Rivoluzioni d'Italia*—involved him in some trouble. It was printed, it appears, at Florence, with the approbation of the local authorities. But this was not enough for a Piedmontese subject, a law being then in force that no Piedmontese should publish a work, even in a foreign land, without the permission of the Turin censors. Consequences: the edition was suppressed, Denina having to pay the expenses of printing, and the author, deprived of his professor's chair at Turin, exiled to Vercelli. Disgusted by this rough treatment, he quitted Italy and accepted the hospitality of Frederick of Prussia, who eagerly invited him to his court and promised him every facility for literary studies. Denina's quarrel with the authorities of his native land was arranged somehow, for the work that occasioned it appeared at Turin in 1769–70. But he never returned to Italy. After dwelling in Berlin for many years (1782–1804), during which he produced some half-hearted essays on German history and literature, he went, on Napoleon's invitation, to Paris, where he dwelt to the day of his death. He was the author of a multitude of works, but none of them rival his *Rivoluzioni d'Italia* and his other works on the political and literary history of Italy. Of these Ugoni observes that they exhibit Denina's special talent of putting into order the scattered materials of his country's history, and of raising a well-defined edifice, simple, bold, and concise. "But as he was the first who undertook the task of deciphering and remodelling the rude work of the old chroniclers and annalists, he had little leisure to adorn them. Generally scrupulous with regard to the correctness of the outline of facts, he was not so successful in the art of shading and coloring his sketches." * Denina's *Revolutions of Italy* is considered still a standard work. Denina's style is marked by a certain nerve and precision not always to be met with in Italian narrative.

But Denina's contribution to the history of letters, though second only in merit to the *Rivoluzioni*, is more important in the

* Ugoni, vol. iii. p. 258. Denina was not, as Ugoni has in three learned volumes been showing, "the first who undertook the task of deciphering and remodelling the rude work of the old chroniclers and annalists."

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view of the present paper. *Discorso sopra le Vicende della Letteratura* (Turin, 1761), or general history of letters, ancient and modern, traced in a succession of miniature etchings, is a truly wonderful thing. No book seems unknown to him; innumerable writers are portrayed and their products described in laconic and very characteristic sentences. Unlike most compilers, too, Denina's erudition is not skin-deep. Sharp and swift but profound criticism bespeaks him a man who has purchased this easy transition from theme to theme by long-continued familiarity in all the realms of knowledge. Impartial as a judge, the highest value attaches to the work as an exponent of Italy's place in literature, because here her authors are laid down side by side with those of all the world.

To what do all these works on Italian letters point? They are indications, signs, of the general awakening of Italian genius, whose most natural impulse it was to study first the works of their ancestors, thus placing themselves on the true lines of progress. Their *lingua volgare* was in process of being vindicated again, never more to lose its place among the languages of the world. Henceforth Italian is a tongue, not broken dialects merely, but a vehicle shown to be capable of expressing the highest and the deepest truths and of ranging freely to the widest extent. Accordingly, from the time of Muratori down, along with these necessary studies, a steady development in every department of thought is visible. In the extremity of the peninsula Vico rose, expounder of the "new science," and was followed by a long line of philosophers—Genovesi, Verri, Carli, Galiani, Pagano, Beccaria, and many others—who applied his principles to practical affairs; poets—Passeroni, Monti, Foscolo, Parini, Cesarotti; dramatists—Alfieri, Gozzi, Goldoni; critics and philologists—Baretti, Borga, Buonafede, Gozzi (brother of the dramatist), Milizia, Lanzi, Gerdil, Turchi. These are a few who took part in the revival of Italian letters in the eighteenth century—a renaissance perturbed and partly suppressed by the red deluge of the French Revolution that closed the epoch.

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DONNA QUIXOTE.

COME to a long, low, porphyry beach whose upper red, unwet, lies dull like freestone, but whose base shines out like fire in the sunlight as the lapping waves roll in from the blue Mediterranean. To seaward the horizon is broken by two little islands, the Lions of the Sea and Land—the latter hugging shore. To westward the land is flat for a few miles, where a once grand Augustan harbor has been filled by washed-down mountain débris; but this stops after a couple of miles, and farther on bold cliffs called Roque-brun abruptly cut the view. A little up from the beach we might see the eastward chain of Esterel Mountains, but a projecting point running coaxingly out to the Lion de la Terre hides them from us at this level, and the air is so motionless and the water so lazy that we had rather lie still on this St. Raphael beach.

An artist is working near by, sketching from the groups of sardine-fishers who are carrying up their finny treasure in baskets, and the shades of blue and silver in the still living fish are like polished steel. If it were less blue the painter thinks that it would do for certain gleams of armor in his great tournament picture, and paints memoranda of it on the wrong side of the canvas.

Men and women are drawing in seine and loading more fish, and form long lines on the beach, the seine hanging gracefully in festoons between them, or is gathered up by old women to spread on the sands; and these *commères* have begun the mending by which they earn the few sous needed for daily living in this heavenly climate.

Now our artist looks up through some olive-trees to see the blue of the sky through their willowy silver tinge, and wishes that he could paint the atmosphere in which all this is showing. He wonders if the people half way around the world will believe in his cork-trees, for which he has made a hundred color-studies sitting among them. He tumbles them over in his portfolio, holds them up, and compares them, as often before, with their stalwart originals in distant sight farther inland. That group has just been peeled and left to their seven years' rest. It ought to be twelve. Their poor stripped trunks are the dusky color of red bricks, and they lift the lower bleeding branches like arms

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stretched pitifully skyward. The upper moss-grown limbs seem trying to hide their wounds as the wind forces down the scalloped foliage (for the cork-tree is an oak), and they move in sympathy. The cork-cutters have two shops in the village, which, with the fishing and briar-pipe cutting, are its "industries," and to-night they are bringing down the cork refuse to throw into the sea. Two children avail themselves of the harvest to make and launch boats of wonderful lightness. One of these children, a young Provençal boy, is vexed because the wind blows his craft in-shore, and he kicks it far out, after many failures, saying:

"Go, villain boat! May the saints no longer protect thee! Thou art not worth the half-scale of a bad sardine!"

"Softly, softly, my prince," urges his companion, a girl of ten; "the boat was good, but the wind has changed. See how the smoke has turned, that half an hour ago blew from thy chimney toward our own. Vex not the saints, either; thou wilt want their aid to-morrow. Let us go up and play in the wrecks."

The children run on to a sand-strip where the fishers drag out their boats each night for safety, since the harbor is open and some of them grow old and are never launched again. Were we to go among them we should find most of them named from the calendar, like the children of this population. One of them, the largest and oldest of all, wears on her stern in ragged white letters *La Volonté de Dieu.* Into this the youthful pair have climbed, and, looking up the little street that ends near the sea, begin to sing. Perhaps the evening smoke of the kitchens suggests Béranger's return-song of the French wanderer:

> "O France adored! O country sweet!
> After long years again appear
> My village, and adown its beach
> The curling wreaths from hearthstones dear.
> How quickly tender grows my mood!
> I greet thee!" etc.

The girl's French speech is more elegant than that of the boy, as if she belonged to a higher social class, and her movements are, like his, vivacious. But here all resemblance ends. The boy's dark hair and Spanish tint are like a hundred others in the town; but the girl is thin-faced and reddish-haired, with an expression of great good-humor but keen, while the boy's, if ruffled, is fiery, and at rest is like a gathering cloud. Clearly they are of different races.

"Estagne, do you see the ships out there? On one of them

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perhaps my papa is sailing, sailing, and will come some day to take me away to the cold lands." And Estagne, who has heard that story all the years that he remembers, sings in doggerel rather than says:

> "Oh! yes, oh! yes;
> And then, I guess,
> You'll long old France's soil to press;"

continuing: "How droll to have a papa that one never knows!"

But the girl has told unconscious truth this time. Out on the sea, just in sight, and nearly hidden behind another sail, a good ship bound for the port of Toulon was nearing harbor. On the deck Captain Gregory stood looking coastward and saying:

"Over there on the land lies St. Raphael. I can almost see the bay. There my little girl is living. How strange to have a child that one has never known!" and breaks into a low humming of another verse of the same people's song of Béranger, who wrote for all of them—

> "Under a sky where youth's seething blood
> Bubbles to love, it was lavished on me."

(A truce to translating the inimitable!)

This was not so strange as would seem at first, the child singing the song of those about her, and the father reminded of it by the proximity of the place where he had learned it. The captain draws out of his pocket a little parcel of letters, unties a black ribbon, and reads from one of them: "And when you come back this time I shall not be here to welcome you; only this little Donna will be left, whom you must love and make happy, as you have made me, for the few glad years of my living I owe to you." This was from the pen of a little New England "school-ma'am" whom Captain Gregory had found on one return cruise in a bleak New Hampshire school-house as lonely and cheerless as her orphan life. And he wooed and won and married her, so quickly that she said "It took away her breath to think of it," because he had soon to sail again, and sailor nuptials are wont to be speedy. Everything in her life had been uphill until this sun-burnt sailor's advent, and, if she had not reflected upon her choosing as long as wiser people would have done, heaven smiled upon it while she lived. And when the poor little creature, who had worn her strength away in thankless toil, began to wilt, Captain Joe took her aboard ship and

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brought her to southern France, which gave her five good years of added life. They had found the small town of St. Raphael in one of their pleasant times ashore, and here she finally used to stay and await the captain's coming and going. In the entire six years of their wedded life they had not spent a whole year together, even computing the fractions of weeks. "But that," said Captain Joe in his cheery way, "never gave us time to quarrel!"

If Mary Gregory had not known the nature of passionate loving or led the life of other wives in continuous happiness, this was far greater happiness than she ever *had* known, and it did very well. Joe was a prince of good-humor, fond and kind ashore if not heart-broken in absence. Let the philosophers choose which is best, the un-ease of intense loving or the tranquillity of the calmer sort.

Our captain thought it well done of Mary to have thanked him so prettily for his kindness to her, and, "after so many years," he was still sorry that she died, and the picture of her sweet, sad face as he last remembered it brought a tear to his eye "after so many years," as he sighed again.

It had happened that Joe, having sailed for New York and hoping for a return freight to Havre, which would bring him back to Mary at or near the birth of their child, met with a disappointment common to captains, and had been half around the world again before he saw the infant, a year old and an orphan from her sixth week. Surprise and grief were for the moment absorbed in embarrassment. What could he do with this yearling—a sailor with ten days' leave of absence? He could not take her on shipboard, and, if that were practicable, there was no one to receive her, except distant Aunt Hannah in far New England, unconsulted, and with family cares of her own that suggested but doubtful welcome. So that when Mère Menille, the widow of the late *notaire*, declared that she should be "wholly *désolée*" if separated from "the *mignonne*," whose mamma's friend she had ever been, and to whom the dying wife had "confided her angel," Captain Gregory thought it a most fortunate circumstance and felt that nothing could have been more opportune. So, placing a fairly generous sum at the good dame's disposal and looking at the "angel" as a very unfledged one, he paid visits to poor Mary's grave and thought it very improbable that he should ever marry again, which was as strong a reflection as any that he could afterwards recall.

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Meantime the little one grew and throve, and was to all appearance and in usage a little French child. Four times in subsequent years had the captain seen his daughter, and on the fourth and last occasion remembered that he did not know her name.

"What is Donna's full name?" he asked. "Has she been baptized anything?"—the ceremony, as he thought it, being of importance chiefly in this result.

"But, monsieur," replied the horror-stricken Mère Menille, "is it that monsieur deems us not Christians? Tell to papa thy name, then, little one."

"Marie Véronique Angélique," sweetly replies the child in musical southern semi-drone. "Marie for the Blessed Virgin and for dear mamma, and Véronique for the holy saint who—" she was continuing.

"But where do you get the Donna out of all this?" interrupted her puzzled papa.

"Ah!" resumed Mère Menille, "these other names are so fatiguing for a little one, to whom one always speaks caressingly, as monsieur knows. But between this child and the beautiful picture of Our Lady in the church there is strange resemblance, in spite of the difference of features, so that an artist who copied the painting began to call our child Madonna; then we all saw the likeness, and Madonna, or Donna, she has always been. We believe that it was because her poor mamma sat so much regarding that picture in the months before her birth—however the savants say that such things cannot be; but poor Madame Grégoire had much affection for the picture."

Then the captain went over to the church and looked at the picture, which he called "a handsome thing, though red-haired and long-faced"; but it did not grow into his heart as it had into that of his wife. And he copied his child's name from the parish register—a precaution in nowise useless, for he would otherwise have forgotten it—and during the year Mère Menille died and Donna was again adrift.

This time no one offered to take charge of our waif, and "Capitaine Grégoire" was duly notified, in a letter from the authorities, to seek out and provide for his offspring. Had there not been enclosed in it a note of kindlier vein from the curé Captain Joe would have thought himself ill-used. As it was, the sense of injury that arose from reading the notification was soothed by the assurance from the good priest that while awaiting her father's orders Donna was being cared for in his own

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house. Still, he was stung, and more on account of the legal phraseology, to which he was not used, than the action it indicated. One thing was clear—the child must be provided for; and again the way was opened to our lucky friend. Aunt Hannah had just buried her youngest and favorite daughter, her other children were married or away from home, and, the bereavement occurring at the time of the captain's second dilemma, she offered to receive our Donna in her home.

In consequence of which Captain Gregory exchanged situations with another captain bound for Toulon, and at the moment we are describing was about to make real the long idle dreams of the little girl on the wreck. Two days later brought Captain Gregory to the house of the curé, while the nearest gamin was despatched to seek Donna. This was not difficult. Donna was a child with a mother-heart, one to which anything hurt or sorry instinctively turned; and just now a little beach boy, having stepped on a fish-hook and imbedded it well in his heel, refused to bear the taking out until "Donna came." And Donna was found holding his head and saying his prayers for him while he roared.

"So that's what she's good for, is it?" was her father's comment when the returning comrade appeared to excuse a little delay.

"Yes," said the curé. "Mlle. Donna divides my cares, and is, I think, nearly as often called for, if the case is one requiring consolation. A plea is often made, when any one is sick or suffering, that Mlle. Donna will be so gracious as to accompany me, and the women say that she is already an excellent little nurse. But she is not strong and tires easily; so it is less for the labor that she accomplishes than the good-will that she shows that she is so often demanded."

After some waiting Donna was brought in, pale but triumphant, fish-hook in hand, and as she spoke to the curé, "See, mon père, how the little one had to suffer!" grew weak at the thought and was forced to sit down. Then her "other father," as her thoughts phrased it, came to her and spoke kindly, and she rallied with the force of new emotions.

Vastly easier would it have been for either had the relationship been more remote; but for parent and child to meet knowing that neither could possibly have recognized the other in any casual encounter, and without the affection that seems inseparable from the close relationship, was indeed a trying position. As if to increase the difficulty of the situation, the clock now

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struck six, and, like the rest of the devout population, Donna and the old curé knelt to their "Angelus," while the captain, not quite knowing what was expected of him, looked out of the window and thought, "Of course the child has grown up a Catholic," while poor Donna herself offered her Angelus for the poor papa that "he might become Chrétien."

Next morning matters advanced a little. The captain attended Mass and behaved as a well-informed gentleman would wish to do, and, if less devout than those about him, was so fully reverent that "it made pleasure to see," commented the populace. And after the Mass they went to visit the cork-cutters together, and the mill where the heath-roots were reduced to the rude outlines of pipes in readiness for the future operations of the carver, and a stone pier had been built since the captain's last visit, and such people as remembered him came for friendly salutation.

Donna had her few possessions to collect and pack withal, and so the day wore away; and just before the stroke of the evening Angelus the child, going to the cemetery that she might repeat it at her mother's grave, found her papa there with a very sober face and a suspicion of tears hastily brushed away. This was the key that opened heart to heart—this little pile of dust, this grave of the poor little school-teacher, who had never seemed to be of much use in the world, and had died without bringing very powerful emotions to any one, yet was now drawing together in sympathy two natures much stronger than her own. For the child inherited nothing weak but her body, her soul having the strength of a score, and her vivid imagination mingled the love of her dead mother, who had in her last years become a Catholic, with that of the dear Mother of God, through the picture in the church which she was said to resemble.

The captain and his child walked home that night very silently but with a full understanding established between them, and Donna told the curé on the morrow that "she had now no fears, for her papa would surely love her and be very kind." And the curé smiled at the confidence of a child who could not foresee the storms of life, or even those that might in an hour deprive her of her new-found protector in this world, and, giving her a rosary with his farewell blessing, bade her never forget her best Father, God, who had so strangely shaped the ways of her life hitherto.

The voyage was a novelty and at first a dream of delight,

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sun, storm, or wind alike appreciated; but it gradually became rude, and Donna's first sensation of real cold was appalling.

The child who was fearless in danger shrank before the mystery of cold. How much worse was their arrival in winter in a land of leafless trees and grassless fields, and finally how heavily a New Hampshire snow-storm weighed upon her spirits, is best told in her own words written to the curé.

"Tell Estagne," was her message, "that the snows that lie only on the tops of our distant Esterel come down *here* into the valleys and carpet the ground, and the cold of this snow and the sharp air that moves over it are like the sting of the burning iron that we once touched at the blacksmith's.

"And, dear curé," she writes on, "there are no Masses in the churches here, and they are only opened on the Sundays, when the curé speaks to the people without vestments, in words that I do not understand. And the good tante Hannah is so afraid that I shall break my rosary that she has hung it high above the mirror; but I can see the crucifix, so I kneel before that and make the decades as best I am able with my fingers. I hope that when I am older, and do not break the cups in washing them, that she will give me back my beads again; for there is no other crucifix in the house, only a picture of one in a large book that she sometimes reads, like the great missal in our sacristy. And when I kiss the feet she nods and smiles, but when I bless myself she frowns. What kind of Christians are these?" I am afraid that her words were: "Quels drôles de Chrétiens."

Poor little Donna, in blissful ignorance of the English tongue, did not know that "tante Hannah" had deprived her of her rosary for any other reason than the same that substituted a coarse earthenware cup at table for the china one that she had broken in the dish-washing one morning when the little hands were "very cold."

"Very cold." These were almost the first English words that she learned to speak, and she was slow to apply them to the Northern hearts about her. So she wrote to her papa, now absent from her again, that "the people look at me very steadily, because you are gone away and they are sorry," and she returned their careless staring with sweet smiles.

In the same innocent generosity she observed that "tante Hannah occupied her very constantly, that she might not suffer from *ennui* in the absence of papa," thus charitably construing her heavy portion of the housework as a kindness.

As she went about and saw that the rule of life in cold cli-

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mates was labor, untiring toil, for all who would thrive, she was puzzled and reported:

"They work all the day long, these New-English, harder than our *travailleurs de mer*, who rest between the fishings, lying often on the beach by day; but these never rest except at night in sleeping." And truly to a child acclimated to the brief morning house-labors and long outdoorings of the poor in southern France this toil was a mystery. Think of a village with no fires to build except those needful for cooking or the blaze to remove a chill at dusk, no woollens to care for, carpets to sweep, heavy bedding to make up in winter or watch in summer, no flannels to make, no moths to hunt or hurt, no overcoats to mend or pack with camphor, and no great revolutionary house-cleanings from extreme changes of seasons or dirt of winter ashes; houses where through open doors and windows sweet air playing all day long keeps life and tenants "clean" habitually, and the people cluster outside their doors with distaff or knitting, or with neither, at all hours of the day. Even the poor have leisure.

But worse than the toil was the absence of festival days. What would not the elastic French nature have invented had not the joyous Sundays and saints' days of their religion have given them opportunities for holy gladness and innocent rejoicing? Donna wrote with clearer appreciation some time later:

"And as there are no crucifixes and no Masses in the churches, I see now why they are locked on Christmas day, like every other during the week; but for what are they opened on the Sundays at all?"

Aunt Hannah's useful Christmas gifts of well-knit hosiery and mittens hardly cheered the little sore heart that had placed her empty shoes at the hearth with a faint hope of bon-bons and a few playthings, some muslin roses, perhaps, and other child trumpery. "Tromperie!" The translation well expresses what American and English feeling find in such trifles, but is it a very bad human nature that "cheats" itself to innocent joys by trifles?

A naughty little girl in an orphan asylum once vexed one of the worthy managers by clinging to a necklace cheap but pretty. It was taken away, and the action was sustained by gentle women of "the board," in their own homes indulgent, on grounds of "vanity which her circumstances would never permit her to indulge." A looker-on thought that a chance in the girl's reform had been carelessly, yes, cruelly, thrown away. Better judiciously train that vigorous offshoot universally (hence divine-

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ly) implanted in the female mind than prune so close that the whole vine wither near the root.

Toward the close of February Donna had lung fever and the lamp of her young life nearly went out; but the wonderful New England nursing, and the skill which this climate develops promptly among physicians in all pulmonary diseases, served her, and above all her never-forgotten "Bon Dieu" (for which "the good God" is but a feeble translation) heard her poor little prayers and wished to save her.

"And since it was his holy will that I should live," she writes her one old friend who alone answers her letters, "it is quite my purpose to try to be a better girl and please more the dear Aunt Hannah, who was as a good angel by night and day."

Aunt Hannah has been softened by the overshadowing wing of the dark angel that threatened so heavily; and as she went to one extreme to make a thrifty, good housekeeper of the feeble child, so she touched the other now in waiting on Donna and tending her like a princess. But indulgence cannot spoil her, and her loving little heart warms and cheers the elder woman in phrases of affection that she never received from her own brood, never having taught them by example, but which runs over from Donna's lips without shyness or reserve, now that she is learning to speak English so well. No matron of New England cares to be caressed in the fashion of a Provençal mother; but Donna's fine perceptions interpret rightly, and, when it isn't "right 'fore folks," she turns Aunt Hannah's heart fairly over with her cooing and caressing, who does not dislike, in turning the heated pillow, to be told that she is the angel that brings good dreams, or, when she opens the blinds and first shows herself in the morning, to be hailed as a *porte-bonheur*—one of the words whose meaning Donna has taught without translation.

That Donna's manner was "improving" even before this illness Aunt Hannah admitted. "I break no more the Sabbath nor the dishes," said Donna, looking regretfully at a doll banished from Saturday to Monday by request of her relative. But even now the good lady complains that Donna is too shy of "the minister." It was not possible for Donna to be less than civil to any one; but cordiality vanished with his coming, and when, in some of her most trying days, the good man strove to draw from her some "satisfying evidences of a Christian hope," she pretended or really construed his intention into a little pantomime on Jacob's Ladder. Donna secretly believed that he was a blacksmith, having seen him engaged in such secular occupa-

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tions as the clergy in remote districts were used to mingle with more spiritual avocations, and to shoe a horse on Saturday and preach on Sunday bred confusion in this little ignorant mind. But she could afford to discard the parson, she thought, now that Aunt Hannah was won, and the rest of the winter and spring, with housing and nursing, cemented their friendship firmly. Donna had learned much English out of an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* Aunt Hannah was afraid that a large black Apollyon in silhouette would prove "scare-babe" to Donna, as it had done to her own little Jeremy, who died at seven; but it merely appealed to her sense of the grotesque. And as for the pictures of pope and pagan, they gave all the zest of the "Giant-killer" to the book without creating a suspicion of the author's aim. From a personal resemblance of the former cut to the parson she innocently substituted for her old name for him, preacher-blacksmith (*maréchale-prédicateur*), that of Giant Pope, and, to his dismay, the children of the vicinity adopted it.

But what joy summer brought to this poor little girl, who had supposed that the cold "northlands" were as perpetually wintry as the poles! To see the resurrection of vegetation and the budding of tree and flower, and feel the warm, warm air once more with open windows and doors, "as we do in France"; to measure the height and beauty of the elms, and rest in the majesty and stillness of the pine woods, hearing the singing of strange birds, brought such gladness to this little exiled heart that at times she said "it ached, it was so glad."

There was a small piece of turf in these pine woods where a few trees had been felled years ago, and now grown smooth, and to Donna's imagination the close shade of remaining trees on three sides, with overarching branches, outlined something so like a green and living chapel that she so named it and came to it every day to say her prayers. Of some acorns given her in autumn she had fashioned a new rosary while ill in bed, quietly stringing the decades, with the "cups" for large beads, before Aunt Hannah; and it must have been a heart of stone indeed that would have hindered the pale, tiny fingers in their toil. This one was not taken away. On the most central tree at the far end of her chapel Donna had hung a rustic cross fashioned as her little fingers cleverly contrived to, and a very well-cut figure in white paper recalled to her devout soul Him who bore our sorrows. From time to time this had to be renewed, but by careful shelving under a granite boulder it would last several weeks.

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Judge of the surprise of a good Canadian missionary, who was one day traversing the woods in August, to come suddenly upon this forest shrine, to see its little worshipper devoutly telling her acorn beads, and—is it possible?—in pure French accent! So deep was her devotion, so noiselessly had the good père knelt behind her, that it was only with the final gesture of blessing that she rose and discovered him. Her momentary terror vanished before his first French sentences, and with tearful, radiant face she asked him in all simplicity "if our dear Mother had not sent him to instruct her." She was a little perplexed at the absence of the clerical garments without which she had never seen a priest; but he soon convinced her of his identity as such, and his blessing, conferred in the dear familiar manner of the old curé, reassured her fully.

For an hour they talked together, Donna telling her strange story and receiving explanations of surroundings that had been wholly mysteries. With perfect gentleness he laid the lives and habits of these New England people before her, and, even in giving her necessary cautions about her faith and living, did not fail to enforce that most Christian charity which, if it cannot sacrifice safety, sacrifices all else of self for others.

"Your mother was once of these people, my child," said he; "and if God's goodness placed you in a beautiful land and gave you a holy religion, see that it recommends itself through you to those who have been deprived of it thus far."

Eagerly did Donna desire to know when and where he would soonest celebrate Mass; and, accompanying her to the farm-house, the good missionary urgently entreated Aunt Hannah to allow Donna to go to his nearest station, only five miles distant, on the coming Sunday. He came but once a year. Only kindness to Donna, and something that she felt of the gentleman in the priest, prevented Aunt Hannah from making this interview of the briefest nature, and positive refusal was the result. But he gave Donna a few more words of such good counsel and encouragement, and exchanged for her acorn rosary one of such resemblance to her old one of Aunt Hannah's removal that she cheered a little. "God will not always deprive you of the blessed privileges you crave, I am sure," were his parting words, and to himself he murmured: "The forest chapel will bring a house made with hands," which Donna cherished, with his spoken words, as prophecy. After this the chapel was dearer than ever. She almost felt as if it had been consecrated.

That autumn Captain Gregory made a visit to them, and, with

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much discussion between himself and Aunt Hannah, it was decided that Donna, who had now gained quite a volume of English speech, should be sent to the academy in the town, a mile distant, during the coming winter. She was to go in with Farmer Brown, who sold milk, and return at night with the mail-carrier, who never passed later than six o'clock, and who would call at the school on his way just before leaving town. This was Donna's entering into the world; and the microcosmic New England town is a world in its way, if not quite Boston or Paris. The inhabitants of this one believed that they dwelt therein because they preferred to do so, and hence argued some superiority of Dalesborough over either of the great cities. When they questioned Donna she was too polite to complain of the climate of fearful extremes and sudden changes; other strangers, chiefly summer visitors, were equally reticent or willing to praise summer beauty; and so these dwellers in a corner of the world wore away their sad winter months and intolerable, changeful, raw, and muddy springtides, saw their families thinned by annual "fall fever" and ever-present consumption, and thought themselves a favored people.

Who shall teach people where to live?

Three sects of preachers assumed the province of teaching them *how:* Baptists (so named for the non-baptism of children—"lucus a non lucendo"), Congregationalists, and a feeble glimmering of Adventists who shone with unsteady light, occasionally flaming out into the near fulfilment of prophecy with a vigor that scared the timid youth, and even some nervous women, of Dalesborough.

"The world is going to end, Donna Gregory," said a playmate of ten; "they say it will all be gone next week." At which Donna made up an indescribable French mouth, so full of the "incrédule" that for very shame the boy grew red and mumbled a *non-sequitur* of "not wanting to lose the hatching of some Plymouth Rocks" which he had looked on coeval with general destruction, and he still "left to see."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

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THE WORD *MISSA*, MASS.

THE derivation of the word *missa* is again exercising the ingenuity of the learned. For several weeks the London *Tablet* has published letters on the subject from various quarters which show that this etymology is still an open question and which give evidence of considerable thought and research for its settlement. We venture to offer the result of our study of the subject, not to condemn the opinions of others, but merely to state what has occurred to us on a matter which has for years engaged our attention in occasional spare moments.

It is impossible to enumerate the liturgical and catechetical works in all languages which, in treating of the Mass, endeavor to explain the origin of the name *missa*. The derivations, however, may be reduced to two or three, which seem to be handed down from author to author through the entire catalogue. One of these is from the Hebrew *mesach*, or *missach*, signifying *a voluntary oblation;* and this would be abundantly satisfactory were it not for the fact that Hebrew was almost a dead language, even at Jerusalem, in the days of the apostles, and that the word was entirely unknown to the earliest writers of the Eastern Church. St. Augustine gives another when he says: *Fit* MISSA *catechumenis, manebunt fideles;* and St. Isidore states it more clearly: *Catechumeni* mittuntur *foras, et inde* missa. From these texts a strong argument could be drawn in favor of the usual derivation from the *dismissal* of the catechumens at the Offertory, when the deacon said or sang, *Ite, missa est.* For the catechumens were not allowed to assist at the oblation and consecration and communion; they were not even instructed in the nature of these mysteries until, after a full test of their sincerity and firmness, they had received baptism. But the word *missa* was already an old word in the language of the faithful when those two Fathers wrote, and the question still remains as to the authority on which the derivation rests. Remigius of Auxerre follows the beaten track along with many others, but he adds a remark which gives a clue to another source, saying that "we may also consider the Mass (*missa*) as the *sending* of prayers and oblations to God through the hands of the priest." For what we have given so far we are indebted to Migne's *Dictionnaire des Rites Sacrés;* nor

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was anything new or remarkable brought to light from a number of other works consulted on the subject.

It can hardly be doubted, from the weight of testimony, that the derivation from *mittere, to send*, is correct. But there is a want of plausibility in the reasons given for it. "Ite, missa est," in this supposition, must mean "Go, there is a dismissal"—*i.e.*, of catechumens. How to connect their dismissal at the Offertory with the sacrifice which followed, so as to attach the same name to both, is not easy to see, even in etymology, where so many strange things are met with. If *missa* comes from *mittere* there must be a better reason than the above, and this is what we have been seeking.

In stating our opinion we begin by adverting to what is known as the "Disciplina Arcani" of the early ages, by which the church concealed her mysteries from the pagans; and also to the fact that the Greek language from the first had a large share in forming the sacred terminology of the Christians, owing to its being spread over the entire East. The "Disciplina Arcani" invented a special language for the use of the faithful, which they alone understood; that is, there were common words used by them in a special sense, or words taken from the Greek, either in their original form or in Latin words corresponding to them. Pagans might hear the words or see them written and not suspect their true significance. This was necessary in times of persecution; and though the "Disciplina Arcani" was laid aside when persecution had ceased, yet some of the words used to conceal the sacred mysteries had become so well established in common use that they remained along with other and clearer words and phrases which were then introduced.

The prevalence of the Greek language leads us more directly to our point, which is to derive *missa* from πομπή. Among the Greeks the word πομπή had a peculiarly religious significance. When a powerful god was to be propitiated, a celebrated shrine to be visited for a revelation by the oracle of the cause of some calamity or of a course to be pursued in some emergency; when an angry god was to be appeased for some offence committed, it was the custom for a nation, a city, a king, a commander of an army, or even of a private citizen of wealth, to prepare a πομπή —that is, a solemn embassy to the temple or shrine of the god; and this consisted of a number of persons specially delegated as ambassadors, with their various officers and attendants, charged with gifts and offerings, animals for the sacrifice, salt, meal, and wine to be used in the immolation. This embassy went forth,

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sometimes by a long voyage on sea or journey by land, to the sacred spot where the god was to be worshipped. There they formed in solemn procession to the altar and offered their gifts and slaughtered their victims. See a remarkable example of this in *Iliad*, book i. The same or a similar honor was paid to kings, whether as a testimony of fealty or as a means to propitiate a conqueror. Hence the πομπή came to signify any public procession or display; and from this we have the word *pompa*, *pomp*, in our languages.

There is ample proof of this peculiar sense of the word πομπή. Stephanus, in his *Thesaurus*, quotes from Herodian, εἵπετο ἡ βασιλικὴ πομπή, *the royal procession;* Synes., πομπὴ ἐπινίκιος, *the triumphal procession;* Thucid. ii., ὅσα ἱερὰ σκευὴ περὶ τε τὰς πομπὰς καὶ τοὺς ἀγῶνας, *the sacred rites and the games;* τὴν πομπὴν πέμψαντας, *those who sent the sacred embassy;* and Herodot., μητρὶ θεῶν πομπὴν τελοῦσιν, *they perform a solemn service to the mother of the gods;* Pindar, *Ol.* vii., μήλων κνισάεσσα πομπή, *the sweet-smelling oblation of sheep.* Damm, in his *Lexicon Homeri*, says expressly, *Apud recentiores* πομπή *est vox sacra.* We find the same sense of the word in Latin, as in Virgil, *Æn.* v., *Annua vota tamen sollennesque ordine pompas.*

Now, it is well known that in the early ages it was the custom of the faithful to bring their offerings to the church, each one contributing his share to the sacrifice to be offered—bread, wine, and at times other gifts destined for the use or the adornment of the altar. When the time came in the course of the liturgy, after the epistle and gospel and the homily upon them were over, the Offertory was made—that is, the assistants came forward to the altar in a kind of solemn procession, each one giving to the priests and deacons the oblation he had brought. For those early converts from paganism the similarity of that oblation to the πομπή to which they had so long been accustomed must have been strikingly obvious, and they could hardly help using the same term to express it. But to secure its sacred meaning from the knowledge of the pagans the Greek word was literally translated into Latin, *missa*—a word used by all that spoke Latin, but in a quite different sense, and so distant from its Christian sense that no pagan could ever get a clue from it to the mysteries he was not to know. It was at that part of the liturgy that the deacon sang, "Ite, missa est"; and now there is a satisfactory meaning in the words: "Go, you catechumens and others who are not to share in the sacrifice; the *missa*, or oblation, begins for the faithful, who will now offer the bread and wine which

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will be consecrated, and of which, when changed into the body and blood of Christ, they alone can partake."

The word once introduced in this manner, under the Disciplina Arcani, would naturally maintain its position, especially as the church, emerging from the Catacombs and taking her place at the head of the empire as the mother and guide of emperors and kings, as well as of their subjects, retained the same word in her liturgy and sang the "Ite, missa est" as before, only changing its place from the Offertory to the end of the sacrifice, as the altered circumstances required.

This explanation may be acceptable to some of the scholars who have been investigating this subject, and if it is we shall be amply repaid for our labor.

EXCERPTA.

RELIGIOUS instruction has been stopped in the primary schools of nearly all the communes of France, and will soon probably cease in all. One curé writes to the Association of St. Francis de Sales: "Our instructors no longer teach the catechism or offer a prayer, and are forbidden to make the sign of the cross." Another writes: "The poor little girls of the lay school come no more to church nor to the catechism instruction, notwithstanding the repeated appeals which I have made to parents and to children." The *Bulletin* of the Association contains every month numerous complaints of this nature. They are described as sad and "frightful"; for who can see without fear a generation of men and women grow up without religion? What will be the character of the succeeding generations, if the mothers of the families have not the faith?

The number of bad books and journals which have made their appearance in France since the change in the administration of public affairs is so great as to create an alarm among Christian people. The pastoral letters of several bishops have treated of the grave subject, and their words show not only the depth of their apprehensions, but will not be inappropriate in this country. The venerable Bishop of Puy, as he said, "consecrated the last remnants of a failing voice and an expiring ardor to warn his dear flock of the two great evils of the present hour: one, that of bad books and journals, was the most terrible quicksand to which the human mind was exposed." With great energy he denounced the unhealthy and accursed literature which goes so far to corrupt pure minds incapable of defence against its allurements. "France, beautiful and mild, the earthly domain of Jesus Christ, presents to-day a sad spectacle: on all sides, by a thousand organs of the press, as by so many instruments of war, the foundations of religion, of morals, and of society are assaulted. Under one form or another the church and her ministers are daily made food for the

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foul passions of the multitude. Our dogmas are scoffed at, the upright Christian despised, and the priest pointed out to the public prosecutor as a malefactor." "The abuse of the press is the great crime of modern days," said the Bishop of Périgueux. He then described the influence of a bad press in the past—that is, in the work of destruction which preceded and accompanied the French Revolution—and then exposed its frightful ravages at the present time. An official investigation made in 1853 showed that of nine millions of volumes then in circulation eight millions of them belonged to the class of immoral books. Another investigation would show that the evil had now greatly increased. In one week in 1874 the sum of thirty-seven thousand francs was expended to spread in the west of France a mass of infamous pamphlets. The press was never so dangerous as at this day by the audacity of its denials, its blasphemies, its impudence, and its obscenity. To this evil, which threatens alike all spiritual and temporal interests, there is only one remedy: "that consists in the interdiction of all writing and of all reading which is contrary to religion, to morality, and to the public good. This is commanded by the natural and divine law as well as by the sacred oracles and the code of ecclesiastical law."

The Bishop of Nevers said of the press: "Of the various combinations arrayed against us this one is like the powder to the projectiles, for it communicates to them a power of expansion and destruction which they of themselves have not." He describes the different measures employed and the means put in operation for the work of destruction. All things unite for their condemnation. But the results of the press designate it as the worst workman of evil. It corrupts minds, breaks up families, disorganizes society, and shows clearly that it labors under the inspirations of him who was a murderer from the beginning. "It will not be sufficient," continued the bishop, "to rest on the defensive in face of the invasions of an evil press; it is necessary to take the offensive; it is necessary to oppose to it the action of a good press, and it is our duty to make ourselves its devoted patrons as far as our circumstances will permit."

The eminent Bishop of Annecy insisted upon the danger of bad books as like the danger of evil companions, from whom one should fly to avoid becoming evil like them. They were poisonous fruits, not to be touched if we would escape death. In answer to those Christians who have little scruple and a desire to read everything under the pretext that it is necessary to know all things, and that they are besides sufficiently strong to handle evil books without peril, the prelate demonstrated that the evil works enfeebled and killed the faith, defiled the mind, corrupted the heart, even before their sad victims were conscious of their ravages. There is no illusion like that of the malady which conducts to death.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. addressed a brief note to M. Moigno, the director of the *Cosmos-Les-Mondes*, which traces a programme for the direction of Catholic studies and efforts. The note was sent by Cardinal Pitra, with a letter in which the latter said:

"It is for you, your fellow-laborers and successors, a programme that will serve well for all reviews published by Catholics.

"There are at this time in the scientific world vast researches, experiments, and discoveries which touch the highest religious questions and confirm more and more the authority of the Scriptures. To the labor of

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men the work of Providence is added to bring forth from the ground the most unexpected monuments; archæology, geography, geology, and all the physical sciences have become our auxiliaries and prepare a new apology, both monumental and scientific, for Christianity."

The following extract is from the note of His Holiness dated February 11, 1882:

"We well know that in undertaking this mass of labor you have chiefly aimed to demonstrate most fully, as well by that which the researches and experiments of the masters in the physical sciences have everywhere discovered as by that which the profound studies in archæology and geography and geology have reached and brought to light in the course of time, that the progress and the developments of the sciences, so far from doing prejudice to religion, have, on the contrary, resulted in making far more brilliant and resplendent every day the truth and authority of the divine Scriptures.

"We compliment you highly for the energetic resolution that you have taken to make your labors aid in the defence of the truth of the Catholic religion, and to apply all your care and efforts to make the great work of yours render continually more manifest through itself the perfect harmony of revelation and science.

"We pray God to grant the strength you so much need to pursue the purposes and labors which have been of such meritorious service to religion; expressing at the same time the ardent hope that many, excited by your example and uniting their strength in those studies and writings, may labor with you in the defence of the Catholic religion."

Some successful results have been obtained in the use of the telephone at long distances in France. The first instance was on the line from the station in Paris to the one at Nancy. The length of the wire was two hundred and twenty-one miles. During an hour several engineers at one of the stations conversed with the engineers at the other. A simple telegraphic wire of the line served for the communication between the two telephones. Another experiment was made on May 17 between Paris and Brussels, a distance of two hundred and fifteen miles. Owing to the perfection to which the telephone has been brought the communication passed along the wire indifferent to electrical currents passing on adjacent wires. M. Van Rysselberghe, the director of the Belgian meteorological service, obtained successful results from a single wire while using upon it at the same time the telephone and the telegraphic apparatus.

The English and French astronomical expeditions to observe the eclipse of the sun in May last were stationed at Sohag, on the banks of the Nile. From the account of one of the English party it appears that the first contact took place a little over an hour before totality, and as the moon proceeded on her voyage across the solar disc the air became cooler and dark shadows were seen to cover the horizon. The observers, drawing each other's attention to the strange effects of illumination, involuntarily reduced their voice to a whisper. On went the moon, the darkness increased, a narrow strip of the sun only was left, and everybody silently withdrew to his post. A few minutes more and the corona shot out behind the dark edge of the moon, but a brilliant spark still showed that totality

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had not arrived and that the last ray of the sun still found its way into our atmosphere. The spark is reduced in size; it has disappeared. The signal is given. The critical seventy seconds have arrived, during which every one is to do his work silently and steadily. There are moments, however, during which it requires a strong effort of the will to remain silent, and when, in addition to the corona for which everybody was prepared, a large, brilliant comet was unexpectedly seen close to the sun, remarks were interchanged and words passed which were not on the programme. Luckily, however, no serious disturbance took place, the totality was fully as long as was expected, and when the first ray of the sun had forced its way again over the edge of the retreating moon all observers who could immediately judge of their results expressed themselves satisfied. It was some time before the photographic results were known, but they also proved satisfactory. An approximate idea of them cannot be easily given at present. The French party consisted of Messrs. Trépied, Thollon, Puiseux. A great part of their work was done during the partial phase of the eclipse; the edge of the moon was carefully examined by them with two identical spectroscopes constructed by M. Thollon which unite great dispersion with good definition. Messrs. Trépied and Thollon express themselves with commendable caution as to their results, but there seems no doubt as to certain facts, and the only explanation which has at present occurred to them is the existence of the much-discussed, often-doubted, sometimes almost disproved, but always suspected lunar atmosphere.

"We are enabled," says the *British Medical Journal*, "to state with authority that the rumors which have lately been circulated as to the illness of Leo XIII. have no real foundation. Similar statements used to be made about this time in former years in reference to the health of Pius IX., and grave assertions were often published that the Vatican physicians strongly advised change of air as the only means of prolonging the life of that aged pope. Leo XIII. is a thin, ascetic, and delicate man, liable to slight temporary ailments, and with too sensitive a nervous system for all the brainwork he has to do. He is, in consequence, often tired and depressed, and unable to receive the many visitors who throng to see him; and it is well known that he dislikes receiving all and sundry, being in this respect just the opposite of his predecessor, who had the greatest pleasure in seeing his audience-rooms crowded with visitors. He is not, however, suffering from any organic disease; is free, just at present, from even temporary indisposition; and is probably quite as fit to bear his confinement to the Vatican and its grounds now as he was at the date of his election."

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SAINTS OF 1881; or, Sketches of lives of St. Clare of Montefalco, St. Laurence of Brindisi, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, St. John Baptist de Rossi. By William Lloyd, priest of the diocese of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

The church is never long without canonizing saints—that is to say, without declaring that certain men and women who have gone to their eternal reward have earned by a life of heroic piety the right to be regarded with certainty as among God's chosen ones in heaven. No well-read Catholic needs to be told how impartial, how searching, how exacting, how sceptical, one might say, is the investigation which is made into the records of the life of the candidate for this super-excellent degree of saint before the decree of canonization is published. An instance is offered in the case of St. Clare of Montefalco. She died in 1308, and in 1316 Pope John XXII. ordered that the process for her canonization should be begun, but it was interrupted by his death shortly after. Three centuries later Clare was enumerated among the blessed by a bull of Urban VIII., and now, nearly six hundred years after her death, the humble virgin whose holiness shed a light over the whole of her beautiful country of Umbria has at last been declared a saint of God whose prayers may be invoked by the faithful. Certainly in this case Rome has been very deliberate. Father Lloyd, in the preface to this little volume, says: "The canonizations are meant to teach lessons to ourselves. I cannot hope that these hasty pages will do much in bringing these lessons home to us; but, till fuller lives are written, they may supply a want, and rekindle here and there love of holiness of life and trust in His grace who is wonderful in his saints."

St. Clare of Montefalco was born twenty-two years after the death of her namesake, the foundress of the Second Order of St. Francis, or Poor Clares, as they are commonly called. Her life was passed as a contemplative nun in the diocese of Spoleto, in the midst of that beautiful part of Italy whose yellow hills, blue skies, and dark green olive-foliage have always been the delight of painters. Shallow people talk of the "recognition of woman" as a mark of our age in particular. What higher recognition can woman have than that of being numbered among the saints of God, and when has not the church recognized this right? Women cannot be degraded where Our Lady is held in veneration.

Giulio Cesare de' Rossi was born at Brindisi in 1559 and became a Capuchin friar under the name of Fra Laurenzo—Brother Laurence, as we would say in English. He was successively superior of Capuchin convents at Venice and Bassano, provincial of his order in Tuscany, then provincial of Venice, and finally definitor-general of the order. When the so-called Reformation had spread into southern Germany, at the instance of the Emperor Rudolph he personally founded houses of his order in Austria and Bohemia. When the Turks were moving against Hungary he was chosen by the emperor to arouse the energies of the subordinate princes, Protestant and Catholic, and everywhere he was successful. Friar

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Laurence was to be found wherever there was danger, or wherever there was need of an appeal to the common sense of Christendom against the advancing hordes of Mohammedans. To quote Father Lloyd: "When Mahomet recrossed the Danube he had lost thirty thousand of his finest soldiers. 'Next to God and Our Lady,' said De Mercurio, second in command to Matthias, 'we owe that victory to Father Laurence.'" Here was a real "fighting chaplain." It would be long to go through St. Laurence's career—a man of the world, in the sense that his best faculties were constantly brought into use to further the welfare of mankind; and a man of God, in the sense that always, amid a multitude of distractions, he was devoted prayerfully to the contemplation of God. In 1602 Friar Laurence, at the General Chapter, was elected general of the Capuchins.

It may not be amiss to remark that Father Lloyd several times makes a slip which is altogether too common, even among otherwise careful writers, but which is certainly surprising coming from a Catholic pen. Here is an example: "On the day of the battle a *monk* was again on horseback, cross in hand, in advance of the front rank" (p. 37). The italics are ours. The *monk* that is meant is St. Laurence. A Capuchin, or a member of any of the mendicant orders, is not a monk but a friar. The brood of anti-Catholic writers, beginning with Rabelais, and continuing on through Calvin and his disciples down through Voltaire to M. Paul Bert, have made a point of confounding contemptuously in one lot, under the name of "monks," all the religious orders or societies of men of the Catholic Church. It ought not to be necessary to say that the term "monk"—*monachus*—is properly applied, in the Latin Church, to a member of one of the various branches of the Benedictine Order only (Benedictines, ordinarily so-called, Carthusians or "Charter-House" monks, Cistercians or Trappists, etc.), and that a member of any one of the mendicant orders (viz., Franciscans—in their several branches, Observants, Recollects or Reformed, Conventuals, and Capuchins—Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustinians) is a "friar," while Jesuits, Passionists, Redemptorists, etc., are "regular clerks"—that is to say, clerics living under an approved rule of life. This criticism is not captious; it is made simply in favor of accuracy.

The Life that probably will attract the most attention in this volume, short as is the account of it, is that of St. Benedict Joseph Labre. In Holy Week 1783 the one cry throughout the city of Rome was, "The Saint is dead." The saint referred to was a Frenchman, whose strange self-abasement had, in spite of his humility, made him for long one of the conspicuous characters of Rome. He was a young man, too, in years—thirty-five—yet the most of the years of that life had been passed in a complete servitude to prayer and pious works. This saint was a beggar, a real beggar, whose time was so taken up with the adoration of his God that he had none left to give to the earning of money, and he stretched out his hand for a dole in the name of God, giving the superfluity over and above his own very meagre needs to his more worldly poor brethren. Of course this looks like folly to us in this hard, practical, work-a-day world; still, in St. Benedict's case it was merely one form of the folly of the cross. Lazarus would scarcely meet with the veneration of the world were he to stalk forth among us now, yet we all know the relative position the Bible puts him in to Dives.

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The fourth of the saints canonized last December, and whose life is sketched by Father Lloyd, is St. John Baptist de Rossi. De Rossi, or De' Rossi, was the family name of St. Laurence of Brindisi also—a rather singular coincidence. It is likely, however, that in spite of the similarity of name there was no relationship between the two saints. St. John Baptist de Rossi was born in 1698 at Voltaggio, about fifteen miles north of Genoa, but spent most of his life as a secular priest at Rome, where he became a devoted missionary among the poor and the unfortunate. This Life is the best written in the book, and it is at once evident to the reader that Father Lloyd is dealing here with a subject in every way congenial to himself. In the thirty-five small pages that outline the career of the saint the reader will see evidence that, as Father Lloyd says, "St. John Baptist de Rossi loved the poor. The world talks about them and writes about them, but the world would look a long time before it could point to one of its votaries living a life like this."

AN APOSTOLIC WOMAN; or, The Life and Letters of Irma le Fer de la Motte, in religion Sister Francis Xavier. Published by one of her sisters. With a preface by M. Léon Aubineau. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

Irma le Fer de la Motte was born at St. Servan, in Brittany, in 1816, and here until 1838 she lived in the midst of her family and relatives, who formed in themselves quite a numerous circle. The story of her life is mainly told in the letters she wrote to different members of her family, and they impart a freshness and lifelike character to the work which it would have been difficult for any biographers, looking only from the outside, to have realized. From these letters we learn how in her youth she devoted herself to the instruction of the poor and ignorant, how she formed the desire of spreading the Catholic faith in other lands, how she was led, almost against her will, into a religious order, and how finally she came, as she had always wished to come, to our own country. Here she lived for sixteen years in the first house of the Sisters of Providence, and died in 1856. Some of her first impressions of America are interesting and amusing, perhaps we may say instructive. For example: "One thing that astonishes me greatly is the fashion here of contracting debts. From the highest to the lowest every one follows it. Our boarders, to be in the fashion, do not pay us." There are many interesting details of the early days of the church in Indiana. Here is the account given by Sister Francis Xavier's superior of the cathedral at Vincennes in 1840: "We went to the cathedral. Our barn at Soulaines is better adorned and better kept. Whilst considering the poverty I wept so bitterly that it was impossible for me to examine the church that day. The next day I looked into it with more calmness. It is a brick house with large uncurtained windows, the panes of which are nearly all broken. At the gable end there is a sort of unfinished steeple, resembling a large chimney in ruins. The interior corresponds perfectly with the exterior: a poor wooden altar; a balustrade (altar-rail?) which is not finished, but which seems to be falling from decay; the episcopal seat is a poor red arm-chair which a peasant would not wish in his house." The bishop's house is no better than the cathedral. And the material buildings of the church did not suffer more than her spiritual head and ministers in their own persons. The bishop and his priests "often want

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what is necessary." Writing in 1841, Irma tells us that "six years ago Indiana counted but one priest, and he in prison for debt." And on page 213 there is a very graphic picture (too long to extract) of the contest of Bishop Bruté and Father Corbe over the bed-covers, which were not enough for both.

We must not omit to call attention to a higher excellence of the book —the spiritual instruction to be found in it. Perhaps some may find themselves unable to raise themselves to the full height of all Sister Francis Xavier inculcates and exemplifies; perhaps others will think it in some things what, for want of better words, we must call feminine and French; but all will be able to learn many lessons from these letters and this record of a saint-like and devoted life, and will be grateful to her sister, Mme. de la Corbinière, for having placed in their hands the record of a life so interesting and edifying and spiritual.

The book in all respects, typography, paper, type, ink, binding, etc., is a credit to its publishers.

TRACTATUS DE ACTIBUS HUMANIS. Auctore Gulielmo J. Walsh, S.T.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

Dr. Walsh, the president of Maynooth College, a theologian of high repute, has prepared the treatise whose title is given above as a class-book to be used in lieu of the corresponding part of Gury's *Manual*. The great defects of Gury's text-book, which is used, it seems to us, merely for want of a better one equally convenient in arrangement, have induced the learned theologian of Maynooth to amend and improve it, without discarding its substance and form, acknowledged by all to be excellent. In particular, he has incorporated into the text the annotations of the late illustrious Father Ballerini. Ballerini, in our opinion, has added to Gury's text a great amount of matter of more value than the text itself. Of all recent authors in moral theology with whom we are acquainted we regard him as the one who was the best fitted to write an elementary class-book for students. Dr. Walsh has undertaken a work which was really needful, which, we trust, he will complete in such a manner that the judgment of those who are engaged in teaching moral theology will award him the palm of success. The writer of this notice, having been suddenly called upon for it in the place of one more competent, cannot give a critical opinion of a work which he has not carefully examined. The author's name will suffice to recommend it to all who are specially interested in its subject-matter.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE REAL PRESENCE.

This lecture was delivered before the Philosophical Society of Chicago by the Rev. R. A. Holland, and is reprinted from the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* for January, 1882. It is an attempt to answer the objection to the Real Presence derived from the pure spirituality of the Infinite; but, although the lecture is not without interest and value, the Real Presence which the author defends is very different in character from that which the Catholic Church teaches, and the objection is answered in a manner which is incompatible with still higher truths. For in showing that the Real Presence is in accordance with the essence of religion the Object of all religion is affirmed to be "both infinite and

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finite, an infinite that finites itself and appears in its self-finitings." This is to us a self-contradictory notion destructive of every reasonable concept of God. But, as we have said, the lecture is not without value and interest: the pages in which the author points out the existence of religion as a fact, the vindication of the inherent power of the human mind to arrive at truth, and of the utility and beauty of the sacramental system, seem to us both valuable and interesting, and make us wish that not the German mystifiers of the nineteenth century but the Christian enlighteners of the middle ages had been the author's guides and teachers.

CHRIST'S EARTHLY SOJOURN AS CHRONOLOGY'S NORMAL UNIT ALIKE IN ALL CREATION AND IN ALL PROVIDENCE: Being a virgin mine of religious and political evidences. By an Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Manitoba. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1882.

The object of the author of this pamphlet is to herald a possibly forthcoming work in which it is to be shown more at length that the number of years of Christ's sojourn on earth is the unit of numeration not only in the historical order but also in the physical; that the date of every great event is some multiple or other of thirty-three or thirty-four; that the numbers which represent the bulk, superficies, periphery of every orb in the sky involve in some way the same sacred period; that the law of gravitation by which the universe is ruled is "impregnated" with it. For this purpose the author takes a survey of history, ancient and modern, bringing his narrative down to our own days and finding in the career, but just finished, of Lord Beaconsfield, and in the still unfinished career of Mr. Gladstone, exemplifications of his thesis. It would be quite in accordance with the spirit of our times to hold up to ridicule all attempts of this kind, and any one inclined to severity would find many things to criticise in the present publication; but remembering how much attention the Fathers of the church have given to numerical periods, that God "has ordered *all* things in measure and *number* and weight" (Wisd. xi. 21), that our Lord is the "first-born of every creature" (Coloss. i. 15), we are not inclined to deny the possibility of the author's thesis; as to its actuality we would reserve our judgment until the publication of the book, which it has been the work of half the author's life to compose, and will content ourselves with calling the attention of those interested in such studies to this very remarkable production.

HUMAN LIFE IN SHAKSPEARE. By Henry Giles, author of *Illustrations of Genius*, etc. With introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

All truth is one, and the poet who constructs to the eye of fancy the pictures for which his imagination has furnished the subject perhaps, and at any rate the form and the color, is but a seer in the natural order, and his poetry, so far as it is really poetry, is but a contribution to our knowledge and enjoyment of the truth. Christianity is the sum of all truth, and, though a man may be a poet without being a Christian, his poetry will, after all, be an illustration of some of the truths of Christianity. Human life, which is the theme of the greatest poets, cannot subsist apart from God. This fact no one of the great poets, not even Æschylus, has more fully recognized in practice than Shakspere. Shakspere did not

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"drag in religion," as the expression is, neither did he exclude religion. He saw with the eye of a poet that religion is the one real factor of our life, and with the skill of a poet he worked it in in its place as the warp of all his serious work. Still, he was a poet, not a theologian; hence he treats religion as a concrete part of man's life, and not as a series of abstract formulas for the use of students.

Years ago Cardinal Wiseman made it tolerably clear that Shakspere was a Catholic. There is one argument, however, that ought to be sufficient. It is this: Shakspere lived and wrote in Elizabeth's time and, to a certain extent, for Elizabeth's court. Yet, though he distorted history in favor of the Tudors, and though it was the fashionable thing at court to rail against Catholicity, there is not, from one end of his works to the other, anything that, if rightly understood, is in opposition to Catholic dogma. Shakspere's religion, which is everywhere present in his serious works, is undoubtedly Christian and Catholic. The cultivated Catholic, in fact, finds meanings in Shakspere that are continually missed, or ludicrously misunderstood, by the most learned of Shakspere's non-Catholic commentators. One great defect, indeed, of a certain German school of Shaksperean commentators has been that it has striven to measure the morality of Shakspere by an atheistic fatalism.

There is a very slight flavor of this German school, or rather, perhaps, of its New England adaptation, in Mr. Giles' lectures, which are now republished with an introduction by Mr. O'Reilly. Yet it would be hard to find anywhere a small volume which throws so much light in unexpected places on what are called the feelings of men as they appear in Shakspere. There are in Mr. Giles a playfulness and delicacy of fancy, a fine humor, and a shrewd perception of human weaknesses that make him a fit exponent of the lighter side of Shakspere's genius. The volume consists of seven exceedingly interesting chapters, originally delivered as lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and first published in 1868, and it deserves to be read by every student of Shakspere. Mr. O'Reilly's introduction to this edition is a graceful and deserved tribute to the talents of the author.

GOLDEN SANDS. Translated from the French. Third series. New York: Benzigers. 1882.

These leaflets of pious reading make a pretty little volume of short, pithy sayings and thoughts for those who wish to snatch here and there five minutes from care and business to give a brief glance at the spiritual world. *Spiritual Lozenges* would be a better name for them than *Golden Sands*.

THE DAILY PRAYER-BOOK. Compiled from various sources. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Publication No. 5. Samuel Gaty. (Pamphlet.)

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Publication No. 6. Notes on the Archæology of Missouri. Hilder. (Pamphlet.)

A PRACTICAL METHOD FOR LEARNING SPANISH. By A. Ramos Diaz de Villegas. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1882.

A SAINT AMONG SAINTS. A sketch of the life of St. Emmelia, mother of St. Basil the Great. By S. M. S. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

ANTINOUS: A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT ROME. By George Taylor. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1882.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE NATIVE MEXICANS.

OF all the nations that have been added to the Catholic Church since the so-called Reformation none is perhaps more worthy of attention than Mexico. Its Indian population forms the largest body of heathens that has been converted to Christianity for many centuries, and no one acquainted with the country can doubt of the sincerity and strength of their faith even at the present day. Whatever the conduct of its politicians may be with regard to the church, the bulk of the people of Mexico are to-day as devoted Catholics as those of almost any country of Europe, and among them none are more thorough in their attachment to the faith than the Indians of pure blood, the lineal descendants of the men who once sacrificed human victims by thousands at the shrines of Huitzilopochtli. The hostility to the church which is so distinguishing a trait of modern so-called liberalism has never found an echo among the Mexican Indians, and even the national antipathy which a large portion of them feels towards the European race does not prevent them from being thoroughly devoted to the church.

What have been the means by which a population of fierce idolaters, naturally exasperated by the overthrow of their once powerful empire and ardently attached to their national religion, was thus changed into a Christian people? The ordinary non-Catholic will at once explain it by the Spanish conquest. In his

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mind the conversion of the Aztecs to Catholicity was simply a matter of brute force on the part of Cortez and his followers not unlike the imposition of Mohammedanism on the races conquered by the Arabs under the standard of their false prophet. The supposed fanaticism of the Spanish adventurers who overthrew the empire of Montezuma is imagined to be an all-sufficient explanation of the Catholicism now so firmly rooted in the hearts of the Mexican Indians. If such were indeed the fact, how can it be explained that the attachment of the Indians to the faith should continue unchanged while the descendants of their conquerors, or at least the dominant class among them, are themselves engaged in assailing the church? Forced conversions do not generally survive the downfall of the force which effected them, unless some other agency has been at work on the converts than mere force. If the Catholic Church has won the warm attachment of the Aztecs and Toltecs it must have been by other means than the fear of Spanish swords, and that it has won such an attachment is unquestionable. What those other means were we shall briefly speak of.

It is usual to speak of the fanaticism of the early Spanish adventurers, as if zeal for the diffusion of the Catholic faith was an overruling trait of their character. It is true that such was the case with Columbus and some other of the nobler spirits of the discovery and colonization of America; but it is simply absurd to attribute such feelings to the mass of the conquerors. There is no doubt but that, like the rest of their countrymen in the sixteenth century, the followers of Cortez and Pizarro were thoroughly Catholic in belief; but something more than belief in the doctrines of the church is needed to make men apostles. The Conquistadores, it must be admitted, were much more intent on finding gold and gaining fortunes than on teaching the natives Christianity. Men like Alvarado and Bernal Diaz would indeed be glad enough to see the Indians made good Christians as well as subjects of their own; but they were much more interested practically in reducing them to subjection than in teaching them the doctrines of the church. It was not from them that the natives of Spanish America acquired the religion which they still cherish. It was from men of a widely different class, whose heroism and self-devotion are little known to fame, but who in truth reflect far higher honor on their native land than the whole race of Conquistadores. If admiration is justly due to the daring energy, the coolness, and the tact which enabled a Cortez or a Pizarro to establish the rule of Spain in barbarous empires, how

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much more is it the right of men who displayed equal courage and tact, combined with the noblest self-devotion and heroic self-sacrifice, in winning the Indians to a free acceptance of Catholic truths! The names of Betanzos, of Luis Cancer, of Motolinia and Zumarraga, are as worthy of note in history as those of Cortez and Alvarado, if it be history's function to preserve the record of noble deeds and noble men.

The first mission for the conversion of the lands added to the Spanish dominions by Cortez was sent out almost immediately after the fall of Mexico. Five Franciscans, priests and lay brothers, arrived at that capital in 1523 in answer to the request for missioners made by Cortez in his despatches to the Spanish court. He had particularly urged the necessity of sending members of the religious orders, as the best qualified for the task of converting the Indians. The reputation enjoyed in Spain by the "frailes" was very great. Cardinal Ximenes had ably used his power as primate by rigidly enforcing the primitive discipline among his own and the other religious orders, and the fruit of his measures was shown by the enthusiasm for missions exhibited by all. The heads of the religious houses were beset with applications for the missions of the New World, and it was with difficulty that a choice could be made among the candidates. The five Franciscans were quickly followed by twelve of their brethren under the guardianship of Fray Martin de Valencia, and as many Dominicans with Fray Tomas Ortez as their head. Among the latter was Father Betanços, or Betanzos, who had already spent some years in the West Indies and had been an intimate friend of the celebrated Las Casas.

The Dominicans were detained some time in San Domingo on their voyage, but Martin de Valencia and his companions proceeded at once to Vera Cruz. The journey from that port to the city of Mexico up the steep side of the mountains they made on foot in the usual Franciscan fashion. The Indians, who had been accustomed to the state maintained by Cortez and the other Spanish conquerors, were struck by the poor appearance of these Europeans who travelled in such laborious fashion under the scorching heat of a Mexican sun, clad only in coarse serge and with sandals on their feet. At Tlascala, the well-known Indian city, which had been so firm an ally to Cortez, the people crowded round them with expressions of wonder. The friars tried to open some communication with them, but could only do so by signs. The Tlascalans repeated frequently the word "motolinia," or poor, in reference to the strangers; and one

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of the Franciscans learning its meaning, he adopted it as his own name. Henceforward he always signed himself Torribio Motolinia, and under that name he is always mentioned in Mexico instead of his family one of Paredes. The name was certainly a significant one, and neither Father Motolinia nor his companions belied it by their subsequent acts.

The Spanish city which rose in place of the ruined Aztec capital was in process of erection when the Franciscans reached it. The conquerors had resolved to rebuild it on a scale that should rival the finest cities of Europe, and the labor of the natives was ruthlessly used for the purpose. Several hundred houses of such size and strength that each might serve at need as a fortress had been planned by different individuals, and, as there were no beasts of burden available, all the materials for their construction had to be carried on the shoulders of Indian laborers. Father Motolinia describes the noisy scenes that met his eyes in graphic language. A hundred men were sometimes seen carrying a single cedar trunk in from the mountains, and the streets were all but impassable from the throngs of Indians at work under the broiling sun and kept to labor by the lash in the hands of the overseers. The colonists assumed that they had a full right to exact any labors from the unhappy Indians, who, in fact, were treated as slaves. They received the Franciscans cordially as countrymen and priests, and a convent was assigned them by the authorities. A serious difference of opinion, however, with regard to the rights of the natives quickly showed itself between the soldier-colonists and the religious. The latter entirely denied the lawfulness of enslaving the Indians and exerted themselves actively in their behalf. Remonstrances with the colonial authorities and letters home were both used to mitigate the sufferings of the natives, and meantime the Franciscans applied themselves diligently to the work of their instruction. The children were gathered to the convent to receive lessons in Spanish, and were taught music at the same time and trained to take a part in the church ceremonies. When sufficiently instructed the more advanced pupils were sent to make short visits among their friends and to endeavor to give them an idea of the Christian doctrines. The friars themselves applied with the utmost diligence to the study of the native languages—no easy task, without books, dictionary, or even interpreter, for anything beyond the common wants of every-day life. Father Martin de Valencia never could master the difficulties of the Aztec, but he indemnified himself by teaching the

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boys in the convent-school Spanish and instructing them through that means in religion. Several of the others, especially Father Motolinia and Peter of Ghent, a lay brother, who had been one of the first five arrivals, were more successful and preached successfully in the native languages after some time. Motolinia especially distinguished himself by his knowledge of the language, both as spoken and as embodied in the strange picture-characters of the Aztecs. It seems that he was the first to collect and explain Aztec writings, of which some have been preserved to the present day, and he was especially forward in having the language taught scientifically in the colleges of Mexico.

Though science owes a large debt to the diligence of the Franciscans in thus preserving from destruction the monuments of the former civilizations of America, they were far from looking on such occupations as the real end of their mission. To make true Christians of the Indians, and to protect them from the cruelty of their European masters, were the great objects of their lives. In pursuance of these ends they urged on their converts the destruction of the idolatrous temples and idols which still remained through the country. The conquered tribes still carried on their worship, after the fall of their empire, in remote districts, and as the Franciscans won their confidence these temples were destroyed one by one. Five hundred such are said by the superior of the mission to have been destroyed within seven years by the exertions of his order alone. The idols used in the Aztec ceremonies were usually burned to prevent their being used as relics. For this a good deal of blame has been given to the Franciscans, and especially to Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico. It is asserted that in destroying those superstitious objects they inflicted a serious injury on historic science, and the title of bigot is sometimes attached to the bishop for that reason. Remembering what the hideous rites of Aztec worship really were, and that in years before the conquest thousands of victims were annually sacrificed to its blood-stained idols, it seemed perfectly natural to the early missioners to obliterate every trace of such a system from the minds of the natives. To save their souls by conversion was the guiding motive of their actions, and, as they deemed the destruction of the idols needful for that purpose, they unhesitatingly destroyed them. But at the same time they carefully studied the languages and antiquities of the country, and if anything has been preserved of the old native history it is mainly due to Father Motolinia and his religious brethren.

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Among the missioners none was more conspicuous than the lay brother Peter. His family name is entirely unknown, though he was of high birth and even believed to be a relative of the Emperor Charles V. Though highly educated and possessed of remarkable talents, he refused, like the patriarch of his order, St. Francis, to receive ordination, through humility. He was proposed at one time for the archbishopric of Mexico, but no persuasions could induce him to accept the dignity. His proficiency in the native languages, however, made him be employed as a preacher in the absence of priests familiar with the Indians, and in that capacity he gained enormous influence. But his labors were not confined to preaching. He built a large school in the capital, into which he gathered six hundred native boys within a few years after his arrival. These were taught by a kind of monitorial system by the more advanced pupils, who received their training from the brother himself. The children were taught to read and write in Spanish, and at the same time were trained in the doctrines of Christianity; but their instruction did not end there. Brother Peter was an accomplished artist and musician, and music, carving, and various trades were among the branches of knowledge which he taught his pupils, some of whom made most remarkable progress. The orphans, who had been made such by the siege under Cortez, as well as by the pestilences which afterwards devastated Mexico, were the special object of his care. Besides teaching them he provided for the support of many hundreds of them, and as they grew up he settled his pupils in little colonies around the city. Indeed, it is hard to find any of the really useful devices of modern educationists that was not applied to the benefit of the Aztec children by this nameless lay brother three centuries ago. Humboldt, who saw the results of his work during his visit to Mexico, justly styles him an extraordinary man. Extraordinary as were his talents and energy, they are less so than the profound humility which has left him no patronymic but that of his native city—Peter "of Ghent."

It must not be supposed that the Franciscans received much aid from the authorities during the commencements of their mission. The commissioners to whom Cortez left the government of Mexico on his departure for Honduras in 1524 quarrelled among themselves and almost brought on a civil war during the two years of their rule. The royal commission which was finally appointed to succeed them under the presidency of Nuño de Guzman was even worse. Guzman was an adventurer of the

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worst type, ruthless, greedy, unscrupulous, and fearless, and he violently resented any attempts made to protect the natives from his rapacity. Knowing that his power was short, he and his favorites sought to make their fortunes in the quickest possible way by plundering the natives and working them to death. The Franciscans interposed, and the adventurers retaliated by declaring the Indians were not fit for Christianity—in fact, that it was mere waste of time to do anything for them except work them like beasts. False and brutal as this assertion was, it found advocates among the more greedy adventurers and was even maintained in Spain by their agents. Indeed, the fate of the Mexican Indians threatened to be a dismal one under the régime of Guzman. One of the greatest of the missioners, Betanzos, anticipated the speedy extermination of the whole native population. Guzman reduced numbers of free men to slavery, and by constant raids on the other provinces carried on a profitable slave trade. Luckily for the natives, however, they found a powerful protector in the Franciscan Zumarraga, Bishop of Mexico, who had been appointed to that see in 1527. Zumarraga declared the enslaving of free men unlawful, and was threatened with execution, in return for his remonstrances, by Guzman. As these threats were unavailing the government seized on his revenues, and the bishop finally laid the city under an interdict. Guzman and his friends endeavored to represent this step as an act of rebellion, but the court of inquiry sent out fully absolved the bishop and confirmed him in his office of protector of the natives.

Though a bishop, Zumarraga as far as possible lived strictly according to the rules of his order, and even made his visitations on foot. The mode of life of the Franciscan missioners, and indeed of all the religious orders, was most severe. Their cells were without windows or doors, with no furniture but a bed, table, and chair, the bed having only one blanket and no pillow except the habit of the day rolled up. A single robe of serge was their only outside dress, and to travel on foot everywhere the constant rule, no matter how hot the sun. The strict laws of fasting prescribed by the rules were rigidly observed. The Dominicans never used meat, and the Franciscans but rarely, no matter what the labors they had to undergo. It is not surprising that such a mode of life was trying to the strength of the newcomers. Of twelve Dominican friars who arrived in Mexico in 1526 five died in the course of a few months. But others were not wanting to supply their places, and the heroism of their

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deaths was not lost on the minds of the natives for whose conversion they thus laid down their lives.

The question of the fitness of the Aztecs for Christianity and civilization was a burning one in the early days of Charles V. Grave doubts were alleged, as has been said, by the adventurers interested in the system of peonage, as to the use of making any attempt at their education. Zumarraga strenuously defended the cause of his flock and referred to the progress they had already made in the schools of the Franciscans as the surest proof of their natural capacity not only for Christianity but to be admitted to holy orders. A vigorous letter of his to the Spanish court is preserved, together with another to the same purport from the Bishop of Tlascala, the first bishop appointed in Mexico. Both the prelates asserted that the intelligence of the native Mexicans was fully equal to that of the Spaniards, and their assertions seem to have had considerable weight with the Spanish Council. A new commission, or Audiencia, which was sent to supersede the body presided over by the tyrannical Guzman pronounced in favor of the views of Zumarraga and the Franciscans. The head of the commission and virtual governor of Mexico was Fuenleal, the Bishop of San Domingo. Under his rule a college was established for the higher studies in Mexico, to which the Indians were admitted as freely as the Spaniards. The practice of making slaves or of exacting rack-rents from the natives was stopped. The bishop also recommended that a certain amount of self-government should be given to the natives in their villages, as well as to the Spanish *vecinos*, or settlers. It seems his suggestions were carried out to some extent, and certainly a stop was put to the grosser oppressions which a few years before had threatened the entire destruction of the native race.

The Dominicans who had been sent from Spain at the same time with the Franciscans had been detained awhile in San Domingo, and only reached Mexico in 1526, two years after the Franciscans had established themselves there. The first party numbered twelve, with Tomas Ortez for prior; but five died in a few months, and Father Ortez was recalled on urgent business, so that in the course of a year only one priest and some lay brothers were left to represent the order on the North American continent. But this priest, Betanzos, was a host in himself. His career had been an extraordinary one. Belonging to a rich family in Salamanca, he had studied law in its university, but after receiving his degree he and a friend devoted themselves mainly to works of charity similar to those of the modern Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Their devotion soon attracted

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considerable attention, and to escape distinction even in such a course Betanzos retired to a hermitage in Ponza, near Naples, leaving his property entirely to his relatives and actually begging his support on the way through France and Italy. In Ponza he passed several years in solitude, living in a cave and dividing his time between work and sacred studies. His hair grew gray from his austerities, but nothing could induce him to relax them, and he only returned to Spain in accordance with a promise made to his early companion before setting out. He expected to bring the latter back to follow the same austere life, but on his return to Salamanca, where he was not recognized even by his father, so changed was his appearance, he found his friend had joined the Dominicans. Betanzos presented himself at the Dominican convent as a mendicant, but was recognized by his friend and after some conversation was induced to enter the order himself. The missions of America attracted his attention after his ordination, and he was sent to San Domingo, to the convent there, several years before the expedition of Cortez. In San Domingo he was the confessor of Las Casas, the great philanthropist, who, like himself, had spent his early life in business pursuits, but was then devoting all his energies to the protection of the Indians against the rapacity of the Spanish conquerors. At his persuasion Las Casas, who was then a priest, was induced to enter the order of St. Dominic. The two continued close friends afterwards. Betanzos had not the fiery spirit of Las Casas, which boiled over in passion at the wrongs of the Indians, but his zeal in their behalf was equally great. He denounced slavery as steadfastly as his friend, but even the fiercest of the conquerors were awed by his almost unearthly character, and he was regarded with equal affection by both races. Alvarado, the dashing and reckless lieutenant of Cortez, became his penitent in Mexico after his conquest of Guatemala, and at his request Betanzos, as soon as new priests arrived in Mexico, set out with a lay brother to that settlement. The whole journey from Mexico to Guatemala he made on foot, and what such a journey is only those familiar with the tropics can fully appreciate. In Guatemala he preached vigorously against the oppression of the Indians, and, though his remonstrances were not immediately successful, they produced considerable effect. He was offered ground for a convent and church, but he would only accept a small plot for that purpose. The entire disinterestedness which marked his whole character was shown in this as in other matters. He was not, however, long left in his new field. The Mexican Dominicans recalled him for the purpose of sending him

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to Rome in 1531 to give an account of their mission to the Holy Father.

It is not surprising that, with such men as those we have been describing, the work of conversion had been rapid. The Bishop of Mexico wrote at the same time to the head of his order, informing him of the work of the Franciscans, and stated that the number which they had received into the church in seven years amounted to a million. The Dominicans had not been less successful in proportion to their numbers, and Betanzos had to report the progress made to the Sovereign Pontiff and to ask that Mexico should be made an independent jurisdiction. A present of Indian works in gold and feathers was sent along with him as a convincing proof of the abilities of the new converts, and also some of the sacrificial knives of obsidian that had formerly been used in the rites of Aztec idolatry. However anxious Betanzos might be for the success of his newly founded mission in Central America, he did not hesitate a moment about yielding to the wishes of his colleagues, and in 1531 he sailed again to Europe. In Seville he entrusted the presents for the pope to a faithful messenger and set out himself on foot for Rome. On his way across France he turned aside to a shrine of St. Mary Magdalen, to whom he was specially devoted, and through penance he made several leagues of the road on his bare knees. Having finished his penance, he continued his journey to Rome, where he was received most favorably by the pontiff. The separate jurisdiction was readily granted, and the pope then desired the ambassador to ask any favor he might desire for himself. The request made was an unexpected one. The saintly Betanzos asked that while he was on the mission any priest should have faculties to absolve him even from reserved sins. The pope at once granted the request, which was perhaps the most extraordinary proof of humility that the noble Betanzos had given even in his extraordinary career, and the pontiff ordered a present of a hundred ducats to be made to Father Betanzos to defray his expenses back. This sum the latter at once presented to the merchant who had brought the Indian presents from Seville, and, having made this display of "monkish covetousness," he returned on foot to Spain, and sailed thence to Mexico in the year 1534.

Mexico in the meantime had made rapid progress, both materially and morally, under the government of Fuenleal. The custom of making slaves had been practically stopped and the exactions practised on the natives much lessened. The Spanish government now erected the "kingdom of New Spain" into

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a viceroyalty. The Count de Mendoza was appointed the first viceroy, and the services of Fuenleal were rewarded with a place in the Council of the Indies at home. The Indian question was still the object of Charles V.'s solicitude. Though personal slavery had been prohibited, except in the case of prisoners made in lawful war, the condition of the natives was by no means settled. The custom had grown up during the conquest of granting large estates to individuals by the crown, much as William of Normandy allotted the lands of England to his followers, and the Indians residing on such properties were held to be vassals of the owner. As might be expected, this system, though closely analogous in name to the feudal tenures of Europe, led to gross injustices on the natives. The Dominicans stood forward as their defenders during the interminable debates on this subject which occupied the attention of the Spanish government. Las Casas, who was not less active as a statesman than zealous as a missioner, published a remarkable work in 1535 on *The Only Way of Converting the Indians.* In this work—which, it must be remembered, was published with the approbation of his superiors in the order—Las Casas emphatically lays down that the Indians only could be made Christians by persuasion and instruction, and that all attempts at forcing them to be baptized were contrary to Catholic doctrine. He further denounced absolutely all wars of conquest as criminal invasions of the rights of humanity. It had been a favorite sophism with many of the adventurers who conducted conquering expeditions in America that by so doing they were Christianizing the natives (as well as enriching themselves). The great Dominican indignantly denied the justice of such proceedings. "Evil must not be done that good may come of it," was his constant text, and vigorously did he enforce it, both by his writings and his negotiations, in Spain as well as in America. That his efforts were not useless may be judged from the difference between the fate that has befallen the Mexicans and other natives of Spanish America since his time and that which fell on the unfortunate natives of the West Indies. In consequence, it may fairly be supposed, of the representations of the friars, Paul III. in 1537 solemnly pronounced the enslaving of the Indians unlawful and denounced excommunication against all who should reduce free men to slavery. The following year the Spanish government issued a law to the same effect, which was followed in 1542 by the still more sweeping enactment known as the "New Laws," by which the freedom of the natives was fully guaranteed as far as the power of the home authorities extended.

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It need not be supposed that the doctrines laid down by Las Casas and his brethren were well received by the Spanish colonists. His ideas were loudly denounced as Utopian and the most virulent attacks were made on himself and his books. An opportunity, however, soon offered of testing his theories practically which was eagerly seized on by Las Casas. In Guatemala one district of fierce and uncivilized Indians had long baffled the invasions of the Conquistadores. Three times had they attempted its conquest and been driven back, until the name of "Land of War" was unanimously conferred on the district. Las Casas, on the part of his brethren, undertook to convert the people of this district by persuasion alone, if a guarantee was given by the governor of Guatemala that no attempt should be made on their liberties. A formal document to this effect was drawn up and signed by the representatives of the government on the one hand and by Las Casas on the other. By this it was stipulated that in case the Indians should become Christians no Spaniards should be allowed to settle in their country nor should their freedom be in any way interfered with. Las Casas, with three companions, Fathers Angulo, Ladrada, and Cancer, commenced their task by learning thoroughly the Quiché dialect, which those Indians used. They then composed a summary of Catholic doctrine, including the articles of faith of first importance, in verse in the Quiché language, and set the whole to music of an Indian character. This chant they taught to some Catholic natives who used occasionally to visit the *hostiles* for trading purposes, and instructed them to repeat the whole in the gatherings of the pagan Indians. The curiosity of the latter was aroused. They asked the singers where they had learned the wonderful tale, and were told it was from certain padres among the Spaniards. The Indians, who had seen little of Christianity in their experience of Alvarado's soldiers, inquired what new kind of Europeans those padres were. The messengers declared that they were men clad in poor black robes, who sought no gold, were not married, and fasted and prayed much. The Indian chief resolved to send some of his subjects privately to Guatemala to find if there really were such men among the Spaniards. Finding that there were, he asked that some of them would come to see him and explain more fully the doctrines he had heard from the messengers. Father Luis Cancer, who spoke Quiché fluently, at once set out for the hostile land. The chief and his people discussed his teachings, and after some time declared themselves Christians. Father Cancer was obliged to leave them for some time afterwards, but they remained steadfast in the faith. The neighboring

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tribes threatened them with war in consequence; but the cacique stood firm in his religion, and finally even the hostile tribes were won over. The Dominicans were not content with converting: they induced their converts to adopt a more civilized form of life. They had hitherto been scattered in clusters of two or three families in the woods, only rarely meeting at fairs or dances. Las Casas induced them to build a town which, under the name of Rabinal, is still in existence and populous. The Spanish government faithfully kept its promise, and the district, which received the appropriate name of Vera Paz (true peace), continues to be inhabited by an exclusively Indian population who have never swerved from the faith they received from the Dominican missioners.

The conversion of Vera Paz, from its connection with Las Casas, is more fully recorded than most of the early missions, but it was only a type of many others. Even now around Mexico there are numerous Indian villages where the inhabitants jealously exclude European settlers, but which nevertheless are intensely Catholic. The Catholic priest alone is privileged to reside among them freely. They have learned by long experience that from the influence of the church they have nothing to fear, and the fact shows conclusively that not by force but by persuasion was Catholicity established among them. Indeed, all through the history of Spanish colonization we find the church standing forward as the protector of the natives, from the days of Zumarraga of Mexico down to the missions of California, the last of which was founded within almost the present generation.

Enough has been said to show that the work so nobly done by the French missioners in the north was worthily paralleled by the apostles of Spanish America. That the latter have not obtained equal recognition in American literature is an undoubted fact. The glamour of the conquest has overshadowed the work of the missioners in Spanish America, and the misdeeds of the conquerors are often charged on the very men whose reprobation of them has preserved their record to the world. The cruelties which stained the Spanish conquests would be unknown to the world were it not in great measure for the ardent denunciations of Las Casas, and yet he and the missioners who devoted their lives to saving the natives from such acts are included in the condemnation awarded to them by modern history. It is surely time to dissipate this error and to place in their true light the character of the men who planted the cross in the greater part of the New World, and whose deeds in truth form one of the noblest chapters of the history of the world.

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HOW THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND FINDS ITS PASTORS.

THE manner in which benefices are often bestowed and obtained in the Church of England has of late years attracted much attention and aroused much comment within the realm of which that church is so old an appanage, and many who are, no doubt, conscientiously devoted to its doctrines, as well as many more who are not, have seen in the disposal of the cures and cares of that ecclesiastical organism heinous and flagrant scandals. It is, however, necessary, in order to understand how the abuses to which we refer arise, to have a clear idea of the system of appointment to ecclesiastical place sanctioned and ordained by the law of England; and in explaining this system we shall, so far as possible, avoid legal technicalities while regretting that the very nature of our explanation is such that the total avoidance of these phrases is impossible.

By Act of Parliament (44 Geo. III. c. 43) it is enacted that no one shall be ordained "deacon" in the Protestant or Established Church of England who shall not have attained the age of twenty-three years, unless by virtue of special dispensation or faculty granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. By the same act the age before which no person can be ordained "priest" is definitely fixed at twenty-four years. A clergyman legally ordained can only hold a benefice, or self-remunerative cure of souls, by having been "presented" or appointed to the living by the patron or owner of the advowson.* After his nomination by the owner of the living the rector, vicar, or perpetual curate, as the case may be, must, as a rule, be instituted and inducted by the bishop or his mandate. To this rule, however, exists an exception which we shall explain further on. The bishop's power of veto on any proposed appointment to a benefice is strangely limited, and certainly gives one but a low idea of the standard of morals approved in their clergy by those whose enactments and dictums have come to make up the statute and common law of England. The episcopal power of objection is limited to those who are of illegitimate birth, outlawed, excommunicated, or under the legal age, while the law-books go on to say with reference to the nominee:

"Next, with regard to his faith or morals, as for any particular heresy

*A clergyman who is owner of an advowson may present or appoint himself.

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or vice that is *malum in se;* but if the bishop alleges only in general that he is *schismaticus inveteratus*, or objects a fault that is *malum prohibitum* merely, as haunting taverns, playing at unlawful games, or the like, it is no good cause of refusal."*

"An advowson" is the right of nomination or presentation to, or the patronage of, any church or spiritual living, and should, according to the spirit and intention of English law, be regarded as in the nature of a temporal property and spiritual trust. There are various descriptions of advowsons. 1. "Presentative," divided again into "appendant," "in gross," and "partly appendant and partly in gross"; 2. "Donative"; and 3. "Collative." A "presentative advowson appendant" is a right of patronage annexed to some specific inheritance or property; a "presentative advowson in gross" is a right of patronage belonging individually to any patron quite irrespective of any particular property or inheritance; and an advowson "partly appendant and partly in gross" is one of which the owner grants to another person every second presentment. Such an advowson is, therefore, appendant for the grantor's turn, because he fulfils it by virtue of his inherited or acquired properterial right, while it is in gross for that of the grantee, who fulfils it merely because of the power granted to him individually. The second important kind of advowson, that styled "donative," is one over which the bishop has no control whatever. These advowsons, of course, like all others, can only be held by a person holding legal letters of ordination, but, as we have said, may be filled up, and always are filled up, without the least reference to any authority other than the patron's will. The third species of advowson, the "collative," is one belonging to a bishop, disposable of by him of his own motion.

By the canons of the English Protestant Church simony is declared a heinous offence, and its tenth canon, made in 1603, in the reign of James I., "to avoid the detestable crime of simony," so "execrable before God," prescribes an oath to be administered to every person assuming spiritual or ecclesiastical office. By this oath the taker swears that he has not made any simoniacal payment, contract, or promise, direct or indirect, for procuring the position he is about to enter into; and, further, by it he declares that he will not carry out any such contract should such have

* Stephen's Blackstone's *Commentaries*, iii. 685. English legalists distinguish between *malum in se*, "a thing evil in itself," and *malum prohibitum*, "a thing evil because prohibited." Murder is "an evil in itself," but the exportation or importation of prohibited goods is only counted punishable as *an evil* because of the prohibition.

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been made on his behalf, with or without his knowledge. By parliamentary enactment—31 Elizabeth, cap. 6—simony is prohibited and various and varied penalties attached to its commission, so that there can be no question that, both according to the canon law of the English Protestant Church as well as according to the statute law of England, simony is a forbidden thing. But English lawyers have long since discovered that it is possible to dispose of the reversion, or right of succession, to ecclesiastical benefice or place without committing the crime to which the canon and civil law of their creed and land gives such an ugly name. They are unanimous in declaring that while the disposal of a *vacant* benefice is simony, to sell the right of succession *to one still filled is not.* From this reading of the law spring the evils we are about to recount.

The total number of benefices, in public or private gift, in the English Church is nearly fourteen thousand, as the following return * shows:

Patrons.	In conjunction with Bishops, under 6 and 7 Vic., chap. 37, sec. 21.	With Crown, in accordance with same Statute.	With Crown, Lord Chancellor, Hospitals, Companies, Parishioners, etc.	With Bishops, Deans, Chapters, Universities, and Clerical Patrons.	With private Patrons.	In sole Patronage.	Total Patronage.
Public patronage :							
The Crown.	223	....	....	2	4	125	354
Prince of Wales.....	....	....	....	....	1	21	22
Lord Chancellor.....	....	....	3	6	12	646	667
Duchy of Lancaster...	....	....	....	....	1	41	42
Archbishops and Bishops	....	223	8	23	22	2,383	2,659
Deans and Chapters...	....	....	4	18	5	867	894
Archdeacons	....	....	....	....	..	54	54
Eton College.....	....	....	....	2	..	42	44
Winchester College...	....	....	....	....	..	15	15
Oxford and Cambridge Universities	.....	....	3	7	5	703	718
Trustees, various.....	....	....	....	2	..	752	754
Hospitals, Companies, Parishioners, etc....	....	....	12	3	1	234	250
Rectors, Vicars, etc...	....	....	....	8	..	1,014	1,022
Totals	223	223	30	71	51	6,897	7,495
Private patronage.....	....	....	19	32	37	6,140	6,228
Total number of benefices in public and private gift.....							13,723

By this return it will be seen that nearly half the patronage

* Taken, with some alteration of form, from the *Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Law and Existing Practice as to the Sale, Exchange, and Resignation of Ecclesiastical Benefices.* 1880.

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of the Church of England is in the hands of private patrons, and that, according to what is admittedly the correct interpretation of the existing law of that country, this half of its ecclesiastical patronage may be trafficked in, bartered, and dealt with at the sweet wills of its owners—always, of course, providing that these owners take care to carry on such traffic *before* any actual vacancy is *known* to have taken place in the clerical occupancy of their properties.

This power of dealing with ecclesiastical property as so much merchantable or marketable material has brought into being a special trade or profession, whose members, calling themselves "Ecclesiastical Agents," devote their energies to the facilitating of that trading which the law admits, and seemingly, if their own words mean anything, to the cloaking of much of that kind of dealing which the law prohibits, which it styles simony, and against which each cleric takes solemn oath. To justify this assertion it seems fitting that we should quote some extracts from the evidence given before the Royal Commissioners,* from whose report we have already borrowed, by one of these "agents," a Mr. Wilson Emery Stark. This gentleman, in reply to the Bishop of Peterborough, said:

"In all my transactions with my clients I have always stated that they are illegal transactions. Whenever I have been asked my opinion, and repeatedly without being asked, I have pointed out the illegality of the particular transaction. In most sales I have no power or voice in the matter of possession, it being arranged by the two clergymen. . . . † Their object is to get an advowson with immediate possession, and they know that they are contravening the law, and they ask the transaction to be kept private; that is the reason for privacy."

The manner of trading adopted by these "Ecclesiastical Agents" presents many amusing and interesting features. Of course they advertise, in the *Times* and other leading journals, for who can hope for business in this advertising century without the aid of printer's ink? We have already referred to Mr. Stark, and, as he is admittedly the most eminent and respectable of all these agents, we feel inclined to still present him as a typical example. In reply to a letter sent to his firm requesting a copy of their list of advowsons for sale the present writer received the following letter:

* These commissioners were the Duke of Cleveland, Earl of Devon, Viscount Midleton, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Bishop of Ely, Lord Justice James, Sir W. H. Stephenson, Archdeacon Palmer, George Cubitt, M.P., Rev. George Venables, and Francis H. Jeune.

† In reply to a question put by Archdeacon Palmer.

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"St. Paul's Chambers,
"No. 23 Bedford Street, Strand,
"London, February 11, 1882.

"Dear Sir: In reply to your favor we have the pleasure to enclose a copy of our *Church Preferment Gazette*, and shall be happy to give you our best assistance in the purchase of preferment.

"Yours faithfully, W. Emery Stark & Co."

Enclosed with this letter was a two-page circular and a pamphlet of nearly fifty pages, the *Church Preferment Gazette*. The circular was chiefly intended as a puff for the *Gazette*, and we may content ourselves with the following extract from it:

"Briefly, the *special advantages* of these publications [*i.e.*, Messrs. Stark's] are:

"(1) They reduce very materially the necessity of advertising these important and necessarily confidential matters in the *public newspapers*, which is now so universally objected to.

"(2) Our clients have a certain moral guarantee that they are placed in direct communication with *bonâ fide* principals only, acting on behalf of clergymen prepared with the highest references as to character, etc.

"(3) These publications, which are the *only ones* of their kind issued, practically embrace the essence of the *whole* work which is going on in connection with the sale and exchange of preferment."

The full drift of "special advantage No. 3," with its italics, we shall not attempt to interpret, but rather pass on to the *Gazette*, merely remarking that this circular, as indeed all of Mr. Stark's publications, bears a gigantic mitre and is dated from the "Ecclesiastical Offices, St. Paul's Chambers." The full title-page of the *Gazette* reads as follows:

"For private circulation only.* The *Church Preferment Gazette*, containing full and confidential particulars of Advowsons, Next Presentations, etc., for sale by Private Treaty. Edited by Mr. W. Emery Stark, and issued only by Messrs. W. Emery Stark & Co. Principals, Mr. W. Emery Stark, A.J.A., F.R.G.S., M.S.A., and Mr. F. C. Hitchcock. Only offices, St. Paul's Chambers, Bedford Street, Strand. February, 1882. N.B. Messrs. W. Emery Stark & Co. trust to the honor of all parties to keep this register strictly private, and to treat all particulars given therein with implicit confidence."

This pretence of privacy is plainly the merest assumption of modesty. The publication is registered at Stationers' Hall, is freely circulated by the firm themselves, and has been handed in as evidence, by themselves also, to the Royal Commissioners.

* Messrs. Stark have themselves waived this proviso, for their senior partner himself handed in this publication to the Royal Commissioners, and they send it to any person who may, as did the present writer, ask for their list of advowsons for sale. The *Gazette* is in no sense a private publication.

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We shall, however, in any quotations we may make reserve the real name of the benefice offered for sale. At page 9 of the *Gazette* we find the following paragraph:

"Mr. W. Emery Stark would desire to call the special attention of clients to those preferments in this work which are being offered for sale with interest allowed on the purchase-money until a vacancy, as being, in his opinion, undoubtedly good investments. The purchaser will get at once from three and a half to five per cent.—the average being four to four and a half—interest upon his purchase-money, this alone being a very good investment in these days of high-priced stocks; but, besides this, at the price he can now purchase, Mr. Stark considers that when the living eventually offers the prospect of immediate possession, the purchaser will find the selling value of his property (or, in other words, his capital) increased by one-third to one-half of the sum given."

It was stated in evidence before the Royal Commissioners that this system of paying interest until a vacancy, makes it the direct monetary advantage of a seller to bring about a vacancy as speedily as possible—to, in other words, at least evade the law which forbids the selling of any benefice vacant or about to become vacant. The enormous extent of the business carried on by Messrs. Stark may be inferred from the following table given in their *Gazette*, and which contains only some of those advowsons on the purchase-money of which interest is offered until the occurrence of a vacancy:

County.	Net Income.	Age of Incumbent.	Price, about.	Interest allowed.
Suffolk	£130 and House	80	£2,100	4 p. c.
Essex	200 "	63	1,000	4 "
Nottinghamshire	750 "	70	7,000	4 "
Sussex	380 "	72	2,500	4 "
Yorkshire	200 "	72	1,200	4 "
Norfolk	650 "	66	6,000	3½ "
Lincolnshire	670	80	4,300	3 "
Norfolk	155 and House	67	1,000	4 "
Lincolnshire	800 "	70	7,000	4 "
Cumberland	500 "	62	3,000	4 "
Yorkshire	1,400 "	55	.....	4 "
Berks	400 "	50	2,500	4 "
Devonshire	430 "	77	3,500	4 "
Kent	1,000 "	62	8,500	3½ "
Essex	571 "	54	.....	3½ "
Hampshire	320 "	64	2,400	3 "
Monmouthshire	230 "	74	1,800	4 "
Norfolk	570 "	77	4,800	3 "
Lincolnshire	700 "	58	4,000	3 "
Nottinghamshire	318 "	74	2,500	4 "
Lancashire	690 "	48	.....	3½ "
Yorkshire	650 "	70	6,000	4 "

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Some of the advertisements in the *Gazette* are laughable, though truly sad enough in a way, as specimens of what Anglican ecclesiasticism has come to be in the nineteenth century. Take the following as an example :

"——shire. Advowson of a very desirable rectory, in a beautiful and very healthy situation on the ——, on gravel soil. Population small, chiefly agricultural. Railway station four miles, and two capital towns within eight miles. *There is very good society within easy reach.* Restored church. Excellent schools. The net income is close upon £700 a year, from valuable tithe-rent charge and some glebe, besides a superior house, well suited for a gentleman's family, containing three sitting, two dressing, and seven bed rooms, four attics, kitchens, scullery, larder, pantry, store-closet, etc., with well-appointed grounds. Prospect of immediate possession. The situation and surroundings of the benefice are unusually good. Messrs. Stark will be happy to supply full details. An exchange in connection with the sale of this advowson might be entertained. Price only £7,500, of which £4,000 could remain on mortgage, if desired."

The paragraph promising the "good society" could not be spared from this advertisement, but what are we to say to the prospect which the following opens to any clerical sybarite?—

"——folk. Advowson of the very desirable rectory of ——, in a very healthy and convenient situation, three miles from ——, two from —— Station, and eight from ——. The parish includes the hamlets of ——, ——, and ——, and has a population of about three hundred and seventy. The soil is very dry and healthy, and the neighborhood good. The income, derived chiefly from tithe-rent charge and about twenty-five acres of glebe, is of the net annual value of about £720, besides the rectory-house, an unusually good residence, approached by a carriage-drive, with a beautiful lawn. It contains, on the ground-floor, entrance hall, vestibule, inner hall, lobby, principal and secondary staircases, dining-room, drawing-room, library, parish-room, housemaid's closet, kitchen, scullery, housekeeper's room, linen-closet, larder, three pantries, bed-room, etc.; on the first floor, boudoir, school-room, ten bed and dressing rooms, etc.; on the second floor five attics. The out-offices comprise coach-house, two-stalled stable, harness-room, loft, small farmery, etc. The pleasure-grounds are most tastefully laid out and contain very fine ornamental timber and shrubs, excellent fruit and kitchen garden, fernery, etc. There is a good church, and a chapel of ease has been built at ——. National school. Possession is subject to the present incumbency, rector aged fifty-seven in 1882. For a sufficient price the vender will allow interest on the purchase-money until a vacancy."

Or to this, surely designed to catch the eye of the cleric with equine tastes and a weakness for "plenty of society"?—

"——shire. Advowson of a vicarage, two and a half miles from a first-class town and station, and within easy distance of —— and ——. The sit-

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uation is particularly healthy and pleasant, and the country very pretty. *Plenty of society in the neighborhood.* Population two hundred. The net income is about £200 a year, besides a very good vicarage-house built a few years ago. It contains drawing and dining rooms, library, seven bed-rooms, dressing-room, etc. Good offices, stabling for five horses, coach-house, etc. Large gardens. Church handsome and in good repair. London can be reached in about three hours. Diocese, Lincoln. Possession subject to the life of the present incumbent, aged sixty-three. Price £2,000. Open to an offer."

We cannot multiply quotations, and can only spare space for one more of these peculiar advertisements, but that one full of pathos to the mind of every Catholic, telling a saddening story, recalling the black record of national apostasy which lies, so dark a stain, on the fair escutcheon of England:

"——shire. Advowson of a rectory in a very pretty country, mild and healthy climate, two and three-quarter miles from the post-town and three miles from a railway station. Population under one hundred. Net income about £230, besides the rectory-house, stone built and slated, with stone porch, gabled roof, etc. It contains drawing-room, 17 ft. 6 in. by 13 ft. 6 in.; dining-room, 19 ft. 3 in. by 14 ft. 9 in.; library, 12 ft. by 8 ft. 2 in.; laundry, 16 ft. 6 in. by 10 ft. 9 in.; good entrance hall, six good bed-rooms, and a dressing-room, with servants' room overhead. There is a courtyard connected with the house, with boot-house and wood-house. There are also, well separated from the house, a good three-stalled stable, harness-room, and coach-house, and loft over, and two rooms for potatoes and coals; also two pigsties. There are pleasure-garden, lawns, and kitchen-garden comprising two rods, fifteen perches. There is a good supply of excellent water. *The church is of the thirteenth century.* School supported by subscriptions. Possession subject to the life of the present rector, aged sixty-two (1882). Price £1,000."

"The church is of the thirteenth century"—of that century which witnessed the institution of the glorious orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, which saw four Crusades, one led by the sainted Louis of France, which saw John of England vow fealty to Rome, which beheld the first House of Commons of England meet, but which certainly never saw what men deemed spiritual things made market wares of—the cure of souls, sacred responsibilities, made the subject of bartering and peddling, because such deeds as these latter could only be perpetrated when "reformation" and "civilization" had pursued their levelling course some six centuries. Why, in those dark and ignorant years, as too many now deem them, one sale such as those which are of daily occurrence amongst the cultured and polished gentlemen who call themselves "priests" and "clerks" of the Anglican Church had rung from one end of Europe to the

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other, and had its perpetrator been the highest prelate not crosier nor mitre had saved him from obloquy, scorn, and degradation.

How the clergymen who do these things and carry on this bartering reconcile their conduct with their solemn oaths perhaps none but themselves could surely say; but as few men in England have had as intimate an acquaintance with them as the compiler of the *Gazette* from which we have been quoting, his evidence, given before the Royal Commissioners, seems to be about the safest obtainable on this point. It is to be remembered that this gentleman was naturally most desirous to screen his clerical patrons; he certainly did not want to condemn them; yet it would be impossible to find anything—to persons of proper feeling—more condemnatory of them than his friendship-inspired words:

"*Chairman.* Have you any information to give as to the extent to which the existing law of simony is contravened?—The commissioners are well aware that the sale of advowsons with the understanding that possession is to be given is, according to the law, illegal. Three-fourths of the patrons with whom I have come in contact, and among them clergymen of the highest standing, do not recognize any moral crime in an infraction of the present law of simony, and the consequence is that they freely and unhesitatingly sell and purchase advowsons with the understanding that immediate possession is to be given, not looking upon it as any sin. When I say clergymen of high standing, I have had business with ex-colonial bishops, canons, and other dignitaries of the church who, of course, would be above suspicion in every way.

"*Bishop of Peterborough.* Of course there are instances in which laymen have been equally lax?—Quite so; but the laymen would not be so numerous. The proportion of the one to the other would be three-fourths clergymen and one-fourth laymen. . . . Three-fourths of my transactions are with immediate possession, and, strictly speaking, they are nearly all illegal.

"*Bishop of Peterborough.* You say that the clergymen to whom you refer who offer their benefices for sale, with immediate possession, regard the transaction as in no way sinful; they know it nevertheless to be illegal?—Most decidedly.

"Knowing it to be illegal, these clerical patrons ask you to help them to break the law?—Decidedly, and the matter is completed by solicitors of the highest standing in the country. The clerical agent simply introduces the parties; the lawyers draw up the necessary deeds.

"You are, of course, aware that a simoniacal transaction in obtaining possession of a benefice voids the benefice?—Decidedly.

"These clerical patrons are aware that if these transactions became public, and any one took proceedings upon them, their benefices would be void?—No doubt.

"Is that one of the reasons why strict secrecy and confidence is so

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largely insisted on?—Secrecy must necessarily be insisted on, the transaction being an illegal transaction and the punishment being very severe."

Mr. Stark, however, had even more to add:

"*Rev. G. Venables.* How do you enforce completion of the agreement?—You could not enforce it legally.

"Have you ever known cases in which the agreement has not been carried out?—Very few. The difficulty under the present law is that if you get into the hands of unscrupulous men you are at their mercy; that is one reason why I would repeal the law of simony.

"*Bishop of Peterborough.* Would you repeal the law of simony and put nothing in its place?—That is rather a difficult question to answer. My view would be that there should be a relaxation of the present law of simony. We have a law as strict as it is possible to make it, short of criminality, and yet it is evaded; and, moreover, the clergyman is required to take an oath to the effect that he has not paid or caused to be paid any sum of money in any transaction which to the best of his belief is simony. The clergyman says to himself, 'In my view this is not simony.'

"The clergyman knows what the meaning of 'simony' in that declaration is; he knows that it is a legal term which means contrary to the law of simony?—Yes.

"Knowing that, these moral clergymen, who first of all ask you to break the law, then take an oath that they have not broken the law?—Yes.

"So that every one of these clergymen of high standing and of high moral character has been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury?—It is a question as to whether it is or is not."

We have said that the gentleman from whose evidence and publications we have been quoting is at once the most respectable and responsible representative of his peculiar profession; but it would seem, from some other evidence given before the commissioners, that very strange folk indeed can and do trade as "Ecclesiastical Agents," can and do traffic in these *quasi*-spiritual things—nay, may even become patrons of livings themselves. The following description of one of these individuals cannot be spared. The witness to his character is a Mr. John Charles Cox, a Derbyshire gentleman of respectability:

"Clerical agents are not always persons of perfectly respectable character, I believe?—No.

"Have you any evidence to give to the commission upon that point?—In connection with two names I have. I know something of the character of the principals of two firms, both of whom are doing, or have done, a large business in this matter. Mr. Workman, *alias* Rawlins, has carried on, and still carries on, an extensive business as a clerical agent. He is in Holy Orders. His real name is Rawlins, but he passes under a dozen different aliases. One of his first notorious transactions as a clerical agent

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was with the Rev. N. K—— in connection with a living in the diocese of ———. He cheated Mr. N. K—— out of £3,000, involved him in simony and caused him to lose both living and money. Mr. N. K—— now works as a day-laborer, and is usually in the workhouse in the winter. In 1852 Rawlins, or Workman, was convicted of altering figures on a check from £8 to £80, and was sentenced to several years' penal servitude. On coming out of prison he at once set up as a clerical agent (he was a man of some family and private means), and he bought advowsons and next presentations of several livings, two or three of them, I am told, being openly purchased at auction in Tokenhouse Yard. . . . In 1871 the Rev. T. S—— (then vacating the rectory of E——) paid over to Workman, through his solicitors, £1,200. He had already placed his rectory of E—— in Workman's hands for 'exchange,' and the £1,200 was given in trust to Workman in order therewith to complete the purchase of a more valuable living for Mr. T. S——. Such a living Mr. T. S—— never obtained. He could get no redress; he was, like N. K——, involved in a simoniacal transaction, and his claim to be scheduled as a creditor on Workman's insolvent estate was disallowed by the judge on the ground that the transaction was illegal, and hence he lost his rectory and his £1,200, and was comparatively beggared."

But more remained to be told, as if enough of scandalous abuse and outrage had not been already exhibited. Mr. Cox continued:

"Thus Workman became possessed of the rectory of E——, and presented thereto the Rev. R. Y——. Mr. R. Y—— has actually allowed Workman to preach in E—— church.

"I rather think that the parishioners of the last-named parish had the benefit of a sermon from Mr. Workman at the request of the incumbent that he had presented; is that so?—Yes, it was; I believe he preached there more than once.

"It is the fact, however, that this incumbent whom he presented to this living invited him to preach, and he did so?—Yes, more than once in that church."

Truly a case of the wolf in sheep's clothing—the convicted swindler preaching morality, the trickster in simony and breaker of the law of the realm expounding religion. Was there ever such a burlesque, was there ever given plainer proof of the fearful evils which follow in the train of heresy?

It is impossible for us to go as thoroughly into this subject as we would wish; it may, however, be possible to return to its consideration, but now we can only note one more branch of the "Ecclesiastical Agent's" business, another of the methods by which the Church of England finds its pastors. The law forbidding the sale of benefices while actually vacant is found occasionally extremely awkward by patrons of livings

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the occupants of which have died unexpectedly or otherwise had their tenure terminated suddenly. The patron cannot sell the presentation to the benefice while it is vacant; he is, therefore, in danger of losing perhaps many thousand pounds, and so no doubt he would but that the obliging "Ecclesiastical Agent" comes to his rescue. These agents have always a number of aged clergymen, some ranging up to eighty years of age, on their books or lists, and these, who are glad of any temporary addition to their generally small incomes, are introduced to the patron of the vacant benefice. He, as a rule, selects the one most suited to his purpose—namely, him whose age and state make nearest approach to what insurance agents significantly class as "a bad life." Once the patron has installed some old, toothless, feeble man, and can therefore call the benefice an occupied one, he is at liberty to sell. Sometimes the aged clergyman retires at once on completion of sale, but very often, too—he is so old and feeble—patrons or buyers come to the conclusion that there is no use in wasting money in inducing retirement, and then, as death has a knack of defying general rules, the old incumbent will fill his office in his own senile way for years. It makes no matter, of course, that the parish schools are neglected, the services of every kind spasmodic and ridiculous, that the congregation dwindles, and that religion is insulted, for the patron saves his money and the "Ecclesiastical Agent" pockets his fee.

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FERNAN CABALLERO,

CECILIA BÖHL DE FABER, MARCHIONESS DE ARCO-HERMOSO.

FERNAN CABALLERO has preserved to posterity in all their freshness the poetic legends and picturesque life of the Andalusian peasantry. A celebrated Spanish reviewer * styles her the Walter Scott of Spain, and a French writer † shares his opinion. Prosper Merimée, who lived for many years in Spain and has endeavored in *Carmen* to depict the life of the Contrabandists, pronounces her the Sterne of Andalusia. She herself, in answer to Prosper Merimée's homage, modestly says: "There is not the least analogy between what I write and the writings of those who have painted the life and morals of a people. They have much more talent, ability, and art than I, but none of them the same good-nature. It seems to me that my humble works have rather a sort of spiritual relationship with the excellent productions of Émile Souvestre."

In a certain sense she holds the place in Spanish literature which Lady Georgiana Fullerton does in English letters and Mme. Craven in French. Her writings show the same fervent spirit, the same elevation of soul and noble sentiments, which made the literary career of the three writers a true apostleship. In answer to the objection that she spoke too much of religion in her books Fernan Caballero says in the preface of one of her posthumous works:

"It would be very difficult to depict Spanish life, either in the higher or lower classes, without this first condition, and we shall answer the objection with the simple dialogue which we placed in the mouth of a brave peasant and his unworthy master:

"'You missed your vocation, Pascual; you should have been a priest, for you are more mystical than the Fathers of the church, and you quote more texts than a preacher.'

"'How can I help it, sir? The Holy Scripture is all I know.'

"'Yes, but you scatter it everywhere like tomatoes.'

"'Well, sir, isn't it for that we are taught it?' gravely replied the peasant."

Andalusia, though the home of her heart and her affections, was not her birthplace. She was born at Morges, a little village

* Eugenio de Ochoa. † Le Cte. de Bonneau-Avennant, Lauréat de l'Académie.

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in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, on the 25th of December, 1796. Her mother, Frances de Larréa, was of Spanish and Irish parentage, and her father, John Nicholas Böhl de Faber, was German. In her mother, who was familiarly known as the *Señorita Frasquita*, was united the beauty of both races—the clear skin and ruddy cheeks of her Irish ancestry with the lithe and graceful figure of the Andalusian women—while her blue eyes looked out from under their long, dark lashes with that intensity, intelligence, and fire which distinguish the daughters of the south. Théophile Gautier, in his *Voyage en Espagne*, makes particular mention of this peculiarity in the beauty of the women of Andalusia, and thus minutely describes it:

"When a woman or a young girl passes you she slowly drops her eyes, then suddenly opens them again, shoots at you a look so searching that you are almost unable to bear it, then rolls the pupils of her eyes and again drops the lashes over them.

"We have no terms," he adds, "to express this play of the eyes; the word *ojear* is wanting in our vocabulary. Yet these glances so full of vivid, sudden brilliancy have no particular meaning and are cast upon the first object which presents itself. A young Andalusian girl will look with the same intensity at a cart passing along, a dog running after its tail, or a group of children playing at bull-fights. The eyes of the people of the north are dull and meaningless in comparison, the sun has never left its reflection in them."

From her father she inherited her literary taste: his erudite works, *The Spanish Stage before the Time of Lopez de Vega* and *A Collection of the Ancient Poetry of Castile*, opened to him the doors of the Spanish Academy. The governor of Malaga, Fernando de Gabriel, still shows with pride a copy of the latter work left him by Fernan Caballero, and bearing on the fly-leaf the inscription:

"AMI HIJA CECILIA.

"Quando esta de te ausenta, acca abajo o alla arriba,
Siempre te hablara mi alma por medio de estas rimas.

J. N. BÖHL DE FABER.

"PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA, 11 d'Agosto, 1826."

From her mother as well as her father she inherited the enlightened piety and poetic Christian fervor which breathe through all her works.

For some time previous to the year 1805 her father had been industriously reading in Cadiz the struggle which Spain sustained for seven centuries in defence of her religion. This, together

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with the preaching of the celebrated Father Diego, had completely shaken his Lutheran convictions. He was on the point of entering the church, but human respect and the preparations for departure with his family for Hamburg retarded the decisive step. And it was not until eight years later that the prayers and example of his devout wife and daughters, joined to the conversion of the celebrated Baron Stolberg, determined him to act upon his convictions. He made a public abjuration in his native city towards the end of the year 1813, and from that time lived a most fervent Catholic.

It was about this period that his daughter Cecilia returned to Cadiz with the family. She had all her mother's beauty. The upper part of her face, with her blonde hair, straight, high forehead, aquiline nose, and mild blue eyes expressive of extreme sweetness, showed her Teutonic blood, while dark and finely arched eyebrows, and a small and well-cut mouth guarded by laughing dimples, added a Spanish grace and piquancy. Her crowning attraction was her perfect naturalness. "Naturalness," she herself tells us in one of her books, "is the secret and charm of that grace which distinguishes the Andalusian women. In nature is truth, and without truth there is no perfection."

Her sojourn of eight years in Hamburg had been most usefully employed for her instruction; her education was begun in her infancy and continued with the best of masters until her seventeenth year. It was probably in Hamburg also that she acquired the methodical habits and love of order and labor which inspired her with such a horror of idleness and frivolity. Even when resting from her literary labors she always had knitting in her hand, and constantly read and knitted at the same time. And it was not mere fancy-work which filled her leisure moments, but stockings which eventually found their way to some poor home in the winter.

Three years after the family returned to Cadiz the beauty of the young Cecilia, unfortunately for her, excited the admiration of a young captain of infantry, Antonio Planells de Bardaxi, who fell violently in love with her, and asked and obtained her of her parents in marriage. He was a man about twenty-eight years of age, with a good deal of physical beauty yet repellant expression of face which suggested lack of refinement. He belonged, however, to an excellent family of Ibiza—a family of much wealth, of which he was the sole inheritor. These were advantages not to be disdained in a suitor, and when he had the address to have himself presented to the parents of Cecilia by his cousin, who

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was a most intimate friend of the family, they listened to him favorably; but much time for deliberation was denied them by circumstances. The regiment to which Captain Planells was attached was under marching orders and was to leave Cadiz in eight days. And thus, at the beginning of April, 1816, Cecilia Böhl de Faber, in childlike obedience to her parents, became the wife of Captain Planells, a comparative stranger both to her and to them. This most unfortunate event of her life she has woven into her novel *Clemencia*.* The author, through respect for the memory of her parents, substitutes an aunt as the guardian of the heroine, who bears the name of Clemencia, and Captain Planells is represented by Captain Fernan Guevara. She places the scene of their meeting in the promenade called the Salon de Christine instead of the Almeda, where she was accustomed to walk with a companion of her own age, chaperoned by her mother. It was here, in fact, that the unworthy Captain Planells saw her for the first time, and, taken with her beauty, made a wager, after his coarse fashion, that he would marry her. One of his companions accepted the wager, insisting, however, upon a limit as to time, which, it was finally agreed, should not exceed eight days. His cousin, who figures in the novel as Don Sylvestre, and who was, as we have said, an intimate friend of Cecilia's family, could not refuse to present him, which he did, affirming that he was an accomplished gentleman, belonging to one of the best families, and heir to great wealth. Cecilia tells us in *Clemencia* that, though his birth and rank gave him the *entrée* to the first *salons* of Cadiz, he rarely appeared in them, preferring associates and places more in accordance with his low tastes. Cecilia yielded in passive obedience to her parents, feeling neither attraction nor repulsion for the man, who was an utter stranger to her. But not many months elapsed before she discovered the coarse, brutal, ungoverned nature to which she was united. Yet she appears to have endured her lot with a resignation and patience which at times was only an additional incentive to his wanton cruelty. Upon one occasion, in an access of jealous rage, he crushed in his hands before her eyes a little pet bird which was her only amusement in the solitude in which he left her. "This excessive brutality," she says, "may appear exaggerated, yet it is not. Those only who have suffered from the jealousy of a hard, coarse soul can know what horrible propensity leads human nature to redouble its cruelty in proportion to the weakness of the victim."

* *Clemencia:* Novela de Costumbres.

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Notwithstanding her Christian fortitude and strength of soul the terrible life she endured began to tell upon her constitution; her freshness and beauty disappeared, her strength failed day by day, until finally her sufferings culminated in an illness so grave that when her husband's regiment was ordered to another station she was unable to accompany him. She was barely convalescent when she learned of his death; he fell in a gallant attack which reflected much glory upon its leader, Captain Planells, who was carried off the field dead.

On learning her husband's heroic end she forgot her wrongs and really mourned the brave soldier, the only redeeming light in which he could be viewed, and so sincere was her regret that her family never suspected how cruel had been his conduct towards her. The silence she had observed as a duty becoming a Christian wife she continued after his death out of respect for his memory. She returned to her father's roof and in a short time regained her strength and beauty. Her apprenticeship to suffering moderated the girlish vivacity and left in its place a gentleness and subdued melancholy which added an additional charm to her countenance. So that, in spite of the retirement in which she lived, she excited much admiration, and suitors flocked to the quiet country-house at Chiclana. Her bitter experience made her hesitate to assume new chains; but finally, after five years of widowhood, she distinguished among the aspirants for her hand the Màrquis de Arco-Hermoso, an officer of the royal guard, whose admiration dated from her girlhood.

After their marriage he took her to his grand ancestral home in Seville, where her modesty, grace, and talents soon made her *salon* one of the most popular and brilliant in Seville. Strangers of distinction eagerly sought admission to it. The hostess spoke Italian, French, English, and German with equal facility. In fact, her first work, *Sola*, a picture of Andalusian life and popular customs, she composed in German and rewrote in Spanish. It was published in Hamburg, without the name of the author, in 1831. Her later books she wrote under the *nom de plume* of Fernan Caballero, the name of an obscure little village of La Mancha situated between Toledo and Ciudad Real. She chose it for its masculine sound. * By a singular coincidence two of the celebrated novelists of Spain, Cervantes and Fernan Caballero, selected a village of La Mancha as the cradle of their fictitious hero, thus associating their glory with the same province of their common country. *Sola* was written to fill up the leisure hours at her beautiful country-seat in the village of Dos

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Hermanas, whither she retired when Seville became deserted. In one of her books she gives us a picture of the smiling country in the midst of which her summers were spent:

"The road from Seville to Dos Hermanas descends part of the way into a little valley, as if to refresh itself beside a stream which flows very noisily in winter but sleeps lazily on its stony bed in summer. The water is so tranquil that you would overlook its existence did not the sun's rays reflected in it give it the appearance of a brazier of burning coals.

"To the right is a hill crowned by the Moorish castle built by Don Pedro for Maria Padilla; and facing it, a little lower in the valley, appears an inn painted red and yellow like the dress of a harlequin. The traveller is sure to find here all that the frugality of the Spaniard requires—that is, a little bread and wine, with the addition of oranges in winter and grapes in summer. Beyond the inn the road ascends a sandy hill to Buena Vista—a height well named, for from it you see Seville idly extended in the plain below, her feet bathed by the waters of the Guadalquivir and her head resting on a bed of flowers. Beautiful Seville; whose very name quickens the pulse of the poet, historian, or artist—Seville, whose Moorish garb and sublime cathedral give her the appearance of a converted sultana."

In the midst of these poetic surroundings her summers were passed, among the Andalusian peasantry whose poetic simplicity, graceful humor, and fervent faith she so well portrays. At this period her leisure was not entirely given to literature; she was as skilful with her needle as her pen, and gave much time to embroidery. She always reserved several hours a day for the study of foreign literature and kept herself *au courant* with the best publications of England, France, and Germany.

"She was too modest," says a French writer,* "to be compared with Mme. de Girardin, who then reigned as a *bel esprit* in Paris, and too Christian to remind one in any way of George Sand, who in her male attire was exciting much attention in the Latin Quarter."

For never at any period of her life, either at the time of her most brilliant social position or in the midst of her great literary success, did she cease to be a woman in the noblest and tenderest acceptation of the word. Her literary pursuits never interfered with the personal superintendence which she was accustomed to bestow upon her household, nor with the attentions which the delicate health of her husband required during the latter years of their sojourn in Seville.

In 1833 his health began to fill her with anxiety, and it was not many months before her fears were realized; for it was evident that consumption, which had already decimated the family

* Cte. de Bonneau-Avennant.

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of the marquis, was deeply seated in the weak constitution which only her watchful care had so far preserved. When this became apparent to the marchioness she never knew repose; her only thought was for him. She closed her *salon* and abandoned everything to take her place by his bedside, where for two years she disputed day by day with death the life which was dearer to her than her own. Her ardent faith made her hope for a miraculous recovery. God, however, asked this sacrifice of her, and on the 17th of May, 1835, the Marquis de Arco-Hermoso quietly expired in her arms in the most edifying sentiments of Christian resignation and blessing her who had been the sun of his earthly happiness.

The death of her husband deprived her of her social position and her fortune; for, having no children, her husband's brother succeeded to the estate and the title. She remained Dowager Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso, but with nothing save her own modest fortune to support it; her husband, with all the illusions of a consumptive, having constantly postponed providing for her. The new marquis and his wife affectionately urged her to continue in the ancestral home with them or to remain near them in Seville; but she returned to her parents, who were living at Puerto de Santa Maria near their daughter, Mme. Osborne.

The following year her grief was redoubled by the death of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached. It was at this period that she seriously thought in her affliction of entering the Carmelite convent—the natural aspiration of a Christian heart when earthly ties are broken. It naturally turns to the only unfailing Refuge, realizing the words of St. Augustine: "*We can never lose one whom we love in Him who is eternal.*" But the prayers and weak health of her only remaining parent made her abandon the idea. She remained in the world and devoted herself to the care of her mother and to works of charity.

Some years after her return home her mother had reason to fear, because of her own failing health, that she was about to leave her daughter alone in the world without a protector or means of support. With this fear upon her she urged her daughter to receive the visits of a young merchant, Don Arrom de Ayala, who had met her in Seville since her widowhood and fallen deeply in love with her.

Doña Cecilia saw few visitors, but to please her mother she allowed Don Arrom to be admitted. When she learned the object of his visits she gently but firmly resisted his entreaties, and it was only when Doña de Faber added hers, with a vivid pic-

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ture of the effect of a final refusal upon the ardent nature of Don Arrom, and her own grief at leaving her alone in the world, that Doña Cecilia yielded. The ardent devotion and respectful gratitude of Don Arrom would have made the marriage a happy one, but that in less than a year his health began to give her grave uneasiness. His illness soon assumed all the symptoms of a pulmonary complaint—a disease which Doña Cecilia had reason to dread. However, Don Arrom had youth and a strong constitution on his side, which, with the skilful and vigilant care of his wife, seemed to completely arrest the malady. The physicians, to ensure his recovery, ordered a long sea-voyage. This prescription Don Arrom was unwilling to follow, as it necessitated an expenditure which their modest fortune could hardly afford and separation from his devoted wife. Doña Cecilia, however, overcame every obstacle and persuaded him to embark for Manila. In less than a year he returned in apparently perfect health, but in a few months the most alarming symptoms returned. Perfect rest and good care, however, again brought back his strength.

During his forced inactivity his business suffered, his enterprises failed for want of his personal superintendence, and finally an honorable failure left him almost penniless. The fortune of his wife went with his, and it was only by the strictest economy that she was able to live upon the little that remained to her. He never ceased to reproach himself for the suffering which he involuntarily caused, and for a time after the disaster yielded to the most violent despair. The example of Doña Cecilia's fortitude and womanly unselfishness renewed his courage, and he determined to restore her to the ease and comfort she had always enjoyed. Without her knowledge he sought and obtained a consulship in Australia, where he hoped to make good use of his commercial knowledge and at the same time benefit his health by the voyage and climate. After a few months' absence he wrote his wife that he believed his constitution was being renewed, and gave her a detailed account of very flattering business prospects. His hopes began, in fact, to be realized at the end of two years.

Doña Cecilia, to fill the lonely hours of absence, turned to her pen. Her first work at this period was *La Gaviota*, upon which her fame principally rests. She submitted the manuscript to an old friend of her father's, the learned Don José Joaquin de Mora, editor of the *Heraldo*. He had formerly strongly combated her inclination for authorship, but he now strongly urged her to

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publish the work, which he said would rank her among the first writers of Spain. Its very national character and vivid, pleasing reproductions of Spanish life caused it to be hailed with enthusiasm, and made it popular even with that class who are not supposed to form the reading public. So great was the enthusiasm it excited that Don Eugenio de Ochoa, one of the first critics of the day, interpreted the general sentiment when he said: "*La Gaviota* will be for our literature what *Waverley* was in English letters—the dawn of a beautiful day, the first gem in the glorious poetic crown of a Spanish Walter Scott."

Doña Cecilia's fame reached even Australia, and Don Arrom, proud of the literary success of the woman whom he had so much reason to love, could not resist the desire to see her again. His commercial enterprises had been so successful that he was able to resign the consulship, and in 1853 he returned to Cadiz, after founding in Australia a business house which yielded him an ample revenue. Unwilling to be separated from his wife again, he decided to accept an exceptionally good offer for his interest in the firm which came to him from England. The following year he went to London to conclude the negotiation, and learned that his confidential agent in Australia had disappeared with the largest portion of his capital, thus robbing him of the fruit of ten years of labor and privations. This sudden blow, when he had hoped to rest from his labors and restore his devoted wife to her former comfort unsettled his reason, and he shot himself in open day in one of the public parks of London.

Doña Cecilia's grief cannot be described; the manner of her husband's death was the climax of her misfortunes. She remained motionless in a sort of stupor for days after receiving the news. Her affections and her faith were outraged. She mourned the loss of her husband, but more bitter still was the loss of a soul; her grief was almost despair at a crime for which she trembled before God and for which she must ever blush before men. "Ah! that he had died in my arms," she sobbed; "in spite of my efforts to save him in his illness I would not now be trembling for his salvation." She afterwards learned with certainty that he had lost his reason, and from that time never referred to the event in any way.

Shortly after this she retired to San Lucar, where her intimacy with the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier began. They usually [redacted] their summers at the Castle of San Lucar, which the [redacted] built on the highest point overlooking the sea. The [redacted]dy-in-waiting to the Infanta, offered her by the

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duke, she gratefully declined. Later the king, Don Francisco de Assis, seconded by his royal spouse, Isabella II., urged her to accept an apartment in the Alcazar of Seville, which she refused because of her deep mourning. However, in 1856 the flattering insistence of the royal family caused her to yield. The king, Don Francisco de Assis, who enthusiastically admired her books, renewed the offer, assuring Doña Cecilia that her majesty desired to have as occupant of the palace Fernan Caballero, whose talent was one of the glories of Spain.

Not long after this the queen, at the instance of the Duchess of Montpensier, Doña Cecilia's intimate friend, offered her the Doña Maria Louisa decoration, to which a pension was attached. She declined it, saying she was already overwhelmed with the bounty of the royal family. Some years later a similar honor was paid her, but to her talents alone this time. For the public of Belgium only knew Doña Cecilia as the author of the charming pictures of Spanish life which excited so much enthusiasm and admiration. Judging by the masculine pseudonym of Fernan Caballero that the writer was a man, the government wished to send her the cross of the order of Leopold. Doña Cecilia smiled at the mistake and asked a friend at Brussels, Gen. J. Van Halen, to express her thanks to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and gratefully decline the honor.

The former friends of the Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso had not forgotten the charming and gifted woman who formed one of the greatest attractions of the society of Seville, and they learned with pleasure of her return, but she refused to re-enter society and divided her time between works of charity, prayer, and intellectual labor. Each morning she was seen quietly gliding through the small side-door of the cathedral, which almost faced the Alcazar. This nearness to the house of God was her greatest joy and consolation.

She received the visits of a few intimate friends, during the summer months, in the grand old garden of the Alcazar planned by Charles V. and filled with memories of the beautiful Maria Padilla. In winter she was usually found in her study, seated before a table, writing or reading, and in the latter case her fingers were always busily employed in knitting. The calm, order, and extreme neatness which pervaded the apartment would naturally strike the visitor. Neatness, it is true, is a distinguishing characteristic in the more elegant houses of Andalusia; but with her it was to be seen in the minutest details of the objects which surrounded her. In fact, this extreme neatness and a profusion

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of flowers were the only luxuries which the elegant Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso retained about her. Her apartment was in the Giralda, which serves as a belfry to the cathedral. It is an old Moorish tower erected by an Arabian architect named Geber, or Guever, who invented algebra, which was called after him. The rose-colored bricks and white stones of which it is composed rather take from its rightful appearance of antiquity and give it an air of brightness somewhat incongruous with the date of its erection.

A Malaga paper of January, 1880, gives the following description of her study in the Alcazar, where she spent so many hours of fruitful labor:

"All who were honored with the friendship of Doña Cecilia will not recall without emotion her pleasant study, sweet with the perfume of flowers and displaying her perfect taste and simplicity. It was situated in the square tower at the entrance to the Alcazar, and opened upon a balcony to which climbing plants ascended; the more prominent ones, which reached her window, she was wont to call *les petites curieuse*. Near the balcony was a bureau, upon which stood a vase of flowers, which were a daily offering from several families who had been the recipients of her bounty. To the right of her arm-chair was a mahogany desk, upon which lay an open book, and to the left a work-basket containing the stockings which occupied her leisure moments."

Though at this time she had really entered the absorbing pursuit of literature, she nevertheless continued to reserve the morning for works of devotion and charity. Her exquisite delicacy and tact made her most ingenious in divining and aiding the proud poor who sufferingly shrink from alms. When we read of the portion of time allotted to her pen, and remember that her career as a writer began only after her fiftieth year, we are astonished at the list of works she has left. But her mind continued in all its vigor up to her eightieth year. Her naturally strong constitution was strengthened and preserved by regular habits and an industrious life; for, as one of her biographers remarks, quoting the wisdom of Cicero, "Provided we do not discontinue application, the mind does not degenerate with age." Notwithstanding a life clouded by grave trials and much suffering, her countenance retained an expression of calm which testified the indwelling of that Spirit who promises a "peace which surpasseth understanding." Though delicate in physique, she enjoyed perfect health. In a portrait of her, painted in her sixtieth year by the celebrated Madrazo for the Duke de Mont-

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pensier, the countenance retains the softness and delicate oval contour of her youth, the hair is still blonde and very abundant.

Spain is not only indebted to her for the preservation of the graceful poetic folk-lore of Andalusia, but also for the restoration of one of its most poetic customs. Any one who has travelled in Spain or Spanish countries must be familiar with the manner in which the *sérénos*, or night-watchmen, from hour to hour assure the sleeping, or rather the waking, inhabitants of their continued vigil: "*Ave María Purissima! Las once y sereno*" (Hail, Mary most pure! Eleven o'clock and clear weather, or *lluvioso*—rainy—as the case may be).

Who can express the *sursum corda* which this *Ave Maria Purissima* is to the despondent watcher by the couch of pain, to the weary sick turning on their sleepless pillows, or to the affrighted little ones, reminding all of the tender guardian and watchful Protectress above who adds her voice of intercession to the supplications of those who love her Son?

After the revolution of 1868 the *sérénos** were prohibited using the invocation. It was with great grief that Doña Cecilia saw this custom of Catholic Spain disappear, and she was instrumental in having it restored, though in a letter to a friend she modestly insists that her voice had very little weight in the matter:

"You would hardly credit," she says in this same letter, "the universal emotion and joy manifested when the first *Ave Maria Purissima* again rang out on the evening air. A great number of people came out to congratulate the *sérénos* and offered them wine, cigars, and silver. If it had been known sufficiently in advance the bell of the Giralda tower and all the church and monastery bells would have been set in motion and all the houses would have been illuminated."

The revolution obliging her to leave the Alcazar, she retired to a modest house in the street Juan de Burgos, to which the municipality has since given the name of Fernan Caballero. The cities of Cadiz, Puerto de Santa Maria, and Dos Hermanas paid her a like honor: they each contain a street which bears her name.

She continued to occupy this modest residence until her death, which took place, after a short illness, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She was buried in the cemetery of San Fernando, in the midst of a concourse of poor and people of every rank.

* As fine, serene nights predominate in this meteorological report, the cry *sérénо* has given to the watchmen the name by which they are universally known.

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The modest stone which marks her resting-place bears the following inscription:

✠

R. I. P. A.
ROGAD A DIOS EN CARIDAD POR EL ALMA
DE LA
SRA. DA. CECILIA BÖHL DE FABER Y LARRÉA
(FERNAN CABALLERO).
QUE FALECIO EL 7 DE ABRIL DE 1877,
A LA EDAD DE 80 AÑOS.
SUS DESCONSOLADOS SOBRINOS LE DEDICAN
ESTE RECUERDO EN MEMORIA DE SUS VIRTUDES.

Queen Isabella ordered a portrait of her for the Alcazar, and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had her portrait sent to the University of Seville, and a bust of her cut in a white marble medallion and placed on the façade of the house in which she died, with this inscription:

"En esta casa falecio Fernan Caballero—Abril, 1877—Infantes de Montpensier dedican este recuerdo."

We have not space here to give a list of her numerous works. *La Gaviota*, *Elia o la España treinta años ha*, and *Clemencia* were best known in her own country and made her reputation in Europe. She has collected in a volume called *Cuentos y Poesias populares Andaluces* a great deal of popular ballad literature, which is preserved almost orally in Spain and illustrates the many phases of character in the Andalusian peasantry: their graceful humor, their sparkling *finesse*, their keen irony, and the poetic simplicity of their faith, which mingles in everything—their loves, their hates, their pastimes; for, as a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* observes, "In Spain Catholicism is in everything; it is in the very blood and bone of the people." There is scarcely a flower or a thing of beauty which is not in some way connected with their faith. The rosemary owes its name and its perfume to the fact that the Blessed Virgin hung the clothes of the Infant Jesus to dry upon it. It is naïvely told in verse:

"Lavando estaba la Virgen
Y teniendo en el romero
Los pajaritos cantaban
Adoremus el misterio."

Since the death of our Saviour the rosemary puts forth fresh flowers every Friday, as if to embalm his holy body. The swal-

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lows are universally loved and welcomed, Fernan Caballero tells us, because they compassionately sought to pluck the thorns from our Saviour's crown on the cross; and the large spider called tarantula was formerly a frivolous girl so mad about dancing that upon one occasion when she was dancing his Divine Majesty passed, and, with appalling irreverence, she continued to dance, whereupon our Saviour punished her by changing her into a spider with a guitar marked upon her back; and that is why those who are bitten by a tarantula dance until they fall exhausted.

The following verses from "La Noche Buena," one of the most naïve and picturesque ballads in the collection, Augustus Hare tells us he overheard a washerwoman singing at her work:

"La Virgen se fue a lavar
Sus manos blancos al rio,
El sol se quedó parado,
La mar perdió su ruido.

"Los pastores de Belen
Todos juntos van por leña
Para calentar al niño
Que nacio la noche buena.

. . . . .

"San José era carpintero
Y la Virgen costurera
Y el niño labra la cruz
Porque ha de morir en ella."

"To the stream the Virgin Mother
Hied, her fair white hands to lave;
The wondering sun stood still in heaven
And ocean hushed his rolling wave.

"One and all came Bethlehem's shepherds,
Fuel-laden from the height,
Warmth to bring the blessed Nursling
Who was born that happy night.

"A carpenter was good St. Joseph,
A seamstress poor the Mother maid;
The Child it toiled the cross to fashion
On which our ransom should be paid."

This suggests the land of flowers and gallantry:

"El naranjo de tu patio
Cuando te acercas à el
Se desprende de sus flores
Y te las echa a los pies."

"In thy fair court the orange-tree,
Whene'er it feels thy presence nigh
Casts down its blossoms tenderly
Beneath thy fair feet to lie."

And this is a veritable bouquet "cela sent son Andalousie à dix lieux":

"El dia que tu naciste
Nacieron todas las flores;
Y en la pila del bautismo
Cantaron los ruiseñores.

"Thy natal day to flowrets choice
Gave birth as well as unto thee;
And nightingales with tuneful voice
Around thy font made melody.

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Around thy font made melody.

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"Si supiera que con fiores
Te habia de divertir
Ye te trajera mas flores
Que crian Mayo y Abril."

"They knew that flowers and blossoms sweet
Thy fittest toys would prove.
I'll lay spring's treasures at thy feet
To show my constant love."

The following has a sprightliness of conceit which has a Hibernian rather than an Iberian flavor:

"Las estrellas del cielo
No estan cabales
Porque estan en tu cara
Las principales."

"The glittering gems of night
Complete no longer shine;
The brightest of the bright
Illume that face of thine."

And this also:

"Los enemigos del alma
Todos dicen que son tres
Y yo digo que son cuatro
Desde que conozco a usted."

"The enemies of the soul
Men say are only three—
I say that they are four
Since I have known thee."

What fair one could resist the resigned woe of the following?—

"Para rey nació David,
Para sabia Solomon,
Para llorar Jermias,
Y para quererte yo."

"David was born to be king,
Solomon to be wise,
Jeremias to weep,
And I to love thee."

Or of this:

"Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana
Cuentame entre los muertos
Desde mañana."

"If this evening thou
Appearest not at the window
Count me among the dead
From to-morrow."

From the following it would appear that mothers-in-law and lawyers enjoy the same reputation that they do with us:

"Glorioso San Sebastian
Todo lleno de saetas
Mi alma como la tuya
Como tu cuerpo mi suegra."

"Glorious St. Sebastian, all cruelly wounded with arrows,
Grant that my soul be like thine, my mother-in-law more like thy body."

"Primero que suba al cielo
El alma de un escribano
Tintero papel y pluma
Han de bailar el fandango."

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"—Before the soul of a notary shall mount to heaven you will see his ink-stand, his paper, and his pen dancing the fandango."

The following picturesque lullabies show us at what an early age the little ones imbibe the first lessons of their faith:

"Duermete, niño chiquito,
Duermete y no llores mas,
Que se iran los angelitos
Para no verte llorar."

"Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Dry thy tears and sleep,
Lest the angels fly away
That they may not see thee weep."

"A los niños que duermen
Dios los bendice
Y a las madres que velan
Dios las assiste."

"—Sleeping children God blesses, and watching mothers God aids."

No writer better portrays her countrymen, a people filled with poetical imagery heightened by Moorish traditions and tales, whose thoughts flow in songs and proverbs. No one who desires to know the Spanish people should visit Spain without reading her books for "the inexhaustible wealth of word-pictures," says Augustus Hare,* "which may be enjoyed in the stories of Fernan Caballero, which collect so much, reveal so much, and teach so much that it is scarcely possible to express one's obligations sufficiently."

* *Wanderings in Spain*, by Augustus Hare.

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

V.

"TAKE care of D'Arcy," said Daly to Butt, "or you will lose him. He is worth winning, and that hazel-eyed witch—I saw her at the Castle once before—will capture him. Once ensnared by English beauty, good-by D'Arcy and good-by Ireland."

"Faith, I must see to this," said Butt. "Who is the girl?"

"A Miss Mowbray, I understand, daughter of Mowbray the banker."

"This is serious, my boy. I must save the lad. Where's Mrs. Beauchamp?" And he sought a presentation to "that beautiful creature that's stealing the heart of my most promising lieutenant."

"I have come to protect my interests, Miss Mowbray. I feared you might convert my young friend here. We can't spare him even to you."

"On the contrary, he has almost converted me."

"Miss Mowbray tells me she is half Irish," said D'Arcy.

"Wouldn't one know it to look at her?" responded Butt. "There is only one island and one race that owns those hazel eyes. So you are one of us? Upon my word I think I'll go in with Mill for female suffrage and send our women into Parliament. They would be irresistible."

"Well, you may count on my vote beforehand," said Gertrude merrily.

"May I ask your mother's name, Miss Mowbray?—for I know your father is English."

"She was a Redmond, of Tullagh—Tullagh something—I forget, and papa never speaks to me about her."

"Tullagh-Connell—is that it?"

"Yes, that sounds like it."

"And what was her maiden name?"

"Eva. Here is her picture, that never leaves me. I feel safe while she clings to my neck."

A film dimmed the deep eyes a moment as they drooped over a locket, and the hands trembled as she opened it and showed a miniature portrait within. It might have been taken for a pic-

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ture of Gertrude herself, save that the eyes had a sadder, far-away look and the mouth a more wistful expression. Mr. Butt smote his forehead with his hand as he gazed at the locket.

"Why, of course, of course," he said musingly, and looked with a new interest and kindness at the beautiful girl before him. "How stupid I am! But I am getting old and forget things. I knew your mother well, child, years ago, years ago. She was the beauty of Tullagh-Connell. For that matter she was the beauty of every place she went to. The men were all mad about her, and some Englishman came in and stole her—Mowbray, to be sure. That is the name. Why," said he, turning suddenly on D'Arcy, "your father was one of her chief suitors. To be sure he was, and nearly went wild when he found she had fled. Upon my word," he added, laughing, "you two young people came within an ace of being brother and sister."

"I most devoutly thank Heaven for the escape," said D'Arcy, bowing smilingly to Gertrude.

"O you rascal—oh! But there, I leave you to your newly found relative."

They parted friends that evening with mutual desires and promises to meet again. Gertrude thought much of her companion as she retired for the night—she stayed at Mrs. Beauchamp's. She went over the various points of their conversation, recalling his look and tone and attitude as he spoke. She again opened the locket, gazed long and earnestly at the face of her dead mother, and, kissing it, pondered curiously how things might have been. On the whole she was rather satisfied than not that Mr. D'Arcy was not her brother.

The great debate came off and the government was wholly triumphant. Towards the close Mr. Butt surprised every one by delivering an impassioned speech in favor of the government policy. It recalled the palmiest days of parliamentary oratory and undoubtedly influenced the Irish vote. It was the last effort of the opposition for the time being. Then the season broke up and everybody went away.

D'Arcy had gone once to see the Mowbrays and spent a quiet evening with Gertrude, Mr. Mowbray devoting most of his attention to a city man who had dined with them and seemed made of figures and stocks.

"Are you going abroad, Mr. D'Arcy?" she asked before his departure.

"Hardly," he said. "My purse is not a heavy one, and I

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think I'll stick to my Irish bog. I shall dream away by Eva's Tear."

"Ah! yes. There is no spot lovelier in this world. Eva's Tear! I shall always remember it." And her eyes seemed to go back over the past.

"I am glad you think so well of it; for my father owns a few acres around there, and I spent my childhood there. It was there, too, I first fell in love."

She started and questioned him with searching eyes. There was the slightest tremor in the voice as she repeated his words:

"First fell in love?"

It was a question, and there was a gentle emphasis on "first."

"First, and perhaps last. Who can tell? You know you imagine that we Irishmen are all fickle."

"So you are," she said, with a tinge of the old scorn he had more than once noted on her face. "There can be no first, second, and third in love. There is only one. At least, it is so with women. They have only one heart to give, and, that given, all is given."

"I wish I could think so," said he.

"Believe me, it is so."

"I have known or heard of women who had many loves. Had they many hearts?"

"So have I. But they are not women." Then she changed abruptly, and, resuming her usual calm tones, said playfully: "So the rebel's heart is actually captured. I did not think it possible."

"Why did you not?"

"I deemed the fortress so impregnable."

It was her turn to be playful, and under her gentle raillery he grew more earnest.

"Fortresses deemed impregnable are sometimes stolen unawares," he said, with meaning in his tones.

"That is because the guards are sleeping and taken by surprise; but the old hostility remains after the capture, and the hatred of the yoke."

"But what if the struggle is hopeless?"

"Then the garrison are cowards."

"I am a born coward in love affairs."

Her laughter rang out with startling suddenness. D'Arcy was astonished, and perhaps a little mortified.

"O Irishman, Irishman!" said she. "What an Irishman you

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are! And pray may I ask how many love affairs has the gallant Mr. D'Arcy had?"

Here was this brilliant, self-confident, ready, and bold young man, who had dared, and not unsuccessfully, to beard the foremost men in England in debate, suddenly outwitted and hopelessly beaten by a girl. The color deepened in his cheeks and for a moment he said nothing. Then, recovering his habitual good-nature, he bowed with his usual genial smile, and said:

"Well, I confess my defeat. If the fortress is worth taking it surrenders."

"What! to me? Oh! no. A fortress that capitulates so easily is hardly worth a siege; besides, it has been taken so often already."

"So you will laugh at me and won't believe me earnest?"

"I believe you earnest in many things, but not in love. Well, may I ask who is the fortunate lady who first captured the heart of the redoubtable D'Arcy?"

"So you wish me to give a lady's name away?"

"Not unless you care; not if it is a secret. But women will be curious about these things."

"Well, then, since you must know, I call her 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

A grave smile played about his lips as he said this and looked with calm serenity into her eyes. There was an air of truth and reality about his manner that impressed her.

"So you will not tell me?"

"The Lady of the Lake," he repeated.

She gave a little sigh and said: "I think, after all, you are deceiving me, that you really are in love." Then, changing again, she added: "I hope so. Be so. Be always so. Love is the best thing in this world. It ennobles the possessor and ennobles the possessed. Yes, love your Lady of the Lake and cherish her; and perhaps some day you will let me see her."

There was a pleading look in her eyes and a pleading tone in her voice as she laid her hand on his and looked up at him. He turned pale under her gaze. His eyes drooped. He was silent a moment, then, lifting them gravely to hers, said:

"Yes; perhaps I may some day."

"Why perhaps only?"

"Why? Because in this hurly-burly of a world we are never certain of what a day may bring. Good-night, Miss Mowbray. Bid your father good-night for me."

"We shall see you again when the world comes back?"

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"If you wish it."

"Of course we wish it. You have added a new pleasure to the season."

"And you," he said, looking at her with a glance half tender, half resentful, "a new pain.'

Before she could ask a word of explanation of the strange speech he was gone, leaving her in a wonder of perplexity where pain and pleasure strove for the mastery.

VI.

MR. MOWBRAY was getting a little worn in spite of his wonderful constitution, and his physician advised as long a rest and as much change as he could possibly take. So he and his sister and Gertrude set out to ramble about just where their fancy took them. The banker was inclined to be a bit fretful and fussy at the beginning, but he gradually quieted down and soon grew to like the change from the smoky activity of the great city that was his Mecca. As for Gertrude, she revelled in the change. They rambled about wherever the spirit of the hour led them: through France, Spain, Italy, Germany. In all the chief cities the banker's name was a password. Occasionally they crossed an English friend, but only occasionally; for they avoided as much as possible the beaten track, and whiled away the time in delicious byways where the inhabitants were still delightfully primitive, simple, and quaint, looking like living bits cut out of mediæval history to refresh the eyes and charm the wearied senses of the people of the busy, roaring, hurrying to-day.

"I think I'll give up banking and take to Robinson-Crusoeing," said Mr. Mowbray one day as he puffed his cigar in luxurious laziness. He never smoked in the city and only occasionally at home. But he was becoming quite a rake and was rustically loose in his attire, wearing anything and wearing it anyhow. "I'll give up banking. I'll buy an island in the Mediterranean, or South Sea, or somewhere, and stock it with a set of slaves, and we'll live there for ever. Eh, Gertie?"

"Delightful, papa! And I'll be queen and dairymaid at once. I'll churn and command in a breath."

"And I—what shall I do?" asked Aunt Madge.

"You shall be chaplain and read the prayers to the darkeys, who won't understand a word of them."

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"Brother!" said the shocked old lady. "Don't be profane nor jest with sacred subjects."

"Jest! Why, I feel so jolly that I could shake hands with the Pope of Rome, if he'd let me. And what a beautiful old man he was, after all!"

"Pio Nono is a saint, if ever there was one," broke in Gertrude decisively. "It seemed to me quite natural to go down on my knees before him. I knelt before holiness, purity, and benevolence. I could have kissed the lovely old man's feet and felt better for it; but he would not let me. He only gave me his hand to kiss."

"Gertrude, this is idolatry," said her aunt tartly.

"Ah! aunt, if we only had many such idols I fancy the world would be better for them."

"My dear, you shouldn't talk so. Brother, you see! That is sending people to Catholic convents."

But Mr. Mowbray was sound asleep.

They rambled back again to Paris and made a short stay there. Gertrude paid a visit to her old friends at the Sacré Cœur, and they were delighted to see her. She could not help crying when she met the mother-superior. She did not know why, but the tears came in a rain, and she sobbed and sobbed as the sweet lady pressed her to her heart. It was all so different from the world she lived in. There seemed the calm and the peace of heaven in this abode; and though the purity of her heart was only blurred a little by the frivolities of the world, not deeply stained or wounded, she felt abashed, and awe-struck, and sorrowful, and sick at heart, as though she had suddenly come into the presence of her God.

"Be good, my child, be good. Only be yourself and you will be good."

"Be myself!" said Gertrude, startled. "Do you know, reverend mother, that was almost the first advice I got on entering the world."

"And who gave it you?"

"The present prime minister of England."

"Did he? I do not know who he is, my dear, but he must be a good man. England ought to be happy to have such ministers."

"But he is a Protestant and a heretic."

"Ah! well, he did not make himself one, I suppose. All the good in the world is not confined to Catholics."

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Notwithstanding her Christian fortitude and strength of soul the terrible life she endured began to tell upon her constitution; her freshness and beauty disappeared, her strength failed day by day, until finally her sufferings culminated in an illness so grave that when her husband's regiment was ordered to another station she was unable to accompany him. She was barely convalescent when she learned of his death; he fell in a gallant attack which reflected much glory upon its leader, Captain Planells, who was carried off the field dead.

On learning her husband's heroic end she forgot her wrongs and really mourned the brave soldier, the only redeeming light in which he could be viewed, and so sincere was her regret that her family never suspected how cruel had been his conduct towards her. The silence she had observed as a duty becoming a Christian wife she continued after his death out of respect for his memory. She returned to her father's roof and in a short time regained her strength and beauty. Her apprenticeship to suffering moderated the girlish vivacity and left in its place a gentleness and subdued melancholy which added an additional charm to her countenance. So that, in spite of the retirement in which she lived, she excited much admiration, and suitors flocked to the quiet country-house at Chiclana. Her bitter experience made her hesitate to assume new chains; but finally, after five years of widowhood, she distinguished among the aspirants for her hand the Marquis de Arco-Hermoso, an officer of the royal guard, whose admiration dated from her girlhood.

After their marriage he took her to his grand ancestral home in Seville, where her modesty, grace, and talents soon made her *salon* one of the most popular and brilliant in Seville. Strangers of distinction eagerly sought admission to it. The hostess spoke Italian, French, English, and German with equal facility. In fact, her first work, *Sola*, a picture of Andalusian life and popular customs, she composed in German and rewrote in Spanish. It was published in Hamburg, without the name of the author, in 1831. Her later books she wrote under the *nom de plume* of Fernan Caballero, the name of an obscure little village of La Mancha situated between Toledo and Ciudad Real. She chose it for its masculine sound. By a singular coincidence two of the celebrated novelists of Spain, Cervantes and Fernan Caballero, selected a village of La Mancha as the cradle of their fictitious hero, thus associating their glory with the same province of their common country. *Sola* was written to fill up the leisure hours at her beautiful country-seat in the village of Dos

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Hermanas, whither she retired when Seville became deserted. In one of her books she gives us a picture of the smiling country in the midst of which her summers were spent:

"The road from Seville to Dos Hermanas descends part of the way into a little valley, as if to refresh itself beside a stream which flows very noisily in winter but sleeps lazily on its stony bed in summer. The water is so tranquil that you would overlook its existence did not the sun's rays reflected in it give it the appearance of a brazier of burning coals.

"To the right is a hill crowned by the Moorish castle built by Don Pedro for Maria Padilla; and facing it, a little lower in the valley, appears an inn painted red and yellow like the dress of a harlequin. The traveller is sure to find here all that the frugality of the Spaniard requires—that is, a little bread and wine, with the addition of oranges in winter and grapes in summer. Beyond the inn the road ascends a sandy hill to Buena Vista—a height well named, for from it you see Seville idly extended in the plain below, her feet bathed by the waters of the Guadalquivir and her head resting on a bed of flowers. Beautiful Seville; whose very name quickens the pulse of the poet, historian, or artist—Seville, whose Moorish garb and sublime cathedral give her the appearance of a converted sultana."

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"She was too modest," says a French writer,* "to be compared with Mme. de Girardin, who then reigned as a *bel esprit* in Paris, and too Christian to remind one in any way of George Sand, who in her male attire was exciting much attention in the Latin Quarter."

For never at any period of her life, either at the time of her most brilliant social position or in the midst of her great literary success, did she cease to be a woman in the noblest and tenderest acceptation of the word. Her literary pursuits never interfered with the personal superintendence which she was accustomed to bestow upon her household, nor with the attentions which the delicate health of her husband required during the latter years of their sojourn in Seville.

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* Cte. de Bonneau-Avennant.

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was with the Rev. N. K—— in connection with a living in the diocese of ———. He cheated Mr. N. K—— out of £3,000, involved him in simony and caused him to lose both living and money. Mr. N. K—— now works as a day-laborer, and is usually in the workhouse in the winter. In 1852 Rawlins, or Workman, was convicted of altering figures on a check from £8 to £80, and was sentenced to several years' penal servitude. On coming out of prison he at once set up as a clerical agent (he was a man of some family and private means), and he bought advowsons and next presentations of several livings, two or three of them, I am told, being openly purchased at auction in Tokenhouse Yard. . . . In 1871 the Rev. T. S—— (then vacating the rectory of E——) paid over to Workman, through his solicitors, £1,200. He had already placed his rectory of E—— in Workman's hands for 'exchange,' and the £1,200 was given in trust to Workman in order therewith to complete the purchase of a more valuable living for Mr. T. S——. Such a living Mr. T. S—— never obtained. He could get no redress; he was, like N. K——, involved in a simoniacal transaction, and his claim to be scheduled as a creditor on Workman's insolvent estate was disallowed by the judge on the ground that the transaction was illegal, and hence he lost his rectory and his £1,200, and was comparatively beggared."

But more remained to be told, as if enough of scandalous abuse and outrage had not been already exhibited. Mr. Cox continued:

"Thus Workman became possessed of the rectory of E——, and presented thereto the Rev. R. Y——. Mr. R. Y—— has actually allowed Workman to preach in E—— church.

"I rather think that the parishioners of the last-named parish had the benefit of a sermon from Mr. Workman at the request of the incumbent that he had presented; is that so?—Yes, it was; I believe he preached there more than once.

"It is the fact, however, that this incumbent whom he presented to this living invited him to preach, and he did so?—Yes, more than once in that church."

Truly a case of the wolf in sheep's clothing—the convicted swindler preaching morality, the trickster in simony and breaker of the law of the realm expounding religion. Was there ever such a burlesque, was there ever given plainer proof of the fearful evils which follow in the train of heresy?

It is impossible for us to go as thoroughly into this subject as we would wish; it may, however, be possible to return to its consideration, but now we can only note one more branch of the "Ecclesiastical Agent's" business, another of the methods by which the Church of England finds its pastors. The law forbidding the sale of benefices while actually vacant is found occasionally extremely awkward by patrons of livings

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the occupants of which have died unexpectedly or otherwise had their tenure terminated suddenly. The patron cannot sell the presentation to the benefice while it is vacant; he is, therefore, in danger of losing perhaps many thousand pounds, and so no doubt he would but that the obliging "Ecclesiastical Agent" comes to his rescue. These agents have always a number of aged clergymen, some ranging up to eighty years of age, on their books or lists, and these, who are glad of any temporary addition to their generally small incomes, are introduced to the patron of the vacant benefice. He, as a rule, selects the one most suited to his purpose—namely, him whose age and state make nearest approach to what insurance agents significantly class as "a bad life." Once the patron has installed some old, toothless, feeble man, and can therefore call the benefice an occupied one, he is at liberty to sell. Sometimes the aged clergyman retires at once on completion of sale, but very often, too—he is so old and feeble—patrons or buyers come to the conclusion that there is no use in wasting money in inducing retirement, and then, as death has a knack of defying general rules, the old incumbent will fill his office in his own senile way for years. It makes no matter, of course, that the parish schools are neglected, the services of every kind spasmodic and ridiculous, that the congregation dwindles, and that religion is insulted, for the patron saves his money and the "Ecclesiastical Agent" pockets his fee.

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FERNAN CABALLERO,

CECILIA BÖHL DE FABER, MARCHIONESS DE ARCO-HERMOSO.

FERNAN CABALLERO has preserved to posterity in all their freshness the poetic legends and picturesque life of the Andalusian peasantry. A celebrated Spanish reviewer * styles her the Walter Scott of Spain, and a French writer † shares his opinion. Prosper Merimée, who lived for many years in Spain and has endeavored in *Carmen* to depict the life of the Contrabandists, pronounces her the Sterne of Andalusia. She herself, in answer to Prosper Merimée's homage, modestly says: "There is not the least analogy between what I write and the writings of those who have painted the life and morals of a people. They have much more talent, ability, and art than I, but none of them the same good-nature. It seems to me that my humble works have rather a sort of spiritual relationship with the excellent productions of Émile Souvestre."

In a certain sense she holds the place in Spanish literature which Lady Georgiana Fullerton does in English letters and Mme. Craven in French. Her writings show the same fervent spirit, the same elevation of soul and noble sentiments, which made the literary career of the three writers a true apostleship. In answer to the objection that she spoke too much of religion in her books Fernan Caballero says in the preface of one of her posthumous works:

"It would be very difficult to depict Spanish life, either in the higher or lower classes, without this first condition, and we shall answer the objection with the simple dialogue which we placed in the mouth of a brave peasant and his unworthy master:

"'You missed your vocation, Pascual; you should have been a priest, for you are more mystical than the Fathers of the church, and you quote more texts than a preacher.'

"'How can I help it, sir? The Holy Scripture is all I know.'

"'Yes, but you scatter it everywhere like tomatoes.'

"'Well, sir, isn't it for that we are taught it?' gravely replied the peasant."

Andalusia, though the home of her heart and her affections, was not her birthplace. She was born at Morges, a little village

* Eugenio de Ochoa. † Le Cte. de Bonneau-Avennant, Lauréat de l'Académie.

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in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, on the 25th of December, 1796. Her mother, Frances de Larréa, was of Spanish and Irish parentage, and her father, John Nicholas Böhl de Faber, was German. In her mother, who was familiarly known as the *Señorita Frasquita*, was united the beauty of both races—the clear skin and ruddy cheeks of her Irish ancestry with the lithe and graceful figure of the Andalusian women—while her blue eyes looked out from under their long, dark lashes with that intensity, intelligence, and fire which distinguish the daughters of the south. Théophile Gautier, in his *Voyage en Espagne*, makes particular mention of this peculiarity in the beauty of the women of Andalusia, and thus minutely describes it:

"When a woman or a young girl passes you she slowly drops her eyes, then suddenly opens them again, shoots at you a look so searching that you are almost unable to bear it, then rolls the pupils of her eyes and again drops the lashes over them.

"We have no terms," he adds, "to express this play of the eyes; the word *ojear* is wanting in our vocabulary. Yet these glances so full of vivid, sudden brilliancy have no particular meaning and are cast upon the first object which presents itself. A young Andalusian girl will look with the same intensity at a cart passing along, a dog running after its tail, or a group of children playing at bull-fights. The eyes of the people of the north are dull and meaningless in comparison, the sun has never left its reflection in them."

From her father she inherited her literary taste: his erudite works, *The Spanish Stage before the Time of Lopez de Vega* and *A Collection of the Ancient Poetry of Castile*, opened to him the doors of the Spanish Academy. The governor of Malaga, Fernando de Gabriel, still shows with pride a copy of the latter work left him by Fernan Caballero, and bearing on the fly-leaf the inscription:

"AMI HIJA CECILIA.

"Quando esta de te ausenta, acca abajo o alla arriba,
Siempre te hablara mi alma por medio de estas rimas.

J. N. BÖHL DE FABER.

"PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA, 11 d'Agosto, 1826."

From her mother as well as her father she inherited the enlightened piety and poetic Christian fervor which breathe through all her works.

For some time previous to the year 1805 her father had been industriously reading in Cadiz the struggle which Spain sustained for seven centuries in defence of her religion. This, together

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with the preaching of the celebrated Father Diego, had completely shaken his Lutheran convictions. He was on the point of entering the church, but human respect and the preparations for departure with his family for Hamburg retarded the decisive step. And it was not until eight years later that the prayers and example of his devout wife and daughters, joined to the conversion of the celebrated Baron Stolberg, determined him to act upon his convictions. He made a public abjuration in his native city towards the end of the year 1813, and from that time lived a most fervent Catholic.

It was about this period that his daughter Cecilia returned to Cadiz with the family. She had all her mother's beauty. The upper part of her face, with her blonde hair, straight, high forehead, aquiline nose, and mild blue eyes expressive of extreme sweetness, showed her Teutonic blood, while dark and finely arched eyebrows, and a small and well-cut mouth guarded by laughing dimples, added a Spanish grace and piquancy. Her crowning attraction was her perfect naturalness. "Naturalness," she herself tells us in one of her books, "is the secret and charm of that grace which distinguishes the Andalusian women. In nature is truth, and without truth there is no perfection."

Her sojourn of eight years in Hamburg had been most usefully employed for her instruction; her education was begun in her infancy and continued with the best of masters until her seventeenth year. It was probably in Hamburg also that she acquired the methodical habits and love of order and labor which inspired her with such a horror of idleness and frivolity. Even when resting from her literary labors she always had knitting in her hand, and constantly read and knitted at the same time. And it was not mere fancy-work which filled her leisure moments, but stockings which eventually found their way to some poor home in the winter.

Three years after the family returned to Cadiz the beauty of the young Cecilia, unfortunately for her, excited the admiration of a young captain of infantry, Antonio Planells de Bardaxi, who fell violently in love with her, and asked and obtained her of her parents in marriage. He was a man about twenty-eight years of age, with a good deal of physical beauty yet repellant expression of face which suggested lack of refinement. He belonged, however, to an excellent family of Ibiza—a family of much wealth, of which he was the sole inheritor. These were advantages not to be disdained in a suitor, and when he had the address to have himself presented to the parents of Cecilia by his cousin, who

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was a most intimate friend of the family, they listened to him favorably; but much time for deliberation was denied them by circumstances. The regiment to which Captain Planells was attached was under marching orders and was to leave Cadiz in eight days. And thus, at the beginning of April, 1816, Cecilia Böhl de Faber, in childlike obedience to her parents, became the wife of Captain Planells, a comparative stranger both to her and to them. This most unfortunate event of her life she has woven into her novel *Clemencia.** The author, through respect for the memory of her parents, substitutes an aunt as the guardian of the heroine, who bears the name of Clemencia, and Captain Planells is represented by Captain Fernan Guevara. She places the scene of their meeting in the promenade called the Salon de Christine instead of the Almeda, where she was accustomed to walk with a companion of her own age, chaperoned by her mother. It was here, in fact, that the unworthy Captain Planells saw her for the first time, and, taken with her beauty, made a wager, after his coarse fashion, that he would marry her. One of his companions accepted the wager, insisting, however, upon a limit as to time, which, it was finally agreed, should not exceed eight days. His cousin, who figures in the novel as Don Sylvestre, and who was, as we have said, an intimate friend of Cecilia's family, could not refuse to present him, which he did, affirming that he was an accomplished gentleman, belonging to one of the best families, and heir to great wealth. Cecilia tells us in *Clemencia* that, though his birth and rank gave him the *entrée* to the first *salons* of Cadiz, he rarely appeared in them, preferring associates and places more in accordance with his low tastes. Cecilia yielded in passive obedience to her parents, feeling neither attraction nor repulsion for the man, who was an utter stranger to her. But not many months elapsed before she discovered the coarse, brutal, ungoverned nature to which she was united. Yet she appears to have endured her lot with a resignation and patience which at times was only an additional incentive to his wanton cruelty. Upon one occasion, in an access of jealous rage, he crushed in his hands before her eyes a little pet bird which was her only amusement in the solitude in which he left her. "This excessive brutality," she says, "may appear exaggerated, yet it is not. Those only who have suffered from the jealousy of a hard, coarse soul can know what horrible propensity leads human nature to redouble its cruelty in proportion to the weakness of the victim."

* *Clemencia:* Novela de Costumbres.

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Notwithstanding her Christian fortitude and strength of soul the terrible life she endured began to tell upon her constitution; her freshness and beauty disappeared, her strength failed day by day, until finally her sufferings culminated in an illness so grave that when her husband's regiment was ordered to another station she was unable to accompany him. She was barely convalescent when she learned of his death; he fell in a gallant attack which reflected much glory upon its leader, Captain Planells, who was carried off the field dead.

On learning her husband's heroic end she forgot her wrongs and really mourned the brave soldier, the only redeeming light in which he could be viewed, and so sincere was her regret that her family never suspected how cruel had been his conduct towards her. The silence she had observed as a duty becoming a Christian wife she continued after his death out of respect for his memory. She returned to her father's roof and in a short time regained her strength and beauty. Her apprenticeship to suffering moderated the girlish vivacity and left in its place a gentleness and subdued melancholy which added an additional charm to her countenance. So that, in spite of the retirement in which she lived, she excited much admiration, and suitors flocked to the quiet country-house at Chiclana. Her bitter experience made her hesitate to assume new chains; but finally, after five years of widowhood, she distinguished among the aspirants for her hand the Marquis de Arco-Hermoso, an officer of the royal guard, whose admiration dated from her girlhood.

After their marriage he took her to his grand ancestral home in Seville, where her modesty, grace, and talents soon made her *salon* one of the most popular and brilliant in Seville. Strangers of distinction eagerly sought admission to it. The hostess spoke Italian, French, English, and German with equal facility. In fact, her first work, *Sola*, a picture of Andalusian life and popular customs, she composed in German and rewrote in Spanish. It was published in Hamburg, without the name of the author, in 1831. Her later books she wrote under the *nom de plume* of Fernan Caballero, the name of an obscure little village of La Mancha situated between Toledo and Ciudad Real. She chose it for its masculine sound. By a singular coincidence two of the celebrated novelists of Spain, Cervantes and Fernan Caballero, selected a village of La Mancha as the cradle of their fictitious hero, thus associating their glory with the same province of their common country. *Sola* was written to fill up the leisure hours at her beautiful country-seat in the village of Dos

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Hermanas, whither she retired when Seville became deserted. In one of her books she gives us a picture of the smiling country in the midst of which her summers were spent:

"The road from Seville to Dos Hermanas descends part of the way into a little valley, as if to refresh itself beside a stream which flows very noisily in winter but sleeps lazily on its stony bed in summer. The water is so tranquil that you would overlook its existence did not the sun's rays reflected in it give it the appearance of a brazier of burning coals.

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For never at any period of her life, either at the time of her most brilliant social position or in the midst of her great literary success, did she cease to be a woman in the noblest and tenderest acceptation of the word. Her literary pursuits never interfered with the personal superintendence which she was accustomed to bestow upon her household, nor with the attentions which the delicate health of her husband required during the latter years of their sojourn in Seville.

In 1833 his health began to fill her with anxiety, and it was not many months before her fears were realized; for it was evident that consumption, which had already decimated the family

* Cte. de Bonneau-Avennant.

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of the marquis, was deeply seated in the weak constitution which only her watchful care had so far preserved. When this became apparent to the marchioness she never knew repose; her only thought was for him. She closed her *salon* and abandoned everything to take her place by his bedside, where for two years she disputed day by day with death the life which was dearer to her than her own. Her ardent faith made her hope for a miraculous recovery. God, however, asked this sacrifice of her, and on the 17th of May, 1835, the Marquis de Arco-Hermoso quietly expired in her arms in the most edifying sentiments of Christian resignation and blessing her who had been the sun of his earthly happiness.

The death of her husband deprived her of her social position and her fortune; for, having no children, her husband's brother succeeded to the estate and the title. She remained Dowager Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso, but with nothing save her own modest fortune to support it; her husband, with all the illusions of a consumptive, having constantly postponed providing for her. The new marquis and his wife affectionately urged her to continue in the ancestral home with them or to remain near them in Seville; but she returned to her parents, who were living at Puerto de Santa Maria near their daughter, Mme. Osborne.

The following year her grief was redoubled by the death of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached. It was at this period that she seriously thought in her affliction of entering the Carmelite convent—the natural aspiration of a Christian heart when earthly ties are broken. It naturally turns to the only unfailing Refuge, realizing the words of St. Augustine: "*We can never lose one whom we love in Him who is eternal.*" But the prayers and weak health of her only remaining parent made her abandon the idea. She remained in the world and devoted herself to the care of her mother and to works of charity.

Some years after her return home her mother had reason to fear, because of her own failing health, that she was about to leave her daughter alone in the world without a protector or means of support. With this fear upon her she urged her daughter to receive the visits of a young merchant, Don Arrom de Ayala, who had met her in Seville since her widowhood and fallen deeply in love with her.

Doña Cecilia saw few visitors, but to please her mother she allowed Don Arrom to be admitted. When she learned the object of his visits she gently but firmly resisted his entreaties, and it was only when Doña de Faber added hers, with a vivid pic-

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ture of the effect of a final refusal upon the ardent nature of Don Arrom, and her own grief at leaving her alone in the world, that Doña Cecilia yielded. The ardent devotion and respectful gratitude of Don Arrom would have made the marriage a happy one, but that in less than a year his health began to give her grave uneasiness. His illness soon assumed all the symptoms of a pulmonary complaint—a disease which Doña Cecilia had reason to dread. However, Don Arrom had youth and a strong constitution on his side, which, with the skilful and vigilant care of his wife, seemed to completely arrest the malady. The physicians, to ensure his recovery, ordered a long sea-voyage. This prescription Don Arrom was unwilling to follow, as it necessitated an expenditure which their modest fortune could hardly afford and separation from his devoted wife. Doña Cecilia, however, overcame every obstacle and persuaded him to embark for Manila. In less than a year he returned in apparently perfect health, but in a few months the most alarming symptoms returned. Perfect rest and good care, however, again brought back his strength.

During his forced inactivity his business suffered, his enterprises failed for want of his personal superintendence, and finally an honorable failure left him almost penniless. The fortune of his wife went with his, and it was only by the strictest economy that she was able to live upon the little that remained to her. He never ceased to reproach himself for the suffering which he involuntarily caused, and for a time after the disaster yielded to the most violent despair. The example of Doña Cecilia's fortitude and womanly unselfishness renewed his courage, and he determined to restore her to the ease and comfort she had always enjoyed. Without her knowledge he sought and obtained a consulship in Australia, where he hoped to make good use of his commercial knowledge and at the same time benefit his health by the voyage and climate. After a few months' absence he wrote his wife that he believed his constitution was being renewed, and gave her a detailed account of very flattering business prospects. His hopes began, in fact, to be realized at the end of two years.

Doña Cecilia, to fill the lonely hours of absence, turned to her pen. Her first work at this period was *La Gaviota*, upon which her fame principally rests. She submitted the manuscript to an old friend of her father's, the learned Don José Joaquin de Mora, editor of the *Heraldo*. He had formerly strongly combated her inclination for authorship, but he now strongly urged her to

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publish the work, which he said would rank her among the first writers of Spain. Its very national character and vivid, pleasing reproductions of Spanish life caused it to be hailed with enthusiasm, and made it popular even with that class who are not supposed to form the reading public. So great was the enthusiasm it excited that Don Eugenio de Ochoa, one of the first critics of the day, interpreted the general sentiment when he said: "*La Gaviota* will be for our literature what *Waverley* was in English letters—the dawn of a beautiful day, the first gem in the glorious poetic crown of a Spanish Walter Scott."

Doña Cecilia's fame reached even Australia, and Don Arrom, proud of the literary success of the woman whom he had so much reason to love, could not resist the desire to see her again. His commercial enterprises had been so successful that he was able to resign the consulship, and in 1853 he returned to Cadiz, after founding in Australia a business house which yielded him an ample revenue. Unwilling to be separated from his wife again, he decided to accept an exceptionally good offer for his interest in the firm which came to him from England. The following year he went to London to conclude the negotiation, and learned that his confidential agent in Australia had disappeared with the largest portion of his capital, thus robbing him of the fruit of ten years of labor and privations. This sudden blow, when he had hoped to rest from his labors and restore his devoted wife to her former comfort unsettled his reason, and he shot himself in open day in one of the public parks of London.

Doña Cecilia's grief cannot be described; the manner of her husband's death was the climax of her misfortunes. She remained motionless in a sort of stupor for days after receiving the news. Her affections and her faith were outraged. She mourned the loss of her husband, but more bitter still was the loss of a soul; her grief was almost despair at a crime for which she trembled before God and for which she must ever blush before men. "Ah! that he had died in my arms," she sobbed; "in spite of my efforts to save him in his illness I would not now be trembling for his salvation." She afterwards learned with certainty that he had lost his reason, and from that time never referred to the event in any way.

Shortly after this she retired to San Lucar, where her intimacy with the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier began. They usually spent their summers at the Castle of San Lucar, which the duke had built on the highest point overlooking the sea. The post of lady-in-waiting to the Infanta, offered her by the

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duke, she gratefully declined. Later the king, Don Francisco de Assis, seconded by his royal spouse, Isabella II., urged her to accept an apartment in the Alcazar of Seville, which she refused because of her deep mourning. However, in 1856 the flattering insistence of the royal family caused her to yield. The king, Don Francisco de Assis, who enthusiastically admired her books, renewed the offer, assuring Doña Cecilia that her majesty desired to have as occupant of the palace Fernan Caballero, whose talent was one of the glories of Spain.

Not long after this the queen, at the instance of the Duchess of Montpensier, Doña Cecilia's intimate friend, offered her the Doña Maria Louisa decoration, to which a pension was attached. She declined it, saying she was already overwhelmed with the bounty of the royal family. Some years later a similar honor was paid her, but to her talents alone this time. For the public of Belgium only knew Doña Cecilia as the author of the charming pictures of Spanish life which excited so much enthusiasm and admiration. Judging by the masculine pseudonym of Fernan Caballero that the writer was a man, the government wished to send her the cross of the order of Leopold. Doña Cecilia smiled at the mistake and asked a friend at Brussels, Gen. J. Van Halen, to express her thanks to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and gratefully decline the honor.

The former friends of the Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso had not forgotten the charming and gifted woman who formed one of the greatest attractions of the society of Seville, and they learned with pleasure of her return, but she refused to re-enter society and divided her time between works of charity, prayer, and intellectual labor. Each morning she was seen quietly gliding through the small side-door of the cathedral, which almost faced the Alcazar. This nearness to the house of God was her greatest joy and consolation.

She received the visits of a few intimate friends, during the summer months, in the grand old garden of the Alcazar planned by Charles V. and filled with memories of the beautiful Maria Padilla. In winter she was usually found in her study, seated before a table, writing or reading, and in the latter case her fingers were always busily employed in knitting. The calm, order, and extreme neatness which pervaded the apartment would naturally strike the visitor. Neatness, it is true, is a distinguishing characteristic in the more elegant houses of Andalusia; but with her it was to be seen in the minutest details of the objects which surrounded her. In fact, this extreme neatness and a profusion

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of flowers were the only luxuries which the elegant Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso retained about her. Her apartment was in the Giralda, which serves as a belfry to the cathedral. It is an old Moorish tower erected by an Arabian architect named Geber, or Guever, who invented algebra, which was called after him. The rose-colored bricks and white stones of which it is composed rather take from its rightful appearance of antiquity and give it an air of brightness somewhat incongruous with the date of its erection.

A Malaga paper of January, 1880, gives the following description of her study in the Alcazar, where she spent so many hours of fruitful labor:

"All who were honored with the friendship of Doña Cecilia will not recall without emotion her pleasant study, sweet with the perfume of flowers and displaying her perfect taste and simplicity. It was situated in the square tower at the entrance to the Alcazar, and opened upon a balcony to which climbing plants ascended; the more prominent ones, which reached her window, she was wont to call *les petites curieuse*. Near the balcony was a bureau, upon which stood a vase of flowers, which were a daily offering from several families who had been the recipients of her bounty. To the right of her arm-chair was a mahogany desk, upon which lay an open book, and to the left a work-basket containing the stockings which occupied her leisure moments."

Though at this time she had really entered the absorbing pursuit of literature, she nevertheless continued to reserve the morning for works of devotion and charity. Her exquisite delicacy and tact made her most ingenious in divining and aiding the proud poor who sufferingly shrink from alms. When we read of the portion of time allotted to her pen, and remember that her career as a writer began only after her fiftieth year, we are astonished at the list of works she has left. But her mind continued in all its vigor up to her eightieth year. Her naturally strong constitution was strengthened and preserved by regular habits and an industrious life; for, as one of her biographers remarks, quoting the wisdom of Cicero, "Provided we do not discontinue application, the mind does not degenerate with age." Notwithstanding a life clouded by grave trials and much suffering, her countenance retained an expression of calm which testified the indwelling of that Spirit who promises a "peace which surpasseth understanding." Though delicate in physique, she enjoyed perfect health. In a portrait of her, painted in her sixtieth year by the celebrated Madrazo for the Duke de Mont-

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pensier, the countenance retains the softness and delicate oval contour of her youth, the hair is still blonde and very abundant.

Spain is not only indebted to her for the preservation of the graceful poetic folk-lore of Andalusia, but also for the restoration of one of its most poetic customs. Any one who has travelled in Spain or Spanish countries must be familiar with the manner in which the *sérénos*, or night-watchmen, from hour to hour assure the sleeping, or rather the waking, inhabitants of their continued vigil: "*Ave Maria Purissima! Las once y sereno*" (Hail, Mary most pure! Eleven o'clock and clear weather, or *lluvioso*—rainy—as the case may be).

Who can express the *sursum corda* which this *Ave Maria Purissima* is to the despondent watcher by the couch of pain, to the weary sick turning on their sleepless pillows, or to the affrighted little ones, reminding all of the tender guardian and watchful Protectress above who adds her voice of intercession to the supplications of those who love her Son?

After the revolution of 1868 the *sérénos** were prohibited using the invocation. It was with great grief that Doña Cecilia saw this custom of Catholic Spain disappear, and she was instrumental in having it restored, though in a letter to a friend she modestly insists that her voice had very little weight in the matter:

"You would hardly credit," she says in this same letter, "the universal emotion and joy manifested when the first *Ave Maria Purissima* again rang out on the evening air. A great number of people came out to congratulate the *sérénos* and offered them wine, cigars, and silver. If it had been known sufficiently in advance the bell of the Giralda tower and all the church and monastery bells would have been set in motion and all the houses would have been illuminated."

The revolution obliging her to leave the Alcazar, she retired to a modest house in the street Juan de Burgos, to which the municipality has since given the name of Fernan Caballero. The cities of Cadiz, Puerto de Santa Maria, and Dos Hermanas paid her a like honor: they each contain a street which bears her name.

She continued to occupy this modest residence until her death, which took place, after a short illness, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She was buried in the cemetery of San Fernando, in the midst of a concourse of poor and people of every rank.

* As fine, serene nights predominate in this meteorological report, the cry *sérénо* has given to the watchmen the name by which they are universally known.

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The modest stone which marks her resting-place bears the following inscription:

✠

R. I. P. A.
ROGAD A DIOS EN CARIDAD POR EL ALMA
DE LA
SRA. DA. CECILIA BÖHL DE FABER Y LARRÉA
(FERNAN CABALLERO).
QUE FALECIO EL 7 DE ABRIL DE 1877,
A LA EDAD DE 80 AÑOS.
SUS DESCONSOLADOS SOBRINOS LE DEDICAN
ESTE RECUERDO EN MEMORIA DE SUS VIRTUDES.

Queen Isabella ordered a portrait of her for the Alcazar, and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had her portrait sent to the University of Seville, and a bust of her cut in a white marble medallion and placed on the façade of the house in which she died, with this inscription:

"En esta casa falecio Fernan Caballero—Abril, 1877—Infantes de Montpensier dedican este recuerdo."

We have not space here to give a list of her numerous works. *La Gaviota*, *Elia o la España treinta años ha*, and *Clemencia* were best known in her own country and made her reputation in Europe. She has collected in a volume called *Cuentos y Poesias populares Andaluces* a great deal of popular ballad literature, which is preserved almost orally in Spain and illustrates the many phases of character in the Andalusian peasantry: their graceful humor, their sparkling *finesse*, their keen irony, and the poetic simplicity of their faith, which mingles in everything—their loves, their hates, their pastimes; for, as a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* observes, "In Spain Catholicism is in everything; it is in the very blood and bone of the people." There is scarcely a flower or a thing of beauty which is not in some way connected with their faith. The rosemary owes its name and its perfume to the fact that the Blessed Virgin hung the clothes of the Infant Jesus to dry upon it. It is naïvely told in verse:

"Lavando estaba la Virgen
Y teniendo en el romero
Los pajaritos cantaban
Adoremus el misterio."

Since the death of our Saviour the rosemary puts forth fresh flowers every Friday, as if to embalm his holy body. The swal-

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lows are universally loved and welcomed, Fernan Caballero tells us, because they compassionately sought to pluck the thorns from our Saviour's crown on the cross; and the large spider called tarantula was formerly a frivolous girl so mad about dancing that upon one occasion when she was dancing his Divine Majesty passed, and, with appalling irreverence, she continued to dance, whereupon our Saviour punished her by changing her into a spider with a guitar marked upon her back; and that is why those who are bitten by a tarantula dance until they fall exhausted.

The following verses from "La Noche Buena," one of the most naïve and picturesque ballads in the collection, Augustus Hare tells us he overheard a washerwoman singing at her work:

"La Virgen se fue a lavar
Sus manos blancos al rio,
El sol se quedó parado,
La mar perdió su ruido.

"Los pastores de Belen
Todos juntos van por leña
Para calentar al niño
Que nacio la noche buena.

. . . . .

"San José era carpintero
Y la Virgen costurera
Y el niño labra la cruz
Porque ha de morir en ella."

"To the stream the Virgin Mother
Hied, her fair white hands to lave;
The wondering sun stood still in heaven
And ocean hushed his rolling wave.

"One and all came Bethlehem's shepherds,
Fuel-laden from the height,
Warmth to bring the blessed Nursling
Who was born that happy night.

"A carpenter was good St. Joseph,
A seamstress poor the Mother maid;
The Child it toiled the cross to fashion
On which our ransom should be paid."

This suggests the land of flowers and gallantry:

"El naranjo de tu patio
Cuando te acercas à el
Se desprende de sus flores
Y te las echa a los pies."

"In thy fair court the orange-tree,
Whene'er it feels thy presence nigh
Casts down its blossoms tenderly
Beneath thy fair feet to lie."

And this is a veritable bouquet "cela sent son Andalousie à dix lieux":

"El dia que tu naciste
Nacieron todas las flores;
Y en la pila del bautismo
Cantaron los ruiseñores.

"Thy natal day to flowrets choice
Gave birth as well as unto thee;
And nightingales with tuneful voice
Around thy font made melody.

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"Si supiera que con fiores
Te habia de divertir
Ye te trajera mas flores
Que crian Mayo y Abril."

"They knew that flowers and blossoms sweet
Thy fittest toys would prove.
I'll lay spring's treasures at thy feet
To show my constant love."

The following has a sprightliness of conceit which has a Hibernian rather than an Iberian flavor:

"Las estrellas del cielo
No estan cabales
Porque estan en tu cara
Las principales."

"The glittering gems of night
Complete no longer shine;
The brightest of the bright
Illume that face of thine."

And this also:

"Los enemigos del alma
Todos dicen que son tres
Y yo digo que son cuatro
Desde que conozco a usted."

"The enemies of the soul
Men say are only three—
I say that they are four
Since I have known thee."

What fair one could resist the resigned woe of the following?—

"Para rey nació David,
Para sabia Solomon,
Para llorar Jermias,
Y para quererte yo."

"David was born to be king,
Solomon to be wise,
Jeremias to weep,
And I to love thee."

Or of this:

"Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana
Cuentame entre los muertos
Desde mañana."

"If this evening thou
Appearest not at the window
Count me among the dead
From to-morrow."

From the following it would appear that mothers-in-law and lawyers enjoy the same reputation that they do with us:

"Glorioso San Sebastian
Todo lleno de saetas
Mi alma como la tuya
Como tu cuerpo mi suegra."

"Glorious St. Sebastian, all cruelly wounded with arrows,
Grant that my soul be like thine, my mother-in-law more like thy body."

"Primero que suba al cielo
El alma de un escribano
Tintero papel y pluma
Han de bailar el fandango."

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"—Before the soul of a notary shall mount to heaven you will see his ink-stand, his paper, and his pen dancing the fandango."

The following picturesque lullabies show us at what an early age the little ones imbibe the first lessons of their faith:

"Duermete, niño chiquito,
Duermete y no llores mas,
Que se iran los angelitos
Para no verte llorar."

"Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Dry thy tears and sleep,
Lest the angels fly away
That they may not see thee weep."

"A los niños que duermen
Dios los bendice
Y a las madres que velan
Dios las assiste."

"—Sleeping children God blesses, and watching mothers God aids."

No writer better portrays her countrymen, a people filled with poetical imagery heightened by Moorish traditions and tales, whose thoughts flow in songs and proverbs. No one who desires to know the Spanish people should visit Spain without reading her books for "the inexhaustible wealth of word-pictures," says Augustus Hare,* "which may be enjoyed in the stories of Fernan Caballero, which collect so much, reveal so much, and teach so much that it is scarcely possible to express one's obligations sufficiently."

* *Wanderings in Spain*, by Augustus Hare.

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

V.

"TAKE care of D'Arcy," said Daly to Butt, "or you will lose him. He is worth winning, and that hazel-eyed witch—I saw her at the Castle once before—will capture him. Once ensnared by English beauty, good-by D'Arcy and good-by Ireland."

"Faith, I must see to this," said Butt. "Who is the girl?"

"A Miss Mowbray, I understand, daughter of Mowbray the banker."

"This is serious, my boy. I must save the lad. Where's Mrs. Beauchamp?" And he sought a presentation to "that beautiful creature that's stealing the heart of my most promising lieutenant."

"I have come to protect my interests, Miss Mowbray. I feared you might convert my young friend here. We can't spare him even to you."

"On the contrary, he has almost converted me."

"Miss Mowbray tells me she is half Irish," said D'Arcy.

"Wouldn't one know it to look at her?" responded Butt. "There is only one island and one race that owns those hazel eyes. So you are one of us? Upon my word I think I'll go in with Mill for female suffrage and send our women into Parliament. They would be irresistible."

"Well, you may count on my vote beforehand," said Gertrude merrily.

"May I ask your mother's name, Miss Mowbray?—for I know your father is English."

"She was a Redmond, of Tullagh—Tullagh something—I forget, and papa never speaks to me about her."

"Tullagh-Connell—is that it?"

"Yes, that sounds like it."

"And what was her maiden name?"

"Eva. Here is her picture, that never leaves me. I feel safe while she clings to my neck."

A film dimmed the deep eyes a moment as they drooped over a locket, and the hands trembled as she opened it and showed a miniature portrait within. It might have been taken for a pic-

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ture of Gertrude herself, save that the eyes had a sadder, far-away look and the mouth a more wistful expression. Mr. Butt smote his forehead with his hand as he gazed at the locket.

"Why, of course, of course," he said musingly, and looked with a new interest and kindness at the beautiful girl before him. "How stupid I am! But I am getting old and forget things. I knew your mother well, child, years ago, years ago. She was the beauty of Tullagh-Connell. For that matter she was the beauty of every place she went to. The men were all mad about her, and some Englishman came in and stole her—Mowbray, to be sure. That is the name. Why," said he, turning suddenly on D'Arcy, "your father was one of her chief suitors. To be sure he was, and nearly went wild when he found she had fled. Upon my word," he added, laughing, "you two young people came within an ace of being brother and sister."

"I most devoutly thank Heaven for the escape," said D'Arcy, bowing smilingly to Gertrude.

"O you rascal—oh! But there, I leave you to your newly found relative."

They parted friends that evening with mutual desires and promises to meet again. Gertrude thought much of her companion as she retired for the night—she stayed at Mrs. Beauchamp's. She went over the various points of their conversation, recalling his look and tone and attitude as he spoke. She again opened the locket, gazed long and earnestly at the face of her dead mother, and, kissing it, pondered curiously how things might have been. On the whole she was rather satisfied than not that Mr. D'Arcy was not her brother.

The great debate came off and the government was wholly triumphant. Towards the close Mr. Butt surprised every one by delivering an impassioned speech in favor of the government policy. It recalled the palmiest days of parliamentary oratory and undoubtedly influenced the Irish vote. It was the last effort of the opposition for the time being. Then the season broke up and everybody went away.

D'Arcy had gone once to see the Mowbrays and spent a quiet evening with Gertrude, Mr. Mowbray devoting most of his attention to a city man who had dined with them and seemed made of figures and stocks.

"Are you going abroad, Mr. D'Arcy?" she asked before his departure.

"Hardly," he said. "My purse is not a heavy one, and I

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think I'll stick to my Irish bog. I shall dream away by I
Tear."

"Ah! yes. There is no spot lovelier in this world. I
Tear! I shall always remember it." And her eyes seeme
go back over the past.

"I am glad you think so well of it; for my father ow
few acres around there, and I spent my childhood there. It
there, too, I first fell in love."

She started and questioned him with searching eyes. T
was the slightest tremor in the voice as she repeated
words:

"First fell in love?"

It was a question, and there was a gentle emphasis on "fi

"First, and perhaps last. Who can tell? You know
imagine that we Irishmen are all fickle."

"So you are," she said, with a tinge of the old scorn he
more than once noted on her face. "There can be no f
second, and third in love. There is only one. At least, it i
with women. They have only one heart to give, and, that gi
all is given."

"I wish I could think so," said he.

"Believe me, it is so."

"I have known or heard of women who had many lo
Had they many hearts?"

"So have I. But they are not women." Then she chan
abruptly, and, resuming her usual calm tones, said playful
"So the rebel's heart is actually captured. I did not think
possible."

"Why did you not?"

"I deemed the fortress so impregnable."

It was her turn to be playful, and under her gentle raillery
grew more earnest.

"Fortresses deemed impregnable are sometimes stolen
awares," he said, with meaning in his tones.

"That is because the guards are sleeping and taken by s
prise; but the old hostility remains after the capture, and
hatred of the yoke."

"But what if the struggle is hopeless?"

"Then the garrison are cowards."

"I am a born coward in love affairs."

Her laughter rang out with startling suddenness. D'Ar
was astonished, and perhaps a little mortified.

"O Irishman, Irishman!" said she. "What an Irishman y

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are! And pray may I ask how many love affairs has the gallant Mr. D'Arcy had?"

Here was this brilliant, self-confident, ready, and bold young man, who had dared, and not unsuccessfully, to beard the foremost men in England in debate, suddenly outwitted and hopelessly beaten by a girl. The color deepened in his cheeks and for a moment he said nothing. Then, recovering his habitual good-nature, he bowed with his usual genial smile, and said:

"Well, I confess my defeat. If the fortress is worth taking it surrenders."

"What! to me? Oh! no. A fortress that capitulates so easily is hardly worth a siege; besides, it has been taken so often already."

"So you will laugh at me and won't believe me earnest?"

"I believe you earnest in many things, but not in love. Well, may I ask who is the fortunate lady who first captured the heart of the redoubtable D'Arcy?"

"So you wish me to give a lady's name away?"

"Not unless you care; not if it is a secret. But women will be curious about these things."

"Well, then, since you must know, I call her 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

A grave smile played about his lips as he said this and looked with calm serenity into her eyes. There was an air of truth and reality about his manner that impressed her.

"So you will not tell me?"

"The Lady of the Lake," he repeated.

She gave a little sigh and said: "I think, after all, you are deceiving me, that you really are in love." Then, changing again, she added: "I hope so. Be so. Be always so. Love is the best thing in this world. It ennobles the possessor and ennobles the possessed. Yes, love your Lady of the Lake and cherish her; and perhaps some day you will let me see her."

There was a pleading look in her eyes and a pleading tone in her voice as she laid her hand on his and looked up at him. He turned pale under her gaze. His eyes drooped. He was silent a moment, then, lifting them gravely to hers, said:

"Yes; perhaps I may some day."

"Why perhaps only?"

"Why? Because in this hurly-burly of a world we are never certain of what a day may bring. Good-night, Miss Mowbray. Bid your father good-night for me."

"We shall see you again when the world comes back?"

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"If you wish it."

"Of course we wish it. You have added a new pleasure to the season."

"And you," he said, looking at her with a glance half tender, half resentful, "a new pain.'

Before she could ask a word of explanation of the strange speech he was gone, leaving her in a wonder of perplexity where pain and pleasure strove for the mastery.

VI.

MR. MOWBRAY was getting a little worn in spite of his wonderful constitution, and his physician advised as long a rest and as much change as he could possibly take. So he and his sister and Gertrude set out to ramble about just where their fancy took them. The banker was inclined to be a bit fretful and fussy at the beginning, but he gradually quieted down and soon grew to like the change from the smoky activity of the great city that was his Mecca. As for Gertrude, she revelled in the change. They rambled about wherever the spirit of the hour led them: through France, Spain, Italy, Germany. In all the chief cities the banker's name was a password. Occasionally they crossed an English friend, but only occasionally; for they avoided as much as possible the beaten track, and whiled away the time in delicious byways where the inhabitants were still delightfully primitive, simple, and quaint, looking like living bits cut out of mediæval history to refresh the eyes and charm the wearied senses of the people of the busy, roaring, hurrying to-day.

"I think I'll give up banking and take to Robinson-Crusoeing," said Mr. Mowbray one day as he puffed his cigar in luxurious laziness. He never smoked in the city and only occasionally at home. But he was becoming quite a rake and was rustically loose in his attire, wearing anything and wearing it anyhow. "I'll give up banking. I'll buy an island in the Mediterranean, or South Sea, or somewhere, and stock it with a set of slaves, and we'll live there for ever. Eh, Gertie?"

"Delightful, papa! And I'll be queen and dairymaid at once. I'll churn and command in a breath."

"And I—what shall I do?" asked Aunt Madge.

"You shall be chaplain and read the prayers to the darkeys, who won't understand a word of them."

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"Brother!" said the shocked old lady. "Don't be profane nor jest with sacred subjects."

"Jest! Why, I feel so jolly that I could shake hands with the Pope of Rome, if he'd let me. And what a beautiful old man he was, after all!"

"Pio Nono is a saint, if ever there was one," broke in Gertrude decisively. "It seemed to me quite natural to go down on my knees before him. I knelt before holiness, purity, and benevolence. I could have kissed the lovely old man's feet and felt better for it; but he would not let me. He only gave me his hand to kiss."

"Gertrude, this is idolatry," said her aunt tartly.

"Ah! aunt, if we only had many such idols I fancy the world would be better for them."

"My dear, you shouldn't talk so. Brother, you see! That is sending people to Catholic convents."

But Mr. Mowbray was sound asleep.

They rambled back again to Paris and made a short stay there. Gertrude paid a visit to her old friends at the Sacré Cœur, and they were delighted to see her. She could not help crying when she met the mother-superior. She did not know why, but the tears came in a rain, and she sobbed and sobbed as the sweet lady pressed her to her heart. It was all so different from the world she lived in. There seemed the calm and the peace of heaven in this abode; and though the purity of her heart was only blurred a little by the frivolities of the world, not deeply stained or wounded, she felt abashed, and awe-struck, and sorrowful, and sick at heart, as though she had suddenly come into the presence of her God.

"Be good, my child, be good. Only be yourself and you will be good."

"Be myself!" said Gertrude, startled. "Do you know, reverend mother, that was almost the first advice I got on entering the world."

"And who gave it you?"

"The present prime minister of England."

"Did he? I do not know who he is, my dear, but he must be a good man. England ought to be happy to have such ministers."

"But he is a Protestant and a heretic."

"Ah! well, he did not make himself one, I suppose. All the good in the world is not confined to Catholics."

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"O mother! if I only could see, if I only could believe, if I only could be like you." And a fresh fit of weeping choked the girl's voice.

"Pray, my child, pray. God is not deaf to any of his creatures. He is always listening to us, always waiting to help us. Pray to him always for light and strength and guidance, and be assured that there are others praying for you. Good-by, my child, good-by, and may God and the Virgin Mother have you in their holy keeping!"

For days after this meeting there was an unusual gravity about Gertrude. She visited the churches when she could without giving offence to her aunt or troubling her father, who cared little for churches. One day they ran against Lafontaine, and the meeting was a very pleasant one for all. He joined their party and escorted Gertrude to the various sights, often when the others did not care to accompany them. His manner towards Gertrude was tender and gentle as that of a brother. She felt his kindness and reciprocated it. Moreover, he was a very amusing and intelligent companion, who knew Paris almost as well as he knew London.

They strolled into the Cathedral of Notre Dame one afternoon just as the sunset was flooding through the wondrous stained-glass windows and filling the vast building with a glory of mystic and awful lights. It seemed to Gertrude's spiritual nature like the glory around the throne, for the tabernacle shone out clear and radiant over all. As they moved, with hushed and reverent steps, up towards the high altar, they saw a figure kneeling before it, a woman. The face was upturned, and on it fell the mingled lights from a window near. The hat had fallen back on her shoulders and lay neglected there. The slender hands were clasped in supplication to some invisible Presence. The face was rapt in devotion, and the strong colors lit it up as they lingered lovingly about it and seemed to form a halo round the perfect head. So rapt was she that she did not notice their approach. Lafontaine was startled and awe-struck for a moment as his dark eyes devoured the beautiful picture before him.

"Is it living and real, or is it a saint come down to teach us how to pray?" he asked under his breath.

"Come away and do not disturb her," whispered Gertrude. But Lafontaine lingered.

"Why," said he, turning suddenly towards her, "don't you remember that face? It must be. The world never saw two such faces."

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She drew him gently away and they moved down the aisle, both of them as in a dream. She knew the face well. It was that of the girl who had wished D'Arcy success on the night of the ball at Dublin Castle. "That is the Lady of the Lake," she mused as she left the church; and Lafontaine found her strangely silent and distraught as they rode back to their hotel. But he was grateful for the silence.

Riding in the Bois de Boulogne next day towards evening, the whole party passed a carriage that was driving in an opposite direction. This part of the park was remote from the more frequented spots, and at the time was almost deserted. The carriage contained only two occupants, who were so lost in themselves that they did not even heed the approach of the others. They were a lady and gentleman. He was holding her hand and speaking with intense earnestness. Her head and eyes were cast down. At the moment of passing they were lifted to his and the beautiful eyes lit up with loving admiration.

"There go two happy lovers," said Lafontaine gaily; then, seeing the lady's face, he started and looked eagerly after them.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "Why, Gertrude! there goes our saint of yesterday. But her devotion to-day is in a different direction. I wish I could have seen him."

He turned to his companion and saw that she was marble pale. Sitting next to her, he felt her shiver.

"Are you ill? What is wrong?" he cried in anxious tones.

"Nothing," said she faintly. "I shall be better in a moment. Tell him to drive faster. The air will refresh me. The ride has been long and a little fatiguing. Don't speak to me awhile."

She lay back in the carriage and closed her eyes. But all through the journey home the closed eyes gazed on one vision: Martin D'Arcy with the hand of the Lady of the Lake clasped in his and pouring his soul into her ear. Through all her senses went one dull monotone: "The Lady of the Lake—the Lady of the Lake." The wheels of the carriage took it up, the trees murmured it, and the air seemed to blow it all about the world.

VII.

The London world drifted homewards and fell into its old ways. Politics were more exciting than ever, and Mrs. Beauchamp was in her glory. The chief, always admired but long distrusted by the English people, had committed himself and his

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party to one or two bold strokes in foreign affairs that at first startled, then frightened, and then won the admiration of the public by flattering its vanity with a new sense of the might and power of England, which, it seemed, had long lain dormant until the touch of the magician awakened it and the world to its reality. It may have been false and dangerous, but to a strong race there is sometimes a charm in danger. And so it turned out. The man who had never been strictly popular soon became a public idol, and the old idols were scornfully cast aside.

Amid the gossip afloat in society was the approaching marriage of Miss Mowbray, the banker's daughter, to Mr. Lafontaine, who, young as he was, already occupied a rising position in the ranks of the opposition. There was no special authority for the rumor, as is generally the case; but the rumor was accepted nevertheless as pointing to a very probable and pleasing event. They had been old friends and old lovers, and the match was in every sense a good one. Lafontaine had not been seen about town much of late, and Miss Mowbray went little into society. This, of course, confirmed the rumor. Lafontaine was making speeches up in the north against the government and daily adding to his reputation by his caustic assaults. "Lafontaine will have a place in the next government," said a knowing one. "He is a little talky and still immature, but he talks well. Then, again, he is going to marry wealth and beauty. Lucky fellow!"

There was to be another great debate, and Mrs. Beauchamp gave another little party, of the same kind as before, only on this occasion the chief did not appear. That disease of successful Tory statesmen, the gout, had again laid hold of him and kept at home the man whose designs and policy troubled all Europe. But there were great lights there nevertheless, and Mrs. Beauchamp prevailed on Gertrude to abandon her self-inflicted seclusion and shine once more in the brilliant world of power and fashion.

She attracted the old admiration. She was lovely as ever—lovelier, perhaps, for a certain air of sadness and reserve that had not marked her formerly. In one of the turns of the evening she met D'Arcy, looking much the same as he used to look. She greeted him gently, yet with a faintly-concealed reserve.

"I was in hopes of meeting you here to-night," he said. "It seems long since we met last."

"Yes," said she.

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"I have been out of the world almost ever since."

"Indeed!"

"I have been buried in my bog."

"All the time?"

"Most of the time, save a brief run over to Paris."

"Ah! We were in Paris."

"I suppose so; but I saw no one." She looked at him in surprise, and he noticed the look. "No one, I assure you. Besides, I know comparatively few people."

"Then your visit to Paris must have been dull?"

"On the contrary, it was too delightful, and I was only grieved that it should have been so brief."

Gertrude looked listless and toyed with her fan in a nervous way. He noticed the change in her manner and detected a studied coldness. The situation grew embarrassing for both. He broke the silence with his old laugh and said:

"Well, you don't seem pleased to see me again. I know I never please women for any time. It is my misfortune."

She made an effort to shake off the growing constraint and said:

"Indeed I am pleased to see you, Mr. D'Arcy, and congratulate you on your success."

"What success?" he asked in wonder.

"With the Lady of the Lake," she said in low and significant tones.

He started and flushed all over, then turned deadly white.

"You speak in riddles, Miss Mowbray," he whispered hoarsely.

"It is an easy riddle for you to read," she retorted in a calm voice, but her face was white as his own.

"What is the matter with you two people?" broke in Mrs. Beauchamp. "You both look frightened. Have you seen a ghost? Here is Lafontaine, Gertrude. I took pity on him and invited him to-night, disgracefully as he has behaved towards us. He wants you to dance with him; will you? Are you engaged?"

"No, Mrs. Beauchamp. Certainly I will dance with him. Will you excuse me, Mr. D'Arcy?"

He bowed gravely, and, with a cold curtsey, she swept away.

"There goes Lafontaine's future wife," said a voice behind him. "Isn't she superb?"

D'Arcy heard the remark and stood rooted to the spot. He

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of flowers were the only luxuries which the elegant Marchion de Arco-Hermoso retained about her. Her apartment wa the Giralda, which serves as a belfry to the cathedral. I an old Moorish tower erected by an Arabian architect nar Geber, or Guever, who invented algebra, which was called a him. The rose-colored bricks and white stones of which it composed rather take from its rightful appearance of antiqu and give it an air of brightness somewhat incongruous with date of its erection.

A Malaga paper of January, 1880, gives the following scription of her study in the Alcazar, where she spent so ma hours of fruitful labor:

"All who were honored with the friendship of Doña Cecilia will recall without emotion her pleasant study, sweet with the perfume flowers and displaying her perfect taste and simplicity. It was situated the square tower at the entrance to the Alcazar, and opened upon a b cony to which climbing plants ascended; the more prominent ones, wh reached her window, she was wont to call *les petites curieuse*. Near balcony was a bureau, upon which stood a vase of flowers, which wer daily offering from several families who had been the recipients of bounty. To the right of her arm-chair was a mahogany desk, upon wh lay an open book, and to the left a work-basket containing the stockin which occupied her leisure moments."

Though at this time she had really entered the absorbi pursuit of literature, she nevertheless continued to reserve t morning for works of devotion and charity. Her exquisite de cacy and tact made her most ingenious in divining and aidi the proud poor who sufferingly shrink from alms. When v read of the portion of time allotted to her pen, and rememb that her career as a writer began only after her fiftieth year, v are astonished at the list of works she has left. But her mi continued in all its vigor up to her eightieth year. Her nat rally strong constitution was strengthened and preserved b regular habits and an industrious life; for, as one of her biogr phers remarks, quoting the wisdom of Cicero, "Provided we d not discontinue application, the mind does not degenerate wi age." Notwithstanding a life clouded by grave trials and muc suffering, her countenance retained an expression of calm whic testified the indwelling of that Spirit who promises a "peac which surpasseth understanding." Though delicate in physiqu she enjoyed perfect health. In a portrait of her, painted in he sixtieth year by the celebrated Madrazo for the Duke de Mont

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pensier, the countenance retains the softness and delicate oval contour of her youth, the hair is still blonde and very abundant.

Spain is not only indebted to her for the preservation of the graceful poetic folk-lore of Andalusia, but also for the restoration of one of its most poetic customs. Any one who has travelled in Spain or Spanish countries must be familiar with the manner in which the *sérénos*, or night-watchmen, from hour to hour assure the sleeping, or rather the waking, inhabitants of their continued vigil: "*Ave Maria Purissima! Las once y sereno*" (Hail, Mary most pure! Eleven o'clock and clear weather, or *lluvioso*—rainy—as the case may be).

Who can express the *sursum corda* which this *Ave Maria Purissima* is to the despondent watcher by the couch of pain, to the weary sick turning on their sleepless pillows, or to the affrighted little ones, reminding all of the tender guardian and watchful Protectress above who adds her voice of intercession to the supplications of those who love her Son?

After the revolution of 1868 the *sérénos** were prohibited using the invocation. It was with great grief that Doña Cecilia saw this custom of Catholic Spain disappear, and she was instrumental in having it restored, though in a letter to a friend she modestly insists that her voice had very little weight in the matter:

"You would hardly credit," she says in this same letter, "the universal emotion and joy manifested when the first *Ave Maria Purissima* again rang out on the evening air. A great number of people came out to congratulate the *sérénos* and offered them wine, cigars, and silver. If it had been known sufficiently in advance the bell of the Giralda tower and all the church and monastery bells would have been set in motion and all the houses would have been illuminated."

The revolution obliging her to leave the Alcazar, she retired to a modest house in the street Juan de Burgos, to which the municipality has since given the name of Fernan Caballero. The cities of Cadiz, Puerto de Santa Maria, and Dos Hermanas paid her a like honor: they each contain a street which bears her name.

She continued to occupy this modest residence until her death, which took place, after a short illness, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She was buried in the cemetery of San Fernando, in the midst of a concourse of poor and people of every rank.

* As fine, serene nights predominate in this meteorological report, the cry *sérénо* has given to the watchmen the name by which they are universally known.

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The modest stone which marks her resting-place bear
following inscription:

✠

R. I. P. A.
ROGAD A DIOS EN CARIDAD POR EL ALMA
DE LA
SRA. DA. CECILIA BÖHL DE FABER Y LARRÉA
(FERNAN CABALLERO).
QUE FALECIO EL 7 DE ABRIL DE 1877,
A LA EDAD DE 80 AÑOS.
SUS DESCONSOLADOS SOBRINOS LE DEDICAN
ESTE RECUERDO EN MEMORIA DE SUS VIRTUDES.

Queen Isabella ordered a portrait of her for the Alcazar,
the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had her portrait se
the University of Seville, and a bust of her cut in a white ma
medallion and placed on the façade of the house in which
died, with this inscription:

"En esta casa falecio Fernan Caballero—Abril, 1877—Infantes de M
pensier dedican este recuerdo."

We have not space here to give a list of her numerous w
La Gaviota, *Elia o la España treinta años ha*, and *Clemencia*
best known in her own country and made her reputation in
rope. She has collected in a volume called *Cuentos y Poesias*
lares Andaluces a great deal of popular ballad literature, w
is preserved almost orally in Spain and illustrates the m
phases of character in the Andalusian peasantry: their gra
humor, their sparkling *finesse*, their keen irony, and the p
simplicity of their faith, which mingles in everything—their l
their hates, their pastimes; for, as a writer in the *Revue des*
Mondes observes, "In Spain Catholicism is in everything; it
the very blood and bone of the people." There is scarce
flower or a thing of beauty which is not in some way conne
with their faith. The rosemary owes its name and its perf
to the fact that the Blessed Virgin hung the clothes of the
fant Jesus to dry upon it. It is naïvely told in verse:

"Lavando estaba la Virgen
Y teniendo en el romero
Los pajaritos cantaban
Adoremus el misterio."

Since the death of our Saviour the rosemary puts forth f
flowers every Friday, as if to embalm his holy body. The s

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lows are universally loved and welcomed, Fernan Caballero tells us, because they compassionately sought to pluck the thorns from our Saviour's crown on the cross; and the large spider called tarantula was formerly a frivolous girl so mad about dancing that upon one occasion when she was dancing his Divine Majesty passed, and, with appalling irreverence, she continued to dance, whereupon our Saviour punished her by changing her into a spider with a guitar marked upon her back; and that is why those who are bitten by a tarantula dance until they fall exhausted.

The following verses from "La Noche Buena," one of the most naïve and picturesque ballads in the collection, Augustus Hare tells us he overheard a washerwoman singing at her work:

"La Virgen se fue a lavar
Sus manos blancos al rio,
El sol se quedó parado,
La mar perdió su ruido.

"Los pastores de Belen
Todos juntos van por leña
Para calentar al niño
Que nacio la noche buena.

. . . . .

"San José era carpintero
Y la Virgen costurera
Y el niño labra la cruz
Porque ha de morir en ella."

"To the stream the Virgin Mother
Hied, her fair white hands to lave;
The wondering sun stood still in heaven
And ocean hushed his rolling wave.

"One and all came Bethlehem's shepherds,
Fuel-laden from the height,
Warmth to bring the blessed Nursling
Who was born that happy night.

"A carpenter was good St. Joseph,
A seamstress poor the Mother maid;
The Child it toiled the cross to fashion
On which our ransom should be paid."

This suggests the land of flowers and gallantry:

"El naranjo de tu patio
Cuando te acercas à el
Se desprende de sus flores
Y te las echa a los pies."

"In thy fair court the orange-tree,
Whene'er it feels thy presence nigh
Casts down its blossoms tenderly
Beneath thy fair feet to lie."

And this is a veritable bouquet "cela sent son Andalousie à dix lieux":

"El dia que tu naciste
Nacieron todas las flores;
Y en la pila del bautismo
Cantaron los ruiseñores.

"Thy natal day to flowrets choice
Gave birth as well as unto thee;
And nightingales with tuneful voice
Around thy font made melody.

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"Si supiera que con flores
Te habia de divertir
Ye te trajera mas flores
Que crian Mayo y Abril."

"They knew that flowers and
soms sweet
Thy fittest toys would prove.
I'll lay spring's treasures at thy
To show my constant love."

The following has a sprightliness of conceit which has a bernian rather than an Iberian flavor:

"Las estrellas del cielo
No estan cabales
Porque estan en tu cara
Las principales."

"The glittering gems of night
Complete no longer shine;
The brightest of the bright
Illume that face of thine."

And this also:

"Los enemigos del alma
Todos dicen que son tres
Y yo digo que son cuatro
Desde que conozco a usted."

"The enemies of the soul
Men say are only three—
I say that they are four
Since I have known thee."

What fair one could resist the resigned woe of the following?

"Para rey nació David,
Para sabia Solomon,
Para llorar Jermias,
Y para quererte yo."

"David was born to be king,
Solomon to be wise,
Jeremias to weep,
And I to love thee."

Or of this:

"Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana
Cuentame entre los muertos
Desde mañana."

"If this evening thou
Appearest not at the window
Count me among the dead
From to-morrow."

From the following it would appear that mothers-in-law a lawyers enjoy the same reputation that they do with us:

"Glorioso San Sebastian
Todo lleno de saetas
Mi alma como la tuya
Como tu cuerpo mi suegra."

"Glorious St. Sebastian, all cruelly wounded with arrows,
Grant that my soul be like thine, my mother-in-law more like thy bod

"Primero que suba al cielo
El alma de un escribano
Tintero papel y pluma
Han de bailar el fandango."

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"—Before the soul of a notary shall mount to heaven you will see his inkstand, his paper, and his pen dancing the fandango."

The following picturesque lullabies show us at what an early age the little ones imbibe the first lessons of their faith:

"Duermete, niño chiquito,
Duermete y no llores mas,
Que se iran los angelitos
Para no verte llorar."

"Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Dry thy tears and sleep,
Lest the angels fly away
That they may not see thee weep."

"A los niños que duermen
Dios los bendice
Y a las madres que velan
Dios las assiste."

"—Sleeping children God blesses, and watching mothers God aids."

No writer better portrays her countrymen, a people filled with poetical imagery heightened by Moorish traditions and tales, whose thoughts flow in songs and proverbs. No one who desires to know the Spanish people should visit Spain without reading her books for "the inexhaustible wealth of word-pictures," says Augustus Hare,* "which may be enjoyed in the stories of Fernan Caballero, which collect so much, reveal so much, and teach so much that it is scarcely possible to express one's obligations sufficiently."

* *Wanderings in Spain*, by Augustus Hare.

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publish the work, which he said would rank her among the first writers of Spain. Its very national character and vivid, pleasing reproductions of Spanish life caused it to be hailed with enthusiasm, and made it popular even with that class who are not supposed to form the reading public. So great was the enthusiasm it excited that Don Eugenio de Ochoa, one of the first critics of the day, interpreted the general sentiment when he said: "*La Gaviota* will be for our literature what *Waverley* was in English letters—the dawn of a beautiful day, the first gem in the glorious poetic crown of a Spanish Walter Scott."

Doña Cecilia's fame reached even Australia, and Don Arrom, proud of the literary success of the woman whom he had so much reason to love, could not resist the desire to see her again. His commercial enterprises had been so successful that he was able to resign the consulship, and in 1853 he returned to Cadiz, after founding in Australia a business house which yielded him an ample revenue. Unwilling to be separated from his wife again, he decided to accept an exceptionally good offer for his interest in the firm which came to him from England. The following year he went to London to conclude the negotiation, and learned that his confidential agent in Australia had disappeared with the largest portion of his capital, thus robbing him of the fruit of ten years of labor and privations. This sudden blow, when he had hoped to rest from his labors and restore his devoted wife to her former comfort unsettled his reason, and he shot himself in open day in one of the public parks of London.

Doña Cecilia's grief cannot be described; the manner of her husband's death was the climax of her misfortunes. She remained motionless in a sort of stupor for days after receiving the news. Her affections and her faith were outraged. She mourned the loss of her husband, but more bitter still was the loss of a soul; her grief was almost despair at a crime for which she trembled before God and for which she must ever blush before men. "Ah! that he had died in my arms," she sobbed; "in spite of my efforts to save him in his illness I would not now be trembling for his salvation." She afterwards learned with certainty that he had lost his reason, and from that time never referred to the event in any way.

Shortly after this she retired to San Lucar, where her intimacy with the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier began. They usually spent their summers at the Castle of San Lucar, which the duke had built on the highest point overlooking the sea. The post of lady-in-waiting to the Infanta, offered her by the

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duke, she gratefully declined. Later the king, Don Francisco de Assis, seconded by his royal spouse, Isabella II., urged her to accept an apartment in the Alcazar of Seville, which she refused because of her deep mourning. However, in 1856 the flattering insistence of the royal family caused her to yield. The king, Don Francisco de Assis, who enthusiastically admired her books, renewed the offer, assuring Doña Cecilia that her majesty desired to have as occupant of the palace Fernan Caballero, whose talent was one of the glories of Spain.

Not long after this the queen, at the instance of the Duchess of Montpensier, Doña Cecilia's intimate friend, offered her the Doña Maria Louisa decoration, to which a pension was attached. She declined it, saying she was already overwhelmed with the bounty of the royal family. Some years later a similar honor was paid her, but to her talents alone this time. For the public of Belgium only knew Doña Cecilia as the author of the charming pictures of Spanish life which excited so much enthusiasm and admiration. Judging by the masculine pseudonym of Fernan Caballero that the writer was a man, the government wished to send her the cross of the order of Leopold. Doña Cecilia smiled at the mistake and asked a friend at Brussels, Gen. J. Van Halen, to express her thanks to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and gratefully decline the honor.

The former friends of the Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso had not forgotten the charming and gifted woman who formed one of the greatest attractions of the society of Seville, and they learned with pleasure of her return, but she refused to re-enter society and divided her time between works of charity, prayer, and intellectual labor. Each morning she was seen quietly gliding through the small side-door of the cathedral, which almost faced the Alcazar. This nearness to the house of God was her greatest joy and consolation.

She received the visits of a few intimate friends, during the summer months, in the grand old garden of the Alcazar planned by Charles V. and filled with memories of the beautiful Maria Padilla. In winter she was usually found in her study, seated before a table, writing or reading, and in the latter case her fingers were always busily employed in knitting. The calm, order, and extreme neatness which pervaded the apartment would naturally strike the visitor. Neatness, it is true, is a distinguishing characteristic in the more elegant houses of Andalusia; but with her it was to be seen in the minutest details of the objects which surrounded her. In fact, this extreme neatness and a profusion

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FERNAN CABALLERO,

CECILIA BÖHL DE FABER, MARCHIONESS DE ARCO-HERMOSO.

FERNAN CABALLERO has preserved to posterity in all their freshness the poetic legends and picturesque life of the Andalusian peasantry. A celebrated Spanish reviewer * styles her the Walter Scott of Spain, and a French writer † shares his opinion. Prosper Merimée, who lived for many years in Spain and has endeavored in *Carmen* to depict the life of the Contrabandists, pronounces her the Sterne of Andalusia. She herself, in answer to Prosper Merimée's homage, modestly says: "There is not the least analogy between what I write and the writings of those who have painted the life and morals of a people. They have much more talent, ability, and art than I, but none of them the same good-nature. It seems to me that my humble works have rather a sort of spiritual relationship with the excellent productions of Émile Souvestre."

In a certain sense she holds the place in Spanish literature which Lady Georgiana Fullerton does in English letters and Mme. Craven in French. Her writings show the same fervent spirit, the same elevation of soul and noble sentiments, which made the literary career of the three writers a true apostleship. In answer to the objection that she spoke too much of religion in her books Fernan Caballero says in the preface of one of her posthumous works:

"It would be very difficult to depict Spanish life, either in the higher or lower classes, without this first condition, and we shall answer the objection with the simple dialogue which we placed in the mouth of a brave peasant and his unworthy master:

"'You missed your vocation, Pascual; you should have been a priest, for you are more mystical than the Fathers of the church, and you quote more texts than a preacher.'

"'How can I help it, sir? The Holy Scripture is all I know.'

"'Yes, but you scatter it everywhere like tomatoes.'

"'Well, sir, isn't it for that we are taught it?' gravely replied the peasant."

Andalusia, though the home of her heart and her affections, was not her birthplace. She was born at Morges, a little village

* Eugenio de Ochoa. † Le Cte. de Bonneau-Avennant, Lauréat de l'Académie.

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in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, on the 25th of December, 1796. Her mother, Frances de Larréa, was of Spanish and Irish parentage, and her father, John Nicholas Böhl de Faber, was German. In her mother, who was familiarly known as the *Señorita Frasquita*, was united the beauty of both races—the clear skin and ruddy cheeks of her Irish ancestry with the lithe and graceful figure of the Andalusian women—while her blue eyes looked out from under their long, dark lashes with that intensity, intelligence, and fire which distinguish the daughters of the south. Théophile Gautier, in his *Voyage en Espagne*, makes particular mention of this peculiarity in the beauty of the women of Andalusia, and thus minutely describes it:

"When a woman or a young girl passes you she slowly drops her eyes, then suddenly opens them again, shoots at you a look so searching that you are almost unable to bear it, then rolls the pupils of her eyes and again drops the lashes over them.

"We have no terms," he adds, "to express this play of the eyes; the word *ojear* is wanting in our vocabulary. Yet these glances so full of vivid, sudden brilliancy have no particular meaning and are cast upon the first object which presents itself. A young Andalusian girl will look with the same intensity at a cart passing along, a dog running after its tail, or a group of children playing at bull-fights. The eyes of the people of the north are dull and meaningless in comparison, the sun has never left its reflection in them."

From her father she inherited her literary taste: his erudite works, *The Spanish Stage before the Time of Lopez de Vega* and *A Collection of the Ancient Poetry of Castile*, opened to him the doors of the Spanish Academy. The governor of Malaga, Fernando de Gabriel, still shows with pride a copy of the latter work left him by Fernan Caballero, and bearing on the fly-leaf the inscription:

"AMI HIJA CECILIA.

"Quando esta de te ausenta, acca abajo o alla arriba,
Siempre te hablara mi alma por medio de estas rimas.

J. N. BÖHL DE FABER.

"PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA, 11 d'Agosto, 1826."

From her mother as well as her father she inherited the enlightened piety and poetic Christian fervor which breathe through all her works.

For some time previous to the year 1805 her father had been industriously reading in Cadiz the struggle which Spain sustained for seven centuries in defence of her religion. This, together

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with the preaching of the celebrated Father Diego, had completely shaken his Lutheran convictions. He was on the point of entering the church, but human respect and the preparations for departure with his family for Hamburg retarded the decisive step. And it was not until eight years later that the prayers and example of his devout wife and daughters, joined to the conversion of the celebrated Baron Stolberg, determined him to act upon his convictions. He made a public abjuration in his native city towards the end of the year 1813, and from that time lived a most fervent Catholic.

It was about this period that his daughter Cecilia returned to Cadiz with the family. She had all her mother's beauty. The upper part of her face, with her blonde hair, straight, high forehead, aquiline nose, and mild blue eyes expressive of extreme sweetness, showed her Teutonic blood, while dark and finely arched eyebrows, and a small and well-cut mouth guarded by laughing dimples, added a Spanish grace and piquancy. Her crowning attraction was her perfect naturalness. "Naturalness," she herself tells us in one of her books, "is the secret and charm of that grace which distinguishes the Andalusian women. In nature is truth, and without truth there is no perfection."

Her sojourn of eight years in Hamburg had been most usefully employed for her instruction; her education was begun in her infancy and continued with the best of masters until her seventeenth year. It was probably in Hamburg also that she acquired the methodical habits and love of order and labor which inspired her with such a horror of idleness and frivolity. Even when resting from her literary labors she always had knitting in her hand, and constantly read and knitted at the same time. And it was not mere fancy-work which filled her leisure moments, but stockings which eventually found their way to some poor home in the winter.

Three years after the family returned to Cadiz the beauty of the young Cecilia, unfortunately for her, excited the admiration of a young captain of infantry, Antonio Planells de Bardaxi, who fell violently in love with her, and asked and obtained her of her parents in marriage. He was a man about twenty-eight years of age, with a good deal of physical beauty yet repellant expression of face which suggested lack of refinement. He belonged, however, to an excellent family of Ibiza—a family of much wealth, of which he was the sole inheritor. These were advantages not to be disdained in a suitor, and when he had the address to have himself presented to the parents of Cecilia by his cousin, who

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was a most intimate friend of the family, they listened to him favorably; but much time for deliberation was denied them by circumstances. The regiment to which Captain Planells was attached was under marching orders and was to leave Cadiz in eight days. And thus, at the beginning of April, 1816, Cecilia Böhl de Faber, in childlike obedience to her parents, became the wife of Captain Planells, a comparative stranger both to her and to them. This most unfortunate event of her life she has woven into her novel *Clemencia*.* The author, through respect for the memory of her parents, substitutes an aunt as the guardian of the heroine, who bears the name of Clemencia, and Captain Planells is represented by Captain Fernan Guevara. She places the scene of their meeting in the promenade called the Salon de Christine instead of the Almeda, where she was accustomed to walk with a companion of her own age, chaperoned by her mother. It was here, in fact, that the unworthy Captain Planells saw her for the first time, and, taken with her beauty, made a wager, after his coarse fashion, that he would marry her. One of his companions accepted the wager, insisting, however, upon a limit as to time, which, it was finally agreed, should not exceed eight days. His cousin, who figures in the novel as Don Sylvestre, and who was, as we have said, an intimate friend of Cecilia's family, could not refuse to present him, which he did, affirming that he was an accomplished gentleman, belonging to one of the best families, and heir to great wealth. Cecilia tells us in *Clemencia* that, though his birth and rank gave him the *entrée* to the first *salons* of Cadiz, he rarely appeared in them, preferring associates and places more in accordance with his low tastes. Cecilia yielded in passive obedience to her parents, feeling neither attraction nor repulsion for the man, who was an utter stranger to her. But not many months elapsed before she discovered the coarse, brutal, ungoverned nature to which she was united. Yet she appears to have endured her lot with a resignation and patience which at times was only an additional incentive to his wanton cruelty. Upon one occasion, in an access of jealous rage, he crushed in his hands before her eyes a little pet bird which was her only amusement in the solitude in which he left her. "This excessive brutality," she says, "may appear exaggerated, yet it is not. Those only who have suffered from the jealousy of a hard, coarse soul can know what horrible propensity leads human nature to redouble its cruelty in proportion to the weakness of the victim."

* *Clemencia:* Novela de Costumbres.

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Notwithstanding her Christian fortitude and strength of soul the terrible life she endured began to tell upon her constitution; her freshness and beauty disappeared, her strength failed day by day, until finally her sufferings culminated in an illness so grave that when her husband's regiment was ordered to another station she was unable to accompany him. She was barely convalescent when she learned of his death; he fell in a gallant attack which reflected much glory upon its leader, Captain Planells, who was carried off the field dead.

On learning her husband's heroic end she forgot her wrongs and really mourned the brave soldier, the only redeeming light in which he could be viewed, and so sincere was her regret that her family never suspected how cruel had been his conduct towards her. The silence she had observed as a duty becoming a Christian wife she continued after his death out of respect for his memory. She returned to her father's roof and in a short time regained her strength and beauty. Her apprenticeship to suffering moderated the girlish vivacity and left in its place a gentleness and subdued melancholy which added an additional charm to her countenance. So that, in spite of the retirement in which she lived, she excited much admiration, and suitors flocked to the quiet country-house at Chiclana. Her bitter experience made her hesitate to assume new chains; but finally, after five years of widowhood, she distinguished among the aspirants for her hand the Marquis de Arco-Hermoso, an officer of the royal guard, whose admiration dated from her girlhood.

After their marriage he took her to his grand ancestral home in Seville, where her modesty, grace, and talents soon made her *salon* one of the most popular and brilliant in Seville. Strangers of distinction eagerly sought admission to it. The hostess spoke Italian, French, English, and German with equal facility. In fact, her first work, *Sola*, a picture of Andalusian life and popular customs, she composed in German and rewrote in Spanish. It was published in Hamburg, without the name of the author, in 1831. Her later books she wrote under the *nom de plume* of Fernan Caballero, the name of an obscure little village of La Mancha situated between Toledo and Ciudad Real. She chose it for its masculine sound. By a singular coincidence two of the celebrated novelists of Spain, Cervantes and Fernan Caballero, selected a village of La Mancha as the cradle of their fictitious hero, thus associating their glory with the same province of their common country. *Sola* was written to fill up the leisure hours at her beautiful country-seat in the village of Dos

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Hermanas, whither she retired when Seville became deserted. In one of her books she gives us a picture of the smiling country in the midst of which her summers were spent:

"The road from Seville to Dos Hermanas descends part of the way into a little valley, as if to refresh itself beside a stream which flows very noisily in winter but sleeps lazily on its stony bed in summer. The water is so tranquil that you would overlook its existence did not the sun's rays reflected in it give it the appearance of a brazier of burning coals.

"To the right is a hill crowned by the Moorish castle built by Don Pedro for Maria Padilla; and facing it, a little lower in the valley, appears an inn painted red and yellow like the dress of a harlequin. The traveller is sure to find here all that the frugality of the Spaniard requires—that is, a little bread and wine, with the addition of oranges in winter and grapes in summer. Beyond the inn the road ascends a sandy hill to Buena Vista—a height well named, for from it you see Seville idly extended in the plain below, her feet bathed by the waters of the Guadalquivir and her head resting on a bed of flowers. Beautiful Seville; whose very name quickens the pulse of the poet, historian, or artist—Seville, whose Moorish garb and sublime cathedral give her the appearance of a converted sultana."

In the midst of these poetic surroundings her summers were passed, among the Andalusian peasantry whose poetic simplicity, graceful humor, and fervent faith she so well portrays. At this period her leisure was not entirely given to literature; she was as skilful with her needle as her pen, and gave much time to embroidery. She always reserved several hours a day for the study of foreign literature and kept herself *au courant* with the best publications of England, France, and Germany.

"She was too modest," says a French writer,* "to be compared with Mme. de Girardin, who then reigned as a *bel esprit* in Paris, and too Christian to remind one in any way of George Sand, who in her male attire was exciting much attention in the Latin Quarter."

For never at any period of her life, either at the time of her most brilliant social position or in the midst of her great literary success, did she cease to be a woman in the noblest and tenderest acceptation of the word. Her literary pursuits never interfered with the personal superintendence which she was accustomed to bestow upon her household, nor with the attentions which the delicate health of her husband required during the latter years of their sojourn in Seville.

In 1833 his health began to fill her with anxiety, and it was not many months before her fears were realized; for it was evident that consumption, which had already decimated the family

* Cte. de Bonneau-Avennant.

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of the marquis, was deeply seated in the weak constitution which only her watchful care had so far preserved. When this became apparent to the marchioness she never knew repose; her only thought was for him. She closed her *salon* and abandoned everything to take her place by his bedside, where for two years she disputed day by day with death the life which was dearer to her than her own. Her ardent faith made her hope for a miraculous recovery. God, however, asked this sacrifice of her, and on the 17th of May, 1835, the Marquis de Arco-Hermoso quietly expired in her arms in the most edifying sentiments of Christian resignation and blessing her who had been the sun of his earthly happiness.

The death of her husband deprived her of her social position and her fortune; for, having no children, her husband's brother succeeded to the estate and the title. She remained Dowager Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso, but with nothing save her own modest fortune to support it; her husband, with all the illusions of a consumptive, having constantly postponed providing for her. The new marquis and his wife affectionately urged her to continue in the ancestral home with them or to remain near them in Seville; but she returned to her parents, who were living at Puerto de Santa Maria near their daughter, Mme. Osborne.

The following year her grief was redoubled by the death of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached. It was at this period that she seriously thought in her affliction of entering the Carmelite convent—the natural aspiration of a Christian heart when earthly ties are broken. It naturally turns to the only unfailing Refuge, realizing the words of St. Augustine: "*We can never lose one whom we love in Him who is eternal.*" But the prayers and weak health of her only remaining parent made her abandon the idea. She remained in the world and devoted herself to the care of her mother and to works of charity.

Some years after her return home her mother had reason to fear, because of her own failing health, that she was about to leave her daughter alone in the world without a protector or means of support. With this fear upon her she urged her daughter to receive the visits of a young merchant, Don Arrom de Ayala, who had met her in Seville since her widowhood and fallen deeply in love with her.

Doña Cecilia saw few visitors, but to please her mother she allowed Don Arrom to be admitted. When she learned the object of his visits she gently but firmly resisted his entreaties, and it was only when Doña de Faber added hers, with a vivid pic-

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ture of the effect of a final refusal upon the ardent nature of Don Arrom, and her own grief at leaving her alone in the world, that Doña Cecilia yielded. The ardent devotion and respectful gratitude of Don Arrom would have made the marriage a happy one, but that in less than a year his health began to give her grave uneasiness. His illness soon assumed all the symptoms of a pulmonary complaint—a disease which Doña Cecilia had reason to dread. However, Don Arrom had youth and a strong constitution on his side, which, with the skilful and vigilant care of his wife, seemed to completely arrest the malady. The physicians, to ensure his recovery, ordered a long sea-voyage. This prescription Don Arrom was unwilling to follow, as it necessitated an expenditure which their modest fortune could hardly afford and separation from his devoted wife. Doña Cecilia, however, overcame every obstacle and persuaded him to embark for Manila. In less than a year he returned in apparently perfect health, but in a few months the most alarming symptoms returned. Perfect rest and good care, however, again brought back his strength.

During his forced inactivity his business suffered, his enterprises failed for want of his personal superintendence, and finally an honorable failure left him almost penniless. The fortune of his wife went with his, and it was only by the strictest economy that she was able to live upon the little that remained to her. He never ceased to reproach himself for the suffering which he involuntarily caused, and for a time after the disaster yielded to the most violent despair. The example of Doña Cecilia's fortitude and womanly unselfishness renewed his courage, and he determined to restore her to the ease and comfort she had always enjoyed. Without her knowledge he sought and obtained a consulship in Australia, where he hoped to make good use of his commercial knowledge and at the same time benefit his health by the voyage and climate. After a few months' absence he wrote his wife that he believed his constitution was being renewed, and gave her a detailed account of very flattering business prospects. His hopes began, in fact, to be realized at the end of two years.

Doña Cecilia, to fill the lonely hours of absence, turned to her pen. Her first work at this period was *La Gaviota*, upon which her fame principally rests. She submitted the manuscript to an old friend of her father's, the learned Don José Joaquin de Mora, editor of the *Heraldo*. He had formerly strongly combated her inclination for authorship, but he now strongly urged her to

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publish the work, which he said would rank her among the first writers of Spain. Its very national character and vivid, pleasing reproductions of Spanish life caused it to be hailed with enthusiasm, and made it popular even with that class who are not supposed to form the reading public. So great was the enthusiasm it excited that Don Eugenio de Ochoa, one of the first critics of the day, interpreted the general sentiment when he said: "*La Gaviota* will be for our literature what *Waverley* was in English letters—the dawn of a beautiful day, the first gem in the glorious poetic crown of a Spanish Walter Scott."

Doña Cecilia's fame reached even Australia, and Don Arrom, proud of the literary success of the woman whom he had so much reason to love, could not resist the desire to see her again. His commercial enterprises had been so successful that he was able to resign the consulship, and in 1853 he returned to Cadiz, after founding in Australia a business house which yielded him an ample revenue. Unwilling to be separated from his wife again, he decided to accept an exceptionally good offer for his interest in the firm which came to him from England. The following year he went to London to conclude the negotiation, and learned that his confidential agent in Australia had disappeared with the largest portion of his capital, thus robbing him of the fruit of ten years of labor and privations. This sudden blow, when he had hoped to rest from his labors and restore his devoted wife to her former comfort unsettled his reason, and he shot himself in open day in one of the public parks of London.

Doña Cecilia's grief cannot be described; the manner of her husband's death was the climax of her misfortunes. She remained motionless in a sort of stupor for days after receiving the news. Her affections and her faith were outraged. She mourned the loss of her husband, but more bitter still was the loss of a soul; her grief was almost despair at a crime for which she trembled before God and for which she must ever blush before men. "Ah! that he had died in my arms," she sobbed; "in spite of my efforts to save him in his illness I would not now be trembling for his salvation." She afterwards learned with certainty that he had lost his reason, and from that time never referred to the event in any way.

Shortly after this she retired to San Lucar, where her intimacy with the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier began. They usually spent their summers at the Castle of San Lucar, which the duke had built on the highest point overlooking the sea. The post of lady-in-waiting to the Infanta, offered her by the

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duke, she gratefully declined. Later the king, Don Francisco de Assis, seconded by his royal spouse, Isabella II., urged her to accept an apartment in the Alcazar of Seville, which she refused because of her deep mourning. However, in 1856 the flattering insistence of the royal family caused her to yield. The king, Don Francisco de Assis, who enthusiastically admired her books, renewed the offer, assuring Doña Cecilia that her majesty desired to have as occupant of the palace Fernan Caballero, whose talent was one of the glories of Spain.

Not long after this the queen, at the instance of the Duchess of Montpensier, Doña Cecilia's intimate friend, offered her the Doña Maria Louisa decoration, to which a pension was attached. She declined it, saying she was already overwhelmed with the bounty of the royal family. Some years later a similar honor was paid her, but to her talents alone this time. For the public of Belgium only knew Doña Cecilia as the author of the charming pictures of Spanish life which excited so much enthusiasm and admiration. Judging by the masculine pseudonym of Fernan Caballero that the writer was a man, the government wished to send her the cross of the order of Leopold. Doña Cecilia smiled at the mistake and asked a friend at Brussels, Gen. J. Van Halen, to express her thanks to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and gratefully decline the honor.

The former friends of the Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso had not forgotten the charming and gifted woman who formed one of the greatest attractions of the society of Seville, and they learned with pleasure of her return, but she refused to re-enter society and divided her time between works of charity, prayer, and intellectual labor. Each morning she was seen quietly gliding through the small side-door of the cathedral, which almost faced the Alcazar. This nearness to the house of God was her greatest joy and consolation.

She received the visits of a few intimate friends, during the summer months, in the grand old garden of the Alcazar planned by Charles V. and filled with memories of the beautiful Maria Padilla. In winter she was usually found in her study, seated before a table, writing or reading, and in the latter case her fingers were always busily employed in knitting. The calm, order, and extreme neatness which pervaded the apartment would naturally strike the visitor. Neatness, it is true, is a distinguishing characteristic in the more elegant houses of Andalusia; but with her it was to be seen in the minutest details of the objects which surrounded her. In fact, this extreme neatness and a profusion

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of flowers were the only luxuries which the elegant Marchioness de Arco-Hermoso retained about her. Her apartment was in the Giralda, which serves as a belfry to the cathedral. It is an old Moorish tower erected by an Arabian architect named Geber, or Guever, who invented algebra, which was called after him. The rose-colored bricks and white stones of which it is composed rather take from its rightful appearance of antiquity and give it an air of brightness somewhat incongruous with the date of its erection.

A Malaga paper of January, 1880, gives the following description of her study in the Alcazar, where she spent so many hours of fruitful labor:

"All who were honored with the friendship of Doña Cecilia will not recall without emotion her pleasant study, sweet with the perfume of flowers and displaying her perfect taste and simplicity. It was situated in the square tower at the entrance to the Alcazar, and opened upon a balcony to which climbing plants ascended; the more prominent ones, which reached her window, she was wont to call *les petites curieuse*. Near the balcony was a bureau, upon which stood a vase of flowers, which were a daily offering from several families who had been the recipients of her bounty. To the right of her arm-chair was a mahogany desk, upon which lay an open book, and to the left a work-basket containing the stockings which occupied her leisure moments."

Though at this time she had really entered the absorbing pursuit of literature, she nevertheless continued to reserve the morning for works of devotion and charity. Her exquisite delicacy and tact made her most ingenious in divining and aiding the proud poor who sufferingly shrink from alms. When we read of the portion of time allotted to her pen, and remember that her career as a writer began only after her fiftieth year, we are astonished at the list of works she has left. But her mind continued in all its vigor up to her eightieth year. Her naturally strong constitution was strengthened and preserved by regular habits and an industrious life; for, as one of her biographers remarks, quoting the wisdom of Cicero, "Provided we do not discontinue application, the mind does not degenerate with age." Notwithstanding a life clouded by grave trials and much suffering, her countenance retained an expression of calm which testified the indwelling of that Spirit who promises a "peace which surpasseth understanding." Though delicate in physique, she enjoyed perfect health. In a portrait of her, painted in her sixtieth year by the celebrated Madrazo for the Duke de Mont-

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pensier, the countenance retains the softness and delicate oval contour of her youth, the hair is still blonde and very abundant.

Spain is not only indebted to her for the preservation of the graceful poetic folk-lore of Andalusia, but also for the restoration of one of its most poetic customs. Any one who has travelled in Spain or Spanish countries must be familiar with the manner in which the *sérénos*, or night-watchmen, from hour to hour assure the sleeping, or rather the waking, inhabitants of their continued vigil: "*Ave María Purissima! Las once y sereno*" (Hail, Mary most pure! Eleven o'clock and clear weather, or *lluvioso*—rainy—as the case may be).

Who can express the *sursum corda* which this *Ave Maria Purissima* is to the despondent watcher by the couch of pain, to the weary sick turning on their sleepless pillows, or to the affrighted little ones, reminding all of the tender guardian and watchful Protectress above who adds her voice of intercession to the supplications of those who love her Son?

After the revolution of 1868 the *sérénos** were prohibited using the invocation. It was with great grief that Doña Cecilia saw this custom of Catholic Spain disappear, and she was instrumental in having it restored, though in a letter to a friend she modestly insists that her voice had very little weight in the matter:

"You would hardly credit," she says in this same letter, "the universal emotion and joy manifested when the first *Ave Maria Purissima* again rang out on the evening air. A great number of people came out to congratulate the *sérénos* and offered them wine, cigars, and silver. If it had been known sufficiently in advance the bell of the Giralda tower and all the church and monastery bells would have been set in motion and all the houses would have been illuminated."

The revolution obliging her to leave the Alcazar, she retired to a modest house in the street Juan de Burgos, to which the municipality has since given the name of Fernan Caballero. The cities of Cadiz, Puerto de Santa Maria, and Dos Hermanas paid her a like honor: they each contain a street which bears her name.

She continued to occupy this modest residence until her death, which took place, after a short illness, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She was buried in the cemetery of San Fernando, in the midst of a concourse of poor and people of every rank.

* As fine, serene nights predominate in this meteorological report, the cry *sérénо* has given to the watchmen the name by which they are universally known.

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The modest stone which marks her resting-place bears the following inscription:

✠

R. I. P. A.
ROGAD A DIOS EN CARIDAD POR EL ALMA
DE LA
SRA. DA. CECILIA BÖHL DE FABER Y LARRÉA
(FERNAN CABALLERO).
QUE FALECIO EL 7 DE ABRIL DE 1877,
A LA EDAD DE 80 AÑOS.
SUS DESCONSOLADOS SOBRINOS LE DEDICAN
ESTE RECUERDO EN MEMORIA DE SUS VIRTUDES.

Queen Isabella ordered a portrait of her for the Alcazar, and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had her portrait sent to the University of Seville, and a bust of her cut in a white marble medallion and placed on the façade of the house in which she died, with this inscription:

"En esta casa falecio Fernan Caballero—Abril, 1877—Infantes de Montpensier dedican este recuerdo."

We have not space here to give a list of her numerous works. *La Gaviota*, *Elia o la España treinta años ha*, and *Clemencia* were best known in her own country and made her reputation in Europe. She has collected in a volume called *Cuentos y Poesias populares Andaluces* a great deal of popular ballad literature, which is preserved almost orally in Spain and illustrates the many phases of character in the Andalusian peasantry: their graceful humor, their sparkling *finesse*, their keen irony, and the poetic simplicity of their faith, which mingles in everything—their loves, their hates, their pastimes; for, as a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* observes, "In Spain Catholicism is in everything; it is in the very blood and bone of the people." There is scarcely a flower or a thing of beauty which is not in some way connected with their faith. The rosemary owes its name and its perfume to the fact that the Blessed Virgin hung the clothes of the Infant Jesus to dry upon it. It is naïvely told in verse:

"Lavando estaba la Virgen
Y teniendo en el romero
Los pajaritos cantaban
Adoremus el misterio."

Since the death of our Saviour the rosemary puts forth fresh flowers every Friday, as if to embalm his holy body. The swal-

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lows are universally loved and welcomed, Fernan Caballero tells us, because they compassionately sought to pluck the thorns from our Saviour's crown on the cross; and the large spider called tarantula was formerly a frivolous girl so mad about dancing that upon one occasion when she was dancing his Divine Majesty passed, and, with appalling irreverence, she continued to dance, whereupon our Saviour punished her by changing her into a spider with a guitar marked upon her back; and that is why those who are bitten by a tarantula dance until they fall exhausted.

The following verses from "La Noche Buena," one of the most naïve and picturesque ballads in the collection, Augustus Hare tells us he overheard a washerwoman singing at her work:

"La Virgen se fue a lavar
Sus manos blancos al rio,
El sol se quedó parado,
La mar perdió su ruido.

"Los pastores de Belen
Todos juntos van por leña
Para calentar al niño
Que nacio la noche buena.

. . . . .

"San José era carpintero
Y la Virgen costurera
Y el niño labra la cruz
Porque ha de morir en ella."

"To the stream the Virgin Mother
Hied, her fair white hands to lave;
The wondering sun stood still in heaven
And ocean hushed his rolling wave.

"One and all came Bethlehem's shepherds,
Fuel-laden from the height,
Warmth to bring the blessed Nursling
Who was born that happy night.

"A carpenter was good St. Joseph,
A seamstress poor the Mother maid;
The Child it toiled the cross to fashion
On which our ransom should be paid."

This suggests the land of flowers and gallantry:

"El naranjo de tu patio
Cuando te acercas à el
Se desprende de sus flores
Y te las echa a los pies."

"In thy fair court the orange-tree,
Whene'er it feels thy presence nigh
Casts down its blossoms tenderly
Beneath thy fair feet to lie."

And this is a veritable bouquet "cela sent son Andalousie à dix lieux":

"El dia que tu naciste
Nacieron todas las flores;
Y en la pila del bautismo
Cantaron los ruiseñores.

"Thy natal day to flowrets choice
Gave birth as well as unto thee;
And nightingales with tuneful voice
Around thy font made melody.

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" Si supiera que con fiores
Te habia de divertir
Ye te trajera mas flores
Que crian Mayo y Abril."

"They knew that flowers and blossoms sweet
Thy fittest toys would prove.
I'll lay spring's treasures at thy feet
To show my constant love."

The following has a sprightliness of conceit which has a Hibernian rather than an Iberian flavor:

"Las estrellas del cielo
No estan cabales
Porque estan en tu cara
Las principales."

" The glittering gems of night
Complete no longer shine;
The brightest of the bright
Illume that face of thine."

And this also:

" Los enemigos del alma
Todos dicen que son tres
Y yo digo que son cuatro
Desde que conozco a usted."

" The enemies of the soul
Men say are only three—
I say that they are four
Since I have known thee."

What fair one could resist the resigned woe of the following?—

" Para rey nació David,
Para sabia Solomon,
Para llorar Jermias,
Y para quererte yo."

" David was born to be king,
Solomon to be wise,
Jeremias to weep,
And I to love thee."

Or of this:

" Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana
Cuentame entre los muertos
Desde mañana."

" If this evening thou
Appearest not at the window
Count me among the dead
From to-morrow."

From the following it would appear that mothers-in-law and lawyers enjoy the same reputation that they do with us:

" Glorioso San Sebastian
Todo lleno de saetas
Mi alma como la tuya
Como tu cuerpo mi suegra."

" Glorious St. Sebastian, all cruelly wounded with arrows,
Grant that my soul be like thine, my mother-in-law more like thy body."

" Primero que suba al cielo
El alma de un escribano
Tintero papel y pluma
Han de bailar el fandango."

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"—Before the soul of a notary shall mount to heaven you will see his ink-stand, his paper, and his pen dancing the fandango."

The following picturesque lullabies show us at what an early age the little ones imbibe the first lessons of their faith:

"Duermete, niño chiquito,
Duermete y no llores mas,
Que se iran los angelitos
Para no verte llorar."

"Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Dry thy tears and sleep,
Lest the angels fly away
That they may not see thee weep."

"A los niños que duermen
Dios los bendice
Y a las madres que velan
Dios las assiste."

"—Sleeping children God blesses, and watching mothers God aids."

No writer better portrays her countrymen, a people filled with poetical imagery heightened by Moorish traditions and tales, whose thoughts flow in songs and proverbs. No one who desires to know the Spanish people should visit Spain without reading her books for "the inexhaustible wealth of word-pictures," says Augustus Hare,* "which may be enjoyed in the stories of Fernan Caballero, which collect so much, reveal so much, and teach so much that it is scarcely possible to express one's obligations sufficiently."

* *Wanderings in Spain*, by Augustus Hare.

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

V.

"TAKE care of D'Arcy," said Daly to Butt, "or you will lose him. He is worth winning, and that hazel-eyed witch—I saw her at the Castle once before—will capture him. Once ensnared by English beauty, good-by D'Arcy and good-by Ireland."

"Faith, I must see to this," said Butt. "Who is the girl?"

"A Miss Mowbray, I understand, daughter of Mowbray the banker."

"This is serious, my boy. I must save the lad. Where's Mrs. Beauchamp?" And he sought a presentation to "that beautiful creature that's stealing the heart of my most promising lieutenant."

"I have come to protect my interests, Miss Mowbray. I feared you might convert my young friend here. We can't spare him even to you."

"On the contrary, he has almost converted me."

"Miss Mowbray tells me she is half Irish," said D'Arcy.

"Wouldn't one know it to look at her?" responded Butt. "There is only one island and one race that owns those hazel eyes. So you are one of us? Upon my word I think I'll go in with Mill for female suffrage and send our women into Parliament. They would be irresistible."

"Well, you may count on my vote beforehand," said Gertrude merrily.

"May I ask your mother's name, Miss Mowbray?—for I know your father is English."

"She was a Redmond, of Tullagh—Tullagh something—I forget, and papa never speaks to me about her."

"Tullagh-Connell—is that it?"

"Yes, that sounds like it."

"And what was her maiden name?"

"Eva. Here is her picture, that never leaves me. I feel safe while she clings to my neck."

A film dimmed the deep eyes a moment as they drooped over a locket, and the hands trembled as she opened it and showed a miniature portrait within. It might have been taken for a pic-

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ture of Gertrude herself, save that the eyes had a sadder, far-away look and the mouth a more wistful expression. Mr. Butt smote his forehead with his hand as he gazed at the locket.

"Why, of course, of course," he said musingly, and looked with a new interest and kindness at the beautiful girl before him. "How stupid I am! But I am getting old and forget things. I knew your mother well, child, years ago, years ago. She was the beauty of Tullagh-Connell. For that matter she was the beauty of every place she went to. The men were all mad about her, and some Englishman came in and stole her—Mowbray, to be sure. That is the name. Why," said he, turning suddenly on D'Arcy, "your father was one of her chief suitors. To be sure he was, and nearly went wild when he found she had fled. Upon my word," he added, laughing, "you two young people came within an ace of being brother and sister."

"I most devoutly thank Heaven for the escape," said D'Arcy, bowing smilingly to Gertrude.

"O you rascal—oh! But there, I leave you to your newly found relative."

They parted friends that evening with mutual desires and promises to meet again. Gertrude thought much of her companion as she retired for the night—she stayed at Mrs. Beauchamp's. She went over the various points of their conversation, recalling his look and tone and attitude as he spoke. She again opened the locket, gazed long and earnestly at the face of her dead mother, and, kissing it, pondered curiously how things might have been. On the whole she was rather satisfied than not that Mr. D'Arcy was not her brother.

The great debate came off and the government was wholly triumphant. Towards the close Mr. Butt surprised every one by delivering an impassioned speech in favor of the government policy. It recalled the palmiest days of parliamentary oratory and undoubtedly influenced the Irish vote. It was the last effort of the opposition for the time being. Then the season broke up and everybody went away.

D'Arcy had gone once to see the Mowbrays and spent a quiet evening with Gertrude, Mr. Mowbray devoting most of his attention to a city man who had dined with them and seemed made of figures and stocks.

"Are you going abroad, Mr. D'Arcy?" she asked before his departure.

"Hardly," he said. "My purse is not a heavy one, and I

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think I'll stick to my Irish bog. I shall dream away by Eva's Tear."

"Ah! yes. There is no spot lovelier in this world. Eva's Tear! I shall always remember it." And her eyes seemed to go back over the past.

"I am glad you think so well of it; for my father owns a few acres around there, and I spent my childhood there. It was there, too, I first fell in love."

She started and questioned him with searching eyes. There was the slightest tremor in the voice as she repeated his words:

"First fell in love?"

It was a question, and there was a gentle emphasis on "first."

"First, and perhaps last. Who can tell? You know you imagine that we Irishmen are all fickle."

"So you are," she said, with a tinge of the old scorn he had more than once noted on her face. "There can be no first, second, and third in love. There is only one. At least, it is so with women. They have only one heart to give, and, that given, all is given."

"I wish I could think so," said he.

"Believe me, it is so."

"I have known or heard of women who had many loves. Had they many hearts?"

"So have I. But they are not women." Then she changed abruptly, and, resuming her usual calm tones, said playfully: "So the rebel's heart is actually captured. I did not think it possible."

"Why did you not?"

"I deemed the fortress so impregnable."

It was her turn to be playful, and under her gentle raillery he grew more earnest.

"Fortresses deemed impregnable are sometimes stolen unawares," he said, with meaning in his tones.

"That is because the guards are sleeping and taken by surprise; but the old hostility remains after the capture, and the hatred of the yoke."

"But what if the struggle is hopeless?"

"Then the garrison are cowards."

"I am a born coward in love affairs."

Her laughter rang out with startling suddenness. D'Arcy was astonished, and perhaps a little mortified.

"O Irishman, Irishman!" said she. "What an Irishman you

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are! And pray may I ask how many love affairs has the gallant Mr. D'Arcy had?"

Here was this brilliant, self-confident, ready, and bold young man, who had dared, and not unsuccessfully, to beard the foremost men in England in debate, suddenly outwitted and hopelessly beaten by a girl. The color deepened in his cheeks and for a moment he said nothing. Then, recovering his habitual good-nature, he bowed with his usual genial smile, and said:

"Well, I confess my defeat. If the fortress is worth taking it surrenders."

"What! to me? Oh! no. A fortress that capitulates so easily is hardly worth a siege; besides, it has been taken so often already."

"So you will laugh at me and won't believe me earnest?"

"I believe you earnest in many things, but not in love. Well, may I ask who is the fortunate lady who first captured the heart of the redoubtable D'Arcy?"

"So you wish me to give a lady's name away?"

"Not unless you care; not if it is a secret. But women will be curious about these things."

"Well, then, since you must know, I call her 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

A grave smile played about his lips as he said this and looked with calm serenity into her eyes. There was an air of truth and reality about his manner that impressed her.

"So you will not tell me?"

"The Lady of the Lake," he repeated.

She gave a little sigh and said: "I think, after all, you are deceiving me, that you really are in love." Then, changing again, she added: "I hope so. Be so. Be always so. Love is the best thing in this world. It ennobles the possessor and ennobles the possessed. Yes, love your Lady of the Lake and cherish her; and perhaps some day you will let me see her."

There was a pleading look in her eyes and a pleading tone in her voice as she laid her hand on his and looked up at him. He turned pale under her gaze. His eyes drooped. He was silent a moment, then, lifting them gravely to hers, said:

"Yes; perhaps I may some day."

"Why perhaps only?"

"Why? Because in this hurly-burly of a world we are never certain of what a day may bring. Good-night, Miss Mowbray. Bid your father good-night for me."

"We shall see you again when the world comes back?"

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"If you wish it."

"Of course we wish it. You have added a new pleasure to the season."

"And you," he said, looking at her with a glance half tender, half resentful, "a new pain.'

Before she could ask a word of explanation of the strange speech he was gone, leaving her in a wonder of perplexity where pain and pleasure strove for the mastery.

VI.

MR. MOWBRAY was getting a little worn in spite of his wonderful constitution, and his physician advised as long a rest and as much change as he could possibly take. So he and his sister and Gertrude set out to ramble about just where their fancy took them. The banker was inclined to be a bit fretful and fussy at the beginning, but he gradually quieted down and soon grew to like the change from the smoky activity of the great city that was his Mecca. As for Gertrude, she revelled in the change. They rambled about wherever the spirit of the hour led them: through France, Spain, Italy, Germany. In all the chief cities the banker's name was a password. Occasionally they crossed an English friend, but only occasionally; for they avoided as much as possible the beaten track, and whiled away the time in delicious byways where the inhabitants were still delightfully primitive, simple, and quaint, looking like living bits cut out of mediæval history to refresh the eyes and charm the wearied senses of the people of the busy, roaring, hurrying to-day.

"I think I'll give up banking and take to Robinson-Crusoeing," said Mr. Mowbray one day as he puffed his cigar in luxurious laziness. He never smoked in the city and only occasionally at home. But he was becoming quite a rake and was rustically loose in his attire, wearing anything and wearing it anyhow. "I'll give up banking. I'll buy an island in the Mediterranean, or South Sea, or somewhere, and stock it with a set of slaves, and we'll live there for ever. Eh, Gertie?"

"Delightful, papa! And I'll be queen and dairymaid at once. I'll churn and command in a breath."

"And I—what shall I do?" asked Aunt Madge.

"You shall be chaplain and read the prayers to the darkeys, who won't understand a word of them."

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"Brother!" said the shocked old lady. "Don't be profane nor jest with sacred subjects."

"Jest! Why, I feel so jolly that I could shake hands with the Pope of Rome, if he'd let me. And what a beautiful old man he was, after all!"

"Pio Nono is a saint, if ever there was one," broke in Gertrude decisively. "It seemed to me quite natural to go down on my knees before him. I knelt before holiness, purity, and benevolence. I could have kissed the lovely old man's feet and felt better for it; but he would not let me. He only gave me his hand to kiss."

"Gertrude, this is idolatry," said her aunt tartly.

"Ah! aunt, if we only had many such idols I fancy the world would be better for them."

"My dear, you shouldn't talk so. Brother, you see! That is sending people to Catholic convents."

But Mr. Mowbray was sound asleep.

They rambled back again to Paris and made a short stay there. Gertrude paid a visit to her old friends at the Sacré Cœur, and they were delighted to see her. She could not help crying when she met the mother-superior. She did not know why, but the tears came in a rain, and she sobbed and sobbed as the sweet lady pressed her to her heart. It was all so different from the world she lived in. There seemed the calm and the peace of heaven in this abode; and though the purity of her heart was only blurred a little by the frivolities of the world, not deeply stained or wounded, she felt abashed, and awe-struck, and sorrowful, and sick at heart, as though she had suddenly come into the presence of her God.

"Be good, my child, be good. Only be yourself and you will be good."

"Be myself!" said Gertrude, startled. "Do you know, reverend mother, that was almost the first advice I got on entering the world."

"And who gave it you?"

"The present prime minister of England."

"Did he? I do not know who he is, my dear, but he must be a good man. England ought to be happy to have such ministers."

"But he is a Protestant and a heretic."

"Ah! well, he did not make himself one, I suppose. All the good in the world is not confined to Catholics."

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"O mother! if I only could see, if I only could believe, if I only could be like you." And a fresh fit of weeping choked the girl's voice.

"Pray, my child, pray. God is not deaf to any of his creatures. He is always listening to us, always waiting to help us. Pray to him always for light and strength and guidance, and be assured that there are others praying for you. Good-by, my child, good-by, and may God and the Virgin Mother have you in their holy keeping!"

For days after this meeting there was an unusual gravity about Gertrude. She visited the churches when she could without giving offence to her aunt or troubling her father, who cared little for churches. One day they ran against Lafontaine, and the meeting was a very pleasant one for all. He joined their party and escorted Gertrude to the various sights, often when the others did not care to accompany them. His manner towards Gertrude was tender and gentle as that of a brother. She felt his kindness and reciprocated it. Moreover, he was a very amusing and intelligent companion, who knew Paris almost as well as he knew London.

They strolled into the Cathedral of Notre Dame one afternoon just as the sunset was flooding through the wondrous stained-glass windows and filling the vast building with a glory of mystic and awful lights. It seemed to Gertrude's spiritual nature like the glory around the throne, for the tabernacle shone out clear and radiant over all. As they moved, with hushed and reverent steps, up towards the high altar, they saw a figure kneeling before it, a woman. The face was upturned, and on it fell the mingled lights from a window near. The hat had fallen back on her shoulders and lay neglected there. The slender hands were clasped in supplication to some invisible Presence. The face was rapt in devotion, and the strong colors lit it up as they lingered lovingly about it and seemed to form a halo round the perfect head. So rapt was she that she did not notice their approach. Lafontaine was startled and awe-struck for a moment as his dark eyes devoured the beautiful picture before him.

"Is it living and real, or is it a saint come down to teach us how to pray?" he asked under his breath.

"Come away and do not disturb her," whispered Gertrude. But Lafontaine lingered.

"Why," said he, turning suddenly towards her, "don't you remember that face? It must be. The world never saw two such faces."

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She drew him gently away and they moved down the aisle, both of them as in a dream. She knew the face well. It was that of the girl who had wished D'Arcy success on the night of the ball at Dublin Castle. "That is the Lady of the Lake," she mused as she left the church; and Lafontaine found her strangely silent and distraught as they rode back to their hotel. But he was grateful for the silence.

Riding in the Bois de Boulogne next day towards evening, the whole party passed a carriage that was driving in an opposite direction. This part of the park was remote from the more frequented spots, and at the time was almost deserted. The carriage contained only two occupants, who were so lost in themselves that they did not even heed the approach of the others. They were a lady and gentleman. He was holding her hand and speaking with intense earnestness. Her head and eyes were cast down. At the moment of passing they were lifted to his and the beautiful eyes lit up with loving admiration.

"There go two happy lovers," said Lafontaine gaily; then, seeing the lady's face, he started and looked eagerly after them.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "Why, Gertrude! there goes our saint of yesterday. But her devotion to-day is in a different direction. I wish I could have seen him."

He turned to his companion and saw that she was marble pale. Sitting next to her, he felt her shiver.

"Are you ill? What is wrong?" he cried in anxious tones.

"Nothing," said she faintly. "I shall be better in a moment. Tell him to drive faster. The air will refresh me. The ride has been long and a little fatiguing. Don't speak to me awhile."

She lay back in the carriage and closed her eyes. But all through the journey home the closed eyes gazed on one vision: Martin D'Arcy with the hand of the Lady of the Lake clasped in his and pouring his soul into her ear. Through all her senses went one dull monotone: "The Lady of the Lake—the Lady of the Lake." The wheels of the carriage took it up, the trees murmured it, and the air seemed to blow it all about the world.

VII.

The London world drifted homewards and fell into its old ways. Politics were more exciting than ever, and Mrs. Beauchamp was in her glory. The chief, always admired but long distrusted by the English people, had committed himself and his

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party to one or two bold strokes in foreign affairs that at first startled, then frightened, and then won the admiration of the public by flattering its vanity with a new sense of the might and power of England, which, it seemed, had long lain dormant until the touch of the magician awakened it and the world to its reality. It may have been false and dangerous, but to a strong race there is sometimes a charm in danger. And so it turned out. The man who had never been strictly popular soon became a public idol, and the old idols were scornfully cast aside.

Amid the gossip afloat in society was the approaching marriage of Miss Mowbray, the banker's daughter, to Mr. Lafontaine, who, young as he was, already occupied a rising position in the ranks of the opposition. There was no special authority for the rumor, as is generally the case; but the rumor was accepted nevertheless as pointing to a very probable and pleasing event. They had been old friends and old lovers, and the match was in every sense a good one. Lafontaine had not been seen about town much of late, and Miss Mowbray went little into society. This, of course, confirmed the rumor. Lafontaine was making speeches up in the north against the government and daily adding to his reputation by his caustic assaults. "Lafontaine will have a place in the next government," said a knowing one. "He is a little talky and still immature, but he talks well. Then, again, he is going to marry wealth and beauty. Lucky fellow!"

There was to be another great debate, and Mrs. Beauchamp gave another little party, of the same kind as before, only on this occasion the chief did not appear. That disease of successful Tory statesmen, the gout, had again laid hold of him and kept at home the man whose designs and policy troubled all Europe. But there were great lights there nevertheless, and Mrs. Beauchamp prevailed on Gertrude to abandon her self-inflicted seclusion and shine once more in the brilliant world of power and fashion.

She attracted the old admiration. She was lovely as ever—lovelier, perhaps, for a certain air of sadness and reserve that had not marked her formerly. In one of the turns of the evening she met D'Arcy, looking much the same as he used to look. She greeted him gently, yet with a faintly-concealed reserve.

"I was in hopes of meeting you here to-night," he said. "It seems long since we met last."

"Yes," said she.

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"I have been out of the world almost ever since."

"Indeed!"

"I have been buried in my bog."

"All the time?"

"Most of the time, save a brief run over to Paris."

"Ah! We were in Paris."

"I suppose so; but I saw no one." She looked at him in surprise, and he noticed the look. "No one, I assure you. Besides, I know comparatively few people."

"Then your visit to Paris must have been dull?"

"On the contrary, it was too delightful, and I was only grieved that it should have been so brief."

Gertrude looked listless and toyed with her fan in a nervous way. He noticed the change in her manner and detected a studied coldness. The situation grew embarrassing for both. He broke the silence with his old laugh and said:

"Well, you don't seem pleased to see me again. I know I never please women for any time. It is my misfortune."

She made an effort to shake off the growing constraint and said:

"Indeed I am pleased to see you, Mr. D'Arcy, and congratulate you on your success."

"What success?" he asked in wonder.

"With the Lady of the Lake," she said in low and significant tones.

He started and flushed all over, then turned deadly white.

"You speak in riddles, Miss Mowbray," he whispered hoarsely.

"It is an easy riddle for you to read," she retorted in a calm voice, but her face was white as his own.

"What is the matter with you two people?" broke in Mrs. Beauchamp. "You both look frightened. Have you seen a ghost? Here is Lafontaine, Gertrude. I took pity on him and invited him to-night, disgracefully as he has behaved towards us. He wants you to dance with him; will you? Are you engaged?"

"No, Mrs. Beauchamp. Certainly I will dance with him. Will you excuse me, Mr. D'Arcy?"

He bowed gravely, and, with a cold curtsey, she swept away.

"There goes Lafontaine's future wife," said a voice behind him. "Isn't she superb?"

D'Arcy heard the remark and stood rooted to the spot. He

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saw Lafontaine bend over her with glowing tenderness and marked the smile of pleasure that lit up her face on meeting him. "Lafontaine has his revenge," he muttered, and, turning aside, mingled with the throng.

They saw no more of each other until Gertrude was about to leave. She had sent Lafontaine to search for something she had forgotten, and while awaiting his return saw D'Arcy passing out with the saint of Notre Dame and the beauty of the Bois de Boulogne on his arm. The stranger looked radiant as ever, and the face was now all aglow with pleasure and excitement; but D'Arcy's face was gloomy and severe. As they passed close to Gertrude the stranger caught sight of her. The girls' eyes met with a mutual question in them. The stranger whispered to D'Arcy. He turned, saw Gertrude, and, approaching, led his partner towards her. Gertrude felt herself flush and pale in flashes as they came.

"My cousin wishes to make your acquaintance, Miss Mowbray," said D'Arcy; "in fact, she insists on it," he added with a sad sort of smile.

"Your cousin!" ejaculated Gertrude with distended eyes.

"Yes, my little cousin Kate, who has been admiring you from afar all the evening, and thinks you the most beautiful creature she ever beheld."

"No, no," almost moaned Gertrude, "not half so beautiful as herself." And she clasped her in her arms and kissed her convulsively. "Forgive me, won't you?" she asked in hurried tones. "I have seen you before, several times—once in Notre Dame, when you did not see me. You were praying like an angel, and I never saw anything before or since half so beautiful. O Martin—I mean Mr. D'Arcy, why didn't you tell me this before? I mean why didn't you let me know your cousin before?"

There were tears in her eyes as Lafontaine came up and looked with surprise on quite an agitated group, the others not understanding Gertrude's sudden burst of vehemence. "Geoffrey," she went on, "here is our saint—our Notre Dame saint—and she is the cousin of Mr. D'Arcy. Don't you remember her?"

"It would be hard indeed to forget your cousin, Mr. D'Arcy," said Lafontaine as he gazed at the lady, who blushed with girlish pleasure at the compliment.

"And we saw you again, riding in the Bois de Boulogne together."

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"What! was it you, D'Arcy?" And Lafontaine threw a swift glance at Gertrude. "We thought you lovers; and, faith, you looked remarkably like it."

"So we are lovers and always have been; haven't we, Kate?"

"Yes, yes. He is my only lover," said Kate fervently.

"Indeed!" said Lafontaine. "That is fortunate news for some fellow."

"And now that we know each other we must see more of each other. Won't you come to see me? I have no girl friend, and I know I shall love you. I love you already." And Gertrude kissed her again. "Bring her, Mr. D'Arcy, won't you? You know the way, though you seem to have forgotten it. Here, let us change. Mr. Lafontaine, you lead Miss—you haven't told me her name: Neville, Kate Neville; what a lovely name! —lead Kate to her carriage, and this Irishman," looking up with tearful archness at D'Arcy, "shall be my escort. It is so long since we met!"

As they moved down the staircase she lingered a little and said softly: "Will you forgive me? Can you forgive me for to-night?"

"Certainly, if you will tell me what I have to forgive, Miss Mowbray."

"My rudeness, my coldness."

"I saw none, felt none."

"Ah! you are not forgiving but cruel to say so. You are hurt, and justly."

"My dear Miss Mowbray, you mistake me." His voice was icily polite. She looked at him a moment. Their eyes met. Hers filled with tears.

"What do you wish me to say or do?" he asked suddenly and almost angrily.

"I thought your cousin was the Lady of the Lake," she said humbly.

"Do you wish to know who the Lady of the Lake is?" he went on with increasing vehemence.

"If you care to tell me. You said that some day you might."

"I will tell you, then, since you desire it and as I have no fear now; and I give you all the triumph it may afford you. The Lady of the Lake was Gertrude Mowbray."

She looked at him wonderingly, her face whiter than the blossoms in her hair. She would have fallen had not he supported her. She faltered out:

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"And Gertrude Mowbray is the Lady of the Lake no longer?"

"No," said he fiercely. "She belongs to another. You told me there was only one love. You have chosen yours. Mr. Lafontaine, I resign my charge to your safe-keeping."

He did not look at her again or say good-night. Lafontaine bade an almost affectionate farewell to Kate Neville and watched her as they rolled away.

The world goes wrong sometimes. In fact, it is oftener wrong than right. Lafontaine's wedding was deferred a year. It did not occur quite so speedily as rumor desired, but it came at last. He married the banker's daughter and all the world was at the wedding. He was a lucky fellow. He married beauty and wealth, as all the world predicted, and continues to rise in his party. His beautiful wife is already a leader in society. The world was startled one day by the news that he had turned papist. He fell under a cloud for a time in consequence, but, being too valuable a man to lose, soon emerged and regained the position that this step had cost him. As for D'Arcy, he married earlier, and, oddly enough, also a banker's daughter; but it was not the match some people had laid out for him. He and Lafontaine became fast friends. He took up his abode in Holland Park, and by and by Mr. Mowbray came to forgive him for stealing away his daughter. The banking-houses of Mowbray and Neville amalgamated, though that is not the word they used. Lafontaine captured Kate, and D'Arcy married Gertrude. The happy couples may be seen any Sunday at the Carmelite Church in Kensington. They often talk over their early mishaps, and Miss Mowbray, whose hair is now very white and silvery, still sighs over the convent. Gradually the story leaked out of "the Lady of the Lake."

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"INTO THE SILENT LAND."

NATURALLY, on plunging into the Indian Territory, we expected to find "Indians to right of us, Indians to left of us, Indians in front of us, wampum and tomahawk!" But not one did we see. On every side stretched the broad prairie under the September sun, with never a living thing, save the prairie-dogs and their attendant owls, which barked and jabbered at us, to break the monotony. Once in the afternoon we saw, far off, the antlers of a deer outlined against the horizon, and its body we could just define. So all the long September afternoon we rode on, the stage not a particularly easy-going one, the four mules either very weak or very lazy. Mind and eyesight were soon fatigued to excess by the sameness, and we were glad when night fell. Then the glory of the heavens was about us truly, and the effect of the clear atmosphere was that the sky seemed to lower itself almost to our touch and the stars seemed twice their usual size. We realized the truth of the descriptive lines in "Thalaba":

> "How beautiful is night!
> A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
> No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
> Breaks the serene of heaven:
> In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
> Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
> Beneath her steady ray
> The desert-circle spreads,
> Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
> How beautiful is night!"

We rode all night, sleeping as best we could, and glad, when the stage stopped at the several ranches for the purpose of changing horses, to make our escape from its cramping box and stretch our limbs for a few moments. Towards morning our drowsy senses were disturbed by a guttural "How!" spoken in our very ear, it seemed. On opening our eyes we found that the sound proceeded from an Indian mounted on his pony, and so brought to the elevation of the stage window, into which he was looking, the vehicle having stopped for a few moments. Our sensations may be imagined, to have, in the first confusion of awaking, such a figure meet our eyes. *It*—for whether man or

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woman is yet unknown to us—was wrapped in a red blanket, with head uncovered, the long black hair streaming over the shoulders; one cock's feather, tied in the hair near the crown, swayed in the wind, now up, now down. The face was painted in streaks of color, but so momentary was the glimpse and so bewildered were we by the circumstances that there was no opportunity for detailed observation. As the day grew older and we proceeded on our way further south the red men passed us more frequently, and we soon grew accustomed to the sight.

We began to come upon their "camps" also; said camps consisting of tents, in number according to the family, and an arbor of boughs with the leaves on, laid across some upright and crosswise poles.

Well, daylight in all its fulness (and the sunrise was superb) found us still thirty miles from Reno; and oh! what a journey those thirty miles were, particularly as we had horrible anticipations of what the vehicle (a buckboard) was in which, or upon which, we were to complete our journey of forty-five miles beyond the post.

It was the 20th of September upon which we reached Reno. The flag at the post was flying from the peak of the pole—the official announcement of the President's death not having been made, national mourning was not yet begun so far away. After about an hour's detention at the store at Reno, where the novel scene was full of interest, Indians and soldiers in about equal proportions lounging around, our new conveyance was announced and we issued from our cool retreat into the blazing mid-day sun, and found we were to ride under its glare and facing the prairie wind with only a frail sun-umbrella to protect us. I do not know what the "buckboard" used in Adirondack travel may be, and we neither of us had ever seen such a vehicle before. Supposing that some of my readers are equally ignorant, I will describe it for their enlightenment. The front and back wheels are connected by long, narrow, lath-like boards, nearly an inch apart, and fastened to the axle-trees without springs; a seat, or two seats, as the case may be, are placed, nautically speaking, amidships; a railing of iron runs around the sides and back about six inches high to prevent the "freight" from falling out: a low dashboard in front affords a foot-rest. The seats are not high, but they have no backs and consequently the occupant soon wearies. Such was the "trap" which carries the mail from Reno to Sill, and which awaited our coming.

After leaving Reno some distance behind us the prairie be-

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gan to break; trees became more frequent and the land more rolling. At length we reached the Canadian, the *bête noir* of Territorial travel. All the rivers are fordable, and all are some twenty or thirty feet below the level, with banks thickly wooded, the most of the trees being cottonwood, with some oaks intermixed. But the Canadian is floored with quicksand and is very dangerous. At times the mules are carried right off their feet and down the stream, many and many a freight-load having been lost there. Sometimes the team manages to swim over, either with or without the buckboard. As the mail-carrier is under contract to deliver the mail here by a certain hour, and at Sill, the end of his trip, also at a stated time, cross he must, even if he swims with the mail-bag on his head. Several instances are on record of human lives lost in the treacherous waves, which roll wonderfully high sometimes.

Reaching the Canadian's shore, we were told to gather our gripsacks and our feet up on the seat, while a Mexican cowboy, who had boarded us some distance back, balanced the mail-bag on his head. Then we plunged in, but in answer to our self-gratulatory exclamation at the lowness of the river the driver remarked: "Jest you wait till you come to that there ba-ar; it's five feet deep sure!" But it was not. The river demon behaved very well and let us over without a wetting; the water rose over the fetlocks of the mules and the waves rolled about their feet, while we held our breath and our gripsacks with convulsive force, nor felt relieved until safe on the further shore.

The wind declined with the sun, consequently the last part of the drive was much more pleasant. Indeed, so delightful was it that we almost forgot our fatigue. The road ran smoothly down a broad valley, and, though our driver's six-shooters were convenient to his hand, we met nothing more formidable than some Texas cattle, lank of limb and long of horn, which stopped grazing and looked at us a moment, and then, with a shake of the head which we could not interpret, resumed their supper. At the last ranch we changed driver as well as mules. It was almost dark, and not without misgivings we committed ourselves to the guidance of the new outfit for the remaining fifteen miles of the journey. But our new driver made himself very agreeable in his way, and we soon reasoned ourselves out of our nervous dread.

Just before we reached our destination we were obliged to cross the river in order to deliver the mail at the post-office. After passing the ford we were driven some distance through

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the broad river-bottom among the trees, and here we came upon an Indian "teepee," or camp, and heard, some time before we reached them, the monotonous noise which they call singing. Then we met them, ghostly figures draped in their sheets, at sight of which our mules danced and our hearts stood still. Never will the agony of terror of those few moments be forgotten; and if we could have then and there turned the buckboard around and retraced our way to Reno at full speed, in spite of the Canadian and its terrors we would have done so. At length the agency was reached, where we were greeted warmly, and found a comfortable supper awaiting us.

The next morning we opened our eyes upon surroundings so strange that we hardly realized that we were awake. The stillness also made everything more strange. Nor have I yet, after several months, accustomed myself to that phase of the life. The soft sod of the prairie returns no echo to the unshod hoofs of the ponies or the moccasined feet of their masters, and so they pass us all unheard, save for the jingling of the bells with which they are fond of adorning alike themselves and their beasts. There is no traffic or travel other than the pony-trains, and so the silence is unbroken except by the voices of the children at their play. The adult Indian seldom speaks, his language is limited in words, but makes up the deficiency by signs, and a long conversation can be carried on by these with never a sound uttered.

Life at an Indian agency is *sui generis* and made up of many different and differing elements. There is a great deal of frontier roughness, considerable mid-country bucolicism, and a little urban refinement. But as all are entirely dependent upon one another for companionship, the dividing lines are all effaced and all meet on a common plane. Be the occasion a dance or a riding-party, the washerwoman shakes the suds from her fingers, the "cook-man" takes off his official apron, and the one trips it on the light fantastic toe, with the agent or the doctor as a partner, while the other shoulders a violin and proves his patience if not his proficiency. Or, mounted on fleet-footed ponies, the "*tiabos*" (whites) skim over the broad country, enjoying to the full the second of the only two dissipations afforded us.

After personal feuds (for the lines, "cœlum non animam," etc., prove true here as elsewhere, and human nature *is* human nature) and fancies the vagaries and shortcomings of the Indian form the topics of deepest interest, while the one idea of the red man seems to be, "What can I get out of the *tiabo?*"—either by fair means or foul. The Indians are professional beggars, and a

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great number of them might almost be said to be natural thieves, and to illustrate to perfection the idea of a people utterly without decency or conscience. To reproof they are entirely callous, and threatened punishment is evaded by hiding, and enforced punishment by a sullen retaliation of supposed injury. That they are beggars is not surprising, since, being "wards of the nation," they are taken advantage of by most of those representing their guardian, and, if not robbed, are cheated. Their rations are issued to them every week, in some cases every two weeks, and the supplies are not only poor in quality, but are thrown to them in such form as to be of little use in their ignorant and helpless hands; while, as to quantity, about half of what is sufficient is given, and the consequence is that, that small portion being soon used up, until next ration day they must beg or steal.

Their thieveries are nevertheless very provoking, for they seem to indulge the propensity simply for the pleasure of it in many cases, and it requires a lynx-eyed vigilance to cope with it. Prevention in this case is the only cure. That conscience is latent, as heat in ice, we must take for granted, since they are soul-endowed beings like their more fortunate white brethren; but this must be taken upon faith or deduced from facts understood, not manifest. And here it is that any missionary work outside the church proves a failure. The religious frenzy of the Methodist and Baptist may seem to suit the emotional nature of some of the uneducated Southern negroes, but to move these savage Indian natures and elicit the spark divine requires a divine touch, and none can give that save God himself; and we naturally look to the church which he founded upon the Rock as the proper instrument in the hands of men with which to do the work.

It is no news to Catholics to be told that the government, as far as it can, ignores their church in this missionary work, prevents it as much as it can, and refuses to allow it the same stipend which the others receive. That is an old story and upon a par with official action towards the church in other matters, such as houses of refuge and reformatories, the inmates of a very great many of which are debarred from the visits of their priests and the consolations of their religion. So much for the bigotry and the spirit of religious persecution which is still rife in our land. In the Indian Territory there is no Catholic agency, and no missionaries outside of the "Mission of the Sacred Heart" among the Pottawattomies under the control of

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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

V.

"TAKE care of D'Arcy," said Daly to Butt, "or you will lose him. He is worth winning, and that hazel-eyed witch—I saw her at the Castle once before—will capture him. Once ensnared by English beauty, good-by D'Arcy and good-by Ireland."

"Faith, I must see to this," said Butt. "Who is the girl?"

"A Miss Mowbray, I understand, daughter of Mowbray the banker."

"This is serious, my boy. I must save the lad. Where's Mrs. Beauchamp?" And he sought a presentation to "that beautiful creature that's stealing the heart of my most promising lieutenant."

"I have come to protect my interests, Miss Mowbray. I feared you might convert my young friend here. We can't spare him even to you."

"On the contrary, he has almost converted me."

"Miss Mowbray tells me she is half Irish," said D'Arcy.

"Wouldn't one know it to look at her?" responded Butt. "There is only one island and one race that owns those hazel eyes. So you are one of us? Upon my word I think I'll go in with Mill for female suffrage and send our women into Parliament. They would be irresistible."

"Well, you may count on my vote beforehand," said Gertrude merrily.

"May I ask your mother's name, Miss Mowbray?—for I know your father is English."

"She was a Redmond, of Tullagh—Tullagh something—I forget, and papa never speaks to me about her."

"Tullagh-Connell—is that it?"

"Yes, that sounds like it."

"And what was her maiden name?"

"Eva. Here is her picture, that never leaves me. I feel safe while she clings to my neck."

A film dimmed the deep eyes a moment as they drooped over a locket, and the hands trembled as she opened it and showed a miniature portrait within. It might have been taken for a pic-

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ture of Gertrude herself, save that the eyes had a sadder, far-away look and the mouth a more wistful expression. Mr. Butt smote his forehead with his hand as he gazed at the locket.

"Why, of course, of course," he said musingly, and looked with a new interest and kindness at the beautiful girl before him. "How stupid I am! But I am getting old and forget things. I knew your mother well, child, years ago, years ago. She was the beauty of Tullagh-Connell. For that matter she was the beauty of every place she went to. The men were all mad about her, and some Englishman came in and stole her—Mowbray, to be sure. That is the name. Why," said he, turning suddenly on D'Arcy, "your father was one of her chief suitors. To be sure he was, and nearly went wild when he found she had fled. Upon my word," he added, laughing, "you two young people came within an ace of being brother and sister."

"I most devoutly thank Heaven for the escape," said D'Arcy, bowing smilingly to Gertrude.

"O you rascal—oh! But there, I leave you to your newly found relative."

They parted friends that evening with mutual desires and promises to meet again. Gertrude thought much of her companion as she retired for the night—she stayed at Mrs. Beauchamp's. She went over the various points of their conversation, recalling his look and tone and attitude as he spoke. She again opened the locket, gazed long and earnestly at the face of her dead mother, and, kissing it, pondered curiously how things might have been. On the whole she was rather satisfied than not that Mr. D'Arcy was not her brother.

The great debate came off and the government was wholly triumphant. Towards the close Mr. Butt surprised every one by delivering an impassioned speech in favor of the government policy. It recalled the palmiest days of parliamentary oratory and undoubtedly influenced the Irish vote. It was the last effort of the opposition for the time being. Then the season broke up and everybody went away.

D'Arcy had gone once to see the Mowbrays and spent a quiet evening with Gertrude, Mr. Mowbray devoting most of his attention to a city man who had dined with them and seemed made of figures and stocks.

"Are you going abroad, Mr. D'Arcy?" she asked before his departure.

"Hardly," he said. "My purse is not a heavy one, and I

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think I'll stick to my Irish bog. I shall dream away by Eva's Tear."

"Ah! yes. There is no spot lovelier in this world. Eva's Tear! I shall always remember it." And her eyes seemed to go back over the past.

"I am glad you think so well of it; for my father owns a few acres around there, and I spent my childhood there. It was there, too, I first fell in love."

She started and questioned him with searching eyes. There was the slightest tremor in the voice as she repeated his words:

"First fell in love?"

It was a question, and there was a gentle emphasis on "first."

"First, and perhaps last. Who can tell? You know you imagine that we Irishmen are all fickle."

"So you are," she said, with a tinge of the old scorn he had more than once noted on her face. "There can be no first, second, and third in love. There is only one. At least, it is so with women. They have only one heart to give, and, that given, all is given."

"I wish I could think so," said he.

"Believe me, it is so."

"I have known or heard of women who had many loves. Had they many hearts?"

"So have I. But they are not women." Then she changed abruptly, and, resuming her usual calm tones, said playfully: "So the rebel's heart is actually captured. I did not think it possible."

"Why did you not?"

"I deemed the fortress so impregnable."

It was her turn to be playful, and under her gentle raillery he grew more earnest.

"Fortresses deemed impregnable are sometimes stolen unawares," he said, with meaning in his tones.

"That is because the guards are sleeping and taken by surprise; but the old hostility remains after the capture, and the hatred of the yoke."

"But what if the struggle is hopeless?"

"Then the garrison are cowards."

"I am a born coward in love affairs."

Her laughter rang out with startling suddenness. D'Arcy was astonished, and perhaps a little mortified.

"O Irishman, Irishman!" said she. "What an Irishman you

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are! And pray may I ask how many love affairs has the gallant Mr. D'Arcy had?"

Here was this brilliant, self-confident, ready, and bold young man, who had dared, and not unsuccessfully, to beard the foremost men in England in debate, suddenly outwitted and hopelessly beaten by a girl. The color deepened in his cheeks and for a moment he said nothing. Then, recovering his habitual good-nature, he bowed with his usual genial smile, and said:

"Well, I confess my defeat. If the fortress is worth taking it surrenders."

"What! to me? Oh! no. A fortress that capitulates so easily is hardly worth a siege; besides, it has been taken so often already."

"So you will laugh at me and won't believe me earnest?"

"I believe you earnest in many things, but not in love. Well, may I ask who is the fortunate lady who first captured the heart of the redoubtable D'Arcy?"

"So you wish me to give a lady's name away?"

"Not unless you care; not if it is a secret. But women will be curious about these things."

"Well, then, since you must know, I call her 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

A grave smile played about his lips as he said this and looked with calm serenity into her eyes. There was an air of truth and reality about his manner that impressed her.

"So you will not tell me?"

"The Lady of the Lake," he repeated.

She gave a little sigh and said: "I think, after all, you are deceiving me, that you really are in love." Then, changing again, she added: "I hope so. Be so. Be always so. Love is the best thing in this world. It ennobles the possessor and ennobles the possessed. Yes, love your Lady of the Lake and cherish her; and perhaps some day you will let me see her."

There was a pleading look in her eyes and a pleading tone in her voice as she laid her hand on his and looked up at him. He turned pale under her gaze. His eyes drooped. He was silent a moment, then, lifting them gravely to hers, said:

"Yes; perhaps I may some day."

"Why perhaps only?"

"Why? Because in this hurly-burly of a world we are never certain of what a day may bring. Good-night, Miss Mowbray. Bid your father good-night for me."

"We shall see you again when the world comes back?"

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"If you wish it."

"Of course we wish it. You have added a new pleasure to the season."

"And you," he said, looking at her with a glance half tender, half resentful, "a new pain.'

Before she could ask a word of explanation of the strange speech he was gone, leaving her in a wonder of perplexity where pain and pleasure strove for the mastery.

VI.

MR. MOWBRAY was getting a little worn in spite of his wonderful constitution, and his physician advised as long a rest and as much change as he could possibly take. So he and his sister and Gertrude set out to ramble about just where their fancy took them. The banker was inclined to be a bit fretful and fussy at the beginning, but he gradually quieted down and soon grew to like the change from the smoky activity of the great city that was his Mecca. As for Gertrude, she revelled in the change. They rambled about wherever the spirit of the hour led them: through France, Spain, Italy, Germany. In all the chief cities the banker's name was a password. Occasionally they crossed an English friend, but only occasionally; for they avoided as much as possible the beaten track, and whiled away the time in delicious byways where the inhabitants were still delightfully primitive, simple, and quaint, looking like living bits cut out of mediæval history to refresh the eyes and charm the wearied senses of the people of the busy, roaring, hurrying to-day.

"I think I'll give up banking and take to Robinson-Crusoeing," said Mr. Mowbray one day as he puffed his cigar in luxurious laziness. He never smoked in the city and only occasionally at home. But he was becoming quite a rake and was rustically loose in his attire, wearing anything and wearing it anyhow. "I'll give up banking. I'll buy an island in the Mediterranean, or South Sea, or somewhere, and stock it with a set of slaves, and we'll live there for ever. Eh, Gertie?"

"Delightful, papa! And I'll be queen and dairymaid at once. I'll churn and command in a breath."

"And I—what shall I do?" asked Aunt Madge.

"You shall be chaplain and read the prayers to the darkeys, who won't understand a word of them."

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"Brother!" said the shocked old lady. "Don't be profane nor jest with sacred subjects."

"Jest! Why, I feel so jolly that I could shake hands with the Pope of Rome, if he'd let me. And what a beautiful old man he was, after all!"

"Pio Nono is a saint, if ever there was one," broke in Gertrude decisively. "It seemed to me quite natural to go down on my knees before him. I knelt before holiness, purity, and benevolence. I could have kissed the lovely old man's feet and felt better for it; but he would not let me. He only gave me his hand to kiss."

"Gertrude, this is idolatry," said her aunt tartly.

"Ah! aunt, if we only had many such idols I fancy the world would be better for them."

"My dear, you shouldn't talk so. Brother, you see! That is sending people to Catholic convents."

But Mr. Mowbray was sound asleep.

They rambled back again to Paris and made a short stay there. Gertrude paid a visit to her old friends at the Sacré Cœur, and they were delighted to see her. She could not help crying when she met the mother-superior. She did not know why, but the tears came in a rain, and she sobbed and sobbed as the sweet lady pressed her to her heart. It was all so different from the world she lived in. There seemed the calm and the peace of heaven in this abode; and though the purity of her heart was only blurred a little by the frivolities of the world, not deeply stained or wounded, she felt abashed, and awe-struck, and sorrowful, and sick at heart, as though she had suddenly come into the presence of her God.

"Be good, my child, be good. Only be yourself and you will be good."

"Be myself!" said Gertrude, startled. "Do you know, reverend mother, that was almost the first advice I got on entering the world."

"And who gave it you?"

"The present prime minister of England."

"Did he? I do not know who he is, my dear, but he must be a good man. England ought to be happy to have such ministers."

"But he is a Protestant and a heretic."

"Ah! well, he did not make himself one, I suppose. All the good in the world is not confined to Catholics."

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"O mother! if I only could see, if I only could believe, if I only could be like you." And a fresh fit of weeping choked the girl's voice.

"Pray, my child, pray. God is not deaf to any of his creatures. He is always listening to us, always waiting to help us. Pray to him always for light and strength and guidance, and be assured that there are others praying for you. Good-by, my child, good-by, and may God and the Virgin Mother have you in their holy keeping!"

For days after this meeting there was an unusual gravity about Gertrude. She visited the churches when she could without giving offence to her aunt or troubling her father, who cared little for churches. One day they ran against Lafontaine, and the meeting was a very pleasant one for all. He joined their party and escorted Gertrude to the various sights, often when the others did not care to accompany them. His manner towards Gertrude was tender and gentle as that of a brother. She felt his kindness and reciprocated it. Moreover, he was a very amusing and intelligent companion, who knew Paris almost as well as he knew London.

They strolled into the Cathedral of Notre Dame one afternoon just as the sunset was flooding through the wondrous stained-glass windows and filling the vast building with a glory of mystic and awful lights. It seemed to Gertrude's spiritual nature like the glory around the throne, for the tabernacle shone out clear and radiant over all. As they moved, with hushed and reverent steps, up towards the high altar, they saw a figure kneeling before it, a woman. The face was upturned, and on it fell the mingled lights from a window near. The hat had fallen back on her shoulders and lay neglected there. The slender hands were clasped in supplication to some invisible Presence. The face was rapt in devotion, and the strong colors lit it up as they lingered lovingly about it and seemed to form a halo round the perfect head. So rapt was she that she did not notice their approach. Lafontaine was startled and awe-struck for a moment as his dark eyes devoured the beautiful picture before him.

"Is it living and real, or is it a saint come down to teach us how to pray?" he asked under his breath.

"Come away and do not disturb her," whispered Gertrude. But Lafontaine lingered.

"Why," said he, turning suddenly towards her, "don't you remember that face? It must be. The world never saw two such faces."

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She drew him gently away and they moved down the aisle, both of them as in a dream. She knew the face well. It was that of the girl who had wished D'Arcy success on the night of the ball at Dublin Castle. "That is the Lady of the Lake," she mused as she left the church; and Lafontaine found her strangely silent and distraught as they rode back to their hotel. But he was grateful for the silence.

Riding in the Bois de Boulogne next day towards evening, the whole party passed a carriage that was driving in an opposite direction. This part of the park was remote from the more frequented spots, and at the time was almost deserted. The carriage contained only two occupants, who were so lost in themselves that they did not even heed the approach of the others. They were a lady and gentleman. He was holding her hand and speaking with intense earnestness. Her head and eyes were cast down. At the moment of passing they were lifted to his and the beautiful eyes lit up with loving admiration.

"There go two happy lovers," said Lafontaine gaily; then, seeing the lady's face, he started and looked eagerly after them.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "Why, Gertrude! there goes our saint of yesterday. But her devotion to-day is in a different direction. I wish I could have seen him."

He turned to his companion and saw that she was marble pale. Sitting next to her, he felt her shiver.

"Are you ill? What is wrong?" he cried in anxious tones.

"Nothing," said she faintly. "I shall be better in a moment. Tell him to drive faster. The air will refresh me. The ride has been long and a little fatiguing. Don't speak to me awhile."

She lay back in the carriage and closed her eyes. But all through the journey home the closed eyes gazed on one vision: Martin D'Arcy with the hand of the Lady of the Lake clasped in his and pouring his soul into her ear. Through all her senses went one dull monotone: "The Lady of the Lake—the Lady of the Lake." The wheels of the carriage took it up, the trees murmured it, and the air seemed to blow it all about the world.

VII.

The London world drifted homewards and fell into its old ways. Politics were more exciting than ever, and Mrs. Beauchamp was in her glory. The chief, always admired but long distrusted by the English people, had committed himself and his

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party to one or two bold strokes in foreign affairs that at first startled, then frightened, and then won the admiration of the public by flattering its vanity with a new sense of the might and power of England, which, it seemed, had long lain dormant until the touch of the magician awakened it and the world to its reality. It may have been false and dangerous, but to a strong race there is sometimes a charm in danger. And so it turned out. The man who had never been strictly popular soon became a public idol, and the old idols were scornfully cast aside.

Amid the gossip afloat in society was the approaching marriage of Miss Mowbray, the banker's daughter, to Mr. Lafontaine, who, young as he was, already occupied a rising position in the ranks of the opposition. There was no special authority for the rumor, as is generally the case; but the rumor was accepted nevertheless as pointing to a very probable and pleasing event. They had been old friends and old lovers, and the match was in every sense a good one. Lafontaine had not been seen about town much of late, and Miss Mowbray went little into society. This, of course, confirmed the rumor. Lafontaine was making speeches up in the north against the government and daily adding to his reputation by his caustic assaults. "Lafontaine will have a place in the next government," said a knowing one. "He is a little talky and still immature, but he talks well. Then, again, he is going to marry wealth and beauty. Lucky fellow!"

There was to be another great debate, and Mrs. Beauchamp gave another little party, of the same kind as before, only on this occasion the chief did not appear. That disease of successful Tory statesmen, the gout, had again laid hold of him and kept at home the man whose designs and policy troubled all Europe. But there were great lights there nevertheless, and Mrs. Beauchamp prevailed on Gertrude to abandon her self-inflicted seclusion and shine once more in the brilliant world of power and fashion.

She attracted the old admiration. She was lovely as ever—lovelier, perhaps, for a certain air of sadness and reserve that had not marked her formerly. In one of the turns of the evening she met D'Arcy, looking much the same as he used to look. She greeted him gently, yet with a faintly-concealed reserve.

"I was in hopes of meeting you here to-night," he said. "It seems long since we met last."

"Yes," said she.

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"I have been out of the world almost ever since."

"Indeed!"

"I have been buried in my bog."

"All the time?"

"Most of the time, save a brief run over to Paris."

"Ah! We were in Paris."

"I suppose so; but I saw no one." She looked at him in surprise, and he noticed the look. "No one, I assure you. Besides, I know comparatively few people."

"Then your visit to Paris must have been dull?"

"On the contrary, it was too delightful, and I was only grieved that it should have been so brief."

Gertrude looked listless and toyed with her fan in a nervous way. He noticed the change in her manner and detected a studied coldness. The situation grew embarrassing for both. He broke the silence with his old laugh and said:

"Well, you don't seem pleased to see me again. I know I never please women for any time. It is my misfortune."

She made an effort to shake off the growing constraint and said:

"Indeed I am pleased to see you, Mr. D'Arcy, and congratulate you on your success."

"What success?" he asked in wonder.

"With the Lady of the Lake," she said in low and significant tones.

He started and flushed all over, then turned deadly white.

"You speak in riddles, Miss Mowbray," he whispered hoarsely.

"It is an easy riddle for you to read," she retorted in a calm voice, but her face was white as his own.

"What is the matter with you two people?" broke in Mrs. Beauchamp. "You both look frightened. Have you seen a ghost? Here is Lafontaine, Gertrude. I took pity on him and invited him to-night, disgracefully as he has behaved towards us. He wants you to dance with him; will you? Are you engaged?"

"No, Mrs. Beauchamp. Certainly I will dance with him. Will you excuse me, Mr. D'Arcy?"

He bowed gravely, and, with a cold curtsey, she swept away.

"There goes Lafontaine's future wife," said a voice behind him. "Isn't she superb?"

D'Arcy heard the remark and stood rooted to the spot. He

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saw Lafontaine bend over her with glowing tenderness and marked the smile of pleasure that lit up her face on meeting him. "Lafontaine has his revenge," he muttered, and, turning aside, mingled with the throng.

They saw no more of each other until Gertrude was about to leave. She had sent Lafontaine to search for something she had forgotten, and while awaiting his return saw D'Arcy passing out with the saint of Notre Dame and the beauty of the Bois de Boulogne on his arm. The stranger looked radiant as ever, and the face was now all aglow with pleasure and excitement; but D'Arcy's face was gloomy and severe. As they passed close to Gertrude the stranger caught sight of her. The girls' eyes met with a mutual question in them. The stranger whispered to D'Arcy. He turned, saw Gertrude, and, approaching, led his partner towards her. Gertrude felt herself flush and pale in flashes as they came.

"My cousin wishes to make your acquaintance, Miss Mowbray," said D'Arcy; "in fact, she insists on it," he added with a sad sort of smile.

"Your cousin!" ejaculated Gertrude with distended eyes.

"Yes, my little cousin Kate, who has been admiring you from afar all the evening, and thinks you the most beautiful creature she ever beheld."

"No, no," almost moaned Gertrude, "not half so beautiful as herself." And she clasped her in her arms and kissed her convulsively. "Forgive me, won't you?" she asked in hurried tones. "I have seen you before, several times—once in Notre Dame, when you did not see me. You were praying like an angel, and I never saw anything before or since half so beautiful. O Martin—I mean Mr. D'Arcy, why didn't you tell me this before? I mean why didn't you let me know your cousin before?"

There were tears in her eyes as Lafontaine came up and looked with surprise on quite an agitated group, the others not understanding Gertrude's sudden burst of vehemence. "Geoffrey," she went on, "here is our saint—our Notre Dame saint—and she is the cousin of Mr. D'Arcy. Don't you remember her?"

"It would be hard indeed to forget your cousin, Mr. D'Arcy," said Lafontaine as he gazed at the lady, who blushed with girlish pleasure at the compliment.

"And we saw you again, riding in the Bois de Boulogne together."

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"What! was it you, D'Arcy?" And Lafontaine threw a swift glance at Gertrude. "We thought you lovers; and, faith, you looked remarkably like it."

"So we are lovers and always have been; haven't we, Kate?"

"Yes, yes. He is my only lover," said Kate fervently.

"Indeed!" said Lafontaine. "That is fortunate news for some fellow."

"And now that we know each other we must see more of each other. Won't you come to see me? I have no girl friend, and I know I shall love you. I love you already." And Gertrude kissed her again. "Bring her, Mr. D'Arcy, won't you? You know the way, though you seem to have forgotten it. Here, let us change. Mr. Lafontaine, you lead Miss—you haven't told me her name: Neville, Kate Neville; what a lovely name! —lead Kate to her carriage, and this Irishman," looking up with tearful archness at D'Arcy, "shall be my escort. It is so long since we met!"

As they moved down the staircase she lingered a little and said softly: "Will you forgive me? Can you forgive me for to-night?"

"Certainly, if you will tell me what I have to forgive, Miss Mowbray."

"My rudeness, my coldness."

"I saw none, felt none."

"Ah! you are not forgiving but cruel to say so. You are hurt, and justly."

"My dear Miss Mowbray, you mistake me." His voice was icily polite. She looked at him a moment. Their eyes met. Hers filled with tears.

"What do you wish me to say or do?" he asked suddenly and almost angrily.

"I thought your cousin was the Lady of the Lake," she said humbly.

"Do you wish to know who the Lady of the Lake is?" he went on with increasing vehemence.

"If you care to tell me. You said that some day you might."

"I will tell you, then, since you desire it and as I have no fear now; and I give you all the triumph it may afford you. The Lady of the Lake was Gertrude Mowbray."

She looked at him wonderingly, her face whiter than the blossoms in her hair. She would have fallen had not he supported her. She faltered out:

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"And Gertrude Mowbray is the Lady of the Lake no longer?"

"No," said he fiercely. "She belongs to another. You told me there was only one love. You have chosen yours. Mr. Lafontaine, I resign my charge to your safe-keeping."

He did not look at her again or say good-night. Lafontaine bade an almost affectionate farewell to Kate Neville and watched her as they rolled away.

The world goes wrong sometimes. In fact, it is oftener wrong than right. Lafontaine's wedding was deferred a year. It did not occur quite so speedily as rumor desired, but it came at last. He married the banker's daughter and all the world was at the wedding. He was a lucky fellow. He married beauty and wealth, as all the world predicted, and continues to rise in his party. His beautiful wife is already a leader in society. The world was startled one day by the news that he had turned papist. He fell under a cloud for a time in consequence, but, being too valuable a man to lose, soon emerged and regained the position that this step had cost him. As for D'Arcy, he married earlier, and, oddly enough, also a banker's daughter; but it was not the match some people had laid out for him. He and Lafontaine became fast friends. He took up his abode in Holland Park, and by and by Mr. Mowbray came to forgive him for stealing away his daughter. The banking-houses of Mowbray and Neville amalgamated, though that is not the word they used. Lafontaine captured Kate, and D'Arcy married Gertrude. The happy couples may be seen any Sunday at the Carmelite Church in Kensington. They often talk over their early mishaps, and Miss Mowbray, whose hair is now very white and silvery, still sighs over the convent. Gradually the story leaked out of "the Lady of the Lake."

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"INTO THE SILENT LAND."

NATURALLY, on plunging into the Indian Territory, we expected to find "Indians to right of us, Indians to left of us, Indians in front of us, wampum and tomahawk!" But not one did we see. On every side stretched the broad prairie under the September sun, with never a living thing, save the prairie-dogs and their attendant owls, which barked and jabbered at us, to break the monotony. Once in the afternoon we saw, far off, the antlers of a deer outlined against the horizon, and its body we could just define. So all the long September afternoon we rode on, the stage not a particularly easy-going one, the four mules either very weak or very lazy. Mind and eyesight were soon fatigued to excess by the sameness, and we were glad when night fell. Then the glory of the heavens was about us truly, and the effect of the clear atmosphere was that the sky seemed to lower itself almost to our touch and the stars seemed twice their usual size. We realized the truth of the descriptive lines in "Thalaba":

> "How beautiful is night!
> A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
> No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
> Breaks the serene of heaven:
> In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
> Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
> Beneath her steady ray
> The desert-circle spreads,
> Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
> How beautiful is night!"

We rode all night, sleeping as best we could, and glad, when the stage stopped at the several ranches for the purpose of changing horses, to make our escape from its cramping box and stretch our limbs for a few moments. Towards morning our drowsy senses were disturbed by a guttural "How!" spoken in our very ear, it seemed. On opening our eyes we found that the sound proceeded from an Indian mounted on his pony, and so brought to the elevation of the stage window, into which he was looking, the vehicle having stopped for a few moments. Our sensations may be imagined, to have, in the first confusion of awaking, such a figure meet our eyes. *It*—for whether man or

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woman is yet unknown to us—was wrapped in a red blanket, with head uncovered, the long black hair streaming over the shoulders; one cock's feather, tied in the hair near the crown, swayed in the wind, now up, now down. The face was painted in streaks of color, but so momentary was the glimpse and so bewildered were we by the circumstances that there was no opportunity for detailed observation. As the day grew older and we proceeded on our way further south the red men passed us more frequently, and we soon grew accustomed to the sight.

We began to come upon their "camps" also; said camps consisting of tents, in number according to the family, and an arbor of boughs with the leaves on, laid across some upright and crosswise poles.

Well, daylight in all its fulness (and the sunrise was superb) found us still thirty miles from Reno; and oh! what a journey those thirty miles were, particularly as we had horrible anticipations of what the vehicle (a buckboard) was in which, or upon which, we were to complete our journey of forty-five miles beyond the post.

It was the 20th of September upon which we reached Reno. The flag at the post was flying from the peak of the pole—the official announcement of the President's death not having been made, national mourning was not yet begun so far away. After about an hour's detention at the store at Reno, where the novel scene was full of interest, Indians and soldiers in about equal proportions lounging around, our new conveyance was announced and we issued from our cool retreat into the blazing mid-day sun, and found we were to ride under its glare and facing the prairie wind with only a frail sun-umbrella to protect us. I do not know what the "buckboard" used in Adirondack travel may be, and we neither of us had ever seen such a vehicle before. Supposing that some of my readers are equally ignorant, I will describe it for their enlightenment. The front and back wheels are connected by long, narrow, lath-like boards, nearly an inch apart, and fastened to the axle-trees without springs; a seat, or two seats, as the case may be, are placed, nautically speaking, amidships; a railing of iron runs around the sides and back about six inches high to prevent the "freight" from falling out: a low dashboard in front affords a foot-rest. The seats are not high, but they have no backs and consequently the occupant soon wearies. Such was the "trap" which carries the mail from Reno to Sill, and which awaited our coming.

After leaving Reno some distance behind us the prairie be-

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gan to break; trees became more frequent and the land more rolling. At length we reached the Canadian, the *bête noir* of Territorial travel. All the rivers are fordable, and all are some twenty or thirty feet below the level, with banks thickly wooded, the most of the trees being cottonwood, with some oaks intermixed. But the Canadian is floored with quicksand and is very dangerous. At times the mules are carried right off their feet and down the stream, many and many a freight-load having been lost there. Sometimes the team manages to swim over, either with or without the buckboard. As the mail-carrier is under contract to deliver the mail here by a certain hour, and at Sill, the end of his trip, also at a stated time, cross he must, even if he swims with the mail-bag on his head. Several instances are on record of human lives lost in the treacherous waves, which roll wonderfully high sometimes.

Reaching the Canadian's shore, we were told to gather our gripsacks and our feet up on the seat, while a Mexican cowboy, who had boarded us some distance back, balanced the mail-bag on his head. Then we plunged in, but in answer to our self-gratulatory exclamation at the lowness of the river the driver remarked: "Jest you wait till you come to that there ba-ar; it's five feet deep sure!" But it was not. The river demon behaved very well and let us over without a wetting; the water rose over the fetlocks of the mules and the waves rolled about their feet, while we held our breath and our gripsacks with convulsive force, nor felt relieved until safe on the further shore.

The wind declined with the sun, consequently the last part of the drive was much more pleasant. Indeed, so delightful was it that we almost forgot our fatigue. The road ran smoothly down a broad valley, and, though our driver's six-shooters were convenient to his hand, we met nothing more formidable than some Texas cattle, lank of limb and long of horn, which stopped grazing and looked at us a moment, and then, with a shake of the head which we could not interpret, resumed their supper. At the last ranch we changed driver as well as mules. It was almost dark, and not without misgivings we committed ourselves to the guidance of the new outfit for the remaining fifteen miles of the journey. But our new driver made himself very agreeable in his way, and we soon reasoned ourselves out of our nervous dread.

Just before we reached our destination we were obliged to cross the river in order to deliver the mail at the post-office. After passing the ford we were driven some distance through

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the broad river-bottom among the trees, and here we came upon an Indian "teepee," or camp, and heard, some time before we reached them, the monotonous noise which they call singing. Then we met them, ghostly figures draped in their sheets, at sight of which our mules danced and our hearts stood still. Never will the agony of terror of those few moments be forgotten; and if we could have then and there turned the buckboard around and retraced our way to Reno at full speed, in spite of the Canadian and its terrors we would have done so. At length the agency was reached, where we were greeted warmly, and found a comfortable supper awaiting us.

The next morning we opened our eyes upon surroundings so strange that we hardly realized that we were awake. The stillness also made everything more strange. Nor have I yet, after several months, accustomed myself to that phase of the life. The soft sod of the prairie returns no echo to the unshod hoofs of the ponies or the moccasined feet of their masters, and so they pass us all unheard, save for the jingling of the bells with which they are fond of adorning alike themselves and their beasts. There is no traffic or travel other than the pony-trains, and so the silence is unbroken except by the voices of the children at their play. The adult Indian seldom speaks, his language is limited in words, but makes up the deficiency by signs, and a long conversation can be carried on by these with never a sound uttered.

Life at an Indian agency is *sui generis* and made up of many different and differing elements. There is a great deal of frontier roughness, considerable mid-country bucolicism, and a little urban refinement. But as all are entirely dependent upon one another for companionship, the dividing lines are all effaced and all meet on a common plane. Be the occasion a dance or a riding-party, the washerwoman shakes the suds from her fingers, the "cook-man" takes off his official apron, and the one trips it on the light fantastic toe, with the agent or the doctor as a partner, while the other shoulders a violin and proves his patience if not his proficiency. Or, mounted on fleet-footed ponies, the "*tiabos*" (whites) skim over the broad country, enjoying to the full the second of the only two dissipations afforded us.

After personal feuds (for the lines, "cœlum non animam," etc., prove true here as elsewhere, and human nature *is* human nature) and fancies the vagaries and shortcomings of the Indian form the topics of deepest interest, while the one idea of the red man seems to be, "What can I get out of the *tiabo?*"—either by fair means or foul. The Indians are professional beggars, and a

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great number of them might almost be said to be natural thieves, and to illustrate to perfection the idea of a people utterly without decency or conscience. To reproof they are entirely callous, and threatened punishment is evaded by hiding, and enforced punishment by a sullen retaliation of supposed injury. That they are beggars is not surprising, since, being "wards of the nation," they are taken advantage of by most of those representing their guardian, and, if not robbed, are cheated. Their rations are issued to them every week, in some cases every two weeks, and the supplies are not only poor in quality, but are thrown to them in such form as to be of little use in their ignorant and helpless hands; while, as to quantity, about half of what is sufficient is given, and the consequence is that, that small portion being soon used up, until next ration day they must beg or steal.

Their thieveries are nevertheless very provoking, for they seem to indulge the propensity simply for the pleasure of it in many cases, and it requires a lynx-eyed vigilance to cope with it. Prevention in this case is the only cure. That conscience is latent, as heat in ice, we must take for granted, since they are soul-endowed beings like their more fortunate white brethren; but this must be taken upon faith or deduced from facts understood, not manifest. And here it is that any missionary work outside the church proves a failure. The religious frenzy of the Methodist and Baptist may seem to suit the emotional nature of some of the uneducated Southern negroes, but to move these savage Indian natures and elicit the spark divine requires a divine touch, and none can give that save God himself; and we naturally look to the church which he founded upon the Rock as the proper instrument in the hands of men with which to do the work.

It is no news to Catholics to be told that the government, as far as it can, ignores their church in this missionary work, prevents it as much as it can, and refuses to allow it the same stipend which the others receive. That is an old story and upon a par with official action towards the church in other matters, such as houses of refuge and reformatories, the inmates of a very great many of which are debarred from the visits of their priests and the consolations of their religion. So much for the bigotry and the spirit of religious persecution which is still rife in our land. In the Indian Territory there is no Catholic agency, and no missionaries outside of the "Mission of the Sacred Heart" among the Pottawattomies under the control of

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Abbot Robot. But there is here an Episcopal minister, who apportions his time at Reno, Sill, and this place. The Board of Missions had increased the sum devoted to this work, and it now amounts to about four thousand dollars.

One of the Episcopalian converts, a young man named Zotom, called in baptism Paul, was married the other evening; his bride was a former school-girl, and she has been married twice already, Indian fashion. The nuptial tie, according to Indian ritual, is binding only as long as the husband and master is pleased with his wife or slave. Let him get tired of her, or let her displease him in any way, it costs him nothing to drive her, Hagar-like, into the wilderness, and by a present of ponies to purchase another from a complaisant father. On the occasion of Paul's marriage another Indian, who also had been a former scholar, and who had been married, Indian fashion, for some time, wished to go through the Christian ceremony, having been previously baptized. The double ceremony took place in the large school-room, and was largely attended by friends of the high contracting parties. All the day long they had been coming in and camping on the prairie around the school-house. Preparations were made to seat forty at the table, which was very prettily adorned with flowers and laden with cakes, candies, nuts, raisins, and dates, aside from a good thick sandwich of beef laid on each plate. Before the feast was over we had set the table three times, feeding in all about one hundred Indians. It was a strange sight, these men and women so wild and weird. The men were decked in all their savage finery of paint and feathers, the women carrying their pappooses on their backs. They behaved very well until the time came to leave the table, when they grabbed everything they could reach. The bride of Paul has had quite a romantic history. She is a Kiowa girl and has a sweet face, though not by any means pretty. A couple of years ago she captivated a young Comanche brave and he offered her father sufficient ponies to buy her; but the admixture of the tribes is not looked upon with favor by these Indians generally, and great dissatisfaction was expressed by the Kiowas at the marriage. This led the girl's father to endeavor to release her, and, one of the ponies having died, he put in a plea that the groom had not kept his word, that his tale of ponies was wrong. By this time, too, the girl, Eagataw, was willing to be released, for her husband had proved himself a thorough tyrant; besides, there was a young Kiowa who had attracted her attention and for whom she entertained a fancy, or whatever the sentiment may be

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termed. The upshot of the matter was that Eagataw sought her father's protection, and, the Kiowa brave having the right number of ponies, she was assigned to him and he bore her in triumph to his "camp." But the Comanche was not so easily got rid of, and he pursued his quondam wife and her new husband, annoying them in every way and threatening his life. To avoid him they hid themselves among the hills in the southern part of the reservation and lived a life of great seclusion until the new husband died, when, the widow having mourned the proper number of moons, she was at liberty to wed another. This time, she having been baptized, let us hope the knot is firmly tied, to their mutual happiness, until death shall them part. "Mary Eagataw" assists in the sewing-room and Paul still preaches and teaches. At present they have a room in the school-house, but they are preparing their tent for the summer.

These tents, or "teepees," are conical in form, with a fire in the centre, and whole families are sheltered under one canvas; the consequence is, there is no idea of privacy among them, and the only way to keep them out of our own apartments is by lock and key. If the door is left open they enter without knocking, or if the window is convenient it serves their purpose as well. When the floors of their tents become too filthy for even them to endure it they fold up the tents and steal away to fresh fields and pastures new.

The blanket of the male Indian covers a multitude of sins of omission as to toilet. Their dress mainly consists of three articles—moccasins, a G-string, and the before-mentioned blanket. The G-string is a strip of flannel fastened before and behind to a string or belt around their waists, the ends of the strip hanging almost to their feet before and often trailing on the ground behind. To these are added, perhaps, leggings and a shirt, and above all a *vest!* The Indian who owns a vest needs no more to complete his happiness. In some cases a sheet is the substitute for the blanket, and in either case it envelops the figure, being drawn across the face so that no feature shows save one or both eyes, as the wearer pleases. Most ghostly are they, stalking along in these white cerements, and still more weird when a man in a white sheet elects to ride a white pony! The women wear a dolman-shaped garment of calico over their shoulders, and a shawl or blanket belted at their waist and looped up at one side; over this the blanket or a shawl. They carry their babies in a wooden cradle—into which the little thing is strapped like a mummy—on their backs, or, when the child has outgrown the

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cradle, in a fold of the shawl or blanket; and the mystery is yet unsolved how they keep the pappoose there with no hand to support it; neither does the child clasp its arms around the mother's neck, but sits straight up in the loop or fold of blanket. Polygamy is rife among them, for an Indian can have as many wives as he can pay for; the women do all the work, going ahead when a move is to be made, and cutting down tent-poles and setting up the tent, making the fire, and having all things in readiness for the master's meal when he shall arrive. Owing to this slavery of their women the boys at the school are a little rebellious to female rule, and it takes them some weeks of residence to understand the new order; and even from those who have attended school several years we never look for any little act of courtesy, though often surprised by it. The Indian is by no means a stoic where his pappoose is concerned, being a most doting father and resenting any punishment inflicted on the child. Nor can the children be managed well by coercion. They resent and resist it, and if it is persevered in they return in disgust to camp. But there are very few whom we cannot manage by kindness and coaxing and petting. There are among these children, just as among whites, divers and differing natures—some sullen and savage, others bright and cheerful. They learn by rote very quickly, too, but the understanding of what they learn is a slower process. Particularly are they quick at figures, learning the combinations of addition, subtraction, and division with astonishing rapidity. Drawing, too, is their delight, and the accuracy with which they copy is wonderful. But their habits are disgusting, and they are filthy and covered with vermin. There is no childish ignorance, innocence, or purity among them, as how could there be, living as they do when in "camp"?

This is a consolidated agency, the present agent having for a time only the Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches under his control; the headquarters were at Sill. Then, in the interests of economy or what not, the Wichitas, formerly under the direction of the Quakers, were added to his family and he was obliged to move here. This move, in the eyes of everybody but the department, was a great mistake. The treaties with these Indians call for the agency to be established as near the centre of the reservation as possible. The position at Sill met this requirement perfectly; besides, the government had been at the expense of one million of dollars to establish the military post at Sill for the protection of the agent. Then, again, the tribes on this agency are all restless and uncivilized, and caring nothing

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for agricultural pursuits; they have their cattle and their herds of ponies, and prefer the southern part of the reservation, where the mountains afford more game. The Kiowas dominate the rest, and are perhaps the most savage of any in all the Territory. With them, on quasi-friendly terms, are the Comanches; these are a nobler race in every way, though still uncivilized. The Apaches here are a part of the Apaches of New Mexico, but not so fierce. They are considered the least interesting and furthest removed from human intelligence by those who know them, including the army officers. But I do not know why. We have eight of them in the school, all but one tall, fine-looking fellows, and all good students and well advanced. They are very clannish and never separate in their hours of recreation, and the punishment of one is resented by all deeply. The chief's son is the smallest of the set, a beautiful boy of about twelve or thirteen, and the others all gather around him jealously. This little fellow, "Boyyon," is in my class, and I have given him the pet name of "Daisy." His mother hung herself in a fit of despair a year or so ago. She was very beautiful, and, so they say, a very fine character; but her lord and master brought home No. 2, and somehow they could not agree. He sent one to the woods for fuel one day, and the other, Boyyon's mother, to the spring for water, but she never returned; when, getting impatient, he went after her, he found only her lifeless body dangling from a tree. Life has its tragedies of broken hearts even here among the most untutored of God's creatures.

These Indians murmur greatly at the long ride of sixty miles, and in some cases more, which they have to take in order to draw their weekly rations.

The Wichitas are a weak tribe numerically, and are made up of the odds and ends of such as have died or are dying out. Among them they have one man who, like the last of the Mohicans, stands alone in the world with neither kith nor kin belonging to him. He is an "Uechi," the last of his tribe. He is one of the Rev. Mr. Wicks' catechumens and speaks English quite well. The Caddoes share the Wichita agency, and both these tribes are civilized to the small extent of living in log-houses and wearing the *tiabo* dress.

The country to the west and north of us is hilly, to the east a broad prairie, and a prairie-like valley runs between two ridges of hills down to Sill. The Wichita River winds a devious course from northwest to southeast, and some of its curves and turnings are very beautiful. We of the Kiowa and Comanche

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school are located in a horseshoe bend of said river about two hundred feet from the banks, upon a broad expanse of prairie which extends east about six miles to a line of low-lying hills. On our side of the river are the beef-pen and the commissary, the traders' stores, and one or two "mess-houses," or boarding-places for the employees. To the north of us, across the river and about a mile and a half away, are the agency buildings proper and the Wichita school.

Every Saturday the Wichitas and Caddoes come over for their rations, and Thursday and Friday are Kiowa and Comanche days. The beef is issued to them on the hoof, and they shoot it as it runs. They used to use arrows for this amusement; but the agent forbade such useless cruelty, and they use guns and revolvers now. Besides beef they are given flour and baking-powder. Twice a year the "annuities"—*i.e.*, clothing and blankets—are given out. Each week and on these semi-annual occasions an officer comes up from Sill to superintend the issue.

The winter just passed has been very mild and the vegetation has had an early start. The prairie is a deep green, and over that is a shimmer of red and blue and yellow as the wind moves the heads of the prairie flowers, which are very beautiful, making the air heavy with their perfume. Then the atmosphere is so clear and pure, and the sky such an intense blue, that the days are superb—except when a "norther" swoops down upon us, as it is apt to do with very little warning. These storms ride on a gray cloud of unmistakable tint to the initiated, and come with a soughing of the wind that is harrowing to weak nerves, and they bring with them a rain and a cold which penetrate to the very marrow.

The "Indian question" is a vexed one and has puzzled wise heads, but after nearly a year's residence and close observation among them it is my humble opinion that until the citizenship of the Indian is recognized, and he is allowed to fight the battle of life on equal terms with the white, he will give nothing but trouble. The present system is demoralizing to a degree, rendering them simply paupers. And when the supplies fail them what is to prevent their resenting such failure, knowing as they do that "Washington," as they call the ruling powers, has money unlimited at command? The schools in the midst of the tribes will never succeed (setting aside the religious question), because the children are not compelled to attend and can leave when they please. On ration days we have about one-half attendance, and that means two days out of each week. With the restlessness

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natural to children, and more particularly to these, they soon tire of study, and what more natural than that in such cases they should seek their homes? The only hope of civilization for the red man is in the rising generation. The adult Indian will be Indian to the end of the chapter, and as long as their tribal relations are kept up the "medicine-man" will retain his influence and hold upon them; and these individuals are the greatest drawbacks to all efforts for bettering their condition. Still, even among them there are some fine characters, and we have one here who last autumn laughed to scorn all the white man's teachings. Towards Christmas, however, he voluntarily expressed a wish to "go white man's ways," and threw off with his blanket and moccasins as many of his old habits as he could. He came to school with the simplicity of a little child and learned his A B C very readily. Although he has not yet been baptized, he has taken the name of "Luke" and is a paragon of honesty and industry and kindliness. This change, he told Mr. Wicks, was the result of much thought and comparison of the different ways of living.

So it is seen that life at an Indian agency is by no means devoid of interest, in spite of its monotony and narrowness.

THE TORNADO AND ITS ORIGIN.

THE laws governing the rise and progress of the terrible tornado, whose natural home is the Missouri valley, remain up to this present time undiscovered; and though the theories volunteered on the subject are unnumbered, not one of them accords fully with the witnessed facts. That their conduct is regulated by exact mechanical principles there cannot be a doubt. Their recent frequency and fury have challenged attention, and the Signal Service is making strenuous efforts to solve the intricate problem.

By the perseverance of William Redfield, of New York, and Colonel Reid, of England, the seasons and courses of the great West Indian and Mauritian hurricanes have been determined with great precision. Rules have been published by which a sailor may now know the exact course of the hurricane he may happen to encounter, thus enabling him to steer his ship so as to ride safely until the hurricane is gone.

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This knowledge has proved a very great blessing to navigators, and it is of priceless value in preserving life and treasure from the merciless deep. The Mauritian hurricane occurs from February to April, and near to the Mauritius in the southern hemisphere; the West Indian from August to October, and always describes in its main course the curve of an ellipse, which generally crosses the West India Islands, and, still pursuing the ellipse, marches to the northeast from the coast of Florida, treading the waves of the Atlantic. "Take an egg, and place it on an atlas map so that its small end shall be near the coast of Florida and its lower edge rest on the Leeward Islands; take a pencil, and, beginning eastward of these islands, trace the outline of your egg towards the west, turning its corner, and still tracing on towards northeast, as if travelling to Europe; leave off now, and you have sketched the ordinary path of a West Indian hurricane."

The hurricane and tornado are alike in having a rotary and progressive motion; they travel round and round as well as forward, somewhat after the manner of the motion of a corkscrew through a cork. They differ as to duration and extent. The great hurricane of August, 1830, which began at St. Thomas, travelled to the Banks of Newfoundland, a distance of three thousand miles, in seven days; and the great Cuba hurricane of 1844 was eight hundred miles wide and travelled over an area of two million four hundred thousand square miles. The tornado seems to be a condensed hurricane; it expends its force rapidly but with appalling fury, and it rarely exceeds one-half a mile in width.

The Missouri and Iowa tornado invariably appears as a funnel-shaped cloud black as the seven shades of Egypt. Hanging poised for a few moments in the western sky, and then rushing on with stupendous violence, it levels everything before it and leaves chaotic ruin and dire calamity in its wake. Its time of existence is usually from fifteen to seventy seconds. It has been known to leave the ground and rise into the upper regions of the air, again to return, striking the surface further on and renewing its havoc as before. The history of these tornadoes seems to establish the fact that their general course, though as zigzag as the ways of a politician, is always northeastward. This knowledge is of some practical utility, as a person seeing the approach of a tornado from the west may possibly avoid its path by a rapid flight to the south. The force of a tornado is prodigious. The East St. Louis tornado of 1871 lifted a mogul

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engine from the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad track and threw it to a distance of fifty feet. It lifted a large steamboat also entirely out of the Mississippi River and strewed its wreck along the Illinois shore.

The great Marshfield tornado of 1880 levelled everything in its path; whole rows of houses went down before it as grass before the scythe, and the court-house, one of the finest and most substantial brick buildings in the State, and in which the writer often preached, was crushed as if it were merely an eggshell. Trees were torn out of the ground and completely shorn of their bark and limbs. In the progress of the Grinnell, Iowa, tornado many curious incidents occurred. The Iowa College was blown to pieces. In its third story was a piano, and its cover was found thirty-five miles away, while letters from the same college were found forty miles off in another direction. Many things were carried away and not found again; the piano itself was never found. In many cases people were unable to find a single relic of their houses. From a pond in the neighborhood water, fish, frogs, mud, and all were taken out and the pond left dry.

The latest and most admirable researches in eudiometry have been made by Dumas and Boussingault. According to their analysis a volume of dry air contains 20.8 of oxygen and 79.2 of nitrogen, besides traces of some few other gases. Though the air is a mechanical mixture and not a chemical compound such as laughing-gas, or nitrous oxide, where the nitrogen and oxygen lose their characteristic properties, yet this proportion never changes. The air at the bottom of the deepest shaft and the air on the top of Mont Blanc was found by Gay-Lussac to be exactly the same as that taken in a balloon from 21,735 feet above the earth. Nitrogen, which forms four-fifths of the air, is a colorless, tasteless, odorless, permanent gas. Its properties are mostly negative. In the air its presence serves merely to dilute the oxygen. In an atmosphere of pure oxygen combustion would be too rapid and intense, and animals would live too fast. Oxygen forms one-fifth of the air by weight, eight-ninths of the waters of our planet, and about one-third part of its solidity. It is a colorless, tasteless, odorless gas, which has never been reduced to the liquid state. It is well to notice these properties of the constituents of the air when we are examining into the origin of winds. Heat is the sole agent in producing the different winds. What, then, is the effect of heat on the gases that constitute the air?

Heat causes gases to expand one part in four hundred

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and sixty for every degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer, beginning at zero. This is quite considerable, as it amounts to one-third of the initial volume in a rise of temperature from thirty-two to two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. This expansion of the air reduces its weight. The air is perfectly elastic and presses equally, and is pressed upon equally, in all directions. Anything that heats one portion of the atmosphere beyond the portions adjacent to it destroys its equilibrium. The heated and light air ascends, and the cold air from the sides rushes in to restore the equilibrium. This is the very origin of wind. Air is a very bad conductor of heat. On this account the atmosphere is not heated by the direct rays of the sun. The air is heated by convection. The surface of the earth is first heated by the direct rays of the sun, and this heat is conveyed to layer after layer of the air, the warm air ascending and the cold air descending. It is in a similar way that water boils, for water is likewise a poor conductor of heat. If air were a good conductor of heat we should have no tornadoes, for there could be no very warm strata and very cold strata in immediate contact. This is illustrated by the behavior of heated glass and iron. The iron is a good conductor, so that there cannot be vast differences of temperature side by side; but glass is a miserable conductor, so that one part can be enormously hot and the neighboring atom rigidly cold, and the breaking of the glass by heat follows as a consequence of the unequal expansion.

The tornado is classed as a local variable wind. From a local cause a particular region of the atmosphere becomes suddenly and very materially heated and ascends. The heavy cold air of the adjacent regions rushes in from all directions. From the laws governing the composition of forces we know that these different motions generate a rotary motion, and at the same time a progressive motion in the direction of the resultant of these forces, or, more technically, in the course of the atmospheric current in which the condensation of the vapor into rain takes place.

The equator being more heated than the poles, the air at the equator is constantly ascending and flowing towards the poles in an upper current. The cold air of the poles is constantly flowing towards the equator in an under current. These currents would flow due north and south, if the earth were stationary. But a point on the equator travels eastward at the rate of seventeen miles a minute, a point at sixty degrees north latitude at eight and a half miles a minute, and a point at the pole is at rest.

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A current flowing from the north pole to the equator is therefore constantly meeting with portions of the earth having a more rapid motion than its own, and is thus deflected towards the west and appears to move from northeast to southwest. Owing to the fact that the earth is moving towards the east faster than the wind, the wind is in the condition of a body acted upon by two forces, and it describes the diagonal of a parallelogram, or moves in a southwest direction. The upper current from the equator to the pole will, of course, flow in an opposite direction. These directions are considerably modified by the configuration of the earth's surface over which these currents flow. Mountains, valleys, forests, plains, and large bodies of water play parts in shaping the career of the currents. In the temperate latitudes these equatorial and polar currents begin to interfere. The cold wind going south grows warmer, and the warm wind going north grows colder. About the temperate zone they strike a balance; one current descending and the other ascending, they come into frequent collisions. The Missouri valley, besides being the scene of these warring elements, is also a kind of battle-ground between opposing currents of wind originating in the varying altitudes, pressures, and temperatures of the vast plateaus and mountain tracts of the surrounding continent. Such are some of the causes that make this valley the regular parade-ground of the tornado and the favored scene of its frantic gambols.

The people are now beginning to study the tornado question in the location and structure of their houses. When the paths of the tornadoes are known and mapped out they will either be avoided or due preparation will be made to successfully withstand their shocks. Certain paths favored by them on account of the topography of the district have been marked out, and others will be, while stretches of country avoided by these visitants will be indicated with more or less certainty in the course of time when all the data are collated and compared. Thus Leavenworth, in Kansas, is on the very path of the tornadoes and suffers terribly every season, while Kansas City, not far distant, is seldom disturbed. The most important desideratum is the multiplication of observations and the intelligent gathering of all possible data, and then right theory and true explanation will inevitably follow.

The tornado seems to spring up and acquire its full force almost instantly, apparently in disregard of the laws of inertia. This phenomenon admits of a simple explanation. Bodies in the

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gaseous and liquid states possess a certain amount of latent heat. Water has one hundred and forty degrees of latent heat. This heat is not sensible to the touch, and yet water must part with this amount before it can be reduced to the solid state. Steam must part with one thousand degrees of heat when it passes from vapor into water. One thousand degrees is the latent heat of steam. Hence when cold and warm currents of air impinge on one another and occasion a sudden condensation of the vapors of the atmosphere, an enormous amount of heat is instantly generated and causes such a rapid overthrow of equilibrium as to make the rush of air-currents paroxysmal.

The anemometers now used by the Signal Service, both for computing the rate of motion of the wind and the pressure on the square foot of opposing surface, are delicate and very superior instruments. Experiment has established a fixed relation between the velocity and the pressure of the wind. The pressure is proportional to the square of the velocity. A velocity of twenty miles an hour exerts a pressure of two pounds on the square foot, and consequently eighty miles an hour presses thirty-two pounds, and a pressure of ninety-three pounds requires a velocity of about one hundred and forty miles an hour. The greatest recorded pressure of gyrating wind was exerted by the East St. Louis tornado of 1871. This pressure was ninety-three pounds on the square foot, demanding a velocity of one hundred and forty miles an hour. Nor need we be astonished at this high degree of speed, seeing that air flows into a vacuum at the rate of twelve hundred and eighty feet a second, or eight hundred and seventy-two miles an hour.

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PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

IT chanced, not long ago, that I was sitting alone in my room after dinner, reclining lazily in an easy-chair, and having in my hand a book that I had often read in my young days with the same delight with which I had followed the wondrous adventures of Robinson Crusoe and Sindbad the Sailor, and with equal indifference as to whether the events narrated were true or fictitious. The book, of which I had been turning the leaves, reading at random a page here and another there, and endeavoring to recall the emotions which they had excited more than half a century before, was the wonderful *Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan. As I read and mused the readings became gradually shorter and the musings longer, until at length drowsiness took possession of my faculties, the book dropped to the floor, and I slept.

And as I slept I dreamed, and the thoughts of my waking hours gave direction to the dreams.

Methought I was seated in the early morning upon a grassy bank overlooking a road, the appearance of which, and of the country around, had something familiar, as if I had seen them long, long ago, though I could not remember precisely when. At a little distance toward the west, at my right hand as I sat, I could see, over the crest of an intervening rising ground, the tops of steeples and turrets, and a few tall chimneys as of glass-houses or iron-foundries, some of which were belching forth clouds of smoke, and occasionally I could hear what seemed the confused murmur of a great city, to which the road in that direction evidently led. On looking to the left I saw that the ground descended somewhat abruptly to a low valley a mile or more in width, beyond which the land was higher and diversified with woods and pastures, lighted by the rays of the sun just rising above the horizon, while what appeared like the ruins of a battlemented wall could be traced here and there along the edge of the upland.

But what chiefly attracted my attention was the fact that the road which passed in front of me no sooner reached the low ground than it began to divide, and the first divisions to subdivide into others, and these again to branch out into others,

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until the whole valley was covered with roads, all having their origin in this one and stretching in every possible direction, north, east, and south, until they were lost in the woods or behind the hills of the surrounding country.

While I was wondering where all these roads could lead I began to observe that I was not alone. People, evidently just from the city on my right, were passing, and as they passed others kept coming in view over the brow of the hill, until it seemed as if there were about to be a general exodus of the citizens. Some were on foot, some on horseback or in wagons, and a few in well-appointed carriages. Some were walking alone, some in groups, and occasionally an entire family appeared to pass. Some had only a staff in their hands; others were loaded with their household goods, as if they were moving into new homes. Some seemed sad, others joyful; some were weeping, others laughing, while the majority appeared ready to do either as circumstances might require.

As I sat endeavoring to conjecture the motive of this singular hegira I caught a glimpse amid the throng of an approaching figure which seemed to explain the mystery. It was that of a man evidently from the humbler ranks of life, indifferently clad, and apparently having no friends among the crowd. He was hurrying forward, regardless of the scowls of those who were jostled by him, and frequently looking back with an expression of fear, as if he were fleeing from some impending danger. In his hand was a stout staff, upon which he leaned heavily, and upon his back, securely strapped between the shoulders, was a heavy pack.

I sat upright and rubbed my eyes in amazement. "Ah!" said I to myself, "I understand it all now. That is the City of Destruction that I visited so often as a boy, and this is the road to the Celestial City, and, if it were possible, I should take that unhappy man who is approaching for my old friend Christian beginning his pilgrimage over again; but that cannot be, as I saw him safely across the river. It must be his son, or his nephew, or some one near of kin to him."

Meanwhile the poor Pilgrim, as I judged him to be, had come up opposite to where I was seated, when he seemed to be struck with sudden bewilderment. Hitherto, when not looking fearfully backward, his eyes had been fixed upon the ground; now for the first time he was gazing at the road as it lay stretched out before him, and the sight seemed to paralyze all his faculties. He stopped, opened his eyes to their full extent,

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rubbed them with his hands, as if he thought they were deceiving him, and appeared ready to sink under the weight of his burden.

As he stood thus other pilgrims whom he had previously passed came up and went by him, some taking no notice of him, some seeming to pity him, and some laughing at his manifest distress. At length one having the appearance of a well-to-do tradesman stopped and accosted him.

"Well, my friend, what's the matter now? You were hurrying on a minute ago as if you were afraid the gates of the Celestial City might be shut before you got there, and now you have come to a full stop. I hope you are not becoming discouraged at the very beginning of the journey?"

"No, sir, that's not it; but I was afraid I had come out by the wrong road. I thought the Evangelists told us last night that the road to the Celestial City was so plain and straight that a poor, ignorant man like me had only to follow it and it would carry him safely through. Now, this road just ahead forks out into twenty or thirty branches. Why didn't they tell us which to take?"

"They probably took it for granted that you knew the way. Some things must be taken for granted, you know."

"But I don't know the way."

"Well, my friend, it's fortunate for you that I stopped to speak to you. I am going to the Celestial City myself, so come along with me."

"Thank you kindly, sir; but are you sure you know the way?"

"Am I sure I know the way! Of course I am; I have known it all my life. I was taught it before I began to spell in two syllables. My father and grandfather were guides over the road, so I certainly ought to know it."

"Then, sir, I'll go with you gladly; but if you've no objection I should like to sit here and rest awhile, for I am very tired."

"Oh! certainly; I'm in no hurry."

So the two sat down just below me on the grass by the roadside, and Pilgrim soon renewed the conversation.

"Pray, sir, where are all these people going?"

"Going? Why, where you and I are going—to the Celestial City; at least that is where they mean to go."

"Will they all take the same road that we shall?"

"No; if you look yonder beyond the forks you will see them

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scattering in all directions. Some roads have more and some fewer travellers, but all have some."

"Do all those roads lead wrong except yours?"

"Certainly; there's only one right way. I don't say that none of the people who are on the wrong roads will reach the Celestial City. Some of the roads run off much further than others from the true one, and there are a good many cross-cuts and by-paths, so that travellers, when they find they are going wrong, can get over into the right track."

"I should think they would be as thankful to you as I am if you would set them right at the start. Why can't you tell them they are going wrong?"

"Simply because it would be of no use. They all think they know the way a great deal better than I do."

"But if you told them, as you told me, that you have always known it ever since you were a little boy?"

"Why, they would say they have always known it ever since they were little boys."

"Do they really believe they know the way and always have known it?"

"I suppose so; they are probably honest enough. But of course they are all wrong; they were taught wrong in the beginning. It is astonishing how obstinately people persist in going wrong when they have been once started wrong. As for turning them by talking to them, you might as well try to change the course of a river with a hay-rake."

Here Pilgrim ceased asking questions and appeared to be reflecting upon the foregoing conversation. I fancied I could hear him saying to himself: "If this man were mixed up with twenty others, every one of whom declared that he knew, and had known ever since he was a boy, the way to the Celestial City, though no two of them agreed as to the way, why should I choose him for a guide more than any one of the others?"

He evidently had lost his confidence in his new acquaintance; for when the latter proposed, as he did a few minutes later, that they should resume their journey, he excused himself on the plea of not being sufficiently rested. He only begged his proposed guide to point out to him the road which he should take. This the other did, taking from his pocket at the same time a printed guide-book, which he handed to Pilgrim, saying: "Take this, my friend. Follow its instructions and you will need no other guide; for they are so plain that wayfaring men, though fools, need not err therein." He then shook Pilgrim warmly by

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the hand, wished him a successful journey, and went on his way, and I saw him no more.

Pilgrim, after watching him for some time as he went down the hill and turned into the road which he had pointed out, was about to open the book when he was accosted by a pleasant-looking, middle-aged gentleman who had strolled thus far leisurely from the city, apparently merely for exercise or amusement:

"Well, my good man, you seem to be in no great hurry; are you on your way to the Celestial City this morning, like all the rest of the world?"

"Yes, sir; I have come so far on the way, and have stopped here because I don't know which of all those roads I ought to take."

"Really, my dear sir, you're a curiosity; I am delighted to have discovered you. You are the first person I have seen for a long time willing to admit that he does not know every inch of the way to the Celestial City as well as if he had been over it twenty times. Every man, woman, and child that has passed while you have been sitting here, and every one that would pass if you should sit here a week, would tell you, if you should ask them, that he, she, or it knows the way perfectly. Watch them now as they come to the point where the roads separate. Not one, as you see, stops or hesitates for a moment. Some turn to one side, some to the other, and some keep straight forward; they appear not even to see any other road than the one they take themselves. They would either laugh at you or get angry if you should venture to suggest that they might possibly be going wrong."

Pilgrim, recalling the conversation of his would-be guide, replied:

"It seems to be as you say, sir; but what makes them all think they know the way so well?"

"That question is easily answered. The only thing that puzzles me is how it happens that you don't know it. Did you never have a father or grandfather, or uncle or aunt, or anybody else who made the journey to the Celestial City?"

"My grandfather went long before I was born, and my grandmother soon afterwards with all her children except my father, who was too young to walk and too big to be carried. They meant to send for him, but never did. At any rate he didn't go, and he and my mother both died before I was two years old."

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"And did nobody ever tell you by what road your grandfather went?"

"No, sir; but it made considerable talk at the time, and there was a book written about it. I've read the book a good many times; but none of those roads seems like the one that he took. I remember there was a swamp—or slough, as the book calls it—that he had to cross as soon as he had got a little way from the town."

"That must have been a long time ago, sure enough. There did use to be a bog down there in the valley—the Slough of Despond it was called; but all those wide roads have so filled it up that there is scarcely a trace of it left. But I understand now, my friend, why you don't know the way to the Celestial City: it is because you don't know the way your grandfather went."

Saying this, he burst into a fit of laughter, at which Pilgrim seemed much astonished.

By this time the road had become nearly deserted, only a few laggards passing at long intervals. Pilgrim's new acquaintance, having thrown himself beside him on the grass, continued the conversation thus:

"I suppose you, like so many others, have been started on this journey by the two wandering prophets who were in the city last night. Of course they said nothing about the roads."

"No, sir. A gentleman that I was talking with before you came up said they probably took it for granted that everybody knew the road."

"That's his way of putting it; I shouldn't state it exactly so. They knew that every person in the house was perfectly sure that he knew the way, and that by pointing out any particular road as the right one they would be charging four-fifths of their audience with ignorance. So they contented themselves with telling the people to go, and leaving them to go by any road that suited them."

"Do you think they could tell me the road if I should ask them?"

"They might possibly after you had told them all you knew about your grandfather, though in general they would probably consider that no part of their vocation."

A few minutes' silence followed, which was broken by Pilgrim:

"Will you please tell me, sir, what you meant by saying that the reason I didn't know the way to the Celestial City was that I didn't know the way my grandfather went?"

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"Certainly; it's easily explained. Every pilgrim who has passed here this morning was, as I have said, perfectly satisfied that he was going the right road, and not one in a hundred of them had any reason for it except that he knew which road his grandfather took. They all had grandfathers, and as their grandfathers travelled by twenty different roads the majority of them must have gone wrong; and yet you might as well try to change the wind as to convince any one of these people that his particular grandfather was one of those who made a mistake. This assurance, that his grandfather was right though every other man's grandfather might be wrong, was nursed into him when a baby, mixed with his porridge when a boy, and has been poured as a sauce over all his meats since he became a man, and now runs in his veins and forms a part of all his bones and muscles. If you were to pound him in a mortar and strain him through flannel you couldn't get it out of him. Now you see why you don't know the way to the Celestial City. If you knew which way your grandfather went you would be all right; but when it comes to following another man's grandfather there are so many of them that you don't know which to choose."

Here the speaker again broke out into a hearty laugh, in which poor Pilgrim, in spite of his troubles, could not help joining.

"The most amusing thing about this matter is that if one of these men were interested in any business affair, or political scheme, or scientific pursuit, he wouldn't trouble himself to inquire what his grandfather would have said or done under the circumstances, and if the old gentleman were to come back he would be regarded as decidedly old-fogyish, not at all up to the spirit of the times; it is only when there is a question as to the choice of roads that he becomes an infallible authority. If a young man is found investigating this question for himself, or if he seems inclined to forsake the path trodden by his venerated ancestor, he will be asked, after entreaties and ridicule and abuse have failed, 'What do you think your grandfather would say if he knew?' This is considered an unanswerable argument—a final shot that must decide the battle."

Here Pilgrim, who had been intently gazing at the roads that lay spread out over the plain, abruptly asked:

"Pray, sir, will you tell me something about these roads? Where do they all go?

"That I can't tell you. If anybody had ever come back after going to the end of one we should know more about it.

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All the travellers, however, say that their particular road, after having gone over the country, nobody knows how far, comes out at last in the old Gospel Road."

"Where do they think all the others end?"

"They don't trouble themselves much about that; it's a question in which they have no special interest. There is a very general idea among the pilgrims, however, that, though their road is the shortest and the safest, several of the others may at last run into the Gospel Road as well as theirs."

"What need is there of so many roads, if they come together at the end?"

"Probably the people know they can't travel together without quarrelling, though they expect to be all agreed at last. Every one thinks that every one else will come over to his opinions, and in that way they will become a united band of brothers before reaching the gates of the Celestial City; for, of course, they don't expect to carry their disputes inside."

"Will you tell me, sir, what is the old Gospel Road that you spoke of?"

"Really, my good friend, I never met a man whose need of a grandfather was more evident than yours. You have begun your pilgrimage without knowing anything about it. You must be informed, then, that all agree that there is, or was, a road laid out by the Lord of the Celestial City from there to this part of the country. This road, it is said, can easily be traced from the city in this direction for a considerable distance, but how far is a question in regard to which there is great dispute; the road then is said to plunge into an immense wilderness where it is difficult or impossible to follow its course. Now, all the roads that begin here, whatever direction they may take at the outset, run sooner or later into that same wilderness, and, as I have said, all the travellers think that, whatever may become of the others, theirs, at all events, makes a junction somewhere in the woods with the old, original Gospel Road, as they call it. How many of them or which of them do is a question which men like you, who have no grandfather to follow, must decide for themselves. In regard to one matter, however, the pilgrims on these roads all agree: that is, that the Roman Road, which you probably never heard of, does not unite with the Gospel Road, but turns off somewhere, nobody knows where, and runs away into a region of perpetual darkness, full of bottomless pits and swarming with savage beasts and venomous reptiles."

"If all are agreed about that I suppose it must be true."

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"That seems a natural inference, but it is not quite conclusive. As the Roman guides claim that their road is the only one that connects with the Gospel Road, that it is, in fact, the Gospel Road itself, and that all others go astray, it is not surprising that all combine to oppose them. Besides, the road is not a pleasant one to look at from the outside. It is narrow, and stony, and hilly, and pilgrims upon it meet with many difficulties and are subjected to many disagreeable regulations that may be avoided by taking another road."

"Do many people go by that road?"

"Yes, more than by all the others together. You see nothing of them here, because they don't come this way in leaving the city. There are footpaths by which travellers who come out this way may get across into the Roman Road; but the paths are not inviting, and people who work their way through generally come out with their clothes badly torn and with not a few scratches on their hands and faces from the thorns. Still, some are doing it every day, and a good many more would do it if they were not frightened by the obstacles thrown in their way by their old companions, and by the fearful tales of snares, and pitfalls, and hobgoblins constantly dinned into their ears."

"Have any of these roads been made in your time?"

"Oh! yes, plenty of them; they are making them all the time. Whenever a number of travellers on any road become dissatisfied with the management they form a stock company and start a new branch of their own. One of the latest is the Döllinger. This branched off from the Roman Road and made a great noise at the time, though we don't hear much of it now. There was great rejoicing over it on all the other roads, because it was thought it would draw off all the travel from the old Roman Road. But the managers of the new concern soon ran their road into a swamp, where they were obliged to stop work. Meanwhile the Roman directors, who don't allow branches, walled up the opening at the entrance, and now the poor people, who were enticed into it by the promise of an easy route to the Celestial City, are wandering up and down on their fragment of a road, a wall at one end and a swamp at the other, and not knowing how to get out."

"You have spoken of the Roman guides; are there guides on any of the other roads?"

"Yes, on all of them."

"Don't the guides know the right way to the Celestial City?"

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"It is generally expected that a guide should know the way to the place to which he proposes to lead his followers; but as every guide on these roads thinks his road is the right one, you can judge for yourself—on the supposition that there is only one right one—how many of the guides know the way."

"Who appointed them as guides?"

"They appointed themselves, or they were appointed by others who appointed themselves, which comes to the same thing. Each succession of guides is like a chain hung up by one end, every link of which hangs on the link next above it; the peculiarity of it is that when you come to the top link you find that, having nothing else to hang upon, it hangs on itself. Few people, however, take the trouble to look to the top; they are satisfied if two or three of the bottom links seem to be supported."

"When a man wishes to be appointed as a guide isn't he obliged to show that he knows the way?"

"Don't you see, my friend, that there is no bench of judges to decide whether he does or not? He is required to believe that the right way is that which is considered right by those who give him his appointment; and he is required to promise that he will lead pilgrims by that road and no other. That is all that is expected of him."

"Are the pilgrims satisfied with such guides?"

"Certainly; they must be or go without any. But, in general, they don't expect their guide to show them the way; they think they know it as well as he. It is the same old story over again. They have determined beforehand to go the way their grandfathers went; so long as the guide keeps to that they are willing to seem to follow him; if they find him inclined to turn off into another path they discharge him and engage a new one who will lead them where they want to go."

"Seems to me that's the people guiding the guide instead of the guide guiding the people."

"It has somewhat that appearance, certainly."

"I don't see the use of guides who don't know the way."

"Oh! they can hurry up laggards and stragglers, and encourage those who are getting downhearted."

"But what's the use of that, if they are on the wrong road?"

"You ask hard questions," replied the other, laughing; "the only reply that I know of to that is that the possibility of such an 'if' is not to be admitted under any circumstances."

Pilgrim looked at his companion a moment, apparently not

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seeing very clearly how that reply answered his question; then he continued:

"Is the guide willing to admit that his company of pilgrims know the way as well as he does?"

"Not in quite so plain terms as you have used. On the one hand, he tells them that the guide-book which they all have in their pockets is written in such clear, simple language that the most ignorant man, if he sincerely wishes to understand it, cannot possibly fail of doing so. On the other hand, he expects them to admit that as he is a scholar and has spent many years in the study of this simple book, and of a cart-load of other books written in explanation of it, he ought to understand it better than they. As the two statements, however, seem a little inconsistent, he is not apt to make both at the same time."

Here Pilgrim, drawing from his pocket the book which he had received from his first acquaintance, and which he had forgotten in the subsequent conversation, asked:

"Is that the guide-book you mean, sir?"

"Yes; where did you get it?"

"The gentleman I was talking with before you came up gave it to me and said it was all the guide I should want in going to the Celestial City."

"Well, why don't you follow it, then?"

"You say the guides on all these roads think they have learned the way from it?"

"Certainly; they say so themselves; and every pilgrim finds his grandfather's road laid down in it just as plainly as if the old gentleman's name were written out in full."

"And I have no way of finding out the right road and the right guides except by reading this book?"

"Apparently not; only, in case you should be in any doubt as to its meaning, there are several thousand volumes, written in all the languages of the world, attacking or defending different interpretations, all of which, as a sincere and unprejudiced inquirer, it would be well for you to read; and, as the book was not written in our language and the translation is disputed, you should learn the language in which it was written, so as to be able to read it in the original. After having done all this you may be able to decide which road to take and which guides to follow, with a tolerable degree of confidence that there is at least one chance in twenty that you have decided right."

These words were uttered with a laugh, which, however, the

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speaker endeavored to suppress on observing the evident distress of his poor companion.

"This may be amusing to you, sir, but it is not to me. I came out this morning resolved to begin the pilgrimage to the Celestial City, and now there seems to be nothing for me to do but to take up my pack and go home again."

"I beg your pardon, my friend; I did not intend to offend you, and now perhaps it will comfort you to know that there are two ways of getting out of your difficulty. One is by adopting an opinion that is held by many pilgrims, and that is becoming more common every day—that it is of no consequence what road you take; that you can make the journey equally well by any of them."

"Do they think the Lord of the Celestial City made them all?"

"No; but they say: 'We didn't make these roads; we don't know how they came to be here; but here they are, and we are only expected to do the best we can under the circumstances. We are not scholars, and it is impossible for us to decide which is the right road when so many learned doctors are disputing about it. The Lord of the Celestial City does not ask us to do what is impossible; therefore he will be satisfied if we take any road that seems to us likely to be right and follow it boldly, certain that he will admit us into the city at the end without asking which way we came.'"

"Do you think they are right?"

"The reasoning seems to me to be sound; I see no flaw in it."

"Then you think I may take any road?"

"I might think so, if it were not for some things in that guide-book of yours which seem to contradict it. Let me take the book a minute, and I will show you one or two of them."

After turning the leaves of the book for a few moments he handed it back, saying:

"There is one; read that."

Pilgrim read: "'Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: but strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be which find it.'"

"Which of those descriptions do you think applies best to the wide space covered by those roads? But here is another passage for you to read."

"'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.'"

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"Well, what do you think now about taking any road that seems to be right?"

"I couldn't do it, sir; I should always be afraid that I was in one of those ways that lead to death. But I thought you said just now that the pilgrims are right who argue that this is the only thing they can do."

"I did not say exactly that; I said that their reasoning appeared sound, but in order that it may lead to a reliable conclusion it must be based on sound premises. Do you understand what I mean by that?"

"I'm not sure that I do, sir, exactly."

"Well, I will explain it. These people say: 'It is impossible for us to find the true way; the Lord of the Celestial City does not expect us to do what is impossible; therefore he will admit us into the city without asking by what road we came.' But suppose that it is not impossible, nor even difficult, to find the true way; what then becomes of the conclusion?"

"I thought you said a little while ago that I should never find the true way by reading this book."

"By reading that book—yes, I did say so; but there may be some other means of finding it."

"Will you please tell me what you mean, sir?—for I don't understand it."

"Yes, my friend, I will tell you what I mean, and this is the other of the two ways in which I said you might get out of your troubles. Please pay attention to what I am going to say, and do not interrupt me until I have finished. Then, if I have said anything that you don't understand, I will try to explain it.

"Your difficulties would be removed if you could find a guide in whose knowledge and truth you could place confidence. Now, all admit that when the Lord of the Celestial City laid out the road he appointed guides to conduct pilgrims over it. Those guides could, of course, be depended upon, because he appointed them. He might have kept them on the road, if he had chosen to do so, until to-day. This he did not choose to do. He might, on taking them away, have appointed others, as he did the first, with his own mouth. This he did not choose to do. He might have conferred upon the first, besides the power of guiding pilgrims securely, the additional power of appointing their successors and of transmitting both these powers undiminished to them. Here we should have the beginning of a succession of guides that might have been continued to our own time, every one of whom would possess unimpaired the same powers

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which the first was authorized to transmit to the second, and every one of whom, being appointed through an authority conferred by the Lord of the Celestial City, would be as truly appointed by him as if he had named them. The possibility of his creating such a succession of guides no one can dispute. The need of such guides is evident from your case and that of thousands of others who, like you, are unable to find in that book instructions which it may never have been intended to give, and which, with such guides, there would be no necessity that it should give. There is no good reason why such a succession of guides should not be established. There is, then, abundant reason for presuming that it would be and was; provided, which no one doubts, the Lord of the Celestial City designed to give, not to the first pilgrims only, but to all who should come after them, the means of making their pilgrimage surely and safely.

"Such a series of guides, therefore, being possible and probable, what we have to do is to find whether they exist, and, if so, where. Now, the Roman guides alone claim the possession of such qualifications as I have described. If, therefore, there are any such guides they are to be found on the Roman Road alone; if they are not there they are nowhere. If, as those now acting assert, the power and authority of the first guide have been transmitted from hand to hand undiminished to them, we have, at all events, a chain the top link of which has something to hang upon. The only question is, Is the chain whole? If, as I have said, there were good reasons for presuming, even before it was found, that there would be such a chain, there are precisely the same reasons for presuming, after it is found, that it is unbroken; for a broken chain would be no better than none. The burden of proof, therefore, rests upon those who assert that it is broken. This the enemies of the road have been for a long time trying to prove, but thus far without success. Therefore, in believing it to be whole, and in acting accordingly, we have reason and logic on our side.

"And now, my friend, before giving up in despair your purpose of making this pilgrimage, don't you think it would be well to look a little further into these claims of the Roman guides?"

What reply Pilgrim was about to make to this question I cannot say, for at that moment I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream.

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DONNA QUIXOTE.

AT the academy Donna drank up knowledge like a sponge, all the force and expansion of her nature bursting forth at once, as if long repressed; nor was it until the close of the late spring that she seemed to have found the level that required exertion. In France or at a convent school she would have received medals and prizes, but the economy of thrifty New England permitted no such rewards. Teacher and companions called her "bright," and she was a favorite so far as her timidity allowed her to make friends. A quiet vacation at the farm was followed by a return to Dalesborough and school in the autumn; and this brings us to a crisis in Donna's life.

An undeveloped undergraduate supplying the Congregational pulpit for a few weeks produced a deep impression upon the academy girls by sermons glowing in flowers of rhetoric and by a rumor of being "disappointed in love"—an easy truth, in consequence of which an air of melancholy and general delicacy of constitution lent to his sentiment a power that often seems wanting to sound truths of doctrine administered by healthy and not unhappy clergy. At one moment it was believed that this youth was about to precipitate "a revival" in Dalesborough, but the elders and "selectmen" had reasons of their own for wishing this to be held over until nearer "'lection time," and our youth was cautioned to be less emotional.

Donna, screened by her Catholic restrictions, was spared a great deal of feeling by receiving the instructions of this pulpit gymnast at second-hand, and, filtered through school-girl reports and farther diluted by her difficulty in understanding theological formulæ, their effect was slight. But one day he came to visit the school. A kind of magnetism running through the hall, and an especial wave of the same on the girls' side, involved Donna physically and morally for the moment, and she found herself gazing at some very plaintive eyes and listening to the very pathetic tones of the sad young speaker's voice with sensations new and strange. His theme was not unfortunate: it began with influence and ended with doing good. He had intended to limit his remarks to the first sentiment and apply it to high moral exercise among school-companions, but insensibly wandered away into a sermon that he had been preparing with uncon-

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scious visions of a large city parish before his mind, before which in some successful future it should be delivered. If not quite to the point and occasion, it was effective, and when many of the large girls cried, and one very near Donna sobbed at the pictures of "the poor and needy to whom all of us may become efficient ministers," Donna found herself crying, too, but with a very perplexed feeling.

There were no visible tears on the boys' side the hall, but an overgrown youth who had become jealous of the theologian looked alternately at him and a red-haired young lady, now red-eyed as well, and frowned. What reforms the young person might or might not have effected in Dalesborough can never be estimated. He soon returned to college and remained a beautiful but fading memory to the school-girls—to all but our Donna.

Fortunately there was no appeal to this undeveloped girl except of the truths that he spoke and the response that these evoked from her soul, and to one of her temperament so rare an excitement and so strong as she had experienced could not fade away and leave no trace. She revolved the matter mentally; she summed up the approval and admiration of her companions for the exhortation; she prayed very faithfully, with a strong picture of the young man's address in school before her, as she told her beads that night, and, with impressions largely drawn from "lives" of certain "saints," believed that in this way God had chosen to urge her to "do good." Henceforth the *doing of good* was Donna's ideal for life on earth, and mingled with the thought of joy in heaven which was her darling hope for eternity.

But how to begin?—for the child supposed that to date she had never "done good." The address in school had been made during the last week in the old year, and the pupils exhorted to begin both resolution and labor on New Year's day. This was the most tangible thread that Donna had been able to seize upon, and inquiries among the school-girls as to what had to be done did little but produce vague statements from those who recalled the address. Donna's questions generally aroused descriptions of the young man's personnel rather than the explanations she desired as to the manner of his work. To his beautiful voice, and sad, sweet eyes, and heavenly manner testimony was not wanting, but what he said was nearly forgotten.

Little Mamie Grey had said one day to Donna: "We ought to look up the old and poor, and do things for them, and give them money and—things." How school-girl speech would be shorn if thinned of that terminal, "and things"! Donna had

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asked the jealous, overgrown boy one day who were "poor" in Dalesborough, and, being a little mischievous withal, he had solemnly answered that "he didn't know of any one as poor as old Riveston yonder." Now, "old Riveston" was the largest taxpayer in Dalesborough, but not even the most daring assessor had reached the real figures of Mr. Riveston's wealth.

An orphan from boyhood, and roughened by the world's hard knocks, he had lost or outgrown his few companionships, and late in life settled in Dalesborough just before the failure and closing up of an extensive manufactory of his own in the town. For a year or two he had kept a servant; but the loneliness of his house, the silent or crusty manner of the bachelor, and his slightly penurious habits gave him a choice of poor service only, and he had wholly dispensed with it since the last hireling made havoc with his papers on a memorable house-cleaning. He never went to church, or "meeting," as the Dale folk expressed it, but quite regularly walked to the public-house for his meals, and once a day went a little out of town and walked through the deserted "mill." The town's gossip about him had worn itself threadbare before Donna's coming, or she would have heard exaggerated reports of the condition of his unkept house, of his ungodliness, of his "meanness" to the "help," with hints of his veneration of a beautiful woman's portrait that hung in his room, this affording a feeble thread of romance to the town spinsters.

When Tom Lane pointed him out as "the poorest in Dalesborough" Donna looked at the feeble old man in his rusty clothes with a sentiment of deep compassion. It was the day after New Year's and nearly dark, and Donna had been reflecting, before Tom Lane's appearance, that she had "done no good" all day—that, in fact, "she hadn't had time."

When she rose that morning Aunt Hannah, being a little touched by "influenza," had overslept, and the usual brisk housework, in which Donna again assisted, had to be hurried through, that she might be ready to drive to town when the jingle of Farmer Brown's sleigh-bells were heard at the gate. The morning was bitterly cold, and Donna, who could never get used to such weather, said some very earnest prayers as she drove along in the dull dawn, with the intention of somehow doing good; but as she was trying to comfort herself with the thought that prayers didn't freeze, though the breath that bore them would, Farmer Brown rolled out a large, naughty word, a sort of deacon's oath, Darn! and sounded like—the other thing. He

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had lost his right mitten and "the horse wouldn't stand a minute." Donna's quick sight spied it so little distance away that he let her run back to get it, not willing to trust her with the reins and the cold, impatient horse, and the snow that she swept up with her clothing chilled her through and through.

At school she had "missed" in one of her own lessons through taking too much time to help a very good but very dull little fellow who had learned to lean on her daily aid in fractions, and at noon, in the house of a friend where she had gone to dine, she had held a fretful baby while its mother prepared the meal. In the afternoon she had taken one of the lower classes to relieve the headachy teacher, and sharpened pencils untiringly at recess from long custom—"Donna makes such nice points" being ample reward.

For several days she had made inquiries at both recesses, of one and another, as to the poor in town, but elicited nothing until she questioned Tom Lane as they were coming out of school. She had been staying half an hour after to help him in a composition—the horror of his soul. Tom bounded away across the street like a rubber ball, and, with the gathered impetus of his long restraint in the school-room and the run from the school-house, made a long and splendid slide which terminated at the end of an ice-strip just before Mr. Riveston's face. The old man, who had of late suffered much from dizziness and a trembling of the lower limbs, and had at the same time the greatest reluctance to being suspected of either weakness, had contemplated this slide with disgust all day, and would have crossed the street to avoid it had it not been so near the hotel that he was ashamed to avoid it. He was looking at it with a certain hesitation when Tom's shoot and dash past brought a great sense of confusion to him, and, standing still, he caught at the nearest support, clearly dreading to venture along the slippery path.

At this moment a clear, sweet voice, but speaking in unusual accent, came from the mouth of a young girl beside him: "Lean well on me, dear sir; we shall go across nicely together." And Donna, gently passing his cane from one hand to the other, placed the first upon her shoulder. The action was so quickly, gracefully done that it could not be resisted, and, casting a swift glance around, the old gentleman, seeing no one in sight, yielded to the relief that was real and crossed the long slide safely. At its end, bracing himself up without a thankful word, something like misgiving seemed to smite him, and, seeing that his young companion was still beside him, he asked her name.

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Voice, accent, or kindness had won upon him, and he continued to question her until the mail-carrier drove up to the steps of the public-house, which contained the post-office in its precincts. The old man stood gazing after the girl as she drove away in the distance, and any one near enough could have heard him saying:

"The kindest action, the sweetest voice in twenty years—yes, twenty years." But a "smart" young man passing by noted the movement of his speech and named it "muttering." We have known this reproach to fall upon aged lips that faltered over the *Paters* and *Aves* of the "beads" from those either ignorant of or scarcely reflecting that the words that produced the palsied effect were those of the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation.

Poor Donna's reflection as she drove on was, "No good done to-day; I must really try harder to-morrow"; and, as if in answer to her thoughts and prayers, the mail-carrier told her of a very poor and hungry family that had lately moved into town and had been unable to obtain work. One child was sick—"guessed 'twas measles: all broke out with sum'th'n 'nother." "At last," thought Donna with bounding heart, "really"; and she tired the carrier with inquiries meant finally to touch Aunt Hannah's heart and bring a generous gift for the morrow. But the morrow brought disappointment in part, for the increased cold weather and Donna's exploit in the snow hunting the mitten increased a slight cold on the lungs to a severe one, and for two long weeks Donna was housed with the imperfect consolation that Aunt Hannah had sent some food and worn clothing to the distressed family by the carrier, and that the sick child had profited thereby.

One mild morning later in the month Donna, closely wrapped and allowed to go to school again, felt rich with a parcel besides her books, containing more old clothing for the poor family and some food, including some sausages and butter, which she purposed dividing between the strangers and old Mr. Riveston, whom she had described to her aunt without naming. There was ample time before school to hunt up the family, and at noon she was on the alert for her "poor old gentleman" with a color in her face unknown for a long time. She had walked a little way along the street when she saw him slowly descending the steps of so large a house that she thought: "Oh! some one has been giving him work there. I do hope that he has not been hungry while I've been sick."

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In her delight she would have opened the savory parcel on the very steps, had not a sense of delicacy forbidden; people were in the street, so she only handed it to him, saying:

"I have been sick ever since I saw you at New Year's; this is the first time I have been in town, and I have a little *regale* for you here." When eager she had often to fall back upon her first language for a descriptive word. To her surprise the old gentleman turned back, unlocked the door, and invited her to enter.

"Do you *live* here?" she exclaimed as he followed her in.

There was but a single fire in the house, and that in his own room, and, leading Donna to it through closed and cheerless passages, she emerged to its warmth after contrasting cold and darkness. But once there she observed nothing, saw nothing but a picture so unlike anything else that Donna had ever seen in America, so much like the picture in the old French church, this beautiful woman in blue and white drapery, that Donna believed it to be a Madonna. Jumping at all conclusions, she child-like thought her new friend a believer in her own faith, and, kneeling, repeated the noon Angelus again in all simplicity.

"You poor dear man!" she said, rising and smiling on him through happy tears, "I hope that you are not very often hungry."

The portrait was that of the only woman that Mr. Riveston had ever loved, and she had died before he was rich enough to marry her, in her father's opinion. When that father died, bankrupt, the turned tables of fortune enabled Mr. Riveston to buy at auction the furniture of this room, with the portrait and bitter memories not catalogued.

Donna's action, imperfectly understood as it was by the old gentleman, was accepted as a tribute, and as she rose the rare tears of old age sprang to his eyes. Her words revealed and explained her interest in *him*. "Did you think that I was in danger of hunger?" he asked as a perception of the case arose in his mind. "Why not?" said Donna. "They told me that you were the poorest man in town. Do you work here now?" An amused expression followed the soberness that had but lately clouded the wrinkled face; then, with a return of the shadow, he said bitterly: "Ay, poor enough and old enough; but I don't want money, child."

From this hour they were friends, and Donna's noonings were oftener spent at Mr. Riveston's fireside than any other. He heard her story, he listened with delight to her descriptions of her French home. Day after day she unrolled her panoramas of

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Provence—the climate, the vegetation of her valley, the flora of glade and mountain, the habits of ner kind as she felt them still to be, the warm and generous natures of the people, and the blue of sea and sky bathed in ever-living summer and sunlight. Her heart would swell in fervent description, and his own kindled with a warmth unknown for years. He listened to her plans for doing good with the first expansion of sympathy that the experience allowed. Her pictures warmed and cheered him. But here was work. Now he was not only a listener but an actor; what her heart sought his head and hands could effect, and his ability could realize her brightest dreams.

The first-fruits of this friendship was the employment of the parents of the poor family at the other end of the town in odd jobs about the premises, including the destruction of the dangerous slide, to the regret of many school-boys. The mother was allowed to make Mr. Riveston's house tidy by degrees at Donna's instigation. Her suggestions were always so fearless yet so innocent that the old man could neither take offence nor refuse them.

As springtime and longer days came on Donna and Mr. Riveston became more closely associated than ever. He had ventured to suggest to her one day that there were other ways of doing good than visits to squalid houses and giving people in want money, and that the farm-house and school-room were legitimate fields of missionary labor, to say nothing of kind words bestowed on a heart-hungry old man. But of this she understood nothing; to speak of the habits of her daily living was to analyze the air that she breathed, and she was not sufficiently advanced in any philosophy to comprehend. So he wisely forbore, saying that "it would be a pity to spoil her."

But he had found the high-road to Donna's favor, and kept his place therein with much painstaking. He would hunt the town during school-hours to present her with a charitable opportunity, as a devoted lover waits with a bouquet the coming of one whom he would compliment. One day it was a tired "tramp," as the town voted him, but who proved to be a poor but worthy fellow working his way on foot to where respectable employment awaited him. Mr. Riveston found him half-sick under a tree outside the town, and saved his own gifts of food and money to send by Donna at noon.

On another occasion it would be a woman and children, some one with a sick baby, perhaps, to be helped on; and more than once Mr. Riveston's own roof was made to shelter those who

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needed it, and eventually an outer room was furnished for such purposes. With the love that he was developing toward this unusual child, and the strange way in which she compelled him to express it, came feelings to his fellow-men that belonged to his real nature, but which his unhappy experience had suppressed for many years.

Nothing grows more swiftly or generously by feeding than Christian charity, and the old man's life, brightened and fed by this rare nutriment, renewed itself a decade.

"How old Riveston's changed!" said one of the bank directors of Dalesborough bank.

"It's his decent clothes," replied another. "It's more than that," came back.

"At any rate," observed a fourth, "there's a change since that little French Yankee took him in train." "They're an odd pair those," rejoined the first speaker, "that nobody can understand, though they seem to understand each other."

The storekeeper betrayed the purchase of a carpet by Mr. Riveston, and the woman who had tidied up had not been wholly silent as to the improved condition of things indoors, and some of the charitable work leaked out, but the most of it was hidden and remained their sweet secret—and God's.

Without her colleague Donna's innocent enthusiasm would have continually led her astray, and she sometimes fell into difficulties as it was. One day she went alone to a case of sickness and poverty in which the suffering of a destitute woman was doubled by the brutality of a drunken husband. Staggering into the room and finding no food, he began to swear at his sick wife. Frightened as she would have been for herself, indignant pity for the invalid lent Donna courage, and, drawing herself up at full height beside the pillow, she said with much dignity:

"You are not a gentleman. Be quiet!"

Disarmed for the moment by the tiny creature as she looked at him, his drunken fancy reeled with his brain and from anger ran to drollery.

"A gen'leman? Sh'ld think not. Who asks me to be gen'leman? Who 'spects it?"

"I expect it," was Donna's grave response, and for a moment the poor inebriate struggled with the idea that came too late. Once such expectation would have saved him; but it was too late, and, with recurring caprice and a sensation of hunger, he approached the child as well as his wife in wrath, and rudely pushed Donna from the room, accusing her of "adding a mouth

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to their starvation." The thrust was rough, and the tender arm was lamed for several days, but the patient was not deserted, though never again visited alone, nor was the injury revealed.

Once a baby was abandoned in her arms and restored to its miserable mother only after a day's search. On another occasion she was nearly made an associate of thieves in the front hall of a deacon, the marauders having planned well and counted on her innocence to bring them certain articles placed there by connivance with a dishonest inmate. She took measles in one visit, and mild diphtheria at another time, until Aunt Hannah was obliged to draw sharp lines and limit the partnership.

Old Riveston never dreamed, until vacation came and deprived him of Donna's society, how terribly he could miss her, and an occasional visit between them did not fill the daily void. They needed, too, something more than each other's society: they missed their mutual work for others.

One of Carter's boys (out of Donna's first poor family), now employed by Aunt Hannah on the farm, brought home a report one night from Mr. Riveston of somebody's broken leg, and next day Donna walked into town and went to visit the case with the old gentleman. It was clearly an excuse on his part, for through his care the invalid had been made perfectly comfortable.

He saw that this walk was an over-exertion for Donna, who was not even able to drive in with Farmer Brown next day. After this Mr. Riveston hired some one to go out for her as often as he could find legitimate excuses for so doing.

In August he was ill himself, and during his convalescence Donna spent many hours in each day with him; but he had installed a nurse, and indeed little nursing could Donna have done with the fatigue left over with a cough as legacy of the last winter's experience.

But their old talks were renewed, and Mr. Riveston was pleased with everything presented by Donna's active thoughts, whether the stories transferred from the Provençal hearthstones with their smouldering olive logs or blazing aromatic pine cones as she depicted them, or the plans she was ever making to make her forest shrine a reality. Riveston had seen Donna's chapel of the evergreens, and knew the longings of her young heart, and was better acquainted with the Canadian missionary than he had chosen to admit. Twice during the year already Mr. Riveston had persuaded Aunt Hannah to allow Donna to accompany him to distant points where this priest celebrated Mass, and the kind-

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ness to Donna was not the sole motive. There had been occasions in the past when this good father had been among the few who had treated Mr. Riveston with respect and as a fellow-being, and during this sickness he had asked Donna to bring him to his house whenever his rounds were made in this neighborhood. But the priest was very late this year—latter than ever before, having been detained by much sickness in nearly every parish. People called it "a sickly year."

But he came at last, when Donna, in half fear that he might have died, began to pray daily "for his soul, if this alone needs it."

And when he came he looked earnestly at Donna, and asked her many questions about her health, and, not without meaning, told her of a parish newly formed, only a few miles distant, from which a priest could be summoned at need to Dalesborough.

Not one but four visits did he pay to Mr. Riveston, and just before he left town was seen looking thoughtfully toward the abandoned mill, then down the river, and again at the mill and its silent belfry.

Captain Gregory returned in September, and Mr. Riveston had to be introduced; but after the second day with Donna he sent for a physician, who asked her more questions about her health, and made her think more about herself than she had ever done in her life. It was clear that she had never done much selfish thinking, and her answers were childish and not to the point. There seemed to be no definite disease to treat, but the doctor found a great want of constitutional vigor and ordered her return to the south of France before winter. What Mr. Riveston felt at this mandate cannot be told. A single day passed without Donna and Donna's simple task was a blank to him, and latterly he had gone about doing many errands that her strength would not permit her to share. To Donna's grief she could make little exertion for any one—nothing at all, she believed.

"I have had to stop doing good," she said sorrowfully one evening to Mr. Riveston as he concluded a report to her, but it was the sole complaint she had made. That evening he laid before her a plan of purchasing some books, that, being loaned Saturday evenings and returnable in a certain time, should be experimental, and, if a successful operation, form the nucleus of a future library for public use. It had been one of the subjects of conversation between Mr. Riveston and the priest.

"Fall fever," as the periodic typhoid was named in Dales-

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borough, came earlier and with greater violence than usual. Aunt Hannah consoled herself for being out of the town, and said, "Luckily Donna can't get into *that*."

Donna had scared her more than once the year previous by "poking into fever-holes" as well as "measly places," and had been strictly forbidden thereafter to go where "there was anything catchin'."

Jack Carter, however, being less restrained, visited and brought home a light attack of the disease. Aunt Hannah shut him away in the back kitchen chamber and nursed him herself. The only harsh word that had jarred on Donna's ear for months was when she was found coming down from Jack's room with a spoon and tumbler.

"Don't you know better 'n to go in *there?*"

And now it was Donna's turn to be nursed. She didn't seem to be very ill at first; the fever was less violent than in many cases, and the crisis passed in the second week, favorably as to the disappearance of the disease. But there was no recuperative power; no strength came.

"The fever's gone, but she don't rally," said the tried physician.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Riveston drove over to the new parish and brought home the new priest, Donna having said that morning that she was dreaming all night of the old curé. He spent an hour with her, but it was enough: the outlines of her little life were familiar to him already from her acquaintance with the missionary, and duty was brief and clear.

"What do you think of her?" questioned Aunt Hannah anxiously as he was about to depart, the "anointing" being no revelation to her.

"I think that she was waiting for me," was his quiet response, "and that it is the end of pain."

Aunt Hannah returned to the room, Mr. Riveston having preceded her. It was the close of sunset, and the last rays made a ripple on the wall opposite the bed. They thought that Donna was looking at it, but it was beyond. Their coming in called her thoughts back to earth. "Bon soir, auntie," she said simply, and to Mr. Riveston, with a smile like a baby's half-regret:

"If I could—could have done a—little good!"

It tired her to say even this, and she went to sleep, as they thought, with two whispered holy names on her lips, as she always had done; but she did not wake again, and they did not know the moment that she was not theirs.

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Captain Gregory came home and was shocked. Aunt Hannah said mournfully now and then, "She was the joy of my poor old life."

Mr. Riveston said—nothing. But when he took down the old mill, and a new Catholic church grew up in its place by the river and out of its massive stones, he watched each one that was laid, as if it was so much lifted off his heart, but he was never seen to smile again until his own turn came.

Then the parish priest was with him, and Donna's name, invoked with blessings between them, was wreathed with a smile on his lips and was the last spoken, save the two blessed names that she, dying, had whispered.

Near the sanctuary on the walls of St. Mary's Church, Dalesborough, is placed a cruciform tablet with Donna's name and age, and a line below that says:

"She hath done what she could."

CONCLUDED.

PHILOSOPHY OF HERO-WORSHIP.

HERO-WORSHIP is supposed to be a weakness. Few men would confess to being enslaved by it. Yet few men are so thickly armed with self-reliance and self-esteem as to be wholly above the worship of human idols. This is true in every department of man's careering. In religion as in politics, in good habits as in good manners, most men take some hero for their model. The Latin 'heros'—which might possibly mean demi-god—has not been imported into the English language, though the Latin 'hero' has come to mean in our vernacular much the same as the Latin 'fortis' or 'divinus.' When we speak of hero-worship we mean the falling down in homage before some conspicuously developed type of a lofty school. And this perfectly natural weakness—if it be kept within reasonable bounds—need not be at all derogatory to human dignity. What is it that we worship in our great man? Obviously not the man but the ideal. We worship—familiarly speaking—just those excellences and those high merits which we should wish to be able to cherish in ourselves.

Hero-worship is so inseparable from aspiration—and this, too, both in public and in private life—that it must be reckoned with

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as one of the strongest motive powers in politics, in literature, even in religion. If we take to pieces the big movements which, in the varied spheres of human action, have developed what are known as "new epochs," we shall find that some great man has been at the bottom of every movement, or has been what is sometimes called the movement's "soul." Let us select one modern example, known to everybody. What made the Oxford movement a success? Answer: Newman. It is true Keble and Pusey both helped to develop the movement; but the one master-mind, the true hero, was he who was logical to the end. And does it follow from this that, without a master-mind, a great and a good movement must succumb? We should not venture to say such a foolish thing. We have only to note that, in the apparent ways of Providence, great instruments are raised up for great ends. And the very obvious rejoinder that, "in like manner, wicked movements are almost invariably fathered by great men," is only the assertion of the truism that the Evil One is an ape, who copies but who perverts divine methods. The whole Christian dispensation was handed down to our time by apostles, and missionaries, and martyrs; and the forces of evil perpetually arrayed against it have been apostolic, missionary, and murderous. It is so permitted that all movements, good and evil, shall be fathered by some kind of human agents; and hero-worship, in an innocent sense, is respect paid to good agents, and, in a bad sense, respect paid to bad agents. Without hero-worship, in an innocent sense, there could scarcely be conversion; nor without hero-worship, in a bad sense, could there be perversion. We accept, then, this principle of hero-worship. It is an integral component of human nature. To laugh at it is only to show that we have not learned to discriminate between heaven-sent and earth-sent apostles.

Yet it is not only in religion but in every phase of human life that this habit of hero-worship is normal. In politics it is almost ludicrously cherished. Political great men are demigods. There are those in England who fall down before Mr. Gladstone, with such a simple belief in his inerrancy that if he were to bring in a bill to do away with private judgment they would be convinced that it proceeded from his Liberalism. The unfortunate corollary of this worship of a party-man is that the abuse of his opponents is co-equal with it. When Disraeli was alive he was an object of invective to all the Liberals who fell down before Gladstone; and, conversely, we may hear Conservatives discoursing angrily on "the ruin which Gladstone will certainly

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bring on the Constitution." Indeed, it is marvellous how a great man can retain his peace or equanimity under the incubus of both idolatry and wrath. Perhaps the great man appreciates them both! Some years ago, in the House of Commons, a member had been indulging in the most hideous, personal abuse of another member. The abused member simply replied with urbanity: "When the honorable member calls me a thief and a liar all that the honorable member would convey is that he does not agree with me in opinion." This is, no doubt, the interpretation of one-half of the abuse which politicians warmly heap on their opponents. And, conversely, the fulsome flattery of hero-worship means simply "loving those who agree with us." Still, there is no doubt that many persons really attribute to their hero the impeccability which they desire that he should possess. They fall down and worship the golden image which Public Opinion, the king, has set up, not heeding either the painful humanness of its author or the imperfections of the image itself. And, conversely, they are full of wrath against a gifted antagonist whom they suspect of having certain good points—or what Disraeli called certain "redeeming vices"—not heeding the service which he does to their own hero in making him appear at his best.

In the department of literature we can trace the same spirit of kneeling to, or turning the back upon, heroes. History, poetry, romance, polemics are all largely prejudged by their authorship. A book or a pamphlet, like a man entering a drawing-room, requires an introduction to strangers. Even newspapers are either read or not read, according to their imputed "inspiration." The name of a bookseller on the title-page of a book will sometimes be an advertisement or a condemnation. In religious literature the author is simply everything; for just as no member of the congregation of a Baptist minister would "order" every new work by Cardinal Manning, so no member of a Ritualistic congregation would feed his soul on the works of Bishop Ryle. "Who's the author?" is the first question which is asked, or, if the author is unknown, "Who's the publisher?" The pearls and gems of literary ventures are less purchased for intrinsic value than for the imputed tone and status of the jeweller.

In art—and that, too, in all its branches—hero-worship is carried to fanaticism. A hurried sketch made by Turner is worth a hundred times the price of a finished picture done by Smith or by Brown; a rude daub by Claude would fetch the ransom of a

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score of artists whose patient and beautiful work is unquestionable. Again, a crowd will listen for an hour to the weak and drivelling platitudes of a great noble who has two counties for an estate, but it would not pay any association to advertise the attractions of a really eloquent grocer or tea-dealer. "Flunkyism" is half the soul of hero-worship. When a man has made a name he may come to shine among the constellations who, for the time being, command the social "cultus," but the motive of the "cultus" will be less a thoughtful appreciation than the ambition to be thought capable of appreciating. This is precisely the same with little heroes as with big heroes. In society some little man may be seen to take a front rank from some accident, whether of patronage or of caprice; and even really superior people will be disposed to bend the knee to the fictitious supremacy of Mr. Nobody. The truth is that vanity has as much to do with hero-worship as has the impression of the merit of superiority. A man likes to be "well in" with other persons who are "well in," from a natural wish to be in the swim of popularity.

It may be replied that the hero-weakness is at least an obvious homage to any merit, whether real or imputed. This is granted. But in most cases it is not the merit which really receives the homage, but fashion, or interest, or egotism. Power must of necessity receive homage, because power is the fountain of gifts. Riches for the same reason receive homage. Rank, because it symbolizes superiority—though it does not in any way assure it—will also attract votaries or "flunkies." Mere merit by itself, like mere virtue, has no fascination for majorities, because it is rather an impeachment of others' littleness than an exaltation of those who may contemplate it. Take the case of two men, one admirable in character but habitually unsuccessful in career, the other painfully average in character but superbly dominant in the impudence of "getting on"; we all know which will be the pet of society, which will be found in high life. What the world worships is success, not the merit which should lead to success. The French have an expression, "the success of esteem"—that is, a success from the being liked; but this is a domestic or narrowly grooved triumph, which has nothing to do with "the world." The success of the world's favorites is not dependent on esteem; indeed, it generally prospers quite as well without it. While not depreciating the current value of a good character, or implying that a bad character is not an injury, we may safely lay it down that success, as a social idol, is for the

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most part independent of character. "Ask no questions" is the graceful charity of society in regard to the great Sir Million de Consols; "Is he a man of good repute?" is the cautious question of society in regard to the struggling or unfortunate. So that hero-worship, in regard to social idols, must in the main be wholly separated from merit, save only such merit as is implied by success, which may very often be the depth of demerit. Selfishness, even cruelty, have been at the bottom of more successes than magnificent philanthropy or even intelligence. Success is an inborn art of apprehension. It means the perception of how to work on others' weaknesses. This is not true, of course, of intellectual gifts—of splendid writing, splendid painting, splendid speaking—but it is true of commercial and also social successes, and of most of the fictitious triumphs of popularity. The worship which the world pays to the rising sun—an idolatry not confined to the Persians, but far more rampant in civilized Europe—is a homage paid to results without reference to causes, to the *mise en scène* without looking behind the scenes.

Let us pass from such social instances of hero-worship to a very grave illustration of its fatuity. We are not going too far when we say of English Protestantism that nine-tenths of it has been begotten of hero-worship. It is quite certain that the class of men who have chattered for three centuries about the "human corruptions of the Church of Rome," about the "placing man and saints in God's stead," about the "substituting a despotic priesthood for a Christian ministry," or about the "preference of Catholic authorities over the Scriptures," have themselves been the very men who have most conspicuously fallen down and adored the human idols of hero-worship. Men's opinions, men's talents, men's sermons, men's views, not to mention the varied accidents of social status, have been really the "authorities" which the immense majority of all Protestants have substituted for the "Ecclesia Docens." Now, this is a hero-worship of which it is as easy to trace the evils as it is easy to trace the cause, even the necessity. If you take away the "Ecclesia Docens"—and all heresy has done this—you leave nothing save human judgment to take its place, and you simply transfer your personal homage from Authority to such persons as you may happen to admire. This truism is so obvious that to take the trouble of demonstrating it would be like mocking the common sense of the human mind. Accordingly we find in England that the great sticklers for "Bible truths" have been sticklers for the private views of their favorite commentators; that the most fanatical

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advocates of the claims of private judgment have built the whole of their theology on others' teaching; that the most savage of the assailants of the authority of the pope have accepted blindly the teaching of some vain preacher; and that the scoffers at tradition have lived and died serenely, faithful votaries of the traditions of their own sect. It needed only, for any Protestant, that Bishop This or Archdeacon That, Professor This or Parochial Vicar That, should be the immediate, "charming" exemplar of certain views, and hero-worship took the place of obedience to church teaching, because "the church" meant simply personal surroundings.

The same sort of halo of hero-worship has hung about every one of the Reformers. The names of Latimer and Ridley have been sanctified in English thought; the names of Bucer and Melancthon—not to speak of the magic name of Martin Luther—have been supremely honored, venerated, "worshipped," because of the Protestantism which they championed. In the same spirit the names of Laud, of Jeremy Taylor, of Jewell, of the "judicious Hooker," have been as household gods to all good Anglicans, just as the name of Keble—ever memorable for his *Christian Year*—has been a pledge of the orthodoxy of his church. Pusey at one time was among the heroes, but he was eclipsed by the "enfants terribles" of ritualism. Just at this time there is no living Anglican hero, because the whole community is too shivered to worship anybody.

It would be easy to show, in regard to certain literary schools more or less associated with religion, that such names as Huxley, Tyndall, or Darwin exercise in England "heroic" influence. "Ah! but he's a clever fellow" is the normal answer which is given to any suggestion against the soundness of a great scientist. Talent is worshipped because to worship talent is to indicate that we are able to appreciate it at its worth, and also because it supplies us, in the case of infidel writers, with an apology for being sceptical ourselves. In the same spirit an anti-Christian firebrand will be pardoned by a good many Christians, provided that he do the one thing that is wanted. A Garibaldi is idolized for his patriotism, to the total oblivion of his aberrations; a Bismarck is pinnacled for his strategy, to the at least partial ignoring of his injustice; and a Gambetta receives homage as a dictator, though he ostentatiously prefers Communists to religious. Such examples are sufficient to illustrate the aphorism, "Men forgive anything in an ally."

But, after all, is not hero-worship only another name for the

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worship which human nature must necessarily render to "superiors"? Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Mohammed, Napoleon I. had their hosts of idolaters in their own time, and they will always live in history as heroes. It is true that they cut throats by the thousand to gratify their own appetite for glory; but because they succeeded and did things on a grand scale they were not charged with manslaughter nor were they hanged. Had they failed they would not have been heroes, but at the best unsuccessful adventurers. Or had they each cut but one throat or robbed but one farmhouse, instead of depopulating a hundred towns or laying waste the homes of a thousand families, it is probable that their careers would have been as bluntly cut short as their reputations would have been snuffed out ingloriously. Conversely, if a man is unfortunate on a grand scale—say, if he fail in bankruptcy for millions—he will afterward bow to his creditors from his private carriage; but if a man fail in bankruptcy for a few thousands it will take him a long time to "hold his head up again." So that there is a certain kind of hero-worship which is the "cultus" of grand scale, *plus* the "cultus" which is paid to grand "pluck," and we must dissociate it from recognition of any virtue or grace of character such as even the most ardent of hero-worshippers must really love. Such hero-worship is an instinct which is outside the admiration of what is lovable, virtuous, or exemplary; it is simply a natural tendency to look up to superlatives in all branches of human career, good and bad.

In a good sense there is a hero-worship which is not only thoroughly manly but also thoroughly Christian, even saintly. It is needless to insist on the Catholic principle of veneration for all those who have excelled in the highest virtues. This is indeed the true hero-worship. But, apart from this, can we think of an Aquinas, or even a Schlegel, of a Raphael, a Dante, or a Michael Angelo, without being conscious, not of the weakness but of the dignity of keeping niches in our hearts for such figures? We should like to have the chisel of a Pheidias or an Alcamenes to immortalize the ideal of such heroes. It is ennobling to even contemplate the winged reach of the greatest men, and it is still more ennobling to try to copy it. So that hero-worship, in the best sense, is a superb education, such as is recommended to every youth and such as has created many a hero.

Now, what may be called the "philosophy of hero-worship" is the endeavoring to utilize the best side of its practice and to

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subdue the silly weakness of its worst side. An easy thing to say but not to do! Yet in classifying the different species of heroes, and noting the different worship they have received, we cannot but get at the bottom of the right principles and the wrong principles which have led whether to good or to bad hero-worship. Paganism made gods of its heroes; yet this was but to immortalize the emblems or symbols of whatever seemed excellent to the pagan mind. Christianity, on the contrary, is the worship of the Divine Perfections, and must therefore stand apart as the only true hero-worship which has ever been practised by the human heart. Of the earliest kinds of hero-worship, it was natural that its religion should be clouded in mystery and legend. We find among the Northmen a wild theory of hero-worship, which was more properly the worship of nature—Odin, for example, being the symbol of natural perfections, or perhaps even their embodiment and dispenser. Valor especially was consecrated by most of the ancients as the highest known credential of "divinity." But if we come to later times we find a very different spirit, both in the appreciation of the virtues and in their worship. Heresy, sectarianism, apostasy have decked their own idols in their own way. Thus, whereas paganism made its heroes a sort of demigods, or sometimes consecrated the mere symbols of power, such as thunder, or fire, or tempest, Mohammedanism made its hero a prophet; and in some senses he was worthy to be esteemed so. Remembering the surroundings of Mohammed, his education, and his quasi ascetic life, he was worthy to be called a hero for his protest against idol-worship and for his insistence on the belief in the true God. So far, in most of the big hero-worships, we admit something that is excusable if not admirable. When we come to the lesser worships, such as those of the conquerors or self-made first consuls or dictators, we naturally find it difficult to distinguish the meritorious from the purely selfish, the fortunate, the fate-made. Of conquerors in modern times we must, of course, select Napoleon as the diademed "Petit Corporal" of conquest. This man received more hero-worship than human nature could stand, and he tumbled over into foolishness and exile. He was worshipped for his success, and nothing but his success, and when he got to St. Helena he was not worshipped. Oliver Cromwell was an offspring of circumstance, and then became a hero of fanaticism; and he was perhaps the oddest example of a man being thought a Christian hero, notwithstanding that he could murder a Christian king. Now, just as Cromwell was a hero to the Puritans,

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Charles II. was a hero to the Cavaliers; and just as Cromwell was hung in chains after his death, so Charles II. was heartily despised after his death. But in politics all hero-worship is less a homage paid to a man than to the principles which we happen to approve in him.

Far more interesting and instructive is the hero-worship of the poets; indeed, this is the "natural religion" of hero-worship. We may come to forget Charlemagne, save when we read of him in history; we may only remember William the Conqueror as a plucky soldier who fought at Hastings, and who brought with him to England Norman adventurers; we may never give a thought to the lesser political heroes—a Pombal, a Choiseul, a Pitt—who in their own little day were accounted heroes; but the great poets ever live in our hearts as a part of our very existence, our joy. King David was supreme as our royal poet; nor, as a typical penitent, an exquisite song-writer, a melodist of the purest and inmost thoughts, can he ever be rivalled in this world. He was deserving of hero-worship as the prince of holy poetry, and he has been always so esteemed by all Christians. But let us come down to the uninspired—at least to the lesser inspired; for we never can talk securely of inspiration. Dante, who was begotten of trouble, of humiliation, of poverty, of exile, has embodied in his *Divina Commedia*—in the "Purgatorio," the "Inferno," the "Paradiso"—the intensity of his own terribly profound soul, so that we seem to read *him* in all he writes. And what shall we say of Shakspere, of whom Goethe well said that his writings might be compared to a watch with a dial-plate of transparent crystal, because at the same time that we can read the exact truth, we can read all the mechanism which thinks it out? If Shakspere is happy and Dante is sad, both equally dig down into the depths of our nature and both lift us for the time to their level. Are they not heroes? Put together all the Alexanders, all the Conquerors, kings, adventurers of the world: Dante and Shakspere have done more to *make* natures than the whole herd of cutthroats to destroy them. Even the glorious old Homer, whose passion was war, cannot be coupled with Dante or Shakspere, because valor is only one feature in heroism. Hero-worship, for the poets of all the virtues, is the ingrafting into ourselves some of their excellences.

And, to descend half a dozen steps lower, who shall say that the honest worship of such a man as Mr. Boswell for his ideal, his actual Dr. Johnson was not ennobling to *him*, though

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it is laughable to *us* and has had no other fruit than a good biography? So long as hero-worship is the worship of the admirable—no matter in what sphere of human thought—we can scarcely be philosophic if we sneer at a genuflection made, not to the man, but to his gifts.

Is, then, the "philosophy of hero-worship" the appreciation of what is worthy to be honored and the ridicule of all counterfeits or shams? In the main this is undoubtedly true. In the department of human sentiment called hero-worship, as in most other departments of sentiment, there is tragedy, comedy, farce. In the way of farce we have had the crowding of a London court of law (in the month of March, 1882) to hear the pleadings for and against parting with "Jumbo," the African elephant, to whose immensity and wise dumbness many a Londoner has shown hero-worship. Yet this is at least an innocent enthusiasm, and it has been caught by men and women from children. Enthusiasm is the pulsation of interest. And a people would be cold, almost lifeless, in whom was no capacity of enthusiasm. Yet in this mild farce of Jumboism we detect some of the characteristics which mark off false hero-worship from true. The very people who are so sensitively touched by the prospective sufferings of the four-footed beast are sublimely indifferent to the real sufferings of the thousands who starve or are intensely wretched all around them. My Lady Tearful, who writes pathetically to the newspapers that her children will subscribe liberally for Jumbo's freedom, never thinks of asking her children to lay by their pocket-money for the purchase of bread for the poor. This "humbug" of sentimentality is simply sickening. And "humbug" is the soul of false hero-worship. It is because people are always "humbugging" themselves that they are so easily blinded by false heroism. It is because fashion has set up false deities, to be adored with morbid sentiment, vicious egotism, that therefore what is magnificently unselfish has ceased to be a deity of fashion. The household gods of fashion are display and ostentation, respectability, comfort, and luxury; so that their contraries are too purely hypothetical to be entertained in the mind as realizable. Hero-worship is the worship of those fictions which are crowned with a glittering success; it is not the worship of the heroism of unselfishness—the only moral heroism worth the name. Let it be granted that there are three kinds of hero-worship—the worship of the supernatural virtues, the worship of magnificent brains, and the worship of the excellences of character; and that this last, apart

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from Christian motive, is in itself very dignifying and beautiful. Now, unselfishness is the very root of the natural virtues, as it is also their supremest flower and fruit; and we must admit that it is so rare—in the being carried to the point of heroism—that it has almost ceased to be recognized as a possibility. For this reason it is that modern hero-worship, for the most part, is the worship of crowned selfishness or egotism. It is therefore the worship of the contemptible. And, however painful it is to own it, we had better be sincere as to insincerity and confess that The Contemptible is a prince-hero.

The waste of worship is one reason why so few of us are capable of attaining to any sort of perfection. The student, the politician, the soldier, the dandy, the lover, the man of fashion, the monomaniac, all waste, to some degree, so much worship on second things that they cannot be captivated by first things. Imagine the amount of force, intellectual and moral (we will not say anything about the spiritual), which is wasted in the course of one year, by the vast majority of human beings, on false worship. Force is but a limited quantity, and, like money, demands its arithmetic; and if any sort of force, or any degree of any sort, be expended on one kind of object it cannot be expended on another. Now, let us say that every morning brings to every man living his given quantity of the various necessary forces. When we have subtracted what is wasted on the indulgence of egotism —on the numerous sweet idlenesses of vanity—the intensity of the various forces has received a diminution equally hurtful to perception and attainment. And so because a man is not really his whole self, intellectually, morally, or physically, he suffers from moral obliquity, from intellectual short-sightedness, and from an enervated capacity of struggle. Add up the whole sum of such habits of wasted force, and we see why it is that inferior objects of hero-worship are preferred before such as are superior. And add up the false habits of social life, the false maxims, ideas, aspirations with which our whole being becomes saturated, and we see that we are scarcely ever ourselves, but only fragmentary bits of ourselves. And so it comes to pass that hero-worship, with most of us, is not a sincere homage paid by self, but a homage paid only by a small part of self, because the greater part of self is fast asleep.

We come, then, to the conclusion that we ourselves, like our heroes, are for the most part fictitious or apologetic. In short—to repeat the word which, if conventional, is expressive and just exactly conveys the whole truth—we most of us more or less

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worship "humbug," and we most of us are "humbugs" ourselves. If for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak judgments, we should have to admit that between "heroism" and "humbug" it would take the spear of Ithuriel to tell the difference. And if for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak ambitions, we should have to admit that the highest of all heroisms is that one which receives the least honors. The highest of all heroisms is that of the Christian saint, who weighs everything in the balance of immortality and acts only for God in all he does. "Ah! but here you are really going too far," will reply our intelligent objector, "because in this world we have our duties to perform, and we should take the best exemplars of their performance." And who are their best exemplars, in your opinion? Do you look for them on the Stock Exchange, or in diplomacy, or in the cosey libraries of the erudite student, or on the benches of the party members of the House of Commons, or among the barristers, the merchants, the tradesmen? There are, doubtless, respectable exemplars in all such spheres; only, as a rule, the *object* which is proposed is not perfect heroism but success. And the point for which we contend is that heroism, to be perfect, must aim not at gain but at virtue. It is on this account we give the palm to the saint. Let us reduce the whole matter to a syllogism: Hero-worship is the worship of the admirable; the most admirable thing in the world is perfect virtue; therefore the Christian saint is the only type in the world who either appreciates or who practises perfect hero-worship.

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LAST PAGES IN THE JOURNAL OF EVE DE LA TOUR D'ARRAINE.

TO-DAY, the 13th of September, 1793, Mme. Lanjuinais, Maurice, and I were arrested in the name of the Republic and installed in the Abbaye, having thus taken the first step of that journey whose last is the guillotine. Well, it is over, and I draw a long breath that seems strangely like relief. The worst has come, and at least our apprehensions are at rest. I would not live over the past months of alternate hope and fear, shame and sorrow, if I had fifty lives to save instead of one. They lie behind me like a black nightmare that I cannot bear even to recall—the hasty plans of escape, abandoned as hopeless before they were half ripe; the misery of seeing friend after friend engulfed in the whirlpool that has swallowed us at last; the days and nights of ceaseless terror, suspecting every one and being suspected by all; and, above other misery, the sense of unutterable shame that we should lie hidden like foxes in their holes, cowering before those whose necks should be beneath our feet.

Only last week we had planned our long-hoped-for flight, madame and I to be disguised as market-women, Maurice as our clownish assistant. The coarse clothes were ready; the small stock of cheap vegetables—scarcer and scarcer, alas! with each day of liberty—were finally procured. I dressed myself with hasty, trembling fingers and went with a heavy heart into madame's room. Well, smiles and tears lie very close together, and a real laugh is worth, in these dismal days, almost as much as safety. There she stood before her glass, completely attired and with a basket on her arm, looking so thoroughly the marquise that she was, and so not at all the rustic she wished to be, that the delightful incongruity between her stately bearing and her humble occupation upset my overwrought nerves and I laughed until the tears stood in my eyes.

Maurice came in and joined me, and his mother, half-flattered, half-despairing, threw down the hamper and tore off the stiff white cap. "It is useless, Eve," she sighed. "I had better die a lady than try to live as anything else. We cannot change our natures even at the bidding of the Convention."

It mattered but little after all, for the plan failed, as others had done before; the meshes of the net that circled us drew

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closer still, and behold us here, the invited guests of the Republic, enjoying its short-lived hospitality. Strange that I should feel flippant, knocking thus at the door of death; but then, dear father, I have one secret joy that cannot be torn from me. When the summons came this morning, and I knew that all was over, my first thought was of you. "He is safe!" I said to myself exultingly, "and they cannot touch a hair of his head." Here the same consolation dwells with me always, until I grow selfish with its consideration. Madame suffers for her son, Maurice for me; while I—is it that I am heartless and cannot feel as I ought for those who love me? Instead of thinking of these two whose fates are linked with mine, I am counting over and over with a happy heart the many long miles that lie between Paris and Vienna—Vienna, that city of safety, the beacon-light of many a shipwrecked emigré, within whose blessed walls you are securely sheltered.

This is my secret joy, and selfishly I brood over it. To Maurice I am his promised bride, to madame her hoped-for daughter; but when I have finished loving you, dearest father, there does not seem to be any room left in my heart for others.

SEPTEMBER 16.

We are better off than I had hoped or expected. Even suspected royalists may have friends in power, and we possess one whose good-will is boundless, though he can do but little. The Revolution having fairly reversed the natural order of things, capricious fortune rules the hour; and Fabre d'Eglantine, patriot and deputy though he be, has procured for his former friends such poor comforts as their state may still admit of. Thanks to his influence, madame and I enjoy two luxuries that can soften many hardships. The privacy of a separate cell is ours whenever we wish to be alone, and the society of the Abbaye is open to us when we would be merry. Nor are these favors slight ones, as republican favors go. The brutal espionage suffered by the royal family and by many prisoners of higher rank than ours is the most galling of their misfortunes, and to be free from it is indeed a coveted indulgence.

As for our society, it is all that could be desired: well-born, witty, refined, and most enjoyable, were it not for the melancholy uncertainty as to whether your friend of to-day will not be headless to-morrow—a suggestion which, however politely ignored, intrudes itself unbidden into our gayest moments.

We are looked upon as highly privileged, having a few books

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and writing materials allotted to us, and receiving more civility from the concierges than that worthy couple are given to showing their guests. Their daughter, Cécile, a girl of eighteen, waits upon us occasionally and has attached herself especially to me. She showed me to-day a pair of earrings which Citizen d'Eglantine had given her on condition she would be as kind to us as the prison rules allow; and in an excess of gratitude even offered to dress my hair, which she is pleased to greatly admire.

Ten months ago perhaps D'Eglantine might have effected our release, but now any such attempt would be but courting danger. Yet never before have he and his party seemed more triumphant. It is not two weeks since he boasted to Maurice that the time was coming, and quickly, when the word Girondist would ring its own death-knell as surely as the word Royalist does now.

"With this difference always, my friend," replied Maurice urbanely: "the Royalist dies for his cause; the Gironde will perish with the trust they have betrayed."

SEPTEMBER 20.

Can all things become endurable, or do our hearts gradually steel themselves against the sufferings of others and our own manifest perils? I have been a prisoner now for but six days, and already, in imitation of those around me, have taken up the rôle of gay defiance to an evil destiny. Every evening the list is read, and those who are called to trial go forth, never to be heard from again. If any escape we do not know of it, and our parting is a final one. Yet half an hour later their places are filled, their names forgotten, and all are thinking how best to enjoy the next twenty-four hours, which may also be their last. A few, indeed, weep, some pray, and many live on careless of the approaching summons.

Yesterday Lucille Lavoisier's name was read out second on the fatal roll. I saw her glance with mute, unconscious appeal at her husband, who took her hand and listened with strained attention as the list proceeded. His was the last name—Henri Lavoisier, formerly de Clermont-Tonneres. As he heard it he drew a long breath and looked at her with happy eyes. They had gained all they asked—the privilege of dying together.

Lucille and I wept bitterly when we parted, for we had known each other from early childhood, and the thought of her pretty, girlish head rolling from the block brought a great throb of pain to my heart. That was last night; and to-day, while perhaps the

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cart that drew her to the guillotine was slowly setting forth, we prisoners of the Abbaye entertained ourselves with a charming concert, varied and brightened by a short comedy, the impromptu effort of Maurice and Hilary Lasource. I sang, but in the midst of my song the thought of Lucille came upon me suddenly and choked me with sobs, which were soon destined to give place to laughter as Maurice enacted the despairing lover languishing at his companion's feet.

Dear father, if ever you see these wretched lines what will you think of me when I can write thus of myself? But it is the crowning misery of this unhappy time that cruelty and terror have demoralized all, even the sufferers. Has it not been but thirteen months since I myself beheld M. de St. Marc, your old and dear friend, hacked with sabres, covered with blood, a pike thrust through his body, and forced to hobble on his knees for the amusement of the savages who surrounded him, imitating with rapturous delight the convulsions of his prolonged death-agony? When the sun set on that sorrowful 10th of August it seemed as if all my powers of suffering were exhausted, and the long, intervening year of horrors has scarcely added a pang. The king has been butchered; the queen, they say, must die; the streets of Paris have run blood; young and old perish in a vast hecatomb! How, then, can I stop to weep for one friend less, when to-morrow I may follow by the same path? Rather let us be as merry as we can before the guillotine beckons us and the curtain falls.

SEPTEMBER 22.

Imprisonment is beginning to tell severely on our wardrobes, which, scanty at the start, grow more shabby and unpresentable with every day. Maurice has but one lace cravat, which is getting ragged, and madame's only cap shows visible signs of decay. This morning I was vainly endeavoring to darn its delicate meshes when Cécile Bérault, the concierge's daughter, came flying into our cell—called by courtesy our apartment—flushed with excitement and panting with haste.

"Come quick, citoyenne!" she cried. "Come! I have something fine to show you."

Startled by her sudden entrance, I jumped up with thoughtless haste, letting my needle fall from my hands. This misfortune sobered me at once, for we have but a few of these useful little articles in the prison, and they are in great demand.

"Never mind it, pray!" entreated the girl. "We will find it

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later or I will get you another one. But come now to my room or you will miss it all."

"To your room!" I repeated, aghast at such a breach of prison discipline.

"Yes, yes!" she cried; "father says you may." And without another word she swept me through the corridor, where the sentinels allowed us to pass unquestioned, up a flight of stone stairs, and into her room, while Bérault stood at the door, jingling his huge bunch of keys in a suggestive manner, lest some wild thought of escape might enter my bewildered brain.

"I trust the citoyenne will enjoy the sight," he said grimly. "It is fine indeed to a patriot's eyes."

The girl drew me to her only window, from which we could command a full view of the narrow street beneath. It was thronged with men, women, and children, who pressed along in something that seemed like an uncouth procession, singing, dancing, shrieking, flinging themselves recklessly into each other's arms, as if driven mad by the excitement of the moment. Drawn in an open cart was a young woman, her arms bare, her long brown hair streaming in the wind. With fierce gesticulations she addressed the reeking crowd, who cheered her every word.

"A bas l'Autrichienne!" she shrieked. "To the guillotine with the she-wolf and her whelps! They have sucked the people's blood long enough. It is time now she paid the score."

A wild yell of delight followed these words, and the people crowded around the cart until it could go no further. As it stopped a man forced his way through the throng and clambered into it. Filthy, ragged, brutalized with rage, he thrust the girl aside and waved his dirty red cap in the air. "Not l'Autrichienne alone!" he cried with fierce profanity, "but all her friends—wolves in sheep's covering, who affect to love the people they betray. The Girondists are caged at last, my citizens, and Madame la Guillotine is opening her patriotic arms to enfold them. We will see them safe in her embraces."

"Down with Brissot and Lacaze! Death for Vergniaud and Condorcet!" shouted the crowd. "To the guillotine with all these men who prate of mercy while the people starve!"

"The baker's shop is empty," piped a shrill female voice, "and we have had no bread to-day."

"Peace, girl!" sternly cried the man in the cart. "Have not the Convention decreed that food shall be sold cheaply to all who wish to buy?"

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"But the butcher has not killed this week," persisted the woman, who I now saw was young and haggard with want; "and the baker swears he has not another pound of flour. The Republic should feed her children!"

"We are in the hands of our enemies!" shrieked the first girl who had spoken. "The Widow Capet intrigues against us from her prison, the Girondists from theirs. When all these are sent to the guillotine we shall have bread in plenty."

"Fool!" said a round-shouldered artisan amidst the crowd. "They are all now in the Conciergerie, and it would be a brave man who would dare to plot there."

"To the Convention!" cried another speaker. "We will go to the Convention and demand food for ourselves and death for our enemies."

"Alas!" cried a young girl—"alas! Marat is dead."

These simple words suddenly inflamed the crowd to a strange fury. With shrieks and groans of mingled rage and sorrow they rushed on, trampling over each other in their barbarous haste. Perhaps they recalled the 4th of last April, when they had carried their idol in triumph through the Rue Saint-Honoré and crowned his hideous squalor with garlands of spring flowers that seemed to blush for their own purity.

"The friend of the people is dead!" they wailed; "but we shall still have vengeance. On, citizens, to the Convention!"

They pressed by, and, sick with disgust and horror, I turned to look at the girl beside me. She seemed transformed into another being; her eyes glittered with light, her cheeks flushed crimson, her breast heaved with the strain of her emotions. With her head thrust from the window she drank in every detail of the vile scene with an appalling delight. She was ready and willing to join that throng of brutal men and women in their fierce delirium. I caught her arm, and she started as if awakening from a dream.

"Was it not grand, citoyenne?" she murmured. "Did you see Jean Sautelle, who leaped into the cart? They say he is the strongest man in all Paris, and can crush an enemy's skull with one blow of his great fist."

"Cécile," I said gravely, "you are a humane and virtuous girl. How dare you, then, applaud these spectacles of depravity and vice?"

She sobered for an instant and lowered her downcast eyes. Then the watchwords of the new religion came to her rescue.

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"Citoyenne," she said boldly, "there is but one virtue left in these days, and that is to love our country."

I shook my head. "You had better love your soul," I said; and, sick at heart with all that I had seen and heard, I turned away, glad to seek a blessed shelter in my cell. Perhaps D'Eglantine is right when he says that a prison is now the best asylum that Paris can afford.

SEPTEMBER 27.

I have written nothing for five days, because there has been so little worth recording in the routine of our prison life. We sew, chat, play cards and dominoes, get up little plays not very well acted and concerts not very well sung, welcome new guests at the Abbaye, part sadly from the old ones *en route* for the guillotine, and try in all ways to extract what flavor we can from our rather monotonous days.

Maurice has become the life of the place. He it is who with untiring energy plans out each evening's entertainment and spares no pains to make it a success. We have had several mock trials, at which he has appeared as Hébert, Chabot, and Fouquier-Tinville, with an accuracy of delineation too startling to be altogether pleasant. Yet these little farces are conducted with so much care that they contain absolutely no word to which the prison spies may not listen with impunity. The young girls secretly envy me my betrothal to one so gallant and gay, forgetting that the scaffold stands between us and our nuptials; and even Bérault, the surly, was recently heard to confess that when Citizen Lanjuinais was called to the guillotine the Abbaye would lose its most attractive guest.

As for madame, in her calm serenity, which nothing can displace, she wonders at the restless spirits of her son, who is fighting an hourly battle with his own thoughts. I sometimes fancy that she disapproves of our more lively pastimes; but if so she says nothing, looks nothing that could indicate her displeasure. She is unfailingly courteous to all and friendly to none, and has never since the first moment of our arrest betrayed weariness for the present or apprehension for the future. Whether she hopes for the best or has resigned herself to the worst, her mind is a sealed book and none may look in it.

Two nights ago among the prisoners summoned to trial was Mme. de St. Cymon, the young widow of a brave officer who fell under Dumouriez at Verdun. This afternoon she was returned to the Abbaye, having been tried, condemned, dragged to

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the guillotine, and there reprieved because, either through some mistake or intentional omission, her name was found to have been left out of the fatal list. The last of eleven condemned, she witnessed the execution of her ten companions, and, having endured all the agonies that belong to death, felt herself not free but respited, perhaps to suffer them once more.

Surely such an ordeal would be enough to subdue the bravest soul, but the utterly frivolous have an armor of their own more impregnable sometimes than the stoutest courage; and Amélie, in answer to a host of commiserating questions, had but one complaint to make—that the executioner was so dirty. She seemed to have taken in nothing beyond this dismal fact, but, with her soft eyes dilated in horror, described her sensations on beholding him, brutal, hideous, and above all so miserably far from clean; his arms, hands, and blood-stained shirt foully repulsive to her fastidious eyes. In vain Maurice lightly suggested that when one had to die the cleanliness of one's executioner was, after all, a matter of small consideration.

"Your pardon, monsieur," she said with gentle dignity. "I have always known that some time I must die; but I never thought I should live to be handled by such dirty fingers."

Finally the happy thought occurred to him that perhaps the other two Sampson brothers might be more cleanly than the one Amélie had seen. This idea was consoling, and now we live in hopes that when our turns arrive the least dirty of the trio may preside.

SEPTEMBER 28.

Clean or otherwise, we shall doubtless soon need his ministrations. Ten prisoners have been called for trial to-morrow: M. and Mme. Grangeneuve, guilty of being aristocrats; M. and Mme. Mercier, guilty of being rich; the Marquis de Laroche-Ayman and his little son, a boy of eleven; Raymonde de Faire; Blanche, Marquise de Lanjuinais; Maurice Lanjuinais, her son; and Eve de la Tour d'Arraine. So you see, dear father, our turn has come at last, and all that is left for me is to uphold the honor of your name, which I have no brother to bear.

Cécile Bérault has been shedding torrents of tears in my cell, greatly to my surprise and to madame's manifest displeasure. The poor girl, on whom I had at no time bestowed a second thought, has attached herself to me through some whimsical fancy of her own, and appears inconsolable at the prospect of my trial. It is certainly not very cheerful to see her so sure of

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its result; but, after all, opinions on that subject seldom vary, and she only speaks with the frankness of her class. For some days past she has been hovering around like my shadow, bringing me small offerings of flowers and fruit, and assisting with more good-will than dexterity at my scanty toilets.

"If the citoyenne will permit me," she said, sobbing, "I will come to the Conciergerie the day after to-morrow and dress her hair for the last time."

This was really a trifle too much for my composure.

"Cécile," I remonstrated, "you forget that perhaps I may be acquitted."

"Ah! if it were possible. I could then wait on you always," she said, quietly linking our lives together. "But I do not hope it, citoyenne; so few aristocrats escape."

"And how can a girl like you gain admittance to the Conciergerie?"

"Oh! there will be no trouble about that. Mme. Bault is my mother's cousin, and her daughter and I are old friends. It is she who waits upon the queen."

"But I thought M. and Mme. Richard had charge of the Conciergerie?" I said, wondering.

"And so they had," replied Cécile. "But they have been arrested together with Michonis, who permitted a note to reach the prisoner; and Mme. Bault and her husband, the former concierges of La Force, obtained the post."

"Poor queen!" I sighed, thinking, indeed, not of her guardians but of her long captivity and many sorrows.

The girl flushed scarlet. "Believe me, citoyenne," she said earnestly, "my cousin is not harsh. She and her daughter do all they can to soften the rigor of the queen's imprisonment, even at the risk of disobeying their strict orders. They prepare her food themselves and gladly give her the few comforts that they dare."

"Indeed I do not doubt it," I said, anxious to make atonement for my unhappy exclamation. "I am sure that your cousin is kind, because I know how good you have been to me. Even in Paris there are still some compassionate hearts to be found."

She smiled a little sadly. "I love you dearly, citoyenne," she said as she went away, "but at least I know that I am a fool for my pains."

Well, there is one use I will make of this girl's strange fondness for me. I have resolved, because I can do no better, to give

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to her keeping these pages, which have been my last farewell to you. There is nothing in them which can criminate her, and she has promised to guard them faithfully, and, if ever peace returns to this darkened land, to spare no pains to place them in your hand. It is, after all, a foolish hope, but the thought that you will one day read my words is so sweet to me that I cannot bear to relinquish it. If we are condemned and sent to the Conciergerie, as Cécile is sure we will be, then when she comes to see me I will give the book to her. Until that time I shall keep it with me: it is my only link to you.

SEPTEMBER 29.

How shall I ever be able to write, dear father, of all that has taken place within the last ten hours? This morning we were subjected to that cheerful mockery which the Republic grandiloquently calls a trial. Fabre d'Eglantine had provided us with a pleader, though not appearing himself in any way in our behalf. Indeed, such an act would perhaps have cost him more than he is prepared to pay. We were the last of the prisoners to be summoned. M. and Mme. Grangeneuve were called first, rapidly convicted of being aristocrats, and sentenced to the guillotine. M. and Mme. Mercier came next, and with admirable promptness were disposed of in the same manner, her father, a wealthy farmer-general, striving in vain to save her. Raymonde de Faire and the marquis carried their condemnation in their titles and made no attempt at defence. The child alone excited compassion.

Slight and fair, with blue eyes prematurely saddened, the boy is said to be the image of his mother, who is dead, and bears but little resemblance to his dark and handsome father; yet it is easy to read the great love which unites them. While in the Abbaye the marquis never permitted him out of his sight, and the two seemed to have no desire for other companionship. Several times I had spoken to the child and shared with him Cécile's plums and grapes—gifts which he accepted with a shy reluctance, and which failed to win him from his unboyish solitude. During all the preceding trials he nestled closely to his father, who, occasionally bending over him, spoke some word of encouragement, to which the boy would respond with a faint smile, while his intelligent eyes studied the faces of the judges as if he would read their very thoughts.

"Henri de Laroche-Ayman, accused of being an enemy of the Republic, under the first article of the new decree, which pro-

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most part independent of character. "Ask no questions" is the graceful charity of society in regard to the great Sir Million de Consols; "Is he a man of good repute?" is the cautious question of society in regard to the struggling or unfortunate. So that hero-worship, in regard to social idols, must in the main be wholly separated from merit, save only such merit as is implied by success, which may very often be the depth of demerit. Selfishness, even cruelty, have been at the bottom of more successes than magnificent philanthropy or even intelligence. Success is an inborn art of apprehension. It means the perception of how to work on others' weaknesses. This is not true, of course, of intellectual gifts—of splendid writing, splendid painting, splendid speaking—but it is true of commercial and also social successes, and of most of the fictitious triumphs of popularity. The worship which the world pays to the rising sun—an idolatry not confined to the Persians, but far more rampant in civilized Europe—is a homage paid to results without reference to causes, to the *mise en scène* without looking behind the scenes.

Let us pass from such social instances of hero-worship to a very grave illustration of its fatuity. We are not going too far when we say of English Protestantism that nine-tenths of it has been begotten of hero-worship. It is quite certain that the class of men who have chattered for three centuries about the "human corruptions of the Church of Rome," about the "placing man and saints in God's stead," about the "substituting a despotic priesthood for a Christian ministry," or about the "preference of Catholic authorities over the Scriptures," have themselves been the very men who have most conspicuously fallen down and adored the human idols of hero-worship. Men's opinions, men's talents, men's sermons, men's views, not to mention the varied accidents of social status, have been really the "authorities" which the immense majority of all Protestants have substituted for the "Ecclesia Docens." Now, this is a hero-worship of which it is as easy to trace the evils as it is easy to trace the cause, even the necessity. If you take away the "Ecclesia Docens"—and all heresy has done this—you leave nothing save human judgment to take its place, and you simply transfer your personal homage from Authority to such persons as you may happen to admire. This truism is so obvious that to take the trouble of demonstrating it would be like mocking the common sense of the human mind. Accordingly we find in England that the great sticklers for "Bible truths" have been sticklers for the private views of their favorite commentators; that the most fanatical

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advocates of the claims of private judgment have built the whole of their theology on others' teaching; that the most savage of the assailants of the authority of the pope have accepted blindly the teaching of some vain preacher; and that the scoffers at tradition have lived and died serenely, faithful votaries of the traditions of their own sect. It needed only, for any Protestant, that Bishop This or Archdeacon That, Professor This or Parochial Vicar That, should be the immediate, "charming" exemplar of certain views, and hero-worship took the place of obedience to church teaching, because "the church" meant simply personal surroundings.

The same sort of halo of hero-worship has hung about every one of the Reformers. The names of Latimer and Ridley have been sanctified in English thought; the names of Bucer and Melancthon—not to speak of the magic name of Martin Luther—have been supremely honored, venerated, "worshipped," because of the Protestantism which they championed. In the same spirit the names of Laud, of Jeremy Taylor, of Jewell, of the "judicious Hooker," have been as household gods to all good Anglicans, just as the name of Keble—ever memorable for his *Christian Year*—has been a pledge of the orthodoxy of his church. Pusey at one time was among the heroes, but he was eclipsed by the "enfants terribles" of ritualism. Just at this time there is no living Anglican hero, because the whole community is too shivered to worship anybody.

It would be easy to show, in regard to certain literary schools more or less associated with religion, that such names as Huxley, Tyndall, or Darwin exercise in England "heroic" influence. "Ah! but he's a clever fellow" is the normal answer which is given to any suggestion against the soundness of a great scientist. Talent is worshipped because to worship talent is to indicate that we are able to appreciate it at its worth, and also because it supplies us, in the case of infidel writers, with an apology for being sceptical ourselves. In the same spirit an anti-Christian firebrand will be pardoned by a good many Christians, provided that he do the one thing that is wanted. A Garibaldi is idolized for his patriotism, to the total oblivion of his aberrations; a Bismarck is pinnacled for his strategy, to the at least partial ignoring of his injustice; and a Gambetta receives homage as a dictator, though he ostentatiously prefers Communists to religious. Such examples are sufficient to illustrate the aphorism, "Men forgive anything in an ally."

But, after all, is not hero-worship only another name for the

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worship which human nature must necessarily render to "superiors"? Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Mohammed, Napoleon I. had their hosts of idolaters in their own time, and they will always live in history as heroes. It is true that they cut throats by the thousand to gratify their own appetite for glory; but because they succeeded and did things on a grand scale they were not charged with manslaughter nor were they hanged. Had they failed they would not have been heroes, but at the best unsuccessful adventurers. Or had they each cut but one throat or robbed but one farmhouse, instead of depopulating a hundred towns or laying waste the homes of a thousand families, it is probable that their careers would have been as bluntly cut short as their reputations would have been snuffed out ingloriously. Conversely, if a man is unfortunate on a grand scale—say, if he fail in bankruptcy for millions—he will afterward bow to his creditors from his private carriage; but if a man fail in bankruptcy for a few thousands it will take him a long time to "hold his head up again." So that there is a certain kind of hero-worship which is the "cultus" of grand scale, *plus* the "cultus" which is paid to grand "pluck," and we must dissociate it from recognition of any virtue or grace of character such as even the most ardent of hero-worshippers must really love. Such hero-worship is an instinct which is outside the admiration of what is lovable, virtuous, or exemplary; it is simply a natural tendency to look up to superlatives in all branches of human career, good and bad.

In a good sense there is a hero-worship which is not only thoroughly manly but also thoroughly Christian, even saintly. It is needless to insist on the Catholic principle of veneration for all those who have excelled in the highest virtues. This is indeed the true hero-worship. But, apart from this, can we think of an Aquinas, or even a Schlegel, of a Raphael, a Dante, or a Michael Angelo, without being conscious, not of the weakness but of the dignity of keeping niches in our hearts for such figures? We should like to have the chisel of a Pheidias or an Alcamenes to immortalize the ideal of such heroes. It is ennobling to even contemplate the winged reach of the greatest men, and it is still more ennobling to try to copy it. So that hero-worship, in the best sense, is a superb education, such as is recommended to every youth and such as has created many a hero.

Now, what may be called the "philosophy of hero-worship" is the endeavoring to utilize the best side of its practice and to

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subdue the silly weakness of its worst side. An easy thing to say but not to do! Yet in classifying the different species of heroes, and noting the different worship they have received, we cannot but get at the bottom of the right principles and the wrong principles which have led whether to good or to bad hero-worship. Paganism made gods of its heroes; yet this was but to immortalize the emblems or symbols of whatever seemed excellent to the pagan mind. Christianity, on the contrary, is the worship of the Divine Perfections, and must therefore stand apart as the only true hero-worship which has ever been practised by the human heart. Of the earliest kinds of hero-worship, it was natural that its religion should be clouded in mystery and legend. We find among the Northmen a wild theory of hero-worship, which was more properly the worship of nature—Odin, for example, being the symbol of natural perfections, or perhaps even their embodiment and dispenser. Valor especially was consecrated by most of the ancients as the highest known credential of "divinity." But if we come to later times we find a very different spirit, both in the appreciation of the virtues and in their worship. Heresy, sectarianism, apostasy have decked their own idols in their own way. Thus, whereas paganism made its heroes a sort of demigods, or sometimes consecrated the mere symbols of power, such as thunder, or fire, or tempest, Mohammedanism made its hero a prophet; and in some senses he was worthy to be esteemed so. Remembering the surroundings of Mohammed, his education, and his quasi ascetic life, he was worthy to be called a hero for his protest against idol-worship and for his insistence on the belief in the true God. So far, in most of the big hero-worships, we admit something that is excusable if not admirable. When we come to the lesser worships, such as those of the conquerors or self-made first consuls or dictators, we naturally find it difficult to distinguish the meritorious from the purely selfish, the fortunate, the fate-made. Of conquerors in modern times we must, of course, select Napoleon as the diademed "Petit Corporal" of conquest. This man received more hero-worship than human nature could stand, and he tumbled over into foolishness and exile. He was worshipped for his success, and nothing but his success, and when he got to St. Helena he was not worshipped. Oliver Cromwell was an offspring of circumstance, and then became a hero of fanaticism; and he was perhaps the oddest example of a man being thought a Christian hero, notwithstanding that he could murder a Christian king. Now, just as Cromwell was a hero to the Puritans,

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Charles II. was a hero to the Cavaliers; and just as Cromwell was hung in chains after his death, so Charles II. was heartily despised after his death. But in politics all hero-worship is less a homage paid to a man than to the principles which we happen to approve in him.

Far more interesting and instructive is the hero-worship of the poets; indeed, this is the "natural religion" of hero-worship, We may come to forget Charlemagne, save when we read of him in history; we may only remember William the Conqueror as a plucky soldier who fought at Hastings, and who brought with him to England Norman adventurers; we may never give a thought to the lesser political heroes—a Pombal, a Choiseul, a Pitt—who in their own little day were accounted heroes; but the great poets ever live in our hearts as a part of our very existence, our joy. King David was supreme as our royal poet; nor, as a typical penitent, an exquisite song-writer, a melodist of the purest and inmost thoughts, can he ever be rivalled in this world. He was deserving of hero-worship as the prince of holy poetry, and he has been always so esteemed by all Christians. But let us come down to the uninspired—at least to the lesser inspired; for we never can talk securely of inspiration. Dante, who was begotten of trouble, of humiliation, of poverty, of exile, has embodied in his *Divina Commedia*—in the "Purgatorio," the "Inferno," the "Paradiso"—the intensity of his own terribly profound soul, so that we seem to read *him* in all he writes. And what shall we say of Shakspere, of whom Goethe well said that his writings might be compared to a watch with a dial-plate of transparent crystal, because at the same time that we can read the exact truth, we can read all the mechanism which thinks it out? If Shakspere is happy and Dante is sad, both equally dig down into the depths of our nature and both lift us for the time to their level. Are they not heroes? Put together all the Alexanders, all the Conquerors, kings, adventurers of the world: Dante and Shakspere have done more to *make* natures than the whole herd of cutthroats to destroy them. Even the glorious old Homer, whose passion was war, cannot be coupled with Dante or Shakspere, because valor is only one feature in heroism. Hero-worship, for the poets of all the virtues, is the ingrafting into ourselves some of their excellences.

And, to descend half a dozen steps lower, who shall say that the honest worship of such a man as Mr. Boswell for his ideal, his actual Dr. Johnson was not ennobling to *him*, though

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it is laughable to *us* and has had no other fruit than a good biography? So long as hero-worship is the worship of the admirable—no matter in what sphere of human thought—we can scarcely be philosophic if we sneer at a genuflection made, not to the man, but to his gifts.

Is, then, the "philosophy of hero-worship" the appreciation of what is worthy to be honored and the ridicule of all counterfeits or shams? In the main this is undoubtedly true. In the department of human sentiment called hero-worship, as in most other departments of sentiment, there is tragedy, comedy, farce. In the way of farce we have had the crowding of a London court of law (in the month of March, 1882) to hear the pleadings for and against parting with "Jumbo," the African elephant, to whose immensity and wise dumbness many a Londoner has shown hero-worship. Yet this is at least an innocent enthusiasm, and it has been caught by men and women from children. Enthusiasm is the pulsation of interest. And a people would be cold, almost lifeless, in whom was no capacity of enthusiasm. Yet in this mild farce of Jumboism we detect some of the characteristics which mark off false hero-worship from true. The very people who are so sensitively touched by the prospective sufferings of the four-footed beast are sublimely indifferent to the real sufferings of the thousands who starve or are intensely wretched all around them. My Lady Tearful, who writes pathetically to the newspapers that her children will subscribe liberally for Jumbo's freedom, never thinks of asking her children to lay by their pocket-money for the purchase of bread for the poor. This "humbug" of sentimentality is simply sickening. And "humbug" is the soul of false hero-worship. It is because people are always "humbugging" themselves that they are so easily blinded by false heroism. It is because fashion has set up false deities, to be adored with morbid sentiment, vicious egotism, that therefore what is magnificently unselfish has ceased to be a deity of fashion. The household gods of fashion are display and ostentation, respectability, comfort, and luxury; so that their contraries are too purely hypothetical to be entertained in the mind as realizable. Hero-worship is the worship of those fictions which are crowned with a glittering success; it is not the worship of the heroism of unselfishness—the only moral heroism worth the name. Let it be granted that there are three kinds of hero-worship—the worship of the supernatural virtues, the worship of magnificent brains, and the worship of the excellences of character; and that this last, apart

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from Christian motive, is in itself very dignifying and beautiful. Now, unselfishness is the very root of the natural virtues, as it is also their supremest flower and fruit; and we must admit that it is so rare—in the being carried to the point of heroism—that it has almost ceased to be recognized as a possibility. For this reason it is that modern hero-worship, for the most part, is the worship of crowned selfishness or egotism. It is therefore the worship of the contemptible. And, however painful it is to own it, we had better be sincere as to insincerity and confess that The Contemptible is a prince-hero.

The waste of worship is one reason why so few of us are capable of attaining to any sort of perfection. The student, the politician, the soldier, the dandy, the lover, the man of fashion, the monomaniac, all waste, to some degree, so much worship on second things that they cannot be captivated by first things. Imagine the amount of force, intellectual and moral (we will not say anything about the spiritual), which is wasted in the course of one year, by the vast majority of human beings, on false worship. Force is but a limited quantity, and, like money, demands its arithmetic; and if any sort of force, or any degree of any sort, be expended on one kind of object it cannot be expended on another. Now, let us say that every morning brings to every man living his given quantity of the various necessary forces. When we have subtracted what is wasted on the indulgence of egotism —on the numerous sweet idlenesses of vanity—the intensity of the various forces has received a diminution equally hurtful to perception and attainment. And so because a man is not really his whole self, intellectually, morally, or physically, he suffers from moral obliquity, from intellectual short-sightedness, and from an enervated capacity of struggle. Add up the whole sum of such habits of wasted force, and we see why it is that inferior objects of hero-worship are preferred before such as are superior. And add up the false habits of social life, the false maxims, ideas, aspirations with which our whole being becomes saturated, and we see that we are scarcely ever ourselves, but only fragmentary bits of ourselves. And so it comes to pass that hero-worship, with most of us, is not a sincere homage paid by self, but a homage paid only by a small part of self, because the greater part of self is fast asleep.

We come, then, to the conclusion that we ourselves, like our heroes, are for the most part fictitious or apologetic. In short—to repeat the word which, if conventional, is expressive and just exactly conveys the whole truth—we most of us more or less

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worship "humbug," and we most of us are "humbugs" ourselves. If for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak judgments, we should have to admit that between "heroism" and "humbug" it would take the spear of Ithuriel to tell the difference. And if for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak ambitions, we should have to admit that the highest of all heroisms is that one which receives the least honors. The highest of all heroisms is that of the Christian saint, who weighs everything in the balance of immortality and acts only for God in all he does. "Ah! but here you are really going too far," will reply our intelligent objector, "because in this world we have our duties to perform, and we should take the best exemplars of their performance." And who are their best exemplars, in your opinion? Do you look for them on the Stock Exchange, or in diplomacy, or in the cosey libraries of the erudite student, or on the benches of the party members of the House of Commons, or among the barristers, the merchants, the tradesmen? There are, doubtless, respectable exemplars in all such spheres; only, as a rule, the *object* which is proposed is not perfect heroism but success. And the point for which we contend is that heroism, to be perfect, must aim not at gain but at virtue. It is on this account we give the palm to the saint. Let us reduce the whole matter to a syllogism: Hero-worship is the worship of the admirable; the most admirable thing in the world is perfect virtue; therefore the Christian saint is the only type in the world who either appreciates or who practises perfect hero-worship.

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LAST PAGES IN THE JOURNAL OF EVE DE LA TOUR D'ARRAINE.

TO-DAY, the 13th of September, 1793, Mme. Lanjuinais, Maurice, and I were arrested in the name of the Republic and installed in the Abbaye, having thus taken the first step of that journey whose last is the guillotine. Well, it is over, and I draw a long breath that seems strangely like relief. The worst has come, and at least our apprehensions are at rest. I would not live over the past months of alternate hope and fear, shame and sorrow, if I had fifty lives to save instead of one. They lie behind me like a black nightmare that I cannot bear even to recall—the hasty plans of escape, abandoned as hopeless before they were half ripe; the misery of seeing friend after friend engulfed in the whirlpool that has swallowed us at last; the days and nights of ceaseless terror, suspecting every one and being suspected by all; and, above other misery, the sense of unutterable shame that we should lie hidden like foxes in their holes, cowering before those whose necks should be beneath our feet.

Only last week we had planned our long-hoped-for flight, madame and I to be disguised as market-women, Maurice as our clownish assistant. The coarse clothes were ready; the small stock of cheap vegetables—scarcer and scarcer, alas! with each day of liberty—were finally procured. I dressed myself with hasty, trembling fingers and went with a heavy heart into madame's room. Well, smiles and tears lie very close together, and a real laugh is worth, in these dismal days, almost as much as safety. There she stood before her glass, completely attired and with a basket on her arm, looking so thoroughly the marquise that she was, and so not at all the rustic she wished to be, that the delightful incongruity between her stately bearing and her humble occupation upset my overwrought nerves and I laughed until the tears stood in my eyes.

Maurice came in and joined me, and his mother, half-flattered, half-despairing, threw down the hamper and tore off the stiff white cap. "It is useless, Eve," she sighed. "I had better die a lady than try to live as anything else. We cannot change our natures even at the bidding of the Convention."

It mattered but little after all, for the plan failed, as others had done before; the meshes of the net that circled us drew

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closer still, and behold us here, the invited guests of the Republic, enjoying its short-lived hospitality. Strange that I should feel flippant, knocking thus at the door of death; but then, dear father, I have one secret joy that cannot be torn from me. When the summons came this morning, and I knew that all was over, my first thought was of you. "He is safe!" I said to myself exultingly, "and they cannot touch a hair of his head." Here the same consolation dwells with me always, until I grow selfish with its consideration. Madame suffers for her son, Maurice for me; while I—is it that I am heartless and cannot feel as I ought for those who love me? Instead of thinking of these two whose fates are linked with mine, I am counting over and over with a happy heart the many long miles that lie between Paris and Vienna—Vienna, that city of safety, the beacon-light of many a shipwrecked emigré, within whose blessed walls you are securely sheltered.

This is my secret joy, and selfishly I brood over it. To Maurice I am his promised bride, to madame her hoped-for daughter; but when I have finished loving you, dearest father, there does not seem to be any room left in my heart for others.

SEPTEMBER 16.

We are better off than I had hoped or expected. Even suspected royalists may have friends in power, and we possess one whose good-will is boundless, though he can do but little. The Revolution having fairly reversed the natural order of things, capricious fortune rules the hour; and Fabre d'Eglantine, patriot and deputy though he be, has procured for his former friends such poor comforts as their state may still admit of. Thanks to his influence, madame and I enjoy two luxuries that can soften many hardships. The privacy of a separate cell is ours whenever we wish to be alone, and the society of the Abbaye is open to us when we would be merry. Nor are these favors slight ones, as republican favors go. The brutal espionage suffered by the royal family and by many prisoners of higher rank than ours is the most galling of their misfortunes, and to be free from it is indeed a coveted indulgence.

As for our society, it is all that could be desired: well-born, witty, refined, and most enjoyable, were it not for the melancholy uncertainty as to whether your friend of to-day will not be headless to-morrow—a suggestion which, however politely ignored, intrudes itself unbidden into our gayest moments.

We are looked upon as highly privileged, having a few books

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Captain Gregory came home and was shocked. Aunt Hannah said mournfully now and then, "She was the joy of my poor old life."

Mr. Riveston said—nothing. But when he took down the old mill, and a new Catholic church grew up in its place by the river and out of its massive stones, he watched each one that was laid, as if it was so much lifted off his heart, but he was never seen to smile again until his own turn came.

Then the parish priest was with him, and Donna's name, invoked with blessings between them, was wreathed with a smile on his lips and was the last spoken, save the two blessed names that she, dying, had whispered.

Near the sanctuary on the walls of St. Mary's Church, Dalesborough, is placed a cruciform tablet with Donna's name and age, and a line below that says:

"She hath done what she could."

CONCLUDED.

PHILOSOPHY OF HERO-WORSHIP.

HERO-WORSHIP is supposed to be a weakness. Few men would confess to being enslaved by it. Yet few men are so thickly armed with self-reliance and self-esteem as to be wholly above the worship of human idols. This is true in every department of man's careering. In religion as in politics, in good habits as in good manners, most men take some hero for their model. The Latin 'heros'—which might possibly mean demi-god—has not been imported into the English language, though the Latin 'hero' has come to mean in our vernacular much the same as the Latin 'fortis' or 'divinus.' When we speak of hero-worship we mean the falling down in homage before some conspicuously developed type of a lofty school. And this perfectly natural weakness—if it be kept within reasonable bounds—need not be at all derogatory to human dignity. What is it that we worship in our great man? Obviously not the man but the ideal. We worship—familiarly speaking—just those excellences and those high merits which we should wish to be able to cherish in ourselves.

Hero-worship is so inseparable from aspiration—and this, too, both in public and in private life—that it must be reckoned with

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as one of the strongest motive powers in politics, in literature, even in religion. If we take to pieces the big movements which, in the varied spheres of human action, have developed what are known as "new epochs," we shall find that some great man has been at the bottom of every movement, or has been what is sometimes called the movement's "soul." Let us select one modern example, known to everybody. What made the Oxford movement a success? Answer: Newman. It is true Keble and Pusey both helped to develop the movement; but the one master-mind, the true hero, was he who was logical to the end. And does it follow from this that, without a master-mind, a great and a good movement must succumb? We should not venture to say such a foolish thing. We have only to note that, in the apparent ways of Providence, great instruments are raised up for great ends. And the very obvious rejoinder that, "in like manner, wicked movements are almost invariably fathered by great men," is only the assertion of the truism that the Evil One is an ape, who copies but who perverts divine methods. The whole Christian dispensation was handed down to our time by apostles, and missionaries, and martyrs; and the forces of evil perpetually arrayed against it have been apostolic, missionary, and murderous. It is so permitted that all movements, good and evil, shall be fathered by some kind of human agents; and hero-worship, in an innocent sense, is respect paid to good agents, and, in a bad sense, respect paid to bad agents. Without hero-worship, in an innocent sense, there could scarcely be conversion; nor without hero-worship, in a bad sense, could there be perversion. We accept, then, this principle of hero-worship. It is an integral component of human nature. To laugh at it is only to show that we have not learned to discriminate between heaven-sent and earth-sent apostles.

Yet it is not only in religion but in every phase of human life that this habit of hero-worship is normal. In politics it is almost ludicrously cherished. Political great men are demigods. There are those in England who fall down before Mr. Gladstone, with such a simple belief in his inerrancy that if he were to bring in a bill to do away with private judgment they would be convinced that it proceeded from his Liberalism. The unfortunate corollary of this worship of a party-man is that the abuse of his opponents is co-equal with it. When Disraeli was alive he was an object of invective to all the Liberals who fell down before Gladstone; and, conversely, we may hear Conservatives discoursing angrily on "the ruin which Gladstone will certainly

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had lost his right mitten and "the horse wouldn't stand a minute." Donna's quick sight spied it so little distance away that he let her run back to get it, not willing to trust her with the reins and the cold, impatient horse, and the snow that she swept up with her clothing chilled her through and through.

At school she had "missed" in one of her own lessons through taking too much time to help a very good but very dull little fellow who had learned to lean on her daily aid in fractions, and at noon, in the house of a friend where she had gone to dine, she had held a fretful baby while its mother prepared the meal. In the afternoon she had taken one of the lower classes to relieve the headachy teacher, and sharpened pencils untiringly at recess from long custom—"Donna makes such nice points" being ample reward.

For several days she had made inquiries at both recesses, of one and another, as to the poor in town, but elicited nothing until she questioned Tom Lane as they were coming out of school. She had been staying half an hour after to help him in a composition—the horror of his soul. Tom bounded away across the street like a rubber ball, and, with the gathered impetus of his long restraint in the school-room and the run from the school-house, made a long and splendid slide which terminated at the end of an ice-strip just before Mr. Riveston's face. The old man, who had of late suffered much from dizziness and a trembling of the lower limbs, and had at the same time the greatest reluctance to being suspected of either weakness, had contemplated this slide with disgust all day, and would have crossed the street to avoid it had it not been so near the hotel that he was ashamed to avoid it. He was looking at it with a certain hesitation when Tom's shoot and dash past brought a great sense of confusion to him, and, standing still, he caught at the nearest support, clearly dreading to venture along the slippery path.

At this moment a clear, sweet voice, but speaking in unusual accent, came from the mouth of a young girl beside him: "Lean well on me, dear sir; we shall go across nicely together." And Donna, gently passing his cane from one hand to the other, placed the first upon her shoulder. The action was so quickly, gracefully done that it could not be resisted, and, casting a swift glance around, the old gentleman, seeing no one in sight, yielded to the relief that was real and crossed the long slide safely. At its end, bracing himself up without a thankful word, something like misgiving seemed to smite him, and, seeing that his young companion was still beside him, he asked her name.

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Voice, accent, or kindness had won upon him, and he continued to question her until the mail-carrier drove up to the steps of the public-house, which contained the post-office in its precincts. The old man stood gazing after the girl as she drove away in the distance, and any one near enough could have heard him saying:

"The kindest action, the sweetest voice in twenty years—yes, twenty years." But a "smart" young man passing by noted the movement of his speech and named it "muttering." We have known this reproach to fall upon aged lips that faltered over the *Paters* and *Aves* of the "beads" from those either ignorant of or scarcely reflecting that the words that produced the palsied effect were those of the Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation.

Poor Donna's reflection as she drove on was, "No good done to-day; I must really try harder to-morrow"; and, as if in answer to her thoughts and prayers, the mail-carrier told her of a very poor and hungry family that had lately moved into town and had been unable to obtain work. One child was sick—"guessed 'twas measles: all broke out with sum'th'n 'nother." "At last," thought Donna with bounding heart, "really"; and she tired the carrier with inquiries meant finally to touch Aunt Hannah's heart and bring a generous gift for the morrow. But the morrow brought disappointment in part, for the increased cold weather and Donna's exploit in the snow hunting the mitten increased a slight cold on the lungs to a severe one, and for two long weeks Donna was housed with the imperfect consolation that Aunt Hannah had sent some food and worn clothing to the distressed family by the carrier, and that the sick child had profited thereby.

One mild morning later in the month Donna, closely wrapped and allowed to go to school again, felt rich with a parcel besides her books, containing more old clothing for the poor family and some food, including some sausages and butter, which she purposed dividing between the strangers and old Mr. Riveston, whom she had described to her aunt without naming. There was ample time before school to hunt up the family, and at noon she was on the alert for her "poor old gentleman" with a color in her face unknown for a long time. She had walked a little way along the street when she saw him slowly descending the steps of so large a house that she thought: "Oh! some one has been giving him work there. I do hope that he has not been hungry while I've been sick."

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In her delight she would have opened the savory parcel on the very steps, had not a sense of delicacy forbidden; people were in the street, so she only handed it to him, saying:

"I have been sick ever since I saw you at New Year's; this is the first time I have been in town, and I have a little *regale* for you here." When eager she had often to fall back upon her first language for a descriptive word. To her surprise the old gentleman turned back, unlocked the door, and invited her to enter.

"Do you *live* here?" she exclaimed as he followed her in.

There was but a single fire in the house, and that in his own room, and, leading Donna to it through closed and cheerless passages, she emerged to its warmth after contrasting cold and darkness. But once there she observed nothing, saw nothing but a picture so unlike anything else that Donna had ever seen in America, so much like the picture in the old French church, this beautiful woman in blue and white drapery, that Donna believed it to be a Madonna. Jumping at all conclusions, she child-like thought her new friend a believer in her own faith, and, kneeling, repeated the noon Angelus again in all simplicity.

"You poor dear man!" she said, rising and smiling on him through happy tears, "I hope that you are not very often hungry."

The portrait was that of the only woman that Mr. Riveston had ever loved, and she had died before he was rich enough to marry her, in her father's opinion. When that father died, bankrupt, the turned tables of fortune enabled Mr. Riveston to buy at auction the furniture of this room, with the portrait and bitter memories not catalogued.

Donna's action, imperfectly understood as it was by the old gentleman, was accepted as a tribute, and as she rose the rare tears of old age sprang to his eyes. Her words revealed and explained her interest in *him*. "Did you think that I was in danger of hunger?" he asked as a perception of the case arose in his mind. "Why not?" said Donna. "They told me that you were the poorest man in town. Do you work here now?" An amused expression followed the soberness that had but lately clouded the wrinkled face; then, with a return of the shadow, he said bitterly: "Ay, poor enough and old enough; but I don't want money, child."

From this hour they were friends, and Donna's noonings were oftener spent at Mr. Riveston's fireside than any other. He heard her story, he listened with delight to her descriptions of her French home. Day after day she unrolled her panoramas of

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Provence—the climate, the vegetation of her valley, the flora of glade and mountain, the habits of ner kind as she felt them still to be, the warm and generous natures of the people, and the blue of sea and sky bathed in ever-living summer and sunlight. Her heart would swell in fervent description, and his own kindled with a warmth unknown for years. He listened to her plans for doing good with the first expansion of sympathy that the experience allowed. Her pictures warmed and cheered him. But here was work. Now he was not only a listener but an actor; what her heart sought his head and hands could effect, and his ability could realize her brightest dreams.

The first-fruits of this friendship was the employment of the parents of the poor family at the other end of the town in odd jobs about the premises, including the destruction of the dangerous slide, to the regret of many school-boys. The mother was allowed to make Mr. Riveston's house tidy by degrees at Donna's instigation. Her suggestions were always so fearless yet so innocent that the old man could neither take offence nor refuse them.

As springtime and longer days came on Donna and Mr. Riveston became more closely associated than ever. He had ventured to suggest to her one day that there were other ways of doing good than visits to squalid houses and giving people in want money, and that the farm-house and school-room were legitimate fields of missionary labor, to say nothing of kind words bestowed on a heart-hungry old man. But of this she understood nothing; to speak of the habits of her daily living was to analyze the air that she breathed, and she was not sufficiently advanced in any philosophy to comprehend. So he wisely forbore, saying that "it would be a pity to spoil her."

But he had found the high-road to Donna's favor, and kept his place therein with much painstaking. He would hunt the town during school-hours to present her with a charitable opportunity, as a devoted lover waits with a bouquet the coming of one whom he would compliment. One day it was a tired "tramp," as the town voted him, but who proved to be a poor but worthy fellow working his way on foot to where respectable employment awaited him. Mr. Riveston found him half-sick under a tree outside the town, and saved his own gifts of food and money to send by Donna at noon.

On another occasion it would be a woman and children, some one with a sick baby, perhaps, to be helped on; and more than once Mr. Riveston's own roof was made to shelter those who

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needed it, and eventually an outer room was furnished for such purposes. With the love that he was developing toward this unusual child, and the strange way in which she compelled him to express it, came feelings to his fellow-men that belonged to his real nature, but which his unhappy experience had suppressed for many years.

Nothing grows more swiftly or generously by feeding than Christian charity, and the old man's life, brightened and fed by this rare nutriment, renewed itself a decade.

"How old Riveston's changed!" said one of the bank directors of Dalesborough bank.

"It's his decent clothes," replied another. "It's more than that," came back.

"At any rate," observed a fourth, "there's a change since that little French Yankee took him in train." "They're an odd pair those," rejoined the first speaker, "that nobody can understand, though they seem to understand each other."

The storekeeper betrayed the purchase of a carpet by Mr. Riveston, and the woman who had tidied up had not been wholly silent as to the improved condition of things indoors, and some of the charitable work leaked out, but the most of it was hidden and remained their sweet secret—and God's.

Without her colleague Donna's innocent enthusiasm would have continually led her astray, and she sometimes fell into difficulties as it was. One day she went alone to a case of sickness and poverty in which the suffering of a destitute woman was doubled by the brutality of a drunken husband. Staggering into the room and finding no food, he began to swear at his sick wife. Frightened as she would have been for herself, indignant pity for the invalid lent Donna courage, and, drawing herself up at full height beside the pillow, she said with much dignity:

"You are not a gentleman. Be quiet!"

Disarmed for the moment by the tiny creature as she looked at him, his drunken fancy reeled with his brain and from anger ran to drollery.

"A gen'leman? Sh'ld think not. Who asks me to be gen'leman? Who 'spects it?"

"I expect it," was Donna's grave response, and for a moment the poor inebriate struggled with the idea that came too late. Once such expectation would have saved him; but it was too late, and, with recurring caprice and a sensation of hunger, he approached the child as well as his wife in wrath, and rudely pushed Donna from the room, accusing her of "adding a mouth

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to their starvation." The thrust was rough, and the tender arm was lamed for several days, but the patient was not deserted, though never again visited alone, nor was the injury revealed.

Once a baby was abandoned in her arms and restored to its miserable mother only after a day's search. On another occasion she was nearly made an associate of thieves in the front hall of a deacon, the marauders having planned well and counted on her innocence to bring them certain articles placed there by connivance with a dishonest inmate. She took measles in one visit, and mild diphtheria at another time, until Aunt Hannah was obliged to draw sharp lines and limit the partnership.

Old Riveston never dreamed, until vacation came and deprived him of Donna's society, how terribly he could miss her, and an occasional visit between them did not fill the daily void. They needed, too, something more than each other's society: they missed their mutual work for others.

One of Carter's boys (out of Donna's first poor family), now employed by Aunt Hannah on the farm, brought home a report one night from Mr. Riveston of somebody's broken leg, and next day Donna walked into town and went to visit the case with the old gentleman. It was clearly an excuse on his part, for through his care the invalid had been made perfectly comfortable.

He saw that this walk was an over-exertion for Donna, who was not even able to drive in with Farmer Brown next day. After this Mr. Riveston hired some one to go out for her as often as he could find legitimate excuses for so doing.

In August he was ill himself, and during his convalescence Donna spent many hours in each day with him; but he had installed a nurse, and indeed little nursing could Donna have done with the fatigue left over with a cough as legacy of the last winter's experience.

But their old talks were renewed, and Mr. Riveston was pleased with everything presented by Donna's active thoughts, whether the stories transferred from the Provençal hearthstones with their smouldering olive logs or blazing aromatic pine cones as she depicted them, or the plans she was ever making to make her forest shrine a reality. Riveston had seen Donna's chapel of the evergreens, and knew the longings of her young heart, and was better acquainted with the Canadian missionary than he had chosen to admit. Twice during the year already Mr. Riveston had persuaded Aunt Hannah to allow Donna to accompany him to distant points where this priest celebrated Mass, and the kind-

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ness to Donna was not the sole motive. There had been occasions in the past when this good father had been among the few who had treated Mr. Riveston with respect and as a fellow-being, and during this sickness he had asked Donna to bring him to his house whenever his rounds were made in this neighborhood. But the priest was very late this year—latter than ever before, having been detained by much sickness in nearly every parish. People called it "a sickly year."

But he came at last, when Donna, in half fear that he might have died, began to pray daily "for his soul, if this alone needs it."

And when he came he looked earnestly at Donna, and asked her many questions about her health, and, not without meaning, told her of a parish newly formed, only a few miles distant, from which a priest could be summoned at need to Dalesborough.

Not one but four visits did he pay to Mr. Riveston, and just before he left town was seen looking thoughtfully toward the abandoned mill, then down the river, and again at the mill and its silent belfry.

Captain Gregory returned in September, and Mr. Riveston had to be introduced; but after the second day with Donna he sent for a physician, who asked her more questions about her health, and made her think more about herself than she had ever done in her life. It was clear that she had never done much selfish thinking, and her answers were childish and not to the point. There seemed to be no definite disease to treat, but the doctor found a great want of constitutional vigor and ordered her return to the south of France before winter. What Mr. Riveston felt at this mandate cannot be told. A single day passed without Donna and Donna's simple task was a blank to him, and latterly he had gone about doing many errands that her strength would not permit her to share. To Donna's grief she could make little exertion for any one—nothing at all, she believed.

"I have had to stop doing good," she said sorrowfully one evening to Mr. Riveston as he concluded a report to her, but it was the sole complaint she had made. That evening he laid before her a plan of purchasing some books, that, being loaned Saturday evenings and returnable in a certain time, should be experimental, and, if a successful operation, form the nucleus of a future library for public use. It had been one of the subjects of conversation between Mr. Riveston and the priest.

"Fall fever," as the periodic typhoid was named in Dales-

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borough, came earlier and with greater violence than usual. Aunt Hannah consoled herself for being out of the town, and said, "Luckily Donna can't get into *that*."

Donna had scared her more than once the year previous by "poking into fever-holes" as well as "measly places," and had been strictly forbidden thereafter to go where "there was anything catchin'."

Jack Carter, however, being less restrained, visited and brought home a light attack of the disease. Aunt Hannah shut him away in the back kitchen chamber and nursed him herself. The only harsh word that had jarred on Donna's ear for months was when she was found coming down from Jack's room with a spoon and tumbler.

"Don't you know better 'n to go in *there?*"

And now it was Donna's turn to be nursed. She didn't seem to be very ill at first; the fever was less violent than in many cases, and the crisis passed in the second week, favorably as to the disappearance of the disease. But there was no recuperative power; no strength came.

"The fever's gone, but she don't rally," said the tried physician.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Riveston drove over to the new parish and brought home the new priest, Donna having said that morning that she was dreaming all night of the old curé. He spent an hour with her, but it was enough: the outlines of her little life were familiar to him already from her acquaintance with the missionary, and duty was brief and clear.

"What do you think of her?" questioned Aunt Hannah anxiously as he was about to depart, the "anointing" being no revelation to her.

"I think that she was waiting for me," was his quiet response, "and that it is the end of pain."

Aunt Hannah returned to the room, Mr. Riveston having preceded her. It was the close of sunset, and the last rays made a ripple on the wall opposite the bed. They thought that Donna was looking at it, but it was beyond. Their coming in called her thoughts back to earth. "Bon soir, auntie," she said simply, and to Mr. Riveston, with a smile like a baby's half-regret:

"If I could—could have done a—little good!"

It tired her to say even this, and she went to sleep, as they thought, with two whispered holy names on her lips, as she always had done; but she did not wake again, and they did not know the moment that she was not theirs.

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bring on the Constitution." Indeed, it is marvellous how a great man can retain his peace or equanimity under the incubus of both idolatry and wrath. Perhaps the great man appreciates them both! Some years ago, in the House of Commons, a member had been indulging in the most hideous, personal abuse of another member. The abused member simply replied with urbanity: "When the honorable member calls me a thief and a liar all that the honorable member would convey is that he does not agree with me in opinion." This is, no doubt, the interpretation of one-half of the abuse which politicians warmly heap on their opponents. And, conversely, the fulsome flattery of hero-worship means simply "loving those who agree with us." Still, there is no doubt that many persons really attribute to their hero the impeccability which they desire that he should possess. They fall down and worship the golden image which Public Opinion, the king, has set up, not heeding either the painful humanness of its author or the imperfections of the image itself. And, conversely, they are full of wrath against a gifted antagonist whom they suspect of having certain good points—or what Disraeli called certain "redeeming vices"—not heeding the service which he does to their own hero in making him appear at his best.

In the department of literature we can trace the same spirit of kneeling to, or turning the back upon, heroes. History, poetry, romance, polemics are all largely prejudged by their authorship. A book or a pamphlet, like a man entering a drawing-room, requires an introduction to strangers. Even newspapers are either read or not read, according to their imputed "inspiration." The name of a bookseller on the title-page of a book will sometimes be an advertisement or a condemnation. In religious literature the author is simply everything; for just as no member of the congregation of a Baptist minister would "order" every new work by Cardinal Manning, so no member of a Ritualistic congregation would feed his soul on the works of Bishop Ryle. "Who's the author?" is the first question which is asked, or, if the author is unknown, "Who's the publisher?" The pearls and gems of literary ventures are less purchased for intrinsic value than for the imputed tone and status of the jeweller.

In art—and that, too, in all its branches—hero-worship is carried to fanaticism. A hurried sketch made by Turner is worth a hundred times the price of a finished picture done by Smith or by Brown; a rude daub by Claude would fetch the ransom of a

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score of artists whose patient and beautiful work is unquestionable. Again, a crowd will listen for an hour to the weak and drivelling platitudes of a great noble who has two counties for an estate, but it would not pay any association to advertise the attractions of a really eloquent grocer or tea-dealer. "Flunkyism" is half the soul of hero-worship. When a man has made a name he may come to shine among the constellations who, for the time being, command the social "cultus," but the motive of the "cultus" will be less a thoughtful appreciation than the ambition to be thought capable of appreciating. This is precisely the same with little heroes as with big heroes. In society some little man may be seen to take a front rank from some accident, whether of patronage or of caprice; and even really superior people will be disposed to bend the knee to the fictitious supremacy of Mr. Nobody. The truth is that vanity has as much to do with hero-worship as has the impression of the merit of superiority. A man likes to be "well in" with other persons who are "well in," from a natural wish to be in the swim of popularity.

It may be replied that the hero-weakness is at least an obvious homage to any merit, whether real or imputed. This is granted. But in most cases it is not the merit which really receives the homage, but fashion, or interest, or egotism. Power must of necessity receive homage, because power is the fountain of gifts. Riches for the same reason receive homage. Rank, because it symbolizes superiority—though it does not in any way assure it—will also attract votaries or "flunkies." Mere merit by itself, like mere virtue, has no fascination for majorities, because it is rather an impeachment of others' littleness than an exaltation of those who may contemplate it. Take the case of two men, one admirable in character but habitually unsuccessful in career, the other painfully average in character but superbly dominant in the impudence of "getting on"; we all know which will be the pet of society, which will be found in high life. What the world worships is success, not the merit which should lead to success. The French have an expression, "the success of esteem"—that is, a success from the being liked; but this is a domestic or narrowly grooved triumph, which has nothing to do with "the world." The success of the world's favorites is not dependent on esteem; indeed, it generally prospers quite as well without it. While not depreciating the current value of a good character, or implying that a bad character is not an injury, we may safely lay it down that success, as a social idol, is for the

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most part independent of character. "Ask no questions" is the graceful charity of society in regard to the great Sir Million de Consols; "Is he a man of good repute?" is the cautious question of society in regard to the struggling or unfortunate. So that hero-worship, in regard to social idols, must in the main be wholly separated from merit, save only such merit as is implied by success, which may very often be the depth of demerit. Selfishness, even cruelty, have been at the bottom of more successes than magnificent philanthropy or even intelligence. Success is an inborn art of apprehension. It means the perception of how to work on others' weaknesses. This is not true, of course, of intellectual gifts—of splendid writing, splendid painting, splendid speaking—but it is true of commercial and also social successes, and of most of the fictitious triumphs of popularity. The worship which the world pays to the rising sun—an idolatry not confined to the Persians, but far more rampant in civilized Europe—is a homage paid to results without reference to causes, to the *mise en scène* without looking behind the scenes.

Let us pass from such social instances of hero-worship to a very grave illustration of its fatuity. We are not going too far when we say of English Protestantism that nine-tenths of it has been begotten of hero-worship. It is quite certain that the class of men who have chattered for three centuries about the "human corruptions of the Church of Rome," about the "placing man and saints in God's stead," about the "substituting a despotic priesthood for a Christian ministry," or about the "preference of Catholic authorities over the Scriptures," have themselves been the very men who have most conspicuously fallen down and adored the human idols of hero-worship. Men's opinions, men's talents, men's sermons, men's views, not to mention the varied accidents of social status, have been really the "authorities" which the immense majority of all Protestants have substituted for the "Ecclesia Docens." Now, this is a hero-worship of which it is as easy to trace the evils as it is easy to trace the cause, even the necessity. If you take away the "Ecclesia Docens"—and all heresy has done this—you leave nothing save human judgment to take its place, and you simply transfer your personal homage from Authority to such persons as you may happen to admire. This truism is so obvious that to take the trouble of demonstrating it would be like mocking the common sense of the human mind. Accordingly we find in England that the great sticklers for "Bible truths" have been sticklers for the private views of their favorite commentators; that the most fanatical

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advocates of the claims of private judgment have built the whole of their theology on others' teaching; that the most savage of the assailants of the authority of the pope have accepted blindly the teaching of some vain preacher; and that the scoffers at tradition have lived and died serenely, faithful votaries of the traditions of their own sect. It needed only, for any Protestant, that Bishop This or Archdeacon That, Professor This or Parochial Vicar That, should be the immediate, "charming" exemplar of certain views, and hero-worship took the place of obedience to church teaching, because "the church" meant simply personal surroundings.

The same sort of halo of hero-worship has hung about every one of the Reformers. The names of Latimer and Ridley have been sanctified in English thought; the names of Bucer and Melancthon—not to speak of the magic name of Martin Luther —have been supremely honored, venerated, "worshipped," because of the Protestantism which they championed. In the same spirit the names of Laud, of Jeremy Taylor, of Jewell, of the "judicious Hooker," have been as household gods to all good Anglicans, just as the name of Keble—ever memorable for his *Christian Year*—has been a pledge of the orthodoxy of his church. Pusey at one time was among the heroes, but he was eclipsed by the "enfants terribles" of ritualism. Just at this time there is no living Anglican hero, because the whole community is too shivered to worship anybody.

It would be easy to show, in regard to certain literary schools more or less associated with religion, that such names as Huxley, Tyndall, or Darwin exercise in England "heroic" influence. "Ah! but he's a clever fellow" is the normal answer which is given to any suggestion against the soundness of a great scientist. Talent is worshipped because to worship talent is to indicate that we are able to appreciate it at its worth, and also because it supplies us, in the case of infidel writers, with an apology for being sceptical ourselves. In the same spirit an anti-Christian firebrand will be pardoned by a good many Christians, provided that he do the one thing that is wanted. A Garibaldi is idolized for his patriotism, to the total oblivion of his aberrations; a Bismarck is pinnacled for his strategy, to the at least partial ignoring of his injustice; and a Gambetta receives homage as a dictator, though he ostentatiously prefers Communists to religious. Such examples are sufficient to illustrate the aphorism, "Men forgive anything in an ally."

But, after all, is not hero-worship only another name for the

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worship which human nature must necessarily render to "superiors"? Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Mohammed, Napoleon I. had their hosts of idolaters in their own time, and they will always live in history as heroes. It is true that they cut throats by the thousand to gratify their own appetite for glory; but because they succeeded and did things on a grand scale they were not charged with manslaughter nor were they hanged. Had they failed they would not have been heroes, but at the best unsuccessful adventurers. Or had they each cut but one throat or robbed but one farmhouse, instead of depopulating a hundred towns or laying waste the homes of a thousand families, it is probable that their careers would have been as bluntly cut short as their reputations would have been snuffed out ingloriously. Conversely, if a man is unfortunate on a grand scale—say, if he fail in bankruptcy for millions—he will afterward bow to his creditors from his private carriage; but if a man fail in bankruptcy for a few thousands it will take him a long time to "hold his head up again." So that there is a certain kind of hero-worship which is the "cultus" of grand scale, *plus* the "cultus" which is paid to grand "pluck," and we must dissociate it from recognition of any virtue or grace of character such as even the most ardent of hero-worshippers must really love. Such hero-worship is an instinct which is outside the admiration of what is lovable, virtuous, or exemplary; it is simply a natural tendency to look up to superlatives in all branches of human career, good and bad.

In a good sense there is a hero-worship which is not only thoroughly manly but also thoroughly Christian, even saintly. It is needless to insist on the Catholic principle of veneration for all those who have excelled in the highest virtues. This is indeed the true hero-worship. But, apart from this, can we think of an Aquinas, or even a Schlegel, of a Raphael, a Dante, or a Michael Angelo, without being conscious, not of the weakness but of the dignity of keeping niches in our hearts for such figures? We should like to have the chisel of a Pheidias or an Alcamenes to immortalize the ideal of such heroes. It is ennobling to even contemplate the winged reach of the greatest men, and it is still more ennobling to try to copy it. So that hero-worship, in the best sense, is a superb education, such as is recommended to every youth and such as has created many a hero.

Now, what may be called the "philosophy of hero-worship" is the endeavoring to utilize the best side of its practice and to

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subdue the silly weakness of its worst side. An easy thing to say but not to do! Yet in classifying the different species of heroes, and noting the different worship they have received, we cannot but get at the bottom of the right principles and the wrong principles which have led whether to good or to bad hero-worship. Paganism made gods of its heroes; yet this was but to immortalize the emblems or symbols of whatever seemed excellent to the pagan mind. Christianity, on the contrary, is the worship of the Divine Perfections, and must therefore stand apart as the only true hero-worship which has ever been practised by the human heart. Of the earliest kinds of hero-worship, it was natural that its religion should be clouded in mystery and legend. We find among the Northmen a wild theory of hero-worship, which was more properly the worship of nature—Odin, for example, being the symbol of natural perfections, or perhaps even their embodiment and dispenser. Valor especially was consecrated by most of the ancients as the highest known credential of "divinity." But if we come to later times we find a very different spirit, both in the appreciation of the virtues and in their worship. Heresy, sectarianism, apostasy have decked their own idols in their own way. Thus, whereas paganism made its heroes a sort of demigods, or sometimes consecrated the mere symbols of power, such as thunder, or fire, or tempest, Mohammedanism made its hero a prophet; and in some senses he was worthy to be esteemed so. Remembering the surroundings of Mohammed, his education, and his quasi ascetic life, he was worthy to be called a hero for his protest against idol-worship and for his insistence on the belief in the true God. So far, in most of the big hero-worships, we admit something that is excusable if not admirable. When we come to the lesser worships, such as those of the conquerors or self-made first consuls or dictators, we naturally find it difficult to distinguish the meritorious from the purely selfish, the fortunate, the fate-made. Of conquerors in modern times we must, of course, select Napoleon as the diademed "Petit Corporal" of conquest. This man received more hero-worship than human nature could stand, and he tumbled over into foolishness and exile. He was worshipped for his success, and nothing but his success, and when he got to St. Helena he was not worshipped. Oliver Cromwell was an offspring of circumstance, and then became a hero of fanaticism; and he was perhaps the oddest example of a man being thought a Christian hero, notwithstanding that he could murder a Christian king. Now, just as Cromwell was a hero to the Puritans,

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Charles II. was a hero to the Cavaliers; and just as Cromwell was hung in chains after his death, so Charles II. was heartily despised after his death. But in politics all hero-worship is less a homage paid to a man than to the principles which we happen to approve in him.

Far more interesting and instructive is the hero-worship of the poets; indeed, this is the "natural religion" of hero-worship, We may come to forget Charlemagne, save when we read of him in history; we may only remember William the Conqueror as a plucky soldier who fought at Hastings, and who brought with him to England Norman adventurers; we may never give a thought to the lesser political heroes—a Pombal, a Choiseul, a Pitt—who in their own little day were accounted heroes; but the great poets ever live in our hearts as a part of our very existence, our joy. King David was supreme as our royal poet; nor, as a typical penitent, an exquisite song-writer, a melodist of the purest and inmost thoughts, can he ever be rivalled in this world. He was deserving of hero-worship as the prince of holy poetry, and he has been always so esteemed by all Christians. But let us come down to the uninspired—at least to the lesser inspired; for we never can talk securely of inspiration. Dante, who was begotten of trouble, of humiliation, of poverty, of exile, has embodied in his *Divina Commedia*—in the "Purgatorio," the "Inferno," the "Paradiso"—the intensity of his own terribly profound soul, so that we seem to read *him* in all he writes. And what shall we say of Shakspere, of whom Goethe well said that his writings might be compared to a watch with a dial-plate of transparent crystal, because at the same time that we can read the exact truth, we can read all the mechanism which thinks it out? If Shakspere is happy and Dante is sad, both equally dig down into the depths of our nature and both lift us for the time to their level. Are they not heroes? Put together all the Alexanders, all the Conquerors, kings, adventurers of the world: Dante and Shakspere have done more to *make* natures than the whole herd of cutthroats to destroy them. Even the glorious old Homer, whose passion was war, cannot be coupled with Dante or Shakspere, because valor is only one feature in heroism. Hero-worship, for the poets of all the virtues, is the ingrafting into ourselves some of their excellences.

And, to descend half a dozen steps lower, who shall say that the honest worship of such a man as Mr. Boswell for his ideal, his actual Dr. Johnson was not ennobling to *him*, though

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it is laughable to *us* and has had no other fruit than a good biography? So long as hero-worship is the worship of the admirable—no matter in what sphere of human thought—we can scarcely be philosophic if we sneer at a genuflection made, not to the man, but to his gifts.

Is, then, the "philosophy of hero-worship" the appreciation of what is worthy to be honored and the ridicule of all counterfeits or shams? In the main this is undoubtedly true. In the department of human sentiment called hero-worship, as in most other departments of sentiment, there is tragedy, comedy, farce. In the way of farce we have had the crowding of a London court of law (in the month of March, 1882) to hear the pleadings for and against parting with "Jumbo," the African elephant, to whose immensity and wise dumbness many a Londoner has shown hero-worship. Yet this is at least an innocent enthusiasm, and it has been caught by men and women from children. Enthusiasm is the pulsation of interest. And a people would be cold, almost lifeless, in whom was no capacity of enthusiasm. Yet in this mild farce of Jumboism we detect some of the characteristics which mark off false hero-worship from true. The very people who are so sensitively touched by the prospective sufferings of the four-footed beast are sublimely indifferent to the real sufferings of the thousands who starve or are intensely wretched all around them. My Lady Tearful, who writes pathetically to the newspapers that her children will subscribe liberally for Jumbo's freedom, never thinks of asking her children to lay by their pocket-money for the purchase of bread for the poor. This "humbug" of sentimentality is simply sickening. And "humbug" is the soul of false hero-worship. It is because people are always "humbugging" themselves that they are so easily blinded by false heroism. It is because fashion has set up false deities, to be adored with morbid sentiment, vicious egotism, that therefore what is magnificently unselfish has ceased to be a deity of fashion. The household gods of fashion are display and ostentation, respectability, comfort, and luxury; so that their contraries are too purely hypothetical to be entertained in the mind as realizable. Hero-worship is the worship of those fictions which are crowned with a glittering success; it is not the worship of the heroism of unselfishness—the only moral heroism worth the name. Let it be granted that there are three kinds of hero-worship—the worship of the supernatural virtues, the worship of magnificent brains, and the worship of the excellences of character; and that this last, apart

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from Christian motive, is in itself very dignifying and beautiful. Now, unselfishness is the very root of the natural virtues, as it is also their supremest flower and fruit; and we must admit that it is so rare—in the being carried to the point of heroism—that it has almost ceased to be recognized as a possibility. For this reason it is that modern hero-worship, for the most part, is the worship of crowned selfishness or egotism. It is therefore the worship of the contemptible. And, however painful it is to own it, we had better be sincere as to insincerity and confess that The Contemptible is a prince-hero.

The waste of worship is one reason why so few of us are capable of attaining to any sort of perfection. The student, the politician, the soldier, the dandy, the lover, the man of fashion, the monomaniac, all waste, to some degree, so much worship on second things that they cannot be captivated by first things. Imagine the amount of force, intellectual and moral (we will not say anything about the spiritual), which is wasted in the course of one year, by the vast majority of human beings, on false worship. Force is but a limited quantity, and, like money, demands its arithmetic; and if any sort of force, or any degree of any sort, be expended on one kind of object it cannot be expended on another. Now, let us say that every morning brings to every man living his given quantity of the various necessary forces. When we have subtracted what is wasted on the indulgence of egotism —on the numerous sweet idlenesses of vanity—the intensity of the various forces has received a diminution equally hurtful to perception and attainment. And so because a man is not really his whole self, intellectually, morally, or physically, he suffers from moral obliquity, from intellectual short-sightedness, and from an enervated capacity of struggle. Add up the whole sum of such habits of wasted force, and we see why it is that inferior objects of hero-worship are preferred before such as are superior. And add up the false habits of social life, the false maxims, ideas, aspirations with which our whole being becomes saturated, and we see that we are scarcely ever ourselves, but only fragmentary bits of ourselves. And so it comes to pass that hero-worship, with most of us, is not a sincere homage paid by self, but a homage paid only by a small part of self, because the greater part of self is fast asleep.

We come, then, to the conclusion that we ourselves, like our heroes, are for the most part fictitious or apologetic. In short—to repeat the word which, if conventional, is expressive and just exactly conveys the whole truth—we most of us more or less

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worship "humbug," and we most of us are "humbugs" ourselves. If for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak judgments, we should have to admit that between "heroism" and "humbug" it would take the spear of Ithuriel to tell the difference. And if for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak ambitions, we should have to admit that the highest of all heroisms is that one which receives the least honors. The highest of all heroisms is that of the Christian saint, who weighs everything in the balance of immortality and acts only for God in all he does. "Ah! but here you are really going too far," will reply our intelligent objector, "because in this world we have our duties to perform, and we should take the best exemplars of their performance." And who are their best exemplars, in your opinion? Do you look for them on the Stock Exchange, or in diplomacy, or in the cosey libraries of the erudite student, or on the benches of the party members of the House of Commons, or among the barristers, the merchants, the tradesmen? There are, doubtless, respectable exemplars in all such spheres; only, as a rule, the *object* which is proposed is not perfect heroism but success. And the point for which we contend is that heroism, to be perfect, must aim not at gain but at virtue. It is on this account we give the palm to the saint. Let us reduce the whole matter to a syllogism: Hero-worship is the worship of the admirable; the most admirable thing in the world is perfect virtue; therefore the Christian saint is the only type in the world who either appreciates or who practises perfect hero-worship.

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LAST PAGES IN THE JOURNAL OF EVE DE LA TOUR D'ARRAINE.

TO-DAY, the 13th of September, 1793, Mme. Lanjuinais, Maurice, and I were arrested in the name of the Republic and installed in the Abbaye, having thus taken the first step of that journey whose last is the guillotine. Well, it is over, and I draw a long breath that seems strangely like relief. The worst has come, and at least our apprehensions are at rest. I would not live over the past months of alternate hope and fear, shame and sorrow, if I had fifty lives to save instead of one. They lie behind me like a black nightmare that I cannot bear even to recall—the hasty plans of escape, abandoned as hopeless before they were half ripe; the misery of seeing friend after friend engulfed in the whirlpool that has swallowed us at last; the days and nights of ceaseless terror, suspecting every one and being suspected by all; and, above other misery, the sense of unutterable shame that we should lie hidden like foxes in their holes, cowering before those whose necks should be beneath our feet.

Only last week we had planned our long-hoped-for flight, madame and I to be disguised as market-women, Maurice as our clownish assistant. The coarse clothes were ready; the small stock of cheap vegetables—scarcer and scarcer, alas! with each day of liberty—were finally procured. I dressed myself with hasty, trembling fingers and went with a heavy heart into madame's room. Well, smiles and tears lie very close together, and a real laugh is worth, in these dismal days, almost as much as safety. There she stood before her glass, completely attired and with a basket on her arm, looking so thoroughly the marquise that she was, and so not at all the rustic she wished to be, that the delightful incongruity between her stately bearing and her humble occupation upset my overwrought nerves and I laughed until the tears stood in my eyes.

Maurice came in and joined me, and his mother, half-flattered, half-despairing, threw down the hamper and tore off the stiff white cap. "It is useless, Eve," she sighed. "I had better die a lady than try to live as anything else. We cannot change our natures even at the bidding of the Convention."

It mattered but little after all, for the plan failed, as others had done before; the meshes of the net that circled us drew

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closer still, and behold us here, the invited guests of the Republic, enjoying its short-lived hospitality. Strange that I should feel flippant, knocking thus at the door of death; but then, dear father, I have one secret joy that cannot be torn from me. When the summons came this morning, and I knew that all was over, my first thought was of you. "He is safe!" I said to myself exultingly, "and they cannot touch a hair of his head." Here the same consolation dwells with me always, until I grow selfish with its consideration. Madame suffers for her son, Maurice for me; while I—is it that I am heartless and cannot feel as I ought for those who love me? Instead of thinking of these two whose fates are linked with mine, I am counting over and over with a happy heart the many long miles that lie between Paris and Vienna—Vienna, that city of safety, the beacon-light of many a shipwrecked emigré, within whose blessed walls you are securely sheltered.

This is my secret joy, and selfishly I brood over it. To Maurice I am his promised bride, to madame her hoped-for daughter; but when I have finished loving you, dearest father, there does not seem to be any room left in my heart for others.

SEPTEMBER 16.

We are better off than I had hoped or expected. Even suspected royalists may have friends in power, and we possess one whose good-will is boundless, though he can do but little. The Revolution having fairly reversed the natural order of things, capricious fortune rules the hour; and Fabre d'Eglantine, patriot and deputy though he be, has procured for his former friends such poor comforts as their state may still admit of. Thanks to his influence, madame and I enjoy two luxuries that can soften many hardships. The privacy of a separate cell is ours whenever we wish to be alone, and the society of the Abbaye is open to us when we would be merry. Nor are these favors slight ones, as republican favors go. The brutal espionage suffered by the royal family and by many prisoners of higher rank than ours is the most galling of their misfortunes, and to be free from it is indeed a coveted indulgence.

As for our society, it is all that could be desired: well-born, witty, refined, and most enjoyable, were it not for the melancholy uncertainty as to whether your friend of to-day will not be headless to-morrow—a suggestion which, however politely ignored, intrudes itself unbidden into our gayest moments.

We are looked upon as highly privileged, having a few books

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and writing materials allotted to us, and receiving more civility from the concierges than that worthy couple are given to showing their guests. Their daughter, Cécile, a girl of eighteen, waits upon us occasionally and has attached herself especially to me. She showed me to-day a pair of earrings which Citizen d'Eglantine had given her on condition she would be as kind to us as the prison rules allow; and in an excess of gratitude even offered to dress my hair, which she is pleased to greatly admire.

Ten months ago perhaps D'Eglantine might have effected our release, but now any such attempt would be but courting danger. Yet never before have he and his party seemed more triumphant. It is not two weeks since he boasted to Maurice that the time was coming, and quickly, when the word Girondist would ring its own death-knell as surely as the word Royalist does now.

"With this difference always, my friend," replied Maurice urbanely: "the Royalist dies for his cause; the Gironde will perish with the trust they have betrayed."

SEPTEMBER 20.

Can all things become endurable, or do our hearts gradually steel themselves against the sufferings of others and our own manifest perils? I have been a prisoner now for but six days, and already, in imitation of those around me, have taken up the rôle of gay defiance to an evil destiny. Every evening the list is read, and those who are called to trial go forth, never to be heard from again. If any escape we do not know of it, and our parting is a final one. Yet half an hour later their places are filled, their names forgotten, and all are thinking how best to enjoy the next twenty-four hours, which may also be their last. A few, indeed, weep, some pray, and many live on careless of the approaching summons.

Yesterday Lucille Lavoisier's name was read out second on the fatal roll. I saw her glance with mute, unconscious appeal at her husband, who took her hand and listened with strained attention as the list proceeded. His was the last name—Henri Lavoisier, formerly de Clermont-Tonneres. As he heard it he drew a long breath and looked at her with happy eyes. They had gained all they asked—the privilege of dying together.

Lucille and I wept bitterly when we parted, for we had known each other from early childhood, and the thought of her pretty, girlish head rolling from the block brought a great throb of pain to my heart. That was last night; and to-day, while perhaps the

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cart that drew her to the guillotine was slowly setting forth, we prisoners of the Abbaye entertained ourselves with a charming concert, varied and brightened by a short comedy, the impromptu effort of Maurice and Hilary Lasource. I sang, but in the midst of my song the thought of Lucille came upon me suddenly and choked me with sobs, which were soon destined to give place to laughter as Maurice enacted the despairing lover languishing at his companion's feet.

Dear father, if ever you see these wretched lines what will you think of me when I can write thus of myself? But it is the crowning misery of this unhappy time that cruelty and terror have demoralized all, even the sufferers. Has it not been but thirteen months since I myself beheld M. de St. Marc, your old and dear friend, hacked with sabres, covered with blood, a pike thrust through his body, and forced to hobble on his knees for the amusement of the savages who surrounded him, imitating with rapturous delight the convulsions of his prolonged death-agony? When the sun set on that sorrowful 10th of August it seemed as if all my powers of suffering were exhausted, and the long, intervening year of horrors has scarcely added a pang. The king has been butchered; the queen, they say, must die; the streets of Paris have run blood; young and old perish in a vast hecatomb! How, then, can I stop to weep for one friend less, when to-morrow I may follow by the same path? Rather let us be as merry as we can before the guillotine beckons us and the curtain falls.

SEPTEMBER 22.

Imprisonment is beginning to tell severely on our wardrobes, which, scanty at the start, grow more shabby and unpresentable with every day. Maurice has but one lace cravat, which is getting ragged, and madame's only cap shows visible signs of decay. This morning I was vainly endeavoring to darn its delicate meshes when Cécile Bérault, the concierge's daughter, came flying into our cell—called by courtesy our apartment—flushed with excitement and panting with haste.

"Come quick, citoyenne!" she cried. "Come! I have something fine to show you."

Startled by her sudden entrance, I jumped up with thoughtless haste, letting my needle fall from my hands. This misfortune sobered me at once, for we have but a few of these useful little articles in the prison, and they are in great demand.

"Never mind it, pray!" entreated the girl. "We will find it

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later or I will get you another one. But come now to my room or you will miss it all."

"To your room!" I repeated, aghast at such a breach of prison discipline.

"Yes, yes!" she cried; "father says you may." And without another word she swept me through the corridor, where the sentinels allowed us to pass unquestioned, up a flight of stone stairs, and into her room, while Bérault stood at the door, jingling his huge bunch of keys in a suggestive manner, lest some wild thought of escape might enter my bewildered brain.

"I trust the citoyenne will enjoy the sight," he said grimly. "It is fine indeed to a patriot's eyes."

The girl drew me to her only window, from which we could command a full view of the narrow street beneath. It was thronged with men, women, and children, who pressed along in something that seemed like an uncouth procession, singing, dancing, shrieking, flinging themselves recklessly into each other's arms, as if driven mad by the excitement of the moment. Drawn in an open cart was a young woman, her arms bare, her long brown hair streaming in the wind. With fierce gesticulations she addressed the reeking crowd, who cheered her every word.

"A bas l'Autrichienne!" she shrieked. "To the guillotine with the she-wolf and her whelps! They have sucked the people's blood long enough. It is time now she paid the score."

A wild yell of delight followed these words, and the people crowded around the cart until it could go no further. As it stopped a man forced his way through the throng and clambered into it. Filthy, ragged, brutalized with rage, he thrust the girl aside and waved his dirty red cap in the air. "Not l'Autrichienne alone!" he cried with fierce profanity, "but all her friends—wolves in sheep's covering, who affect to love the people they betray. The Girondists are caged at last, my citizens, and Madame la Guillotine is opening her patriotic arms to enfold them. We will see them safe in her embraces."

"Down with Brissot and Lacaze! Death for Vergniaud and Condorcet!" shouted the crowd. "To the guillotine with all these men who prate of mercy while the people starve!"

"The baker's shop is empty," piped a shrill female voice, "and we have had no bread to-day."

"Peace, girl!" sternly cried the man in the cart. "Have not the Convention decreed that food shall be sold cheaply to all who wish to buy?"

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"But the butcher has not killed this week," persisted the woman, who I now saw was young and haggard with want; "and the baker swears he has not another pound of flour. The Republic should feed her children!"

"We are in the hands of our enemies!" shrieked the first girl who had spoken. "The Widow Capet intrigues against us from her prison, the Girondists from theirs. When all these are sent to the guillotine we shall have bread in plenty."

"Fool!" said a round-shouldered artisan amidst the crowd. "They are all now in the Conciergerie, and it would be a brave man who would dare to plot there."

"To the Convention!" cried another speaker. "We will go to the Convention and demand food for ourselves and death for our enemies."

"Alas!" cried a young girl—"alas! Marat is dead."

These simple words suddenly inflamed the crowd to a strange fury. With shrieks and groans of mingled rage and sorrow they rushed on, trampling over each other in their barbarous haste. Perhaps they recalled the 4th of last April, when they had carried their idol in triumph through the Rue Saint-Honoré and crowned his hideous squalor with garlands of spring flowers that seemed to blush for their own purity.

"The friend of the people is dead!" they wailed; "but we shall still have vengeance. On, citizens, to the Convention!"

They pressed by, and, sick with disgust and horror, I turned to look at the girl beside me. She seemed transformed into another being; her eyes glittered with light, her cheeks flushed crimson, her breast heaved with the strain of her emotions. With her head thrust from the window she drank in every detail of the vile scene with an appalling delight. She was ready and willing to join that throng of brutal men and women in their fierce delirium. I caught her arm, and she started as if awakening from a dream.

"Was it not grand, citoyenne?" she murmured. "Did you see Jean Sautelle, who leaped into the cart? They say he is the strongest man in all Paris, and can crush an enemy's skull with one blow of his great fist."

"Cécile," I said gravely, "you are a humane and virtuous girl. How dare you, then, applaud these spectacles of depravity and vice?"

She sobered for an instant and lowered her downcast eyes. Then the watchwords of the new religion came to her rescue.

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"Citoyenne," she said boldly, "there is but one virtue left in these days, and that is to love our country."

I shook my head. "You had better love your soul," I said; and, sick at heart with all that I had seen and heard, I turned away, glad to seek a blessed shelter in my cell. Perhaps D'Eglantine is right when he says that a prison is now the best asylum that Paris can afford.

SEPTEMBER 27.

I have written nothing for five days, because there has been so little worth recording in the routine of our prison life. We sew, chat, play cards and dominoes, get up little plays not very well acted and concerts not very well sung, welcome new guests at the Abbaye, part sadly from the old ones *en route* for the guillotine, and try in all ways to extract what flavor we can from our rather monotonous days.

Maurice has become the life of the place. He it is who with untiring energy plans out each evening's entertainment and spares no pains to make it a success. We have had several mock trials, at which he has appeared as Hébert, Chabot, and Fouquier-Tinville, with an accuracy of delineation too startling to be altogether pleasant. Yet these little farces are conducted with so much care that they contain absolutely no word to which the prison spies may not listen with impunity. The young girls secretly envy me my betrothal to one so gallant and gay, forgetting that the scaffold stands between us and our nuptials; and even Bérault, the surly, was recently heard to confess that when Citizen Lanjuinais was called to the guillotine the Abbaye would lose its most attractive guest.

As for madame, in her calm serenity, which nothing can displace, she wonders at the restless spirits of her son, who is fighting an hourly battle with his own thoughts. I sometimes fancy that she disapproves of our more lively pastimes; but if so she says nothing, looks nothing that could indicate her displeasure. She is unfailingly courteous to all and friendly to none, and has never since the first moment of our arrest betrayed weariness for the present or apprehension for the future. Whether she hopes for the best or has resigned herself to the worst, her mind is a sealed book and none may look in it.

Two nights ago among the prisoners summoned to trial was Mme. de St. Cymon, the young widow of a brave officer who fell under Dumouriez at Verdun. This afternoon she was returned to the Abbaye, having been tried, condemned, dragged to

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the guillotine, and there reprieved because, either through some mistake or intentional omission, her name was found to have been left out of the fatal list. The last of eleven condemned, she witnessed the execution of her ten companions, and, having endured all the agonies that belong to death, felt herself not free but respited, perhaps to suffer them once more.

Surely such an ordeal would be enough to subdue the bravest soul, but the utterly frivolous have an armor of their own more impregnable sometimes than the stoutest courage; and Amélie, in answer to a host of commiserating questions, had but one complaint to make—that the executioner was so dirty. She seemed to have taken in nothing beyond this dismal fact, but, with her soft eyes dilated in horror, described her sensations on beholding him, brutal, hideous, and above all so miserably far from clean; his arms, hands, and blood-stained shirt foully repulsive to her fastidious eyes. In vain Maurice lightly suggested that when one had to die the cleanliness of one's executioner was, after all, a matter of small consideration.

"Your pardon, monsieur," she said with gentle dignity. "I have always known that some time I must die; but I never thought I should live to be handled by such dirty fingers."

Finally the happy thought occurred to him that perhaps the other two Sampson brothers might be more cleanly than the one Amélie had seen. This idea was consoling, and now we live in hopes that when our turns arrive the least dirty of the trio may preside.

SEPTEMBER 28.

Clean or otherwise, we shall doubtless soon need his ministrations. Ten prisoners have been called for trial to-morrow: M. and Mme. Grangeneuve, guilty of being aristocrats; M. and Mme. Mercier, guilty of being rich; the Marquis de Laroche-Ayman and his little son, a boy of eleven; Raymonde de Faire; Blanche, Marquise de Lanjuinais; Maurice Lanjuinais, her son; and Eve de la Tour d'Arraine. So you see, dear father, our turn has come at last, and all that is left for me is to uphold the honor of your name, which I have no brother to bear.

Cécile Bérault has been shedding torrents of tears in my cell, greatly to my surprise and to madame's manifest displeasure. The poor girl, on whom I had at no time bestowed a second thought, has attached herself to me through some whimsical fancy of her own, and appears inconsolable at the prospect of my trial. It is certainly not very cheerful to see her so sure of

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its result; but, after all, opinions on that subject seldom vary, and she only speaks with the frankness of her class. For some days past she has been hovering around like my shadow, bringing me small offerings of flowers and fruit, and assisting with more good-will than dexterity at my scanty toilets.

"If the citoyenne will permit me," she said, sobbing, "I will come to the Conciergerie the day after to-morrow and dress her hair for the last time."

This was really a trifle too much for my composure.

"Cécile," I remonstrated, "you forget that perhaps I may be acquitted."

"Ah! if it were possible. I could then wait on you always," she said, quietly linking our lives together. "But I do not hope it, citoyenne; so few aristocrats escape."

"And how can a girl like you gain admittance to the Conciergerie?".

"Oh! there will be no trouble about that. Mme. Bault is my mother's cousin, and her daughter and I are old friends. It is she who waits upon the queen."

"But I thought M. and Mme. Richard had charge of the Conciergerie?" I said, wondering.

"And so they had," replied Cécile. "But they have been arrested together with Michonis, who permitted a note to reach the prisoner; and Mme. Bault and her husband, the former concierges of La Force, obtained the post."

"Poor queen!" I sighed, thinking, indeed, not of her guardians but of her long captivity and many sorrows.

The girl flushed scarlet. "Believe me, citoyenne," she said earnestly, "my cousin is not harsh. She and her daughter do all they can to soften the rigor of the queen's imprisonment, even at the risk of disobeying their strict orders. They prepare her food themselves and gladly give her the few comforts that they dare."

"Indeed I do not doubt it," I said, anxious to make atonement for my unhappy exclamation. "I am sure that your cousin is kind, because I know how good you have been to me. Even in Paris there are still some compassionate hearts to be found."

She smiled a little sadly. "I love you dearly, citoyenne," she said as she went away, "but at least I know that I am a fool for my pains."

Well, there is one use I will make of this girl's strange fondness for me. I have resolved, because I can do no better, to give

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to her keeping these pages, which have been my last farewell to you. There is nothing in them which can criminate her, and she has promised to guard them faithfully, and, if ever peace returns to this darkened land, to spare no pains to place them in your hand. It is, after all, a foolish hope, but the thought that you will one day read my words is so sweet to me that I cannot bear to relinquish it. If we are condemned and sent to the Conciergerie, as Cécile is sure we will be, then when she comes to see me I will give the book to her. Until that time I shall keep it with me: it is my only link to you.

SEPTEMBER 29.

How shall I ever be able to write, dear father, of all that has taken place within the last ten hours? This morning we were subjected to that cheerful mockery which the Republic grandiloquently calls a trial. Fabre d'Eglantine had provided us with a pleader, though not appearing himself in any way in our behalf. Indeed, such an act would perhaps have cost him more than he is prepared to pay. We were the last of the prisoners to be summoned. M. and Mme. Grangeneuve were called first, rapidly convicted of being aristocrats, and sentenced to the guillotine. M. and Mme. Mercier came next, and with admirable promptness were disposed of in the same manner, her father, a wealthy farmer-general, striving in vain to save her. Raymonde de Faire and the marquis carried their condemnation in their titles and made no attempt at defence. The child alone excited compassion.

Slight and fair, with blue eyes prematurely saddened, the boy is said to be the image of his mother, who is dead, and bears but little resemblance to his dark and handsome father; yet it is easy to read the great love which unites them. While in the Abbaye the marquis never permitted him out of his sight, and the two seemed to have no desire for other companionship. Several times I had spoken to the child and shared with him Cécile's plums and grapes—gifts which he accepted with a shy reluctance, and which failed to win him from his unboyish solitude. During all the preceding trials he nestled closely to his father, who, occasionally bending over him, spoke some word of encouragement, to which the boy would respond with a faint smile, while his intelligent eyes studied the faces of the judges as if he would read their very thoughts.

"Henri de Laroche-Ayman, accused of being an enemy of the Republic, under the first article of the new decree, which pro-

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vides for all ci-devant nobles who have not constantly manifested their attachment for the revolution— "

"Provides for them liberally and for ever," interrupted a woman's voice in the gallery, in acknowledgment of which witticism the crowd cheered long and loudly.

"The prisoner is found guilty," continued the president, after waiting for silence; "but the boy is too young to be a sharer in his father's treason. The Republic will adopt him and be his protector."

Another round of applause from the now sympathetic audience, one voice alone protesting. A tall, gaunt man rose in the gallery, wearing the bonnet rouge and opening and shutting his fist with a nervous, hungry motion. "The wise farmer," he said with cruel emphasis, "is he who destroys the fox-cubs in the litter and who drowns the field-mice in the nest."

"Silence!" thundered Foucault, who was one of the judges. "The Republic does not make war on children. Let the boy be removed and the next prisoners called."

There was an instant's silence. The child, pale as death, clung desperately to his father, who, with unalterable calmness, begged permission to speak a word. "The gentleman in the gallery is right," he said with cynical courtesy. "You will never be able to make a good republican of my son. The last of an ancient race, believe me the traditions of his blood cannot be uprooted; and if he lives it will be to avenge his father's death and to devote every energy to replacing the rightful heir upon the throne of France."

Then, smiling, he stooped and whispered to the child, who instantly removed the cap from his fair curls and cried out in his clear, boyish treble: "A bas la République! Vive la Reine et le Dauphin!" after which, smiling back at his father as one who claims reward for his obedience, he nestled still closer to his side.

A change of sentiment swept over the crowd. "The young whelp!" cried one. "To the guillotine with father and son!" shrieked another; and a dozen voices took up the cry and joined furiously in. The president rang his bell; there was a brief deliberation. "Let the boy go with his father," he said, "and upon his head be the guilt."

The marquis bowed. "I thank you, gentlemen," he said gravely, and, taking his son's hand in his, the two left the stand together.

Wrapped in this pathetic little tragedy, which I hardly knew

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whether to praise or to condemn, I did not hear our names called out by Fouquier-Tinville, who read the accusations against us. It was a surprise to my own self to hear of how much I was guilty. Since that gigantic decree which emanated from the subtle brain of Merlin de Douai has enveloped all France in its meshes, there is no one free from suspicion, no word or act that can be pronounced guiltless. Amid its seventy-four incriminations there lurks some clause that can be fitted to every case, so that escape becomes impossible.

Maurice was an aristocrat to whom the certificate of citizenship had been denied, an enemy of the constitution, who had no means of existence beyond the rent from property now confiscated. His mother shared his guilt. She was a direct partisan of royalty, and had been one of those who sought to show their sympathy with the queen by flocking to look upon her with respectful pity as she and her children walked in the gardens of the Temple. I was the daughter of an emigré whose head would pay the forfeit of his return. I had communicated by letter with him; we had all three endeavored to escape in disguise from the country, and there were present witnesses who could prove this fact against us.

"Ma foi!" whispered Maurice to me as the list went on. "What a waste of breath! Here is enough to guillotine us a dozen times over."

At last, however, the accusations were finished and our pleader arose. He said what he could in our behalf honestly but not enthusiastically, any undue warmth at such a time being apt to involve the advocate in the client's danger. There are still, indeed, men who, like Chauveau-Lagarde, devote themselves with generous enthusiasm to the cause of the accused, heedless of their own peril; but suspicion falls on all, and all are alike blighted by their common fears. Our defence was brief and seemed out of proportion with the length of the accusations. The president then, turning to madame, asked if she had anything to say in her own behalf. Madame, who appeared insufferably bored by the whole affair, to which she had listened with the half-distraite manner of one who endures but does not heed a prosy book, languidly turned her head, included the whole court in one glance of supreme disdain, and answered she had not. The same question was put to me, and I, too, had no reply: what could I plead to such charges? I looked hopelessly at Ma[illegible] who arose and asked permission to speak. Dazed as I w[illegible] change that came over his handsome face. There

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of indifference left as, with all the earnest strength and pathos of his nature, he made a last appeal for the helpless women by his side.

What he said I can hardly remember, so much did the manner of his saying it confuse and bewilder me. Was this vehement, pathetic, passionate man Maurice, the careless scoffer at death and destiny? I heard him plead in our behalf that at no time had we by word or deed injured the Republic; that his mother's sympathy for the queen had been a woman's pity for another woman; my only crime a daughter's love for her father. He reminded the court that you had been sent to Vienna long before the decree against emigrés had been passed, and that your return to France would have been fraught with useless danger. He urged passionately that the plan of flight had been his, and his alone, and that we had yielded as women to his will. "Citizens," he concluded, "one of you has said that the Republic does not make war on children. Why, then, on defenceless women who have been guilty of no crime, and whose blood only disgraces the fair fame of the nation? I hold myself responsible as a man for the actions of my mother and of my betrothed bride, now under her protection; grant that as a man I alone may pay the forfeit."

He ceased, and involuntarily I turned to look at madame. Her eyes were fixed upon her son, and I saw the torrent of pride and tenderness that swept over her face for one brief instant, changing and softening every feature. Then it faded, and her impassive coldness gave no token of what she must have felt. I was still lost in wonder at the change in both mother and son when the jury, who had been deliberating for two full minutes, came to their decision, and the sentence was read out: Guilty all three of treason to the Republic, and sentenced to the guillotine to-morrow.

Maurice shrugged his shoulders: he was once more his old self. "And now," he said, "for the delights of the Conciergerie."

But the Conciergerie was full already, most prisoners being taken there immediately before their trial; and so we were sent back to spend our last evening in the familiar company of the Abbaye. Not anticipating our return, the concierge had assigned our cell to some new arrivals and regarded us with no great satisfaction. "It does not matter, however," he said after a minute's reflection; "I can give the citoyennes another room, since it will be but for one night." And, quite cheerful over this

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abridgment of his hospitality, he led the way, humming a bar of the "Marseillaise" and rattling his great keys as a fitting accompaniment to the song.

In the first corridor we met his daughter, and by her a young girl simply dressed and not pretty, but with a modest manner and a refined, thoughtful face. Cécile, on seeing me, gave an involuntary cry of surprise, and her companion lifted her quiet eyes with a troubled, half-pitying glance and hurried by.

"Voilà!" said M. Bérault, unlocking a ponderous door and pushing it open. "Here is the cell where Charlotte Corday passed her last night. The citoyennes will doubtless be pleased to occupy it."

I was not pleased, and madame was, as usual, indifferent. This young girl, pure and passionate, who had risked body and soul in the vain hope to save her wretched country by a wretched crime, was of no possible interest in madame's mind. To me, however, the very walls seemed haunted by her presence, and it was a relief to my own sad thoughts when Cécile entered bearing a little flask of wine.

"I know all, citoyenne," she said gravely, putting down the wine and looking at me with tearful eyes.

"You knew all before, I think," I answered rather pettishly. "Who was the girl with you just now?"

"That," said Cécile, as if surprised by the question—"that was Eleanore Duplay. I have known her ever since I was a little girl, but I seldom see her now. She does not like to come inside of a prison."

I was silent with astonishment. So this quiet, modest girl was she who had inspired with a gentle and virtuous affection the man steeped in his country's blood—a tyrant worse than those of ancient Rome, for he cannot plead in extenuation of his cruelty the mastery of a single passion. Yet even Robespierre has his human side. He loves this artisan's daughter and he respects her simple dignity and virtue. To her, at least, he is a patriot severe but incorruptible. In his quiet evenings with his humble friends, in his long walks with no other companionship than the great dog who paces lovingly by his side, in his few affections, lukewarm though they be, even this man shows some glimpses of a better nature. Yet can Eleanore Duplay forget that another woman pure as she once warmed this viper at her hearth and sought to shelter him in his extremest need, which friendship and hospitality he returned, after his kind, with treachery and a prison? It is no wonder she does not like

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to enter the Abbaye while Mme. Roland languishes within its walls.

Ah! well, the Republic can boast of at least one virtue that the monarchy never attained, and she proves it by Mme. Roland's captivity and by General Custine's unmerited and shameful death. She is at all times strictly impartial in her favors. The Girondists who founded her, the soldiers who fought for her, and the Royalists, who hate her cordially, all meet with the same return and gain the guillotine for their reward.

We have resolved to accept with cheerfulness our share in this universal prize, and have planned a most charming evening in consideration of its being our last. A piece of information which Cécile gave me has decided for us a part of the entertainment.

"To think," she said with a great sigh as she helped me to dress—"to think that the citoyenne's beautiful hair will perhaps be soon lying in a shop-window!"

"What!" I cried, startled out of all composure, while madame opened her eyes, aghast at such an idea. "Do you mean to tell me they will cut off my hair before I die?"

"Oh! no," replied the girl; "it is afterwards. All the fine hair is sold to barbers, who make it into wigs, and the citoyenne's is so especially beautiful it will be in great demand."

I was horror-stricken at the thought. My hair, which has always been my pride and your delight, made into a wig for some rich shop-keeper's wife! And Madame Grangeneuve, who, although no longer young, has preserved uninjured her blonde tresses—what will she think of such a desecration of her greatest charm? "Cécile," I said, "if what you are telling me is really true there is but one resource left. I will cut off my own hair to-night and cheat the barber of his spoils this time at least." And not only I but a number of the other prisoners, animated by my example, have now resolved to do the same. Aglaé de Sombreuils, Mme. Grangeneuve, Mlle. de Faye, her sister, a girl of fifteen, and several others have determined to sacrifice their curls to-night and to celebrate the occasion with all the mock solemnity at our command. It is disagreeable enough to go to the guillotine shorn of our grace, but it is preferable to the thought that we are enriching the Commune with our severed locks.

Madame tacitly approves of our resolution, and, in her gracious indifference, appears to contemplate the near approach of death with unbroken serenity. Maurice is in his gayest humor and bids fair to make our evening a merry one for those who

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can enjoy it; while I—shall I confess it, dear father, even to you?—am miserably, wretchedly afraid, and carry beneath my outward calm, assumed for very shame's sake, a quaking coward's heart. I am afraid of that dreadful ride to-morrow with the people shouting and rejoicing around the cart; afraid of the keen edge of the knife upon my neck; afraid to meet my Judge in another world. How can I dare to look into the future? What preparation is all this mockery of merry-making for the death that is to follow? Where shall I turn for help or strength? The despairing loveliness of Charlotte Corday dwells before my eyes whichever way I turn them. I shrink from the very thought of the guillotine, and even my contempt for my own fears does not suffice to allay them. All that I can hope for now is that I may be able to conceal what I cannot subdue, and to appear brave while inwardly I tremble.

It is two hours past midnight, and I am writing you my last lines, lingering in your dear company while I may. Strange changes have taken place in my soul since I put away this little book, and now I can look forward quietly to the morning light, which I shall never see again. Our evening promised to be a frivolously pleasant one. I had dressed myself with especial care in what scraps of lace and finery my prison life had left me, with a bunch of late roses, Cécile's last gift, glowing in my corsage. Mme. Grangeneuve looked charming; Mme. Mercier did not appear. When Aglaé produced the fatal scissors we scarcely knew whether to laugh or weep over the approaching sacrifice; but she consented to be the first victim and readily submitted her long, fair curls to my destructive hands.

I heard her give a little sob as the soft heaps fell about her feet; but she bravely turned it into a laugh, and, gathering up her scattered locks, tried to scrutinize her changed appearance in the little cracked mirror which Cécile had lent us for this purpose. One by one we took our turns amid the remarks, consoling and encouraging, of the spectators; one by one we arose altered creatures to the outward view. The Demoiselles de Faye had beautiful locks of a soft, dusky brown; Mme. Grangeneuve is blonde; Jaqueline de St. Estaire fairer still; I alone had hair like burnished metal—a great rope of twisted golden strands that shone red and ruddy in the flickering light.

Maurice took it tenderly in his hands. "It was a sin to rob you of it before your time," he said in a low voice. "Yet better that than it should adorn another head."

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from Christian motive, is in itself very dignifying and beautiful. Now, unselfishness is the very root of the natural virtues, as it is also their supremest flower and fruit; and we must admit that it is so rare—in the being carried to the point of heroism—that it has almost ceased to be recognized as a possibility. For this reason it is that modern hero-worship, for the most part, is the worship of crowned selfishness or egotism. It is therefore the worship of the contemptible. And, however painful it is to own it, we had better be sincere as to insincerity and confess that The Contemptible is a prince-hero.

The waste of worship is one reason why so few of us are capable of attaining to any sort of perfection. The student, the politician, the soldier, the dandy, the lover, the man of fashion, the monomaniac, all waste, to some degree, so much worship on second things that they cannot be captivated by first things. Imagine the amount of force, intellectual and moral (we will not say anything about the spiritual), which is wasted in the course of one year, by the vast majority of human beings, on false worship. Force is but a limited quantity, and, like money, demands its arithmetic; and if any sort of force, or any degree of any sort, be expended on one kind of object it cannot be expended on another. Now, let us say that every morning brings to every man living his given quantity of the various necessary forces. When we have subtracted what is wasted on the indulgence of egotism —on the numerous sweet idlenesses of vanity—the intensity of the various forces has received a diminution equally hurtful to perception and attainment. And so because a man is not really his whole self, intellectually, morally, or physically, he suffers from moral obliquity, from intellectual short-sightedness, and from an enervated capacity of struggle. Add up the whole sum of such habits of wasted force, and we see why it is that inferior objects of hero-worship are preferred before such as are superior. And add up the false habits of social life, the false maxims, ideas, aspirations with which our whole being becomes saturated, and we see that we are scarcely ever ourselves, but only fragmentary bits of ourselves. And so it comes to pass that hero-worship, with most of us, is not a sincere homage paid by self, but a homage paid only by a small part of self, because the greater part of self is fast asleep.

We come, then, to the conclusion that we ourselves, like our heroes, are for the most part fictitious or apologetic. In short—to repeat the word which, if conventional, is expressive and just exactly conveys the whole truth—we most of us more or less

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worship "humbug," and we most of us are "humbugs" ourselves. If for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak judgments, we should have to admit that between "heroism" and "humbug" it would take the spear of Ithuriel to tell the difference. And if for one moment we should be real, in the confession of our weak ambitions, we should have to admit that the highest of all heroisms is that one which receives the least honors. The highest of all heroisms is that of the Christian saint, who weighs everything in the balance of immortality and acts only for God in all he does. "Ah! but here you are really going too far," will reply our intelligent objector, "because in this world we have our duties to perform, and we should take the best exemplars of their performance." And who are their best exemplars, in your opinion? Do you look for them on the Stock Exchange, or in diplomacy, or in the cosey libraries of the erudite student, or on the benches of the party members of the House of Commons, or among the barristers, the merchants, the tradesmen? There are, doubtless, respectable exemplars in all such spheres; only, as a rule, the *object* which is proposed is not perfect heroism but success. And the point for which we contend is that heroism, to be perfect, must aim not at gain but at virtue. It is on this account we give the palm to the saint. Let us reduce the whole matter to a syllogism: Hero-worship is the worship of the admirable; the most admirable thing in the world is perfect virtue; therefore the Christian saint is the only type in the world who either appreciates or who practises perfect hero-worship.

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LAST PAGES IN THE JOURNAL OF EVE DE LA TOUR D'ARRAINE.

TO-DAY, the 13th of September, 1793, Mme. Lanjuinais, Maurice, and I were arrested in the name of the Republic and installed in the Abbaye, having thus taken the first step of that journey whose last is the guillotine. Well, it is over, and I draw a long breath that seems strangely like relief. The worst has come, and at least our apprehensions are at rest. I would not live over the past months of alternate hope and fear, shame and sorrow, if I had fifty lives to save instead of one. They lie behind me like a black nightmare that I cannot bear even to recall—the hasty plans of escape, abandoned as hopeless before they were half ripe; the misery of seeing friend after friend engulfed in the whirlpool that has swallowed us at last; the days and nights of ceaseless terror, suspecting every one and being suspected by all; and, above other misery, the sense of unutterable shame that we should lie hidden like foxes in their holes, cowering before those whose necks should be beneath our feet.

Only last week we had planned our long-hoped-for flight, madame and I to be disguised as market-women, Maurice as our clownish assistant. The coarse clothes were ready; the small stock of cheap vegetables—scarcer and scarcer, alas! with each day of liberty—were finally procured. I dressed myself with hasty, trembling fingers and went with a heavy heart into madame's room. Well, smiles and tears lie very close together, and a real laugh is worth, in these dismal days, almost as much as safety. There she stood before her glass, completely attired and with a basket on her arm, looking so thoroughly the marquise that she was, and so not at all the rustic she wished to be, that the delightful incongruity between her stately bearing and her humble occupation upset my overwrought nerves and I laughed until the tears stood in my eyes.

Maurice came in and joined me, and his mother, half-flattered, half-despairing, threw down the hamper and tore off the stiff white cap. "It is useless, Eve," she sighed. "I had better die a lady than try to live as anything else. We cannot change our natures even at the bidding of the Convention."

It mattered but little after all, for the plan failed, as others had done before; the meshes of the net that circled us drew

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closer still, and behold us here, the invited guests of the Republic, enjoying its short-lived hospitality. Strange that I should feel flippant, knocking thus at the door of death; but then, dear father, I have one secret joy that cannot be torn from me. When the summons came this morning, and I knew that all was over, my first thought was of you. "He is safe!" I said to myself exultingly, "and they cannot touch a hair of his head." Here the same consolation dwells with me always, until I grow selfish with its consideration. Madame suffers for her son, Maurice for me; while I—is it that I am heartless and cannot feel as I ought for those who love me? Instead of thinking of these two whose fates are linked with mine, I am counting over and over with a happy heart the many long miles that lie between Paris and Vienna—Vienna, that city of safety, the beacon-light of many a shipwrecked emigré, within whose blessed walls you are securely sheltered.

This is my secret joy, and selfishly I brood over it. To Maurice I am his promised bride, to madame her hoped-for daughter; but when I have finished loving you, dearest father, there does not seem to be any room left in my heart for others.

SEPTEMBER 16.

We are better off than I had hoped or expected. Even suspected royalists may have friends in power, and we possess one whose good-will is boundless, though he can do but little. The Revolution having fairly reversed the natural order of things, capricious fortune rules the hour; and Fabre d'Eglantine, patriot and deputy though he be, has procured for his former friends such poor comforts as their state may still admit of. Thanks to his influence, madame and I enjoy two luxuries that can soften many hardships. The privacy of a separate cell is ours whenever we wish to be alone, and the society of the Abbaye is open to us when we would be merry. Nor are these favors slight ones, as republican favors go. The brutal espionage suffered by the royal family and by many prisoners of higher rank than ours is the most galling of their misfortunes, and to be free from it is indeed a coveted indulgence.

As for our society, it is all that could be desired: well-born, witty, refined, and most enjoyable, were it not for the melancholy uncertainty as to whether your friend of to-day will not be headless to-morrow—a suggestion which, however politely ignored, intrudes itself unbidden into our gayest moments.

We are looked upon as highly privileged, having a few books

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and writing materials allotted to us, and receiving more civility from the concierges than that worthy couple are given to showing their guests. Their daughter, Cécile, a girl of eighteen, waits upon us occasionally and has attached herself especially to me. She showed me to-day a pair of earrings which Citizen d'Eglantine had given her on condition she would be as kind to us as the prison rules allow; and in an excess of gratitude even offered to dress my hair, which she is pleased to greatly admire.

Ten months ago perhaps D'Eglantine might have effected our release, but now any such attempt would be but courting danger. Yet never before have he and his party seemed more triumphant. It is not two weeks since he boasted to Maurice that the time was coming, and quickly, when the word Girondist would ring its own death-knell as surely as the word Royalist does now.

"With this difference always, my friend," replied Maurice urbanely: "the Royalist dies for his cause; the Gironde will perish with the trust they have betrayed."

SEPTEMBER 20.

Can all things become endurable, or do our hearts gradually steel themselves against the sufferings of others and our own manifest perils? I have been a prisoner now for but six days, and already, in imitation of those around me, have taken up the rôle of gay defiance to an evil destiny. Every evening the list is read, and those who are called to trial go forth, never to be heard from again. If any escape we do not know of it, and our parting is a final one. Yet half an hour later their places are filled, their names forgotten, and all are thinking how best to enjoy the next twenty-four hours, which may also be their last. A few, indeed, weep, some pray, and many live on careless of the approaching summons.

Yesterday Lucille Lavoisier's name was read out second on the fatal roll. I saw her glance with mute, unconscious appeal at her husband, who took her hand and listened with strained attention as the list proceeded. His was the last name—Henri Lavoisier, formerly de Clermont-Tonneres. As he heard it he drew a long breath and looked at her with happy eyes. They had gained all they asked—the privilege of dying together.

Lucille and I wept bitterly when we parted, for we had known each other from early childhood, and the thought of her pretty, girlish head rolling from the block brought a great throb of pain to my heart. That was last night; and to-day, while perhaps the

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cart that drew her to the guillotine was slowly setting forth, we prisoners of the Abbaye entertained ourselves with a charming concert, varied and brightened by a short comedy, the impromptu effort of Maurice and Hilary Lasource. I sang, but in the midst of my song the thought of Lucille came upon me suddenly and choked me with sobs, which were soon destined to give place to laughter as Maurice enacted the despairing lover languishing at his companion's feet.

Dear father, if ever you see these wretched lines what will you think of me when I can write thus of myself? But it is the crowning misery of this unhappy time that cruelty and terror have demoralized all, even the sufferers. Has it not been but thirteen months since I myself beheld M. de St. Marc, your old and dear friend, hacked with sabres, covered with blood, a pike thrust through his body, and forced to hobble on his knees for the amusement of the savages who surrounded him, imitating with rapturous delight the convulsions of his prolonged death-agony? When the sun set on that sorrowful 10th of August it seemed as if all my powers of suffering were exhausted, and the long, intervening year of horrors has scarcely added a pang. The king has been butchered; the queen, they say, must die; the streets of Paris have run blood; young and old perish in a vast hecatomb! How, then, can I stop to weep for one friend less, when to-morrow I may follow by the same path? Rather let us be as merry as we can before the guillotine beckons us and the curtain falls.

SEPTEMBER 22.

Imprisonment is beginning to tell severely on our wardrobes, which, scanty at the start, grow more shabby and unpresentable with every day. Maurice has but one lace cravat, which is getting ragged, and madame's only cap shows visible signs of decay. This morning I was vainly endeavoring to darn its delicate meshes when Cécile Bérault, the concierge's daughter, came flying into our cell—called by courtesy our apartment—flushed with excitement and panting with haste.

"Come quick, citoyenne!" she cried. "Come! I have something fine to show you."

Startled by her sudden entrance, I jumped up with thoughtless haste, letting my needle fall from my hands. This misfortune sobered me at once, for we have but a few of these useful little articles in the prison, and they are in great demand.

"Never mind it, pray!" entreated the girl. "We will find it

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later or I will get you another one. But come now to my room or you will miss it all."

"To your room!" I repeated, aghast at such a breach of prison discipline.

"Yes, yes!" she cried; "father says you may." And without another word she swept me through the corridor, where the sentinels allowed us to pass unquestioned, up a flight of stone stairs, and into her room, while Bérault stood at the door, jingling his huge bunch of keys in a suggestive manner, lest some wild thought of escape might enter my bewildered brain.

"I trust the citoyenne will enjoy the sight," he said grimly. "It is fine indeed to a patriot's eyes."

The girl drew me to her only window, from which we could command a full view of the narrow street beneath. It was thronged with men, women, and children, who pressed along in something that seemed like an uncouth procession, singing, dancing, shrieking, flinging themselves recklessly into each other's arms, as if driven mad by the excitement of the moment. Drawn in an open cart was a young woman, her arms bare, her long brown hair streaming in the wind. With fierce gesticulations she addressed the reeking crowd, who cheered her every word.

"A bas l'Autrichienne!" she shrieked. "To the guillotine with the she-wolf and her whelps! They have sucked the people's blood long enough. It is time now she paid the score."

A wild yell of delight followed these words, and the people crowded around the cart until it could go no further. As it stopped a man forced his way through the throng and clambered into it. Filthy, ragged, brutalized with rage, he thrust the girl aside and waved his dirty red cap in the air. "Not l'Autrichienne alone!" he cried with fierce profanity, "but all her friends—wolves in sheep's covering, who affect to love the people they betray. The Girondists are caged at last, my citizens, and Madame la Guillotine is opening her patriotic arms to enfold them. We will see them safe in her embraces."

"Down with Brissot and Lacaze! Death for Vergniaud and Condorcet!" shouted the crowd. "To the guillotine with all these men who prate of mercy while the people starve!"

"The baker's shop is empty," piped a shrill female voice, "and we have had no bread to-day."

"Peace, girl!" sternly cried the man in the cart. "Have not the Convention decreed that food shall be sold cheaply to all who wish to buy?"

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"But the butcher has not killed this week," persisted the woman, who I now saw was young and haggard with want; "and the baker swears he has not another pound of flour. The Republic should feed her children!"

"We are in the hands of our enemies!" shrieked the first girl who had spoken. "The Widow Capet intrigues against us from her prison, the Girondists from theirs. When all these are sent to the guillotine we shall have bread in plenty."

"Fool!" said a round-shouldered artisan amidst the crowd. "They are all now in the Conciergerie, and it would be a brave man who would dare to plot there."

"To the Convention!" cried another speaker. "We will go to the Convention and demand food for ourselves and death for our enemies."

"Alas!" cried a young girl—"alas! Marat is dead."

These simple words suddenly inflamed the crowd to a strange fury. With shrieks and groans of mingled rage and sorrow they rushed on, trampling over each other in their barbarous haste. Perhaps they recalled the 4th of last April, when they had carried their idol in triumph through the Rue Saint-Honoré and crowned his hideous squalor with garlands of spring flowers that seemed to blush for their own purity.

"The friend of the people is dead!" they wailed; "but we shall still have vengeance. On, citizens, to the Convention!"

They pressed by, and, sick with disgust and horror, I turned to look at the girl beside me. She seemed transformed into another being; her eyes glittered with light, her cheeks flushed crimson, her breast heaved with the strain of her emotions. With her head thrust from the window she drank in every detail of the vile scene with an appalling delight. She was ready and willing to join that throng of brutal men and women in their fierce delirium. I caught her arm, and she started as if awakening from a dream.

"Was it not grand, citoyenne?" she murmured. "Did you see Jean Sautelle, who leaped into the cart? They say he is the strongest man in all Paris, and can crush an enemy's skull with one blow of his great fist."

"Cécile," I said gravely, "you are a humane and virtuous girl. How dare you, then, applaud these spectacles of depravity and vice?"

She sobered for an instant and lowered her downcast eyes. Then the watchwords of the new religion came to her rescue.

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"Citoyenne," she said boldly, "there is but one virtue left in these days, and that is to love our country."

I shook my head. "You had better love your soul," I said; and, sick at heart with all that I had seen and heard, I turned away, glad to seek a blessed shelter in my cell. Perhaps D'Eglantine is right when he says that a prison is now the best asylum that Paris can afford.

SEPTEMBER 27.

I have written nothing for five days, because there has been so little worth recording in the routine of our prison life. We sew, chat, play cards and dominoes, get up little plays not very well acted and concerts not very well sung, welcome new guests at the Abbaye, part sadly from the old ones *en route* for the guillotine, and try in all ways to extract what flavor we can from our rather monotonous days.

Maurice has become the life of the place. He it is who with untiring energy plans out each evening's entertainment and spares no pains to make it a success. We have had several mock trials, at which he has appeared as Hébert, Chabot, and Fouquier-Tinville, with an accuracy of delineation too startling to be altogether pleasant. Yet these little farces are conducted with so much care that they contain absolutely no word to which the prison spies may not listen with impunity. The young girls secretly envy me my betrothal to one so gallant and gay, forgetting that the scaffold stands between us and our nuptials; and even Bérault, the surly, was recently heard to confess that when Citizen Lanjuinais was called to the guillotine the Abbaye would lose its most attractive guest.

As for madame, in her calm serenity, which nothing can displace, she wonders at the restless spirits of her son, who is fighting an hourly battle with his own thoughts. I sometimes fancy that she disapproves of our more lively pastimes; but if so she says nothing, looks nothing that could indicate her displeasure. She is unfailingly courteous to all and friendly to none, and has never since the first moment of our arrest betrayed weariness for the present or apprehension for the future. Whether she hopes for the best or has resigned herself to the worst, her mind is a sealed book and none may look in it.

Two nights ago among the prisoners summoned to trial was Mme. de St. Cymon, the young widow of a brave officer who fell under Dumouriez at Verdun. This afternoon she was returned to the Abbaye, having been tried, condemned, dragged to

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the guillotine, and there reprieved because, either through some mistake or intentional omission, her name was found to have been left out of the fatal list. The last of eleven condemned, she witnessed the execution of her ten companions, and, having endured all the agonies that belong to death, felt herself not free but respited, perhaps to suffer them once more.

Surely such an ordeal would be enough to subdue the bravest soul, but the utterly frivolous have an armor of their own more impregnable sometimes than the stoutest courage; and Amélie, in answer to a host of commiserating questions, had but one complaint to make—that the executioner was so dirty. She seemed to have taken in nothing beyond this dismal fact, but, with her soft eyes dilated in horror, described her sensations on beholding him, brutal, hideous, and above all so miserably far from clean; his arms, hands, and blood-stained shirt foully repulsive to her fastidious eyes. In vain Maurice lightly suggested that when one had to die the cleanliness of one's executioner was, after all, a matter of small consideration.

"Your pardon, monsieur," she said with gentle dignity. "I have always known that some time I must die; but I never thought I should live to be handled by such dirty fingers."

Finally the happy thought occurred to him that perhaps the other two Sampson brothers might be more cleanly than the one Amélie had seen. This idea was consoling, and now we live in hopes that when our turns arrive the least dirty of the trio may preside.

SEPTEMBER 28.

Clean or otherwise, we shall doubtless soon need his ministrations. Ten prisoners have been called for trial to-morrow: M. and Mme. Grangeneuve, guilty of being aristocrats; M. and Mme. Mercier, guilty of being rich; the Marquis de Laroche-Ayman and his little son, a boy of eleven; Raymonde de Faire; Blanche, Marquise de Lanjuinais; Maurice Lanjuinais, her son; and Eve de la Tour d'Arraine. So you see, dear father, our turn has come at last, and all that is left for me is to uphold the honor of your name, which I have no brother to bear.

Cécile Bérault has been shedding torrents of tears in my cell, greatly to my surprise and to madame's manifest displeasure. The poor girl, on whom I had at no time bestowed a second thought, has attached herself to me through some whimsical fancy of her own, and appears inconsolable at the prospect of my trial. It is certainly not very cheerful to see her so sure of

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its result; but, after all, opinions on that subject seldom vary, and she only speaks with the frankness of her class. For some days past she has been hovering around like my shadow, bringing me small offerings of flowers and fruit, and assisting with more good-will than dexterity at my scanty toilets.

"If the citoyenne will permit me," she said, sobbing, "I will come to the Conciergerie the day after to-morrow and dress her hair for the last time."

This was really a trifle too much for my composure.

"Cécile," I remonstrated, "you forget that perhaps I may be acquitted."

"Ah! if it were possible. I could then wait on you always," she said, quietly linking our lives together. "But I do not hope it, citoyenne; so few aristocrats escape."

"And how can a girl like you gain admittance to the Conciergerie?"

"Oh! there will be no trouble about that. Mme. Bault is my mother's cousin, and her daughter and I are old friends. It is she who waits upon the queen."

"But I thought M. and Mme. Richard had charge of the Conciergerie?" I said, wondering.

"And so they had," replied Cécile. "But they have been arrested together with Michonis, who permitted a note to reach the prisoner; and Mme. Bault and her husband, the former concierges of La Force, obtained the post."

"Poor queen!" I sighed, thinking, indeed, not of her guardians but of her long captivity and many sorrows.

The girl flushed scarlet. "Believe me, citoyenne," she said earnestly, "my cousin is not harsh. She and her daughter do all they can to soften the rigor of the queen's imprisonment, even at the risk of disobeying their strict orders. They prepare her food themselves and gladly give her the few comforts that they dare."

"Indeed I do not doubt it," I said, anxious to make atonement for my unhappy exclamation. "I am sure that your cousin is kind, because I know how good you have been to me. Even in Paris there are still some compassionate hearts to be found."

She smiled a little sadly. "I love you dearly, citoyenne," she said as she went away, "but at least I know that I am a fool for my pains."

Well, there is one use I will make of this girl's strange fondness for me. I have resolved, because I can do no better, to give

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to her keeping these pages, which have been my last farewell to you. There is nothing in them which can criminate her, and she has promised to guard them faithfully, and, if ever peace returns to this darkened land, to spare no pains to place them in your hand. It is, after all, a foolish hope, but the thought that you will one day read my words is so sweet to me that I cannot bear to relinquish it. If we are condemned and sent to the Conciergerie, as Cécile is sure we will be, then when she comes to see me I will give the book to her. Until that time I shall keep it with me: it is my only link to you.

SEPTEMBER 29.

How shall I ever be able to write, dear father, of all that has taken place within the last ten hours? This morning we were subjected to that cheerful mockery which the Republic grandiloquently calls a trial. Fabre d'Eglantine had provided us with a pleader, though not appearing himself in any way in our behalf. Indeed, such an act would perhaps have cost him more than he is prepared to pay. We were the last of the prisoners to be summoned. M. and Mme. Grangeneuve were called first, rapidly convicted of being aristocrats, and sentenced to the guillotine. M. and Mme. Mercier came next, and with admirable promptness were disposed of in the same manner, her father, a wealthy farmer-general, striving in vain to save her. Raymonde de Faire and the marquis carried their condemnation in their titles and made no attempt at defence. The child alone excited compassion.

Slight and fair, with blue eyes prematurely saddened, the boy is said to be the image of his mother, who is dead, and bears but little resemblance to his dark and handsome father; yet it is easy to read the great love which unites them. While in the Abbaye the marquis never permitted him out of his sight, and the two seemed to have no desire for other companionship. Several times I had spoken to the child and shared with him Cécile's plums and grapes—gifts which he accepted with a shy reluctance, and which failed to win him from his unboyish solitude. During all the preceding trials he nestled closely to his father, who, occasionally bending over him, spoke some word of encouragement, to which the boy would respond with a faint smile, while his intelligent eyes studied the faces of the judges as if he would read their very thoughts.

"Henri de Laroche-Ayman, accused of being an enemy of the Republic, under the first article of the new decree, which pro-

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vides for all ci-devant nobles who have not constantly manifested their attachment for the revolution—"

"Provides for them liberally and for ever," interrupted a woman's voice in the gallery, in acknowledgment of which witticism the crowd cheered long and loudly.

"The prisoner is found guilty," continued the president, after waiting for silence; "but the boy is too young to be a sharer in his father's treason. The Republic will adopt him and be his protector."

Another round of applause from the now sympathetic audience, one voice alone protesting. A tall, gaunt man rose in the gallery, wearing the bonnet rouge and opening and shutting his fist with a nervous, hungry motion. "The wise farmer," he said with cruel emphasis, "is he who destroys the fox-cubs in the litter and who drowns the field-mice in the nest."

"Silence!" thundered Foucault, who was one of the judges. "The Republic does not make war on children. Let the boy be removed and the next prisoners called."

There was an instant's silence. The child, pale as death, clung desperately to his father, who, with unalterable calmness, begged permission to speak a word. "The gentleman in the gallery is right," he said with cynical courtesy. "You will never be able to make a good republican of my son. The last of an ancient race, believe me the traditions of his blood cannot be uprooted; and if he lives it will be to avenge his father's death and to devote every energy to replacing the rightful heir upon the throne of France."

Then, smiling, he stooped and whispered to the child, who instantly removed the cap from his fair curls and cried out in his clear, boyish treble: "A bas la République! Vive la Reine et le Dauphin!" after which, smiling back at his father as one who claims reward for his obedience, he nestled still closer to his side.

A change of sentiment swept over the crowd. "The young whelp!" cried one. "To the guillotine with father and son!" shrieked another; and a dozen voices took up the cry and joined furiously in. The president rang his bell; there was a brief deliberation. "Let the boy go with his father," he said, "and upon his head be the guilt."

The marquis bowed. "I thank you, gentlemen," he said gravely, and, taking his son's hand in his, the two left the stand together.

Wrapped in this pathetic little tragedy, which I hardly knew

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whether to praise or to condemn, I did not hear our names called out by Fouquier-Tinville, who read the accusations against us. It was a surprise to my own self to hear of how much I was guilty. Since that gigantic decree which emanated from the subtle brain of Merlin de Douai has enveloped all France in its meshes, there is no one free from suspicion, no word or act that can be pronounced guiltless. Amid its seventy-four incriminations there lurks some clause that can be fitted to every case, so that escape becomes impossible.

Maurice was an aristocrat to whom the certificate of citizenship had been denied, an enemy of the constitution, who had no means of existence beyond the rent from property now confiscated. His mother shared his guilt. She was a direct partisan of royalty, and had been one of those who sought to show their sympathy with the queen by flocking to look upon her with respectful pity as she and her children walked in the gardens of the Temple. I was the daughter of an emigré whose head would pay the forfeit of his return. I had communicated by letter with him; we had all three endeavored to escape in disguise from the country, and there were present witnesses who could prove this fact against us.

"Ma foi!" whispered Maurice to me as the list went on. "What a waste of breath! Here is enough to guillotine us a dozen times over."

At last, however, the accusations were finished and our pleader arose. He said what he could in our behalf honestly but not enthusiastically, any undue warmth at such a time being apt to involve the advocate in the client's danger. There are still, indeed, men who, like Chauveau-Lagarde, devote themselves with generous enthusiasm to the cause of the accused, heedless of their own peril; but suspicion falls on all, and all are alike blighted by their common fears. Our defence was brief and seemed out of proportion with the length of the accusations. The president then, turning to madame, asked if she had anything to say in her own behalf. Madame, who appeared insufferably bored by the whole affair, to which she had listened with the half-distraite manner of one who endures but does not heed a prosy book, languidly turned her head, included the whole court in one glance of supreme disdain, and answered she had not. The same question was put to me, and I, too, had no reply: what could I plead to such charges? I looked hopelessly at Maurice, who arose and asked permission to speak. Dazed as I was, I saw the change that came over his handsome face. There was no trace

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of indifference left as, with all the earnest strength and pathos of his nature, he made a last appeal for the helpless women by his side.

What he said I can hardly remember, so much did the manner of his saying it confuse and bewilder me. Was this vehement, pathetic, passionate man Maurice, the careless scoffer at death and destiny? I heard him plead in our behalf that at no time had we by word or deed injured the Republic; that his mother's sympathy for the queen had been a woman's pity for another woman; my only crime a daughter's love for her father. He reminded the court that you had been sent to Vienna long before the decree against emigrés had been passed, and that your return to France would have been fraught with useless danger. He urged passionately that the plan of flight had been his, and his alone, and that we had yielded as women to his will. "Citizens," he concluded, "one of you has said that the Republic does not make war on children. Why, then, on defenceless women who have been guilty of no crime, and whose blood only disgraces the fair fame of the nation? I hold myself responsible as a man for the actions of my mother and of my betrothed bride, now under her protection; grant that as a man I alone may pay the forfeit."

He ceased, and involuntarily I turned to look at madame. Her eyes were fixed upon her son, and I saw the torrent of pride and tenderness that swept over her face for one brief instant, changing and softening every feature. Then it faded, and her impassive coldness gave no token of what she must have felt. I was still lost in wonder at the change in both mother and son when the jury, who had been deliberating for two full minutes, came to their decision, and the sentence was read out: Guilty all three of treason to the Republic, and sentenced to the guillotine to-morrow.

Maurice shrugged his shoulders: he was once more his old self. "And now," he said, "for the delights of the Conciergerie."

But the Conciergerie was full already, most prisoners being taken there immediately before their trial; and so we were sent back to spend our last evening in the familiar company of the Abbaye. Not anticipating our return, the concierge had assigned our cell to some new arrivals and regarded us with no great satisfaction. "It does not matter, however," he said after a minute's reflection; "I can give the citoyennes another room, since it will be but for one night." And, quite cheerful over this

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abridgment of his hospitality, he led the way, humming a bar of the "Marseillaise" and rattling his great keys as a fitting accompaniment to the song.

In the first corridor we met his daughter, and by her a young girl simply dressed and not pretty, but with a modest manner and a refined, thoughtful face. Cécile, on seeing me, gave an involuntary cry of surprise, and her companion lifted her quiet eyes with a troubled, half-pitying glance and hurried by.

"Voilà!" said M. Bérault, unlocking a ponderous door and pushing it open. "Here is the cell where Charlotte Corday passed her last night. The citoyennes will doubtless be pleased to occupy it."

I was not pleased, and madame was, as usual, indifferent. This young girl, pure and passionate, who had risked body and soul in the vain hope to save her wretched country by a wretched crime, was of no possible interest in madame's mind. To me, however, the very walls seemed haunted by her presence, and it was a relief to my own sad thoughts when Cécile entered bearing a little flask of wine.

"I know all, citoyenne," she said gravely, putting down the wine and looking at me with tearful eyes.

"You knew all before, I think," I answered rather pettishly. "Who was the girl with you just now?"

"That," said Cécile, as if surprised by the question—"that was Eleanore Duplay. I have known her ever since I was a little girl, but I seldom see her now. She does not like to come inside of a prison."

I was silent with astonishment. So this quiet, modest girl was she who had inspired with a gentle and virtuous affection the man steeped in his country's blood—a tyrant worse than those of ancient Rome, for he cannot plead in extenuation of his cruelty the mastery of a single passion. Yet even Robespierre has his human side. He loves this artisan's daughter and he respects her simple dignity and virtue. To her, at least, he is a patriot severe but incorruptible. In his quiet evenings with his humble friends, in his long walks with no other companionship than the great dog who paces lovingly by his side, in his few affections, lukewarm though they be, even this man shows some glimpses of a better nature. Yet can Eleanore Duplay forget that another woman pure as she once warmed this viper at her hearth and sought to shelter him in his extremest need, which friendship and hospitality he returned, after his kind, with treachery and a prison? It is no wonder she does not like

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to enter the Abbaye while Mme. Roland languishes within its walls.

Ah! well, the Republic can boast of at least one virtue that the monarchy never attained, and she proves it by Mme. Roland's captivity and by General Custine's unmerited and shameful death. She is at all times strictly impartial in her favors. The Girondists who founded her, the soldiers who fought for her, and the Royalists, who hate her cordially, all meet with the same return and gain the guillotine for their reward.

We have resolved to accept with cheerfulness our share in this universal prize, and have planned a most charming evening in consideration of its being our last. A piece of information which Cécile gave me has decided for us a part of the entertainment.

"To think," she said with a great sigh as she helped me to dress—"to think that the citoyenne's beautiful hair will perhaps be soon lying in a shop-window!"

"What!" I cried, startled out of all composure, while madame opened her eyes, aghast at such an idea. "Do you mean to tell me they will cut off my hair before I die?"

"Oh! no," replied the girl; "it is afterwards. All the fine hair is sold to barbers, who make it into wigs, and the citoyenne's is so especially beautiful it will be in great demand."

I was horror-stricken at the thought. My hair, which has always been my pride and your delight, made into a wig for some rich shop-keeper's wife! And Madame Grangeneuve, who, although no longer young, has preserved uninjured her blonde tresses—what will she think of such a desecration of her greatest charm? "Cécile," I said, "if what you are telling me is really true there is but one resource left. I will cut off my own hair to-night and cheat the barber of his spoils this time at least." And not only I but a number of the other prisoners, animated by my example, have now resolved to do the same. Aglaé de Sombreuils, Mme. Grangeneuve, Mlle. de Faye, her sister, a girl of fifteen, and several others have determined to sacrifice their curls to-night and to celebrate the occasion with all the mock solemnity at our command. It is disagreeable enough to go to the guillotine shorn of our grace, but it is preferable to the thought that we are enriching the Commune with our severed locks.

Madame tacitly approves of our resolution, and, in her gracious indifference, appears to contemplate the near approach of death with unbroken serenity. Maurice is in his gayest humor and bids fair to make our evening a merry one for those who

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can enjoy it; while I—shall I confess it, dear father, even to you?—am miserably, wretchedly afraid, and carry beneath my outward calm, assumed for very shame's sake, a quaking coward's heart. I am afraid of that dreadful ride to-morrow with the people shouting and rejoicing around the cart; afraid of the keen edge of the knife upon my neck; afraid to meet my Judge in another world. How can I dare to look into the future? What preparation is all this mockery of merry-making for the death that is to follow? Where shall I turn for help or strength? The despairing loveliness of Charlotte Corday dwells before my eyes whichever way I turn them. I shrink from the very thought of the guillotine, and even my contempt for my own fears does not suffice to allay them. All that I can hope for now is that I may be able to conceal what I cannot subdue, and to appear brave while inwardly I tremble.

It is two hours past midnight, and I am writing you my last lines, lingering in your dear company while I may. Strange changes have taken place in my soul since I put away this little book, and now I can look forward quietly to the morning light, which I shall never see again. Our evening promised to be a frivolously pleasant one. I had dressed myself with especial care in what scraps of lace and finery my prison life had left me, with a bunch of late roses, Cécile's last gift, glowing in my corsage. Mme. Grangeneuve looked charming; Mme. Mercier did not appear. When Aglaé produced the fatal scissors we scarcely knew whether to laugh or weep over the approaching sacrifice; but she consented to be the first victim and readily submitted her long, fair curls to my destructive hands.

I heard her give a little sob as the soft heaps fell about her feet; but she bravely turned it into a laugh, and, gathering up her scattered locks, tried to scrutinize her changed appearance in the little cracked mirror which Cécile had lent us for this purpose. One by one we took our turns amid the remarks, consoling and encouraging, of the spectators; one by one we arose altered creatures to the outward view. The Demoiselles de Faye had beautiful locks of a soft, dusky brown; Mme. Grangeneuve is blonde; Jaqueline de St. Estaire fairer still; I alone had hair like burnished metal—a great rope of twisted golden strands that shone red and ruddy in the flickering light.

Maurice took it tenderly in his hands. "It was a sin to rob you of it before your time," he said in a low voice. "Yet better that than it should adorn another head."

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"And Mlle. Eve has this great comfort that we do not share," added Mme. Grangeneuve, laughing: "she is as pretty without it as she was before."

"Ah! yes," said Aglaé regretfully. "I should not mind at all if my hair would curl around my forehead like hers does and make me look like a handsome boy."

Consoled by these gentle flatteries, I glanced at Maurice for his confirmation of them. He shook his head and smiled. "You are not as pretty as you were," he said; "but you are still and always will be the fairest woman in the world."

"That I know I am not and never have been," I answered; but all the same I felt relieved to think that I had not entirely disfigured myself. I am sure, dearest, you would be mortified if I looked ugly in my last moments, and when there will be so many to gaze at me and criticise.

We twisted the mingled heaps of yellow, brown, and red into one thick rope, tied it with ribbons, and, laying it on a stool, took hands and danced around it—slowly at first, as if at some ancient rite, but quicker and quicker as the excitement of the moment flushed our cheeks and stirred our overwrought feelings. Laughing, singing, panting, we whirled round and round like a group of bacchantes; when, blinded as I was by our rapid motion, I saw that a strange figure stood in our midst, grave, severe, silent. Mechanically we stopped, our heads swimming, our breasts heaving with the strain, and I then perceived it was the Abbé Siccard, who was contemplating us with contemptuous displeasure mixed with a no less contemptuous pity. He is not one of those priests authorized by the government to visit the prisons and prepare the condemned for death, but a suspected royalist like ourselves, who during his captivity has mingled but little with the other prisoners. Now he stood motionless, with his keen, dark eyes resting full on my burning face. Abashed, I turned away my head, not only ashamed of my late folly but feeling that his scrutiny penetrated to my very soul and detected there the fear and misery I strove to hide. At length he laid his hand upon my arm and spoke.

"I was with your mother when she died," he said, "and it was not thus that she prepared for death."

A rush of strangely mingled sensations swept over me at his words. Involuntarily the death-bed of my young mother rose before my mind. Ah! what a contrast between her last hours, soothed by love and comforted by religion, and the shameful death to which I was to be dragged to-morrow. The abbé

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seemed to read my thoughts, for he added, a little more gently:

"It was not easy for her to die and leave husband and child, but she resigned herself wholly to God's will. My daughter, have you ever thought of meeting your mother in another world?"

Still I was silent, but tears filled my eyes.

"Come," he said, "there is still time to repent. Leave this childish folly, which at such a moment becomes wicked. It is not in this way that a sinful soul should prepare to meet its Lord."

His hand was still upon my arm. His will controlled mine strangely. Slowly I released my companions and turned to follow him, when Maurice sprang forward and seized my other hand.

"This is our last evening on earth," he cried fiercely to the priest, "and you shall not take her from me."

The abbé looked at him with a strange softening in his quiet face. Not so had he regarded me, and I felt that he recognized and pitied the real passion of the man before him, while he read as plainly my weaker soul, that could neither love nor suffer, but veiled itself under a hollow lie.

"Let go her hand, my son," he said, "and think whether it would be better to see her a few hours here or for ever in eternity."

Maurice smiled bitterly. "In eternity," he said, "I shall not be deemed fit to kiss the hem of her white robe. But here she is my promised bride, and to-morrow we die. Leave her with me for a little while!"

The abbé shook his head. "If you love her," he said gravely, "rather help to win heaven, for the lost souls hate each other with undying bitterness. And what thought have any of you given to the strict account you must render so soon?"

Maurice stood silent for a minute; then a new light came into his saddened eyes. "Listen, father," he said earnestly. "It is true that the catalogue of my misdeeds will most likely be a lengthy one, but she at least is pure and good. Will you marry us to-morrow, so that as my wife she may plead for me before the judgment throne?"

The abbé frowned slightly. "Do you wish it, too, my child?" he asked, turning to me.

"As you think best, father," I answered apathetically; for other thoughts engrossed my mind and weighed heavily on my heart.

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Maurice flushed deeply and his dark eyes rested reproachfully on my face. "It is enough, Eve," he said. "I know you do not love me, but there are some truths hard for us to accept. Go your way. I will trouble you no more."

Obediently I went a few steps, and then the pain expressed in his face and voice drove me to return. "It is true, Maurice," I said in a low tone, "I cannot love you as you deserve, and I never could; but perhaps in heaven God will give me a larger heart, and you can enter into it."

He smiled sadly and took my cold hand in his. "I will hope it, Eve," he said. "Good-by, good-by!"

We were alone during these last words, for all the others had withdrawn. He kissed my fingers, which trembled in his grasp, and thus we parted, not to see each other again until we ride in company to our death.

But I have spent the last hours in trying to prepare my soul for its ordeal to-morrow, and the abbé has gently and pitifully endeavored to strengthen my weakness and to humiliate my pride. If I still tremble my fears are brightened by hope and softened by resignation. I forgive all, and trust in my turn to be forgiven. We are reaping the whirlwind, and the sins of many generations are being visited upon our heads. Even madame seems strangely humbled. She, too, has made her peace with God and is sleeping quietly. I am alone with you, dear father, and all my thoughts and all my love go out to you to-night. I kiss the paper which I trust your eyes will read, once, twice, thrice, and bid you a last farewell.

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THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.

IN a few weeks the apples will be ripe and the schools will be open. "Our glorious system of public schools will again begin its beneficent work of forming true American citizens" (quotation from the last Fourth of July speech) and the parochial schools, with their army of Sisters of Charity and Christian Brothers, will renew their efforts to form a Christian people true to liberty, to law, and to religion. The reader will certainly pardon us for sparing him the repetition of all the weighty arguments that have been brought forward to support a national system of education, as well as for not dragging in the heavy artillery of Catholic writers all parked in Father Pachtler's work* in favor of the superior claims of the denominational system. Let our contrast between the two systems be local, and let it be an appeal to the average common sense. We deal with every-day reasoning and every-day difficulties.

"The public-school system is not essentially bad; the condemnations of the church authorities on the other side of the Atlantic are not applicable to our state systems." To this we say, Let it pass—*transeat.* In Europe the church was in possession of education, and infidelity is the aggressor in trying to deprive her of her rights over the school. Infidelity did not secularize the public schools here; and although many of their partisans now sustain them out of hatred to the Catholic Church, yet the motive of their foundation was not hostility to the Catholic Church or to religion. The modern state schools of Europe are infidel; ours, by the daily reading of the Protestant Bible, the singing of Protestant hymns, and the use of Protestant text-books, although non-sectarian in law, are practically Protestant. Nor will it do to say that a percentage of the school-boards, of the commissioners (a fearfully small percentage, considering the Catholic population of our city), of the trustees (also a small percentage), and of the teachers is Catholic, and profoundly Catholic, and that by this element the schools are disinfected of sectarianism in the meaning which the word conveys to the Catholic mind. Facts always are the best arguments against theories. We grant that

* *Das göttliche Recht der Familie unter der Kirche auf die Schule.* G. M. Pachtler, S.J. Mainz, 1879.

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the very small bureaucratic Catholic element in the public-school system is for the most part exemplary and excellent; but what influence has it? Is not even the Catholic principal of the public school obliged to read the Protestant Bible to his mixed congregation every morning, and are not hymns and prayers, of an essentially sectarian character taught to the children and sung or said by them daily, while the Catholic teachers must submit in mute obedience or lose their position? We say nothing of the occasional outbreak of a rabid trustee or an ill-mannered commissioner who will publicly insult the Catholic children by telling them at a school reception that "ignorance alone makes people believe in papal infallibility," nor of the slurs in public-school text-books about "lazy monks" and "persecuting Rome." These difficulties are patent to every one. Yet a certain Catholic element is willing to grin and bear this state of affairs and pooh-pooh its bad influence on Catholic faith.

In fact, an objection made against the public schools is sometimes retorted against the parochial schools. "There are scamps in them, ill-mannered boys, and many of those boys become candidates for State prison"—thus often speaks an opponent of the Catholic schools, falling into the fatal sophism of blaming a system for the sins of some of its followers. No champion of the parochial system ever held that it would make all children saints; that it would curb free-will so as to keep it always on the right path; or that human passion and frailty would never break out under religious control. When will such sophists learn that from the days of Judas down religion never undertook to *force* the natural will of man? When will they learn that there is among children as well as men inequality of nature, of temperament, of temptation, for which God makes allowance in his judgments, although men do not? Would these scamps become saints if they were trained in public schools? This is not claimed. Would they not, on the contrary, be worse than they are; for, since all the restraints of religion have not prevented them from being bad, would not freedom from those restraints make them worse? To the frailty of corrupt hearts, often found even where there is strong Christian faith, will there not be added, under a godless system of education, the infidelity of corrupt heads? Cleanliness and nice manners are not morality, and the biggest rogues are not the rough sons of the laboring poor, sometimes found drunk, disorderly, but—*sorry;* nor are they the worst enemies of the state. What unprejudiced, reflecting man will deny this? In the parochial school there is the confessional, the great

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preserver of the physical health and manhood of the rising generation as well as of public and private morality. The public schools have no such physician, although they have professors of physiology.

The parish school is governed by the clergyman, always a man of intelligence, who sustains the secular authority of the teacher by the stronger sanction of his sacred character. In the public school the teacher often dares not punish or reprove the refractory pupil, because he is the son or cousin of the trustee, or his father has influence with him or with the inspector. And when the inspector comes around how the poor teacher trembles if there is no *entente cordiale* between them! How the principal shivers for his fate if he has been prominent in the last political canvas and has done something to displease the alderman who owns the commissioner, who owns the trustee, who owns the janitor! We do not say that the principal is often bribed by the inferior teachers to give a good report of a class; but we do say that the public-school system is full of jobs.

It is a *scala non santa* of jobs from the top to the bottom. There is a job in the repairs, a job in the supply of coal, a job in the supply of books, a job in the appointment of teachers. Many a trustee has had his hands well greased for favors done in this line. This state of affairs does not and cannot exist in the parochial-school system. It is cheaper and honester, and recommends itself on these if not on higher grounds to the economic American citizen.

"But the child is better educated in the public school." We deny this absolutely, even if we take the word education in a purely secular sense. The Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers teach the four "R's," as they are pleasantly called, better than is done in the public-school system. We grant that a percentage of the pupils of the public schools, the children of wealthy parents who ought to send their sons and daughters to colleges and pay for them instead of having them educated at the expense of the community, are better clothed and cleaner than the poor children of our parish schools; we grant that the public-school boys and girls know more of physiology—too much of that—of botany and conchology; that they are crammed and their brains turned into *pâtés de foie gras* by smatterings of these higher branches; but that their penmanship is better, that they know arithmetic, spelling, or English grammar as well as the pupils of the parish schools, we do deny. The parish schools insist on the essentials and concentrate their forces on them,

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hence their excellence, besides their superiority in the matter of religion. We challenge and defy comparison on these points. Of what earthly or heavenly advantage is conchology or botany to a poor boy who does not know how to write well, to spell well, or to do a sum, and who must work at a trade or a clerkship all his life?

But, to come home to every parish, what a difference between the children of the public school and those of the parish school when it becomes necessary to prepare them for First Communion or Confirmation! The average child is stupid. Fond parents may admire the eyes of "violet" blue or "black as any sloe" of their darlings, and imagine them geniuses and saints; but they are neither the one nor the other. They are generally dull and full of faults. Careful, patient, and continuous instruction is necessary to make them learn and understand even so simple a book as the catechism; and a good switch, applied by the parents where it will do the most good, is the best spur to their sloth and evil inclinations.

Does not every priest who has the misfortune to be without a parish school know how hard it is to train children, and to make up by a few hours of catechism weekly for the lack of the daily religious instruction given by the sisters or the brothers? Surely every Catholic, at least, who could would have a parish school, if he knew its advantages and the dangers to the rising generation without it.

"Then why are there not parish schools in every parish?" A very proper question, but easily answered. In some parishes the same reasons hold that excuse a thief from making restitution—physical or moral impossibility. But the obligation to restore always holds good till the debt has been paid. The debt on some churches is too great; some congregations are too poor and too scattered to permit them to realize what must be the desire of every Catholic heart, the foundation of a parish school.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ST. PHILIP NERI, APOSTLE OF ROME. By Alfonso Capecelatro, some time Superior of the Oratory of Naples, Archbishop of Capua, and domestic prelate to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Translated by Thomas Alder Pope, M.A., of the Oratory. Two vols. London: Burns & Oates. 1882. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This new life of St. Philip Neri shows evident signs that it has been for its gifted author a work of love. There is one feature in the life of the saint which no biographer fails to notice and enlarge upon, and that is his cheerfulness. This is why no life of a saint places before the mind of its readers more clearly this fruit of Christianity than that of St. Philip Neri. And this expression is a characteristic of Christianity which is not sufficiently appreciated by the general Christian believer, and almost not at all understood by nearly all non-Catholics. As to these latter, we feel inclined to protest strongly against what they too commonly strive to accomplish—namely, to identify the asceticism of the saints with the practices of the fanatical fakirs of India, and their exercise of virtue with the stern and forbidding doctrines and conduct of the acidulous John Calvin. Christianity is neither ascetical nor ethical in its aim or essence, and were such a mistaken view once to be admitted, though nothing can be fatal to its triumph, still such an erroneous admission would be no small hindrance to its progress. The example of St. Philip's life is a perfect antidote to this poisonous error. His piety was always cheerful, occasionally even sportive, and his life was uniformly marked by joy.

Joy is an essential fruit of Christianity. But Christian joy is gained, in man's present state, only by means of the constant practice of asceticism and the faithful exercise of virtue. It is the peace and joy which springs from the indwelling Holy Spirit which constitutes the kingdom of heaven. This state is attained only when the animal appetites and passions are in subjection to the dictates of reason, and the dictates of reason are subordinated to and guided by the inspirations and suggestions of the Holy Spirit. Hence sanctity may be defined as that state in which the soul is habitually guided by the instinct of the Holy Spirit. No one can read the life of St. Philip without being impressed that he was a consummate master in this school of Christian perfection. His life was a perfect example of its truth. Considering the peculiar religious and intellectual condition of our age, we cannot help expressing the regret that this excellent biography does not place this important point, so strikingly exemplified in the life of St. Philip, with its immediate bearing on Christian perfection, in as clear, strong, and practical a light as it might have been, particularly as the motives in writing this new biography of St. Philip would have led one to expect such a development. What these motives were we leave the author himself to describe. He says:

"The other point of difference is, that the writers of the sixteenth century either neglected altogether or touched only incidentally on the relations in which the life of the saint stood to-

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wards the ecclesiastical and civil history of his time. Modern writers study these relations and strive to exhibit them fully, as the changed conditions of society demand. The charity of Jesus Christ urges us and enkindles us. Our hearts ache to see that modern society has parted company with the saints we love, and so we lift up our voice to proclaim that these saints were not only good beyond the furthest reach of nature, but that they were in their day the great benefactors of both church and state.

"We hear it said that our saints saved some few souls indeed, and did some miracles, and shone with a light supernatural and unapproachable, but that they were not really great men; and so we make it a point to show that they were truly great, even on the passing scene of this world's history, and that they alone were great with a true and real greatness. It is said that the Catholic saint is not great; for how can he be indeed great who prays, and humbles and mortifies himself? And hence we do not deem it enough to set forth the infinite beauty of prayer, and mortification, and humility; we show the influence of our saints on the society of their time, how they guided its movements, decided its destiny, moulded and changed it, and sowed in it those seeds of virtue and science and civilization which now gladden us with their fruit. We aim at exhibiting the twofold sanctity, grandeur, and beneficence of our saints—first in the salvation of souls, and then in the salvation of society; and how that heroism of virtue, which is salvation and blessing to so many souls, is moreover an overflowing fount of prosperity and peace to nations. Thus is the history of the church now treated. The encyclicals of the popes of past generations speak much of the marvellous influence of the church and the Papacy on civil society, precisely as do those of our blessed Pope Leo XIII., so admirable for their wisdom and their eloquence. If, then, we have come to look habitually at the church in its action on human society it is surely a great advantage that writers of lives of saints should follow this method too."*

The translator has done his part well—so well that it is rarely one finds an original writer in English who writes English so purely, and that without any apparent strain. If our voice has any force the translator will find such encouragement as will induce him to give to the English-reading public the other volumes from the pen of the illustrious author. For we know of no writer who shows a more intelligent appreciation of the present needs of religion, a better understanding of the spirit of the age, and who is more alive to the actual dangers of society. We know of no man with whom he can be compared, unless it be another son of St. Philip now living in England; and it is highly consoling to see that both are duly appreciated by one who ranks their equal in every gift and is gloriously reigning as the chief pastor of the holy church.

We rise from reading the luminous and eloquent pages of this fresh life of St. Philip Neri with increased knowledge and a greater appreciation and sincere admiration of his greatness and sanctity. Let us have more from so gifted a pen and so competent a translator.

ROSMINI'S PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM. By Thomas Davidson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Since the days of Kant there has been in many serious and religious minds a standing prejudice against purely speculative or abstract reasoning, and the more such reasoning attempts to gain an insight into the first beginnings of thought the more dangerous is it deemed. Even so profound and earnest a thinker as Cardinal Newman undoubtedly is warns us off from scrutinizing too closely the nature of our intellect; and in his grand philosophical work, the *Grammar of Assent*, he maintains that "to meddle with the springs of thought is really to weaken them." Nor need we be astonished that great and good men have such fear of mere abstract

* Author's Dedication, p. xiv.

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speculation when we consider that the result of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* was to spread universal scepticism in the minds of all who, accepting his premises, had no religious sentiment strong enough to counteract the influence of his most dismal conclusions. For Kant was such a perfect master of dialectics that if you assume his first principles as true you will be thereby bound to receive without demur the conclusions which, with unanswerable logic, he draws from them.

We are not going to criticise Kant's *Critique;* we are only going to offer a few general observations which will pave the way to what we have to say about Mr. Davidson's book.

Kant undertook to expose the errors both of pure dogmatism and of unmitigated scepticism, and to point out, once for all, the true limitations of the human understanding. He thus took on himself in philosophy the office which the first Napoleon afterwards assumed in politics—that of arbitrator; and in thinking of Kant and his self-chosen pre-eminence we are forcibly reminded of the beautiful lines on Napoleon in Manzoni's *Cinque Maggio:*

> "Ei si nomò'; due secoli
> L'un contro l'altro armato,
> Sommessi a lui si volsero
> Come aspettando il fato:
> Ei fè silenzio, ed arbitrio
> S'assise in mezzo a lor."

It has seemed to us that in thus acting Kant overstepped the bounds of philosophical modesty. The very title of his essay, *Critique of Pure Reason*, veils an absurd pretension. For it certainly is most absurd for any fallible human intellect to undertake to call before its tribunal not merely the faculty of reason of any particular individual, but universal reason itself, as Kant seems to do. How can reason criticise itself? To do this with any chance of success it must be above itself. Reason, then, can but recognize itself and can pass judgment only on what is beneath it—the world of sense and matter. No wonder that Kant satisfied neither the dogmatists nor the sceptics, and that he only made confusion worse confounded.

But he was not content with generalities. He traced out the exact limits which reason cannot pass without, as he thinks, falling into the gulf of error. He said: "No man can go beyond phenomena, and no one can know more than the appearances, which are made such by the combined action and reaction of matter on the one hand, and of sense and understanding on the other. What matter is in itself, what reality is, we can never learn. Further, reason cannot demonstrate the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, or the creation of the world." Had Kant contented himself with declaring that all this was beyond his own capacity; had he merely said, I cannot know or prove these things, no one could have found fault with him. But when he goes on to make his own particular reason the rule and standard of all reason, past, present, and to come; when he affirms absolutely and dogmatically that no human understanding can by any possibility pass the limits assigned by himself, we think he again sins against that true philosophical modesty which has ever been a chief

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attribute of really great thinkers, and which shines so conspicuously in Plato.

We have often wished that a great genius might arise who should be able to show the unsoundness of Kant's premises and the erroneousness of his conclusions—a genius who, equal to Kant himself in dialectic skill and penetrating insight into the nature of thought, would prove incontestably the fundamental errors of his theory of cognition. Mr. Davidson thinks that Rosmini was such a genius. And certainly he makes out a very good case for him in the volume before us. We will give a short description of this book and of what seems to be the special merit of Rosmini.

Mr. Davidson seems most anxious to present Rosmini in such a way to English-speaking thinkers that they may be able to form a fair estimate of his genius and of the nature of his philosophy. For this purpose, after a very short preface in which he explains the reasons that induced him to publish his book, he first gives a complete list of Rosmini's own works on various subjects, philosophical, political, and religious, and a catalogue by others of books relating to his system. He next introduces us to Rosmini's life, especially to that portion of it which throws most light on his career as a philosophical writer. After this he gives us, in a learned and well-reasoned introduction of some twenty-six pages, a critical history of the different theories of ancient and modern thinkers on the nature and origin of human cognition, and points out the peculiar merit of Rosmini on this subject. Then comes the translation of Rosmini's philosophical system. This is a compendium of the whole of his vast encyclopædia of the various sciences embraced by general and particular philosophy, and was written by Rosmini himself at the urgent request of the celebrated Italian writer, Cesare Cantù, to be inserted in his *Universal History*. Though this compendium seems to be a masterpiece in its way, it is for the most part but a bold outline of what the author had developed in his larger works. Some points, indeed, are treated rather diffusely for an abstract. The theory of cognition, of which we shall speak further on, is explained and defended to a greater length than any other point or question. Mr. Davidson fills up this outline, more particularly in the first or speculative part, by long extracts from the author's numerous works, and adds, besides, many notes and some criticism of his own. He says that Rosmini's chief merit lay in his ideology, or the science which treats of the nature and origin of the *Light of Reason*, or *Ideal Being*, and of ideas generally. We will try, under the guidance of the book we are reviewing, to show this merit, as Mr. Davidson seems to understand it, by comparing Kant with Rosmini. Kant, as is well known, was the first to bring into prominence the distinction between the formal and material parts of cognition. Only in the formal part could he find necessity and universality; the material part furnished nothing but particular and contingent elements of knowledge. He enumerates what he deems to be the primitive forms of the human spirit; but they are only emanations of the spirit itself, and therefore subjective, and therefore, again, unable to produce a true universality or necessity; for the spirit is only a particular and contingent being. Hence the mere subjective truth of Kantism, and hence its universal scepticism. Rosmini accepts Kant's important distinction between the matter and form of thought, but reduces

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all his forms to one, and shows that it is not an emanation of the subjective spirit, but a true object present to the spirit and intimately united with it, in fact informing and constituting it, though completely independent of it, and eternal, necessary, and universal, in the true sense of these terms. His way of showing all this is peculiar, says Mr. Davidson. He first observes the fact. He points out that all think of an object—viz., existence—and, by means of it, of what is eternal, infinite, and necessary, and that therefore itself must be eternal, infinite, and necessary, and consequently cannot possibly be acquired through any of the channels of knowledge open to man by means of his senses. These he enumerates, and excludes them, first one by one and then all together, and thus draws his conclusion that the first and most universal object of thought—viz., the idea of existence, or Ideal Being—is innate. We think this point demands more attention than any portion of Mr. Davidson's book, for upon it the whole system of Rosmini seems to rest.

We will offer no opinion as to the truth of Rosmini's fundamental principle of the idea of existence being that which constitutes the light of reason, and this idea always objectively presented to the soul by God, in this sense *innate* in the human soul. The controversy of the last forty years on this point is still active, especially in Italy. There are able writers on both sides. So far as authority has spoken it has declared, in the dismissal of the charges against Rosmini's works in 1852, that nothing has been found in them requiring condemnation, censure, or amendment; and so far nothing has been done by authority to undo what was done in 1852, although great efforts have been made to obtain the reversal of that sentence. We will only remark that should Rosmini's fundamental principle come to be accepted by metaphysicians it will cause a far greater revolution in philosophy than was effected either by Kant or by Locke.

Rosmini's theory of cognition is not, of course, fully developed in Mr. Davidson's book, even with the aid of the long extracts from the *Nuovo Saggio;* but we are referred by Rosmini himself to this work, and to the *Restoration of Philosophy in Italy*, in which works, but particularly in the first, he tells us, we shall find it fully explained and developed.

We have noticed some defects which we think will lessen the interest of Mr. Davidson's very able book. We have detected some errors of the press not mentioned in the "errata," and one or two misleading ones. The translation, though in general very readable, is here and there faulty in more respects than one. Sometimes there are too many short sentences following each other; sometimes these sentences are not well knit together by properly connecting particles; sometimes the style is far too diffuse. This last, however, may be the fault of the original. Indeed, Mr. Davidson complains that he found it extremely difficult to render into good, readable English Rosmini's great diffuseness of expression. Another defect, we think, is that some of the extracts in the speculative portion are far too long, whilst those in the practical and moral parts are few and much too short. Mr. Davidson asserts that Rosmini's moral doctrine, and more especially his defence of free-will, is the most original and important of all his productions. We therefore felt disappointed to find little or nothing but a bare skeleton in the portion of the work devoted to these subjects. Perhaps, however, Mr. Davidson wished to exhibit Rosmini more as a critic,

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an abstract thinker, and the founder of a new theory of cognition than as a writer on ethics, anthropology, or politics. He seems to agree with Rosmini that practice and morality must be built on reason and speculative thought rather than on sentiment and feeling, as seems to be the general opinion at present amongst English thinkers of the sentimentalist, phenomenalist, and positivist schools.

We know not how this book will be received or what judgment will be passed on it by the American public. Those who are accustomed to concrete and synthetic thought, and to the easy and often brilliant style of many writers on philosophical subjects, will, we are afraid, be somewhat disappointed, if not repelled. Rosmini is neither a popular philosopher nor always a brilliant writer. To those who look to form more than to matter his style will seem dry and wearisome. He has, however, excellences of no common kind. He is most accurate and consistent in thought, and exceedingly clear, if at times too diffuse, in expression. In fact, he appears to be swayed by only one desire—to convey as much truth as possible in the clearest and most simple words he can command. Then it must be recollected that a great thinker never reads so well in a translation as in his own language. Those who know German will certainly prefer to read the very words which Kant wrote to reading him in the best translation that can be made of him.

We take our leave of Mr. Davidson's book with the hope that this will not be the only work of Rosmini's which he will present to English-speaking thinkers. We trust he will see his way to giving us at no distant day a good English rendering of the Anthropology, which, he tells us, is one of the best of Rosmini's works.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, for Schools and Colleges. By John MacCarthy. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1882.

There is no work more important or more fruitful for our Catholic publishing-houses than the preparation of text-books for the young. The value of such an enterprise, we are happy to believe, is appreciated by our public; it has been recognized in the most emphatic manner by our bishops, our priests, and the directors of our schools and colleges; and all intelligent attempts to improve the quality of our educational literature are sure of an intelligent and cordial support. The only serious difficulty encountered by the Catholic Publication Society in connection with its series of school-books has been to prepare works of substantial merit fast enough to keep pace with the extending demand. This is a most gratifying proof that the clergy and others who have entered upon the great task of education are fully alive to the new needs of our time. Our schools have suffered under great disadvantages; they have done much good in spite of poverty and insufficient equipment, but they could have done much more had they enjoyed a tithe of the means lavished upon Protestant schools to keep them in line with the latest results of research and discovery. Modern scholarship makes great improvements in school-books, as it does in other departments of literature. The histories and geographies which represented the fullest developments of knowledge twenty years ago are far behind the requirements of the present day. It is not only that great changes

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have taken place in the world since they were written, but important records of the past have been brought to light, and we have been obliged to revise our estimates of events which we once thought were well understood, and to adopt new or greatly modified views of the progress of states and the course of popular movements. The errors which have been revealed in old text-books are innumerable. And even in cases where absolute error has not been brought home to them they are sometimes rendered obsolete by a change in the direction of contemporary controversies. New points of divergence are presented between the church and the world; anti-religious criticism applies itself to new questions; new sophisms become popular, and a new course of historical exposition becomes necessary to correct them. We must change our line of defence because the adversary has changed his method of attack. And so it happens that good school-books lose their value entirely through a change of circumstances which their authors could not foresee. Often our Catholic institutions have felt obliged to use text-books, in default of better, which were never satisfactory—Protestant books toned down more or less, so that Catholics might be induced to buy them, but of course lacking Catholic principles and the Catholic spirit; and books of this sort, being merely manipulated so as to disguise current controversies, are liable to become unexpectedly mischievous.

The latest addition to the Catholic Publication Society's series covers a branch of study whose transcendent importance no teacher is likely to overlook. The history of the world is the history of religion; and never, perhaps, has this truth been more fully realized than in our own time, when the passion for historical study is so widely extended. The newly deciphered records of ancient empires are compared with the narratives of the Holy Scriptures; the old artificial distinction between sacred and profane history is gradually removed; the story of modern civilization is inextricably intertwined with the policy and fortunes of the Catholic Church; the Papacy is the centre of Christendom; the mutations of war and peace, of growth and decay, of culture and barbarism, represent the Papacy fostering modern progress or struggling with the evil forces destined to wreck society. All scholars admit that it is impossible to write the history of any modern country without taking account first of all of the Catholic Church, the one power which is permanent, unchanging, and universal. This is the key to a correct understanding of events. It is not enough, therefore, that text-books should be expurgated for our schools by the removal of offensive expressions: unless they contain sound, positive teaching upon the great central fact of history they can give no adequate survey of the world.

It is one of the great merits of Mr. MacCarthy's history that it meets this essential requirement of a solid religious foundation. Very properly it omits doctrinal controversy in all its shapes; but it shows a philosophic comprehension of the mutual influence of faith and politics, and of that higher significance of events which must always be missed when one tries to make history a purely secular study, free from "religious bias." The author's manner is quiet and decorous; in that respect it is a model which many Protestant historians might profitably imitate; but his principles are stated clearly, boldly, and forcibly. From this union of positiveness in the

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matter and moderation in the style his narrative gains both effectiveness and interest.

There are great difficulties to be overcome in presenting in a single volume an intelligible survey of so vast a subject as the history of the whole world; but the author seems to have realized the conditions of his task and to have formed a correct theory for its execution. He has tried to give a just prominence to the chief events and personages in the history of each people, and at the same time to fuse the separate portions of the work into a continuous story. The second problem is the more serious of the two, and we have been repeatedly struck by the skill displayed in its solution, especially in the very trying chapters devoted to certain turbulent periods of the middle ages. It is desirable in such a work that the pupil should be instructed in certain broad general outlines of history rather than in minute and confusing details of chronology, dynastic changes, battles and sieges, which are appropriate in particular treatises, but much too cumbersome and vexatious for a skeleton history of the world. How well our author has understood this rule may be seen in his very first chapter, which gives a clear, rapid, and comprehensive account of ancient Egypt. The unsolved and perhaps insoluble question of the antiquity of Egyptian civilization is of course not touched upon; it is not for school-children; but the ascertained facts are presented in an interesting manner; the connection with the Biblical records is properly shown; and dates are introduced only in comparatively recent eras, when the Egyptian chronology becomes certain. The other ancient Oriental monarchies, the Hebrews, and Greece are included with Egypt in the first division of the work under the general title, "Ancient History." "Roman History" follows, with its appropriate subdivisions; and then we come to the "Middle Ages," in five epochs, reaching from the beginning of the barbaric invasions to the fall of the Eastern Empire. "Modern History," in seven epochs, takes up nearly half the book, and is brought down to the present year. All these divisions and subdivisions are conveniently broken up into chapters, sections, and paragraphs, with an excellent system of titles; and every chapter is preceded by a brief explanatory synopsis, which seems to us a very useful feature. The clear typographical arrangement for which other school-books published by the Society have been so much praised is adhered to, and questions are added at the foot of every page.

POEMS. By Mary E. Blake (M. E. B.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

Mrs. Blake writes some mere verses but many poems. This volume, containing much that is poetic and more that is womanly, bears the impress of a strong yet delicate hand. Its individuality is marked. The author follows no poetic master, echoes no other poet's voice or words; she follows the dictates of a warm heart and high poetic thought, chastened by exquisite taste and controlled by religion. Though there is no parade of piety in the book, it is evident in a dozen ways that Mrs. Blake is a Catholic. It is rare to find in the thousand verses written by women to-day any motive but the melancholy of disappointment or the echo of a passion which modern literature has taught them that they ought to feel.

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The farmer's wife looks through her vine-curtained window, and, rolling her dough, sighs for the visions of culture which the stories in the monthly fashion magazine have suggested. The maiden pauses in her "weary work" of buttering bread for her little brother to look across the fields and long for the peerless youth who is expected to take her captive. "What might have been" is the tenor of the *versetists* who fill the magazines and newspapers. Now, Mrs. Blake's poems, unequal, commonplace, and forced as some of the lines in those written for special occasions are, have no unhealthy, morbid tone. She does not "long"; nor does she reiterate the song of Mariana in the Moated Grange. Her lover is her husband, and, strange as it may seem in a woman who writes poetry, she seems to be very well satisfied with him. The war poems are in a higher and more strained tone than the rest of the charming and natural lyrics which surround them. A very full vocabulary, a delicate, womanly taste in adapting words to thought, a clear, fresh, and sensitive imagination, are qualities with which Mrs. Blake may be credited by the most rigid critic who takes her poems on her own valuation as

> "Short swallow-flights of song that dip
> Their wings—and fly away."

Her patriotic poems, when they treat of Ireland, are forcible and ardent; but she is at her best when *singing*—that is the word for the rosy, *cantabile* movement in which Lover excelled—which would stamp her poems as those of an Irishwoman, even were she not so ready to show her pride in the place of her birth.

IN THE HARBOR—ULTIMA THULE. Part II. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

According to the publishers' note this tasteful little book contains "all of Mr. Longfellow's unprinted poems which will be given to the public, with the exception of two sonnets reserved for his biography, and 'Michael Angelo,' a dramatic poem, which will be published later." One of the poems included here is Mr. Longfellow's last, "The Bells of San Blas."

POEMS. By J. B. Tabb.

We are indebted to a friend for this volume of poems, dedicated with permission to his Eminence Cardinal Newman. A number of Mr. Tabb's poems have appeared from time to time in several magazines. Of his sonnets, which are invariably well handled, one to Cardinal Newman, which was published in these pages a few years ago, called forth a favorable letter from his eminence. It is refreshing now and then to come across a volume like the present, so elevating and so far beyond the average stock in market. Poetry is not mere sentiment decked out with the vivid colorings of an excited imagination. The perception of the beautiful means something more. It supposes knowledge, deep, extensive knowledge, together with a sympathy with the whole of nature. To be sure you cannot dispense with sentiment and imagination and still have poetry, any more than you can dispense with your lungs and still have life. But sentiment and imagination are not sufficient unless we are satisfied with painted nothings. There are so many qualities which go to make up the real poet that when we meet with a man who gives evidence of possessing a number of them we are inclined to give more than ordinary encouragement. The author of

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the present small volume displays not a few of the gifts so much desired in those who attempt to write poetry. We select the following, not as the best, but because it happens to be the first we meet with:

DEDICATION.

As waters from the lowliest valleys breathe
Their tribute vapors to the mountain height,
Where each, anon, transfigured of the light,
Enkindles all the parent wave beneath;
So these my misty reveries I wreathe,
And waft them to the summit of thy sight,
Till in that sunshine, shriven from the night,
A mirrored benediction they bequeath.
For long thy lordly eminence hath stood
Among the favored of the Olympian Nine,
Upon whose ear thy psaltering voice renewed
The ancient echoes of the classic shrine,
Whereon the while my tottering steps intrude,
Fain would I place a timorous hand in thine.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. Report of the Superior Council of New York to the Council-General in Paris for the year 1881.

We have read the above report carefully, and are gratified to learn from its pages that the noble work of charity in which the society is engaged is vigorously carried on, and the spirit of its originators survives among its members. The strength of the church militant lies, in a great measure, in the perseverance of her members in the active works of mercy.

BERNADETTE. From the French of M. Henri Lasserre. By P. P. S., graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1882.

Every one who has read M. Lasserre's celebrated work, *Our Lady of Lourdes*—and who that reads what is worth reading has not?—will be much interested in the account of Bernadette's beautiful life and holy death in the convent at Nevers which is contained in the third part of the present little volume. The second part is also interesting, as it gives a full statement of the circumstances under which *Our Lady of Lourdes* was written, and of the means employed to make it a correct and reliable description of the facts precisely as they occurred. The first part of the book contains a condensed account of the apparitions, but will probably only repeat to most readers a story with which they are already familiar. The story, however, is one which will very well bear repeating.

THE STARS AND THE EARTH; or, Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity. With an Introduction by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1882.

The writer's aim in this little work is principally to prove the relativity of time and space; he endeavors also to show how a contemplation of the universe without them is conceivable. There are some slips in the scientific part, noticed by Dr. Hill. The idea—by no means a new one, of course—of expanding or contracting time by sliding up or down on a ray of light, which holds a prominent part in the argument, is not, perhaps, on the whole a very happy one; for obviously by such a process the pitch of the ray would soon be raised or lowered so much that the impressions produced would be not only hastened or retarded, but also very much changed, as when the crank of a phonograph is turned very fast or very slow.

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